The Weekly Mail.

VOL. III. NO. 122. TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1874. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

The Camp at Wimbledon—The Canadian Team—Things in General.

WIMBLEDON, July 9.

Last week the London season may be said to have culminated, and the fashionable world are beginning to leave town for the seaside, the continent of Europe, and some are about to visit your part of the world. Tools, the quaint old counsellor, who was entertained so handsomely last week at a farewell dinner, under the Earl of Rosebery's chairmanship, is among your most amusing visitors. The Queen, at Osborne, receives the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Empress of Austria and her daughter, and the Prince of Roumania. The Empress of Austria (whom Judge Hall, in his daily chronicle), has, I believe, never been in England before. She has a grown up daughter now, but is still very handsome. Some ten or fifteen years ago she was the most lovely sovereign in Europe. Her sister is the ex-Queen of Naples, who is almost equally pretty, and who distinguished herself, as your readers will remember, by her personal courage and sagacity at the memorable siege of Gaeta, where she and her husband lost their kingdom. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will be absent from England for two months. I have heard of the opening at the gift of Leicester Square to the Londoners by Mr. Albert Grant. Probably you did not also hear what was equally well known to us all, namely, that his opening ode, "and sketch map" perambulated the Strand, Whitehall, Parliament Street, and the Queen Dell, carrying a placard on which were emblazoned some rather uncomfortably warm words, as an announcement of a "procession of proprietors, representing capital paid up, £2,725,241, present nominal value, £4,000,000." Then followed the names of the thirty-six companies which the great financier had "brought out." Considering the "Belgian Public Works and Railway Companies," they close with the Western Union Telegraph Company of the U. S. A. The following notice was also appended: "N.B.—Dessert will be supplied to any deputations representing the above companies who may visit the gardens." Of course, the "Gardens" are those of the Alhambra, for which, and for the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Grant is, I believe, interested, as the same times it is very much have had a disquieting effect upon a man's mind, and yet the Baron made a most effective, humorous, and lomily emphasized speech. What a world we live in!

The Sultan of Turkey is silly because the British capitalists won't stand his borrowing more money at fifteen per cent; so he is actually dismissing all the English engineers and mechanics which he had engaged to work on his ships of war, and is taking on Turks in place of them. We may expect to hear of some losses in the Turkish navy if they go to sea.

I suppose you all know that that the United States have denounced the Belgian Treaty of Commerce of 1856, but perhaps you are not aware of the reason. The Treaty had a provision by which all steamers belonging to any line which should duly direct between Belgium and the States were freed from all duties, to the other day a new line started, and the Belgians claimed it. When the English, French, and German Governments heard this they also claimed exemption, on the ground that under ours Treaties, which set forth that they are to be treated as well as any other nation. So poor Mr. Fish had to do a little bit of dancing, as this was altogether too much to swallow.

I have repeatedly warned your readers that there is great danger in buying on the Exchange in a few months more, and then when shall we do? I see the Scottish papers don't relish Strahan's appointment as Governor out there; they think him too young and inexperienced for the post.

We have had a little extra scathing in the revolutionary pot, while it always simmering in London; perhaps it was the stirring up their pulines have had lately in consequence of the cleaning of Leicester Square. It is rather shocking to see confident, epistolary letters in the papers, over the signatures of that demon of murder and anarchy, Felix Pyat, who calmly dates from "London, July 2."

We are having quite an exodus of officers from theatrey, and this is making people think and feel a little slightly. The rank and file that officers consider they have been unfairly treated, and the result is that in one regiment alone six officers, of the rank of captain and above it, are leaving the service, and other regiments are in almost an equally unsatisfactory state of feeling. The discipline of the army, by-the-bye, is very far from perfect at the moment, and there is reason to fear that if a serious emergency should arise, the men are probably with the general discontent, quite ready to fall in with any mischief that may be set on foot. For some time, the Government have been talking of a reduction of the pay of the rank and file, and it is quite certain that they were twenty years ago, while the actual pocket money of a private soldier has not been much doubled. On the other hand, while their expenses are greater, the pay of officers remains the same as it was then, and in one month for the offence of shooting, all their officers or non-commissioned officers, all of them from one regiment!

Besides the various staple amusements, such as the theatres, Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and the Alhambra, there are many attractions for the London season, look at the following programme of one day's diversions of the coming week:—State concert at Buckingham Palace, about fifteen hundred present; the anniversary of Cockerdemy's pupils, the banquet to the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Stewards of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy; the Speaker's ball, or rather afternoon dance; the Baroness Rentzer's matinee, at which she Grossmith Gissard's music played; at Prince's cricket ground the officers of the household played the sailors, and finished with dinner, and in the evening a London Club there was a great native of pigeon shooting, at the Crystal Palace, there is a Hippodrome, the Alhambra, the Gaiety, the Opera Comique, dancers, &c. So it is small wonder people are flocking to the Metropolis, and that the Prince of Wales is in great request everywhere, and is generally called upon to make a speech, which he does very well, and yet not too much of it, for he is very good-natured, and is generally followed by all who can afford it, and by many who can't.

But this cannot go Wimbledon in one of the institutions which it is almost *de rigueur* to visit previous to the annual exodus; or we have had a good many grandees down here this week, most of whom have come to day to see the match between Ireland and England. Of course, the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Sir Hastings Gilford, Hathedge, and Waldegrave, were all there.

To-day, the military lion of the day, Sir Garnet Wolseley, has announced his intention of paying a special unofficial visit to the Canadian team. This is a graceful and very proper compliment to your countrymen, under whose banners Wolseley gained his laurels, which, above all those he had won, established his reputation. They stand very well for the Queen's prize, ten of them, scoring over twenty-five at the shorter ranges. You have made a capital selection of officers this time, Col. Gilmor makes an excellent commanding officer. Courteous, hospitable, and thoroughly up in all matters of organization, he is just the man. Major Montizambert also is a really good representative of the French Canadian seigneurs, equally in regard to looks, manners, and abilities. A small matter, I need not tell you, in aristocratic England. As for your President, Col. Cscovatt, he is doing things in very good style. His marquee, which occupies one side of the square, is a palatial affair, and the idea of its magnificence may be gathered from the price he pays for the fortnight's hire of the furniture therein, just $400. To-morrow he gives a reception, which promises to be a gala day. The team have their tents, twenty in number, pitched on two other sides of the square, which is almost eighty feet in width. Between each of the tents are flower beds, crowded with plants in full bloom, which, with two immense parterres in the centre, give a wonderful richness to the scene. They are close to the entrance gate, a very convenient situation for visitors, but a long way from the firing line.

The heat is something tremendous. We of the Press here have just had the hose playing over our first tent, a marquee, and shirt sleeves and beaded countenances are the order of the day. The arrangements are decidedly very complete, and there is nothing to be seen every hour of the day. The dining rooms are on a scale of unusual magnitude. For twenty-eight cents you can get a capital dinner, green peas, new potatoes, &c., and meat at discretion. For sixty cents a superior repast is furnished—excellent claret cup at twelve cents a large glass. One thing surprises me in this part of the world, that is the few white shoes you see worn. It is, like everything else in England, a matter of fashion; at the season everyone wears them; but here, where the sun is blistering everything, and the gravelly soil is nearly red hot, no one dares to put them on. At the thermometer has got up to 90° in the *Times* tent, it is quite refreshing to consign this miserve to the tender mercies of the cool Atlantic Ocean.

One thing is especially noteworthy, and that is the extreme cordiality and courtesy with which your team are received and treated here. They, one and all, speak in the highest terms thereof; and say that it is impossible to do justice to the kindly feeling with which they are regarded, representing as they do Canada's chosen sons.

I am sorry to end with disagreeable remarks, but one is always met with the unpleasant reflection that your ambassador here is one of the very worst men who could have been picked out for the post. Everyone says so, and what every one says is generally right. As for the Treaty, it is laughed to scorn.

There is a movement on foot in the congregation of St. James' Church, in Kemptville, to erect a memorial church to the memory of the late Archdeacon Patton, who commenced his clerical life in that parish in 1820, and remained there till 1846, when he was removed to Cornwall, to the great and lasting regret of his numerous attached flock. Most of the pews have been sold and canvassers appointed to procure subscriptions throughout the parish, and an appeal will shortly be issued to the numerous friends of the late Archdeacon in other parts of the Diocese and Province.

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

REPLIES OF MR. BEECHER AND MRS. TILTON.

NEW YORK, July 22.

The evening several of the deacons of Plymouth Church, with Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ross, and General Tracy, met at Mr. Beecher's residence, and after a council lasting about three hours, drew up the following statement of Mr. Beecher for publication:

I do not propose at this time a detailed examination of the remarkable statement of Mr. Andrew Tilton made before the Committee of Investigation, and which appeared in the Brooklyn *Argus* of July 21st, 1874.

I accepted the many statements which make it of transcendant importance to myself, the Church, and the cause of public morality that I should give a full answer to the charges against me; but, having requested the Committee of Investigation to search this matter to the bottom, it is to them that I must look for my vindication. By their request I cannot be heard to defend the reputation of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, upon whose name is connected with mine but husband has attempted to pour shame. One less degrading than that of a husband would have stung her to the quick. Her children are growing up in her household, with the shadow of their father's disgrace upon them. One less degrading than that of a husband would have wounded the heart of a mother. Her

Clipper Mail.

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's Life Saved

Mass.) *Old Colony Times*, ing account of an act of Tuesday afternoon last, m occurred, Mr. Oscar y, assistant keeper, was oth Upper Light-house, outside of the harbour. ail Mr. Henry Marsh a ame near the light in his conversation with Oscar leaving, and when in the been the light-house and ing, a heavy sea struck his boat, thrown down, the ballast unned upon her beams the accident from the light, ly without means of as boat in the vicinity being thored some forty yards Meanwhile, Henry had exposed portion of the ing for life, the water wind meeting the tide short, combing seas. A had made up his mind ht-house lamps, that they ess in case of any accident stripping of all his clothes of ours to his back, and bidding into the water, he fall from one of the sudden swim for his dory. In service, but at least safely on after he was alongside a moment too soon to upon his perilous position. the dory, almost helpless ay strive to save the ly succeeded in towing horage, with the loss of gaiter. The whole per- about an hour of time, men both brothers were and in the light-house, with the long exposure

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BEAM WARPS FOR WOOLLEN MILLS,

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BRIGHTON, Friday, July 24th.
PORT HOPE, Saturday, July 25th.
PETERBORO', Monday, July 27th.
LINDSAY, Tuesday, July 28th.

THE WEEKLY MAIL

is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail, second edition on Friday, and despatched by first trains and express to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.50 a year.

Advertisements for casual insertion are charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line, nonpareil measure, for the year made known on application. Condensed advertisements are inserted at the rate of forty cents per twenty words, and two cents each additional word.

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

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WIMBLEDON, July 9.

Last week the London season may be said to have culminated, and the fashionable world are beginning to leave town for the seaside, the continent of Europe, and some are about to visit your part of the world. Toole, the celebrated comedian, who was entertained so handsomely last week at a farewell dinner, under the Earl of Rosebery's chairmanship, is among your most amusing visitors. The Queen, at Osborne, receives the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Empress of Austria and her daughter, and the Prince of Roumania. The Empress of Austria (whose doings will be duly chronicled) has, I believe, never been in England before. She has a grown up daugher now, but is still very handsome. Some ten or fifteen years ago she was the most lovely sovereign in Europe. Her sister is the ex-Queen of Naples, who is almost equally pretty, and who distinguished herself, as your readers will remember, by her personal courage and heroism at the memorable siege of Gaeta, where she and her husband lost their kingdom. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will be absent from England for two months, so have heard of the ceremony at the gift of Leicester Square to the Londoners by Mr. Albert Grant. Probably you did also hear what was equally well known to us all, namely, that large numbers of "sandwich men" paraboulated the Strand Whitehall, Parliament street, and the Square itself, carrying placards on which were emblazoned some rather uncomplimentary remarks, such as an announcement of a "promoter of impostures, representing capital paid up, £24,735,341; present nominal value, £4,055,515." Then followed the names of the thirty-six companies, which the great financier of Lombard street has "brought out." Commencing with the "Belgian Public Works and Railway Ordnance," they close with the Western Union Telegraph Company of the U. S. A. The following notice was also appended: "N.B.—Banners will be supplied to any deputations representing the above companies who may attend the ceremony on Monday, 3rd July." Of course, I don't for all this, also for the thousands of handbills which were lavishly distributed at the same time? It surely must have had a disquieting effect upon a man's mind, and yet the Baron made a most effective, humorous, and loudly applauded speech. What a world we live in!

The Sultan of Turkey is silky because the British capitalists won't stand his borrowing more money at fifteen per cent.; so he is actually dismissing all the English engineers and mechanics whom he had engaged to work on his ships of war, and is taking on Turks in place of them. We may expect to hear of some losses in the Turkish navy if they go to sea.

I suppose you all know that that the United States have denounced the Belgian Treaty of Commerce of 1858, but perhaps you are not aware of the reasons. The Treaty had a provision by which all steamers belonging to any nation should pay direct between Belgium and the States were freed from all duties, on the other day a new line starting from Antwerp and Boston. When the Belgian Minister at German Governments heard this they also claimed exemption, on the ground of their own Treaties, which set forth that they are to be treated as well as any other nation. So poor Mr. Fish had to do a little bit of commencing, as this was altogether too much to swallow.

I have repeatedly warned your readers that there is grave fear of another Ashanti trouble. Coffee Calenli is sure to be down on the Fanties in a few months more, and then what shall we do? I see the Service papers don't relish Strahan's appointment as Governor out there; they think him too young and inexperienced. We shall see.

We have had a little extra excitement in the revolutionary pot, which is always simmering in London, perhaps, but which never gets up their purlieus have had lately in consequence of the cleaning of Leicester Square. It is rather sickening to see Republican political letters in the papers, over the signature of that demon of murder and anarchy, Felix Pyat, who calmly dates from "London, July 2."

We are having quite an exodus of officers from the army, and this is making people think and feel a little fidgety. The real truth is, that officers commenced to marry here too fairly treated, and the result is that in one regiment alone six officers, of the rank of captain and above it, are leaving the service, and other regiments are in almost an equally satisfactory state of feeling. The discipline of the army, too, is very far from being what it was, even in the Guards, which shows the numbers of proofs of this. The men are treated with the greatest consideration possible, amounting in fact to pampering. A little more of this and a mutiny may not be improbable. For instance, the reading and recreation rooms, baths, wash-houses, &c., for soldiers, are enormously in excess of what they were twenty years ago, while the actual pocket money of a private soldier has been nearly doubled. On the other hand, while their expenses are increased, the pay of officers remains the same; no wonder then that officers are becoming alienated in their feelings from the army. Perhaps the Duke of Cambridge, who is at present in his own mind the hero of the hour, will be able to stem the tide of the offence of shooting at their officers on commissions officers, all of them from one regiment.

Besides the various staple amusements such as the theatres, Crystal Palace, which competes successfully for the public with the London Exhibition, look at the following programme of one day's diversions of the cite last week:—Sanger's at Buckingham Palace, about fifteen hundred present; the Archbishop of Canterbury's grand annual banquet to the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Stewards of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy; the Lord Mayor's grand afternoon dance; the Baroness Reuter's matinée, at which the Grenadier Guards' band played; at Prince's concert was shown any one of the household played the sailors, and licked them into a fourth; at Hastings, Sam Cowell's wife was a great button of pigeons, in spite of the Bishop of Manchester and his "marauders;" bonfire concerts in parties, dances, dinners, &c. So it is small wonder that about three months of this sort of thing is enough for the metropolitan mind, and that a good rest at the seaside is a prescription absolutely forced on all who can afford it, and by many who can't.

But this camp at Wimbledon is one of the institutions which is always sure to induce to visit previous to the annual exodus; so we have had a good many present, and to have this week, some of whom have come today to see the match between Lords and Commons. The Prince Lorne heads the list, Lords Bacofeld, Lorne, Dacie, Gifford, Hatherly, and Waldegrave, being among them.

To-day, the military lion of the day, Sir Garnet Wolseley, has been giving the nation of paying a special unofficial visit to the Canadian team. This is a graceful and very proper compliment to your commander, under whose banners Wolseley gained the laurels, which, above all those he had won, established his reputation. They stand very well for the Queen's prize, ten of them scoring over twenty-five at the shorter ranges. You have made a capital selection officers this time. Col. Gilmour makes an excellent commanding officer. Courteous, hospitable, and thoroughly up in all matters of organization, he is just the man. Major Montizambert also is a really good representative of the French Canadian sniperos, equally in regard to looks, manners, and position. Our small matter, I need not tell you, in aristocratic England. As for your President, Col. Gzowski, he is doing things in very good style. His marquee, which occupies one side of the square, is a perfect palace, some idea of the magnificence may be gathered from the price he pays for the fortnight's hire of the furniture therein; just $400. To-morrow he gives a reception, which promises to be a gala day. The tents, with their tents, twenty in number, pitched on two other sides of the square, which is about sixty feet in width. Between each of the tents are flower beds, crowded with plants in full bloom, which, with two immense parterres in the centre, give a wonderful richness to the scene. They are close to the entrance gate, a very convenient situation for visitors, but a long way from the firing line.

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There is a movement on foot in the congregation of St. James' Church, in Kempt-ville, to erect a memorial church to the memory of the late Archdeacon Patton, who commenced his clerical life in that parish in 1829, and remained there till 1846, when he was removed to Cornwall, to the great and lasting regret of his warmly attached flock. Meetings have been held and canvassers appointed to procure subscriptions throughout the parish, and an appeal will shortly be issued to the numerous friends of the late Archdeacon in other parts of the Diocese and Province.

CANADIAN.

Two large Newfoundland dogs, while fighting a few days since at Niagara Falls, rolled over the precipice, and were both dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

A boy aged eight years, son of Mr. Andrew Clarke, Erin, had his right foot cut off by a mowing machine, a few days since. Under the treatment of Dr. Corbett, of Orangeville, he is progressing favourably.

The Bible Christian Church in Mitchell, which has lately been enlarged and otherwise improved, has just been opened for public worship. Rev. Mr. Mitchell preached in the morning, and the former pastor of the Church, Rev. A. Clark, in the afternoon and evening.

Captain F. Stewart MacGachin, of Waterloo, as one of the Committee of Invitation to the German Canadian Saengerbund, has presented an invitation to his Excellency the Governor-General to honour with his presence a grand festival of the Society, to be held at Waterloo, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next.

The *Colonist*, Halifax, says:—"Prospects for the fall trade are improving, our fishories are doing well; lumber has again reached a paying figure in the West Indies, and the recent beautiful weather has improved the condition of the growing crops so much that the farmers are very hopeful of an average return. The fruit crop promises abundantly, and the chances are that from these favourable conditions a good fall business will be done."

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says: "An old nose has been lodged in the rapids above the Falls for several months. Fears have been entertained that should the old boat float off the rocks, it might injure one of the bridges below in passing down the stream. Yesterday Ben Fissler, a fisherman well-known hereabouts, rowed out to the boat in a common row boat, and after saturating the nose with oil, applied the match. The attempt to burn the concern failed, however, the boat being too thoroughly drenched with water and spray. The daring exploit of the caretaker, however, is worthy of especial note."

On the conclusion of the Wednesday evening meeting last week, at the Charles Street Halifax Wesleyan Church, the pastor, the Rev. James Lathern, was presented with a handsome testimonial from the members of his congregation, in the shape of a well filled purse. A highly complimentary address accompanied the present. Mr. Strouhard replied briefly. Mr. Lathern is also a member belonging to the Sabbath School in connection with the Church presented him with a silver tea pitcher and tray. The pastor is a young world address. To this the rev. gentleman also replied briefly.

The New Westminster *Herald*, tells the following tale of the sea:—"An unfortunate man named Sayers, evidently a sailor, started from Nanaimo for Victoria lately, accompanied by some Indians. He was robbed of money he had secured on board ever he possessed, and left on Anvil Island, where he is now. Cruzoe like, for ten days, his only food being berries, and he has constructed a raft and managed to move to mainland. He was in a terrible state for days; he was also three days on Bowen Island. He was finally found by Messrs. White and Crosson, who brought the news of him and brought him to Granville."

The (Guelph) *Herald* says:—Several cows have been poisoned on the commons in this town within the last few days. Mr. Little, baker, lost two valuable cows, Mr. Fells, of the editorial fraternity, lost one, and Mr. Ewart, of the Canada Company, lost one calf. We have heard of some losses in the Turkish navy if they go to sea.

I suppose you all know that that the United States have denounced the Belgian Treaty of Commerce of 1858, but perhaps you are not aware of the reasons. The Treaty had a provision by which all steamers belonging to any nation should pay direct between Belgium and the States were freed from all duties, on the other day a new line starting from Antwerp and Boston. When the Belgian Minister at German Governments heard this they also claimed exemption, on the ground of their own Treaties, which set forth that they are to be treated as well as any other nation. So poor Mr. Fish had to do a little bit of commencing, as this was altogether too much to swallow.

I have repeatedly warned your readers that there is grave fear of another Ashanti trouble. Coffee Calenli is sure to be down on the Fanties in a few months more, and then what shall we do? I see the Service papers don't relish Strahan's appointment as Governor out there; they think him too young and inexperienced. We shall see.

We have had a little extra excitement in the revolutionary pot, which is always simmering in London, perhaps, but which never gets up their purlieus have had lately in consequence of the cleaning of Leicester Square. It is rather sickening to see Republican political letters in the papers, over the signature of that demon of murder and anarchy, Felix Pyat, who calmly dates from "London, July 2."

We are having quite an exodus of officers from the army, and this is making people think and feel a little fidgety. The real truth is, that officers commenced to marry here too fairly treated, and the result is that in one regiment alone six officers, of the rank of captain and above it, are leaving the service, and other regiments are in almost an equally satisfactory state of feeling. The discipline of the army, too, is very far from being what it was, even in the Guards, which shows the numbers of proofs of this. The men are treated with the greatest consideration possible, amounting in fact to pampering. A little more of this and a mutiny may not be improbable. For instance, the reading and recreation rooms, baths, wash-houses, &c., for soldiers, are enormously in excess of what they were twenty years ago, while the actual pocket money of a private soldier has been nearly doubled. On the other hand, while their expenses are increased, the pay of officers remains the same; no wonder then that officers are becoming alienated in their feelings from the army. Perhaps the Duke of Cambridge, who is at present in his own mind the hero of the hour, will be able to stem the tide of the offence of shooting at their officers on commissions officers, all of them from one regiment.

Besides the various staple amusements such as the theatres, Crystal Palace, which competes successfully for the public with the London Exhibition, look at the following programme of one day's diversions of the cite last week:—Sanger's at Buckingham Palace, about fifteen hundred present; the Archbishop of Canterbury's grand annual banquet to the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Stewards of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy; the Lord Mayor's grand afternoon dance; the Baroness Reuter's matinée, at which the Grenadier Guards' band played; at Prince's concert was shown any one of the household played the sailors, and licked them into a fourth; at Hastings, Sam Cowell's wife was a great button of pigeons, in spite of the Bishop of Manchester and his "marauders;" bonfire concerts in parties, dances, dinners, &c. So it is small wonder that about three months of this sort of thing is enough for the metropolitan mind, and that a good rest at the seaside is a prescription absolutely forced on all who can afford it, and by many who can't.

But this camp at Wimbledon is one of the institutions which is always sure to induce to visit previous to the annual exodus; so we have had a good many present, and to have this week, some of whom have come today to see the match between Lords and Commons. The Prince Lorne heads the list, Lords Bacofeld, Lorne, Dacie, Gifford, Hatherly, and Waldegrave, being among them.

To-day, the military lion of the day, Sir Garnet Wolseley, has been giving the nation of paying a special unofficial visit to the Canadian team. This is a graceful and very proper compliment to your commander, under whose banners Wolseley gained the laurels, which, above all those he had won, established his reputation. They stand very well for the Queen's prize, ten of them scoring over twenty-five at the shorter ranges. You have made a capital selection officers this time. Col. Gilmour makes an excellent commanding officer. Courteous, hospitable, and thoroughly up in all matters of organization, he is just the man. Major Montizambert also is a really good representative of the French Canadian sniperos, equally in regard to looks, manners, and position. On a small matter, I need not tell you, in aristocratic England. As for your President, Col. Gzowski, he is doing things in very good style. His marquee, which occupies one side of the square, is a perfect palace, some idea of the magnificence may be gathered from the price he pays for the fortnight's hire of the furniture therein; just $400. To-morrow he gives a reception, which promises to be a gala day. The tents, with their tents, twenty in number, pitched on two other sides of the square, which is about sixty feet in width. Between each of the tents are flower beds, crowded with plants in full bloom, which, with two immense parterres in the centre, give a wonderful richness to the scene. They are close to the entrance gate, a very convenient situation for visitors, but a long way from the firing line.

The heat is something tremendous. We of the Press here have just had the hose playing over our floor for a few minutes, and shirt sleeves and beaded countenances are the order of the day. The arrangements are certainly very complete, and there is always something to be seen every hour of the day. The dining rooms are on a sensible and moderate scale. For twenty-eight cents you can get a capital dinner, green peas, new potatoes, &c., and meat at discretion. At 6 o'clock a very superior repast is furnished—excellent claret cup at twelve cents a large glass. Everything is cheap in this part of the world, that is the few white shoes you see worn. It is, like everything else in England, a matter of fashion; all the seaside everyone wears them; but here, where the sun is blistering everything, and the gravelly soil is nearly red hot, no one dares to put them on. At the thermometer has got up to 90° in the tents, it is quite refreshing to consign this missive to the tender mercies of the cool Atlantic Ocean.

One thing is especially noteworthy, and that is the extreme cordiality and courtesy with which your team are received and treated here. They, one and all, speak in the highest terms of their treatment, and it is impossible to do justice to the kindly feeling with which they are regarded, representing as they do Canada's chosen sons.

I am sorry to end with disagreeable remarks, but one is always met with the unpleasant reflection that your ambassador here is one of the very worst men who could have been picked out for the position he occupies, and what every one says is generally right. As for the Treaty, it is laughed to scorn.

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

REPLIES OF MR. BEECHER AND MRS. TILTON.

NEW YORK, July 22.

This evening several of the deacons of Plymouth Church, with Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ross, and General Tracy, met at Mr. Beecher's residence, and after a council lasting about three hours, drew up the following statement of Mr. Beecher's for publication:

I do not prepare at the time a detailed examination of the remarkable statement of Mr. Theodore Tilton made before the Committee of Investigation, and which appeared in the Brooklyn *Argus* of July 21st, 1874.

I recognize the many reasons which make it of transcendant importance to myself, the Church, and the cause of public morality that I shed if gives a full answer to the charges against me; but, having requested the Committee of Investigation to search this matter to the bottom, it is to them that I must look for my vindication. But I cannot delay for an hour to defend the reputation of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, upon whose name in connection with mine her husband has attempted to pour shame. One less deserving of such disgrace I never knew. From childhood she has been under my eye, and since reaching womanhood she has had my sincere admiration and affection. I cherish for her a pure feeling such as a generous might honourably offer to a Christian woman, and which she might receive and reciprocate without moral scruple. I reject with indignation every imputation which reflects upon her honour or my own.

My regard for Mrs. Tilton was perfectly well known to my family. When serious difficulties sprang up in her household, it was to my wife that she resorted for counsel, and both of us, acting from sympathy, and, as it subsequently appeared, without full knowledge, gave unadvised counsel which tended to harm. I have no doubt that Mr. Tilton found that his wife's confidence and reliance upon my judgment had greatly increased, while his influence had diminished in consequence of a marked change in his religious and social views which were taking place. During those years her mind was greatly exercised lest her children should be harmed by views which she deemed virtually false and dangerous.

I was subjected to great trial by the reality of impending danger by the disclosure of domestic distress, the sundering of haps unto death, of the likelihood of separation, and of the scattering of a family, every member of which I tenderly loved. The effect upon me, of the discovery of the sin and ruin of Mr. Tilton's family, the condition of his family, surpassed in sorrow and excitement anything that I had ever experienced. Two years ago, I was sore, anxious, and counsel had brought to a beloved family sorrow and alienation gave to me them and to me a great sorrow. I bring suffering which I hope no other man may ever feel.

Even to be suspected of having offered, under the privilege of a peculiarly sacred profession, a temptation to a woman, should could not but deeply wound any one who is sensitive to the honour of womanhood. Yet there were peculiar reasons for alarm in this case on other grounds, inasmuch as I was then subject to certain nervous prostrations which a sudden outbreak in his family would bring on them to be added injury derived from these shameless falsehoods.

Believing at the time that my presence would increase the trouble, I resolved unseriously, to produce a social catastrophe represented as imminent, I gave expression to words which, if I had known that I was intentional friend—not in cold and cautious calculation, but in a fever of excitement, taking blame upon myself, and pouring out my heart to my friend in the strongest language, were intended to be a mere expression of impassioned sorrow. Had I been cool, I feel that I should have spoken, and should have been calmer and more prudent. It was my horror of the evil imputed to Elizabeth which overwhelmed me, and my shadow of it. Not only was my friend cool, deliberate, and well considered in his counsel, as I supposed, to Mr. Tilton, would soothe his wounded feelings, allay his anger, and prevent the ruin of his family, down sentences and fragments of what I had been saying to use them as a medium of a most solemn and sacred appeal to the conscience of my friend, and to the Lord Jesus Christ, I, in the Lord Jesus Christ, I, in the Lord Jesus Christ, I, in

The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1874.

NOTICE.

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

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

We have received several letters from friends throughout the country who are office-bearers in newly formed Liberal-Conservative Associations, or are desirous of forming Associations, asking for information as to the way in which they should proceed, and for copies of the Constitution of the Toronto Association. We take this means of informing our friends who have written us, as well as others who may be in the same position, that they will best get the information they desire by addressing "The Secretary of the Liberal-Conservative Association, York street, Toronto," who, we have no doubt, will be pleased to give them all the information they may require.

SURPLUS, OR DEFICIT!

THERE is little reason to believe that Mr. CARTWRIGHT will accept the challenge to make his the other day to attempt to make good his allegations of a deficit in the transactions of the fiscal year which ended on the 30th June last, by publishing the official figures. He knows now, if he did not know before, that his Budget Speech, in so far as it foreshadowed a deficit, was a tissue of misrepresentations, and that the contention of the Opposition in Parliament and in the Press is established beyond the possibility of cavil or dispute. We are now in possession of the figures setting forth the receipts and expenditures of the year, *and they conclusively prove that there has been in the year's transactions a surplus quite as large as* THE MAIL *and its friends in Parliament contended there would be.*

Mr. CARTWRIGHT himself had to acknowledge—simply because he could not dispute the fact—that on the operations of the year which ended 30th June, 1873, there was a surplus of $1,638,822. In making up his Estimates for the following year—that which has just ended—Mr. TILLEY's official estimate of expenditure was $21,740,000. Subsequent legislation, before the session closed, compelled him to add largely to these figures. The debts of the Provinces had been assumed; $150,000 additional for New Brunswick in lieu of the export duties which the Treaty of Washington wiped out had to be provided for; the Indemnity of members and been increased; the salaries of members of the Government and of Civil Service had been added to; and Prince Edward Island had been brought into the Union. Mr. TILLEY's calculation was that when all these services were provided for there would be at the end of June, 1874, a deficiency on the year's transactions of $846,727. He said, however, that this deficiency, unexpected when he made his first estimate, would not occasion either trouble or inconvenience, as he proposed to pay it out of the surplus of the previous year, which he was satisfied would be sufficient for the purpose.

Thus the matter stood when Parliament met last spring. Mr. Mr. CARTWRIGHT presided in the bureau which knows Mr. TILLEY no longer. In the Speech from the Throne, notwithstanding previous Ministerial assurances to the contrary, it was announced that a deficiency would have to be provided for. Thus was his Excellency instructed to say to the Parliament of the Honse of Commons by the Finance Minister, previous estimates wonderfully near Dr. TUPPER's calculations. The year's receipts were $23,046,385, and the expenditures $22,886,000, giving a surplus of $460,385.

These figures show that Mr. CARTWRIGHT was in error throughout—whether deceived himself or intentionally deceiving we leave it to the public to judge. He was in error as to the amount of expenditure; and how could he be otherwise when he had included in that expenditure no less than $766,200 which by his own confession—he having put it into the Estimates the year (or which we have entered, to be re-voted—he was unable to spend, and an error of $400,012 with respect to the management of the Intercolonial Railway, which was so palpable that he never once during the session attempted to defend it or explain away! He was also in error as to the receipts, although with the figures under his nose in the Finance Department there was no excuse for his being far out of his reckoning. That he should commit a serious blunder followed as a matter of course, though only, it seems to us, in spite of the clearest light to the contrary.

The Budget Speech. Upon a false representation respecting it—a representation not sustained by the slightest particular—the grand policy of development of the previous Parliaments was denounced, maligned, and ridiculed; a policy which led to the expenditure in six years of $21,726,045 on public works in the Dominion, *every cent of which came out of revenue*—the estimates of a previous Finance Minister were twelve millions, which must have astonished that gentleman more than any one else—a clear surplus was created into a deficit, and the way was smoothed for an increase of taxation for which it is now seen there was no need whatever; most assuredly none arising out of the last year's transactions. Putting together the surpluses of 1872 and 1873, Mr. CARTWRIGHT commenced on the 1st July with a sum of $2,000,000 to the good; with that he certainly ought to have been satisfied. If such infamous conduct on the part of a Government do not call forth the indignant censure of an outraged community, we are at a loss to conceive of any Ministerial act which is not worthy of being sustained by the popular voice.

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WE have on two former occasions passed in review the position and prospects of "Cheap Transportation," as affected by the enlargement of the Welland Canal and other arteries, being the great through railways and the New York State canals, and as set forth in the first ten of Mr. VERNOR's series of letters on the subject. In letter No. xi. he speaks of the Welland Canal, "the work of which we need not here recapitulate, but the statement of its present dimensions may be worth quoting:

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"Some ideas may be formed of this stupendous undertaking from the following:

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Mr. VERNOR *is*, with justice, as it appears to us, rather severe on Mr. JOHN YOUNG, of Montreal, for the persevering efforts of the latter to decry and belittle Canadian public works and to magnify those of the United States. Mr. YOUNG may take very opportunity of doing this, if it purpose was to make a reputation for American patriotism at home at the expense of that of our own. We are not to be surprised that Mr. YOUNG does this, but it is worth mentioning that Mr. VERNOR in a letter to the New York *Times* has said:

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Some time before the prorogation of Parliament, after much pressure from the Opposition, Mr. CARTWRIGHT brought down an official statement of the receipts and expenditures for the first nine months of the year. Parliament and the country were then assured and startled to find that these figures showed a surplus on the 31st March. The receipts were $16,006,267, expenditure $22,000,000—surplus $126,522. A comparison of these figures with those of previous years established the Opposition more firmly still in its belief. The expenditure contained the entire payment for the year of the subsidies to the Provinces. This was a large obligation already provided for. Besides, it was seen that almost invariably the receipts were larger than the expenditures in the last three months of the fiscal year. It was therefore safe to say that neither would Mr. CARTWRIGHT's $24,100,000 of expenditure—however great might be his anxiety to pay out the funds of the Treasury and thus help to sustain his own position—be reached, nor could what now seemed the absolute certainty of a surplus be converted into a deficit. Dr. TUPPER estimated that the expenditures would reach about $23,000,000, and that the receipts would be some $500,000 more, rather less if anything. The figures published monthly since the rising of Parliament, added to those laid on the table of the House of Commons by the Finance Minister, prove his contents wonderfully near Dr. TUPPER's calculations. The year's receipts were $23,046,385, and the expenditures $22,886,000, giving a surplus of $460,385.

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"Mr. Young is very particular in giving the dimensions of the Erie locks, but omitting those of the Welland, which constitutes the people of the United States as well as Canada.

He says that the present Welland Canal is capable of passing down through it, (allowing for all detentions) 2,500,000 tons per day, and allowing 200 days for the season; this is equal to 2,500,000 tons, or say 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, and the total receipts at Buffalo or at New York by all channels. The total receipts at Buffalo last year were only about $600,000, whilst the toll on the same amount carried on the Erie Canal would be $2,640,000; difference in favor of the St. Lawrence route in toll alone of over two cents per bushel, or $2,000,000. This may be hidden from the people of the Canadian canals are inferior to those of the State of New York, as Mr. Young appears anxious to persuade the people to accept the enterprize to make use of them. We are afraid we must plead guilty to the accusation; but there is one fact which could actuate a public man. Dr. TUPPER went into an exhaustive review of the Erie question. He first endeavored to show that even should the proposed canal improvements prove to be, as Mr. CARTWRIGHT alleged, $24,100,000, he would have plenty of money wherewith to pay it; in the next place he went into elaborate calculations to prove that the expenditure could not possibly reach that figure, and that instead of a deficit there would be a surplus in the year's accounts. In both respects Dr. TUPPER's contentions have been sustained. His estimates were remarkably close to the mark, and there is a surplus is as certain as that the Finance Minister is either a financial bungler or a deliberate misleader. In the year of the country's interests is of little moment when his own personal advancement is in the scales.

Some time before the prorogation of Parliament, after much pressure from the Opposition, Mr. CARTWRIGHT brought down an official statement of the receipts and expenditures for the first nine months of the year. Parliament and the country were then assured and startled to find that these figures showed a surplus on the 31st March. The receipts were $16,006,267, expenditure $22,000,000—surplus $126,522. A comparison of these figures with those of previous years established the Opposition more firmly still in its belief. The expenditure contained the entire payment for the year of the subsidies to the Provinces. This was a large obligation already provided for. Besides, it was seen that almost invariably the receipts were larger than the expenditures in the last three months of the fiscal year. It was therefore safe to say that neither would Mr. CARTWRIGHT's $24,100,000 of expenditure—however great might be his anxiety to pay out the funds of the Treasury and thus help to sustain his own position—be reached, nor could what now seemed the absolute certainty of a surplus be converted into a deficit. Dr. TUPPER estimated that the expenditures would reach about $23,000,000, and that the receipts would be some $500,000 more, rather less if anything. The figures published monthly since the rising of Parliament, added to those laid on the table of the House of Commons by the Finance Minister, prove his contents wonderfully near Dr. TUPPER's calculations. The year's receipts were $23,046,385, and the expenditures $22,886,000, giving a surplus of $460,385.

These figures show that Mr. CARTWRIGHT was in error throughout—whether deceived himself or intentionally deceiving we leave it to the public to judge. He was in error as to the amount of expenditure; and how could he be otherwise when he had included in that expenditure no less than $766,200 which by his own confession—he having put it into the Estimates the year (or which we have entered, to be re-voted—he was unable to spend, and an error of $400,012 with respect to the management of the Intercolonial Railway, which was so palpable that he never once during the session attempted to defend it or explain it away! He was also in error as to the receipts, although with the figures under his nose in the Finance Department there was no excuse for his being far out of his reckoning. That he should commit a serious blunder followed as a matter of course, though only, it seems to us, in spite of the clearest light to the contrary.

*The Grand Trunk statement is tremendous proof of the extreme malicious zeal and devilish ingenuity with which parties connected with the sale and purchase. The instalments of purchase money are payable at their Banking House: but the Colonial Trust Corporation (Limited) are appointed to manage the business. And of this Company, built up on the ruins of the Canada Life Assurance Association, Mr. CROOKS is the consultative man of business and Solicitor in Toronto. The Company is known to be dependent on his financial ability or his *bona fides*. The selection of his agents would go to show that his discretion and good taste are not in advance of his shrewdness.*

The professional lessee read to Mr. CROOKS, when Chairman of the Committee that passed the Toronto Water Works Act, has evidently not been taken to heart. The temptation of a trip across the Atlantic, in the height of the London season, combined with the chance of "a stroke for the firm," has been too much for his powers of resistance. What face he or his colleagues can put on the matter, we are utterly at a loss to guess. It is the worst thing yet, and the Legislature, in default of the people being sooner given a chance to return a verdict, cannot but take cognizance in turn of the terms of the sale as of the agency employed to negotiate it. There is not a business man or farmer in Chatham, Brantford, Cobourg, Goderich, Guelph, Peterboro', Port Hope, Stratford, St. Catharines, Lindsay, Hope, Oporto, Brockville, Belleville, Dundas, and Perth but must know and protest that the mortgage of his property could have been secured in England at a less sacrifice than twenty-five per cent. under the selling price of our lowest Dominion debentures. The rotting of our Canadian credit is only remains to be seen whether the colleagues of Mr. CROOKS will stand by him in this crisis or ignominiously throw him overboard.

MORE PROOF.

THE proofs are daily accumulating that the press generally was left in ignorance of the important fact that the Brown Treaty draft involved the admission free into Canada of all such articles as it admitted free from the United States. In a paragraph quoted by the *Globe* Friday from the New York *Daily Witness*, we find the following, touching the Treaty:

"The clause of goods made free by the Treaty are not such as Europe could supply us to compete with the United States or Canada, and therefore Britain will settle gain nor loss by their free interchange here. If there be any particular Treaty clause obnoxious to the objectors on either side they might be omitted. The idea that British leather, vehicles, and agricultural implements will be subject to duty in Canada, whilst the Treaty would give free admission to American goods of these classes, is absurd, seeing that Britain exports none of them to Canada now—and so with all, or nearly all the list."

Reading the defence of the Treaty on the ground that it made free from the United States only such articles as we do not import from Canada, then England at all, or only in very small quantity, proves this writer to have been ignorant of the main fact, namely that

He might be asked, however, whether he classes tweeds, of wool solely or cotton warp, jeans, jeans, silks, Italian gutta-percha and India-rubber belting and tubing; iron, bar, hoop, pig, puddled, rod, rail, or sheet; copper and brass; steel, wrought or cast; and steel plates and rails, for instance, as goods which England "does not produce and Canada imports quantity. The truth is that the Treaty, with its "free list," was a bargain and sale arrangement than people generally have any idea of, but every week its mischievous nature is being better understood by the public.

GRIT ADMINISTRATION.

WE always anticipated that if the Government of the Reviving Grit Party, should be favoured with some startling examples of executive incompetence coupled with unscrupulous corruption. We rose the material necessary to form a judgment in the business either one or another. The disposition and capacity of these hungry adventurers has often before been proved. Greedy for power they have invariably shown that when attained it was chiefly serviceable for pursuing personal ends. Age. Men of this sort have never yet seized the reins of Government without at once betraying not only their disposition to sacrifice every interest and outrage every principle, but that their pharisaical professions of superior purity were merely so much wind intended to catch the ear of those who, fanaging the state of things might be improved, were honestly desirous of a reasonable change. So it was with a large and respectable wing of the Reform Party of Ontario during the late election for the Commons. Honest men believed the cries and improvement, and having faith in the oft-repeated pledges of Messrs. BROWN, MCKELLAR & Co., believed that in their hands the affairs of the country would be conducted with greater wisdom, economy and purity than under the late Government, and hence gave them their cordial support. That these Reformers have been made those whom love of country and of rightness superior to mere party allegiance have been bitterly disappointed at the action of the Grit leaders during their brief reign, their conduct in transactions from one part of the Province to the other most amply attest. In every act of importance the present rulers have shown themselves to demonstrate their inaspacity for wise government and their lack of common honesty. Their bungling with the tariff, with the consequent disturbance of trade; their depreciation of our national credit; the abandonment of the Pacific Railway in the interest of the Americans; the alienation of British Columbia; and, finally, the unnecessary breach they are seeking to foist on the Dominion, are enough to sicken every right-thinking man the way instrumental in sitting them on power.

But the tale does not end here. They great present expenditure is were in an undertaking from its manner of conception and carrying out, should at once stamp them as incompetent. The idea that British leather, vehicles, and agricultural implements will be subject to duty in Canada, whilst the Treaty would give free admission to American goods of these classes, is absurd, seeing that Britain exports none of them to Canada now—and so with all, or nearly all the list."

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THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

His Tour in the West.

About 6 30 on Friday morning his Excellency the Governor-General, the Countess of Dufferin and suite, consisting of Col. Fletcher, Lady Harriet Fletcher, Lieut. H. Hamilton, A. D. C.; Mr. W. S. Barber, Mr. W. Campbell and six servants, arrived in the city from Kingston per the Spartan, of the Royal Mail Line.

Early in the morning bunting was flying from the majority of the stores in the principal streets, and decorations of a mixed laissez character were to be seen in various parts of the city.

The City Council proceeded about eleven o'clock to the Queen's Hotel for the purpose of waiting upon his Excellency and presenting him with an address. On arriving at the Queen's they assembled in the ladies' sitting room. There were present the Mayor, Aldermen Sheard, Ball, Bonfion, Spence, Adamson, Downey, Tinning, Clements, Gearing, Mutton, Bierne, Withrow, Hayes, and Davies, Colonel Durie, Deputy Adjutant-General, and Major Alger, Paymaster of the Toronto District. His Excellency entered the room shortly after eleven o'clock, preceded by Lieut. Hamilton, A. D. C., and Col. Cumberland, A. D. C. Col. Rose and Col. Durie brought up the rear. His Excellency, on being taken up a position, the Mayor read the address.

His Excellency having been introduced to the individual members of the Corporation, Lady Dufferin was ushered into the apartment, and an agreeable conversation lasting over half an hour, was entered upon by the distinguished visitors.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the reception was brought to a close, and his Excellency and Lady Dufferin retired from the room. Dufferin at once repaired to the street, wet, immediately in front of the hotel, was the detachment of the Queen's Own. On the appearance of his Excellency a royal salute was given, after which he inspected the corps and returned to the hotel.

At the conclusion of the reception his Worship the Mayor entertained the members of the City Council with a luncheon at the Queen's Hotel.

In the afternoon his Excellency and Lady Dufferin visited Lions Park, Crawford at the Government House, and subsequently they walked through the city. In the evening they received a number of friends.

LAKE COUCHICHING HOTEL, July 25.

His Excellency left the Queen's Hotel this morning, accompanied by an escort of the Governor-General's Body Guard, for Brock street station, where a special train, consisting of three saloon carriages, one drawing-room car, and an open car, tastefully and artistically decorated with evergreens, flowers, etc., was in waiting. The open car was carpeted and comfortably fitted up in every respect. Mr. Cumberland's car was placed at the end of the train, and in it refreshments were provided for the company on board. The platform of the Brock street station was carpeted and also decorated with fir, spruce and flowers ingeniously arranged. A detachment of the Grand Trunk Brigade, under command of Major Anderson, which formed the guard of honour, was drawn up along the platform in front of the train, and on his Excellency arriving the band struck up the National Anthem, the guard at the same time presenting arms. The corps was subsequently inspected by His Excellency. At ten o'clock precisely the train left the station, preceded by a pilot engine covered with evergreens and flowers.

The View-Regal party consisted of his Excellency the Governor-General, the Countess of Dufferin, Viscount Clandeboye, Colonel Fletcher, Lady Harriet Fletcher, Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.; Capt. D. Wright, R.E., A. D. C.; Mr. F. A. Dixon, Mr. Campbell, Lieut.-Col. Cumberland, Extra A.D.C.; Lieut.-Col. Durie, Major Alger, Major Anderson, R. R. Denison.

All along the route, at every station and at every crossing, his Excellency was cheered by enthusiastic crowds, which had assembled for the purpose of exhibiting their devotion to the Crown and attachment to the person of his Excellency. At Newmarket the bunting on the small stations slowly, and his Excellency did not fail in any instance to cause the train to stop, and receive bouts of loyalty which greeted him on every hand.

The train arrived at Newmarket at 11.30 a. m., where a dense crowd was congregated. On the train drawing up to the platform his Excellency was saluted by vociferous cheers from the spectators, and discharge of artillery. A raised and carpeted platform had been erected for the reception of the View-Regal party. Most of the leading men in the County Council and of the Township Council were present, together with the leading clergymen of the district. Mr. D. Jackson, Reeve of Newmarket, read an address from the Township Council, to which His Excellency replied.

A. Odgers, Dixsell, and Gladstone. An Essay. By Mr. Bradlaugh.

7. The Life of Mr. Arch. By John Bunyan. Perhaps a much old of day may be burnt into a brick, with a certain sort of force.

8. A Reply to the Pope of Rome on Things in General. By a large number of people who think he would keep his crossness to himself, and not promulgate the "Infallible" doctrine which he is so fond of.

HOUSE KEEPERS AND HERACIDES.—It is quite true, as the Premier says, that if Home Rule were conceded to Mr. Butt and his faction, "the whole administrative hierarchy of the empire would be turned upside down." Perhaps such a result would not mind this at all all, because at the same time a portion of an alien hierarchy would be turned up-side-down.

IN A CERTAIN DISTRICT.—The City Policemen are established with the Civic Arms, and bears the Civic motto. Beneath the coat of arms is a pick and spade, and the motto is "Dum Fodimus."

Comic Clippings.

(From Punch.)

DELICATELY PUT.—Cicero Jones: "I'm afraid I'm getting a little bald (?)—Operator: "Well, sir, I think, sir, when you attend public wuship, if I was you, I'd sit in the gallery."

PERFUME OUT OF PLACE.—Q: "Why do Ritualist clergy from burn incense in church?"—A: "To lead people by the nose."

ALARMING SIGN ABOUT.—Scene—Club Smoking-room. Young Swell: "Hi! Jeeves! Bring anyway are?"—Second ditto: "No! I'm sad to say—'pon 'hope' to-night! The idea—our 'plastery floored me!"—Third ditto: "Hy, Jeve! I've been thinking of letting myself out as two pounds a night. A fellow gets recoup himself for a bad book at the Derby."

ENGAGING CANDOUR.—Papa: "And pray, sir, what do you intend to settle on my daughter? and how do you mean to live?"—Intending Son-in-law: "Sir—ahem! I hope you'll do all it up?"—Jolliboy: "Oh, that's all right—I haven't come to the whiskey yet."

'EAR 'EAR.—A man born dead must be a good man, for he has never 'ar'd.

TO SPORTING TYPES.—Never buy a broken-loader from a pawnbroker, it can be no better than a pop-gun.

THE WRAPS.—It is an insult to present ladies with muffs or gloves, as, by so doing, you give them raps over the knuckle.

THE REAL "BEARGARDEN" (after a drought).—A copious rainfall.

(From Judy.)

The late Marshal Concha was a good general and a brave soldier, but his career furnishes a fresh illustration of the old saying, "No man should be accounted happy till his death," for the veteran finally left the scene of his old operations before he was able to Concha (conquer) his old opponents, the Carlists.

THE FIRST DUTY OF A JURYMAN.—An obstreperous juryman in the Court of Queen's Bench was last week reprimanded by Mr. Justice Lush. "Sir," said his lordship, rather sharply, "you do not appear to be a competent juryman." "Begorra, sir," the juryman, in a slight Kerry dialect, "I am. The first duty is to make yourself as comfortable as possible, so that he will not be required to take part in legal proceedings, of which he knows nothing."

(From Figaro.)

Notwithstanding the debilitating effect of obituary panegyric upon a contemporary, already weakened by perusal of the daily newspaper, the late Mr. Charles Gilpin, M. P., is slowly recovering from his recent death.

Speaking of a stump orator, in Missouri, who makes latter-day orations, the St. Louis Democrat says that he has a sleeping-car attached to his train of thought.

Miss Lavin, a Goddess, who was lately connected with *Harper's Bazaar*, has been admitted to the bar after a very creditable examination, and will practice as a litigant in Janesville, Wis.

THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.

PROGRESS OF THE SHOOTING.

On Saturday, July 11, the matches were for the International Challenge Trophy, the Belgian Challenge Cup, and the Henry Prize.

The Dean of Westminster preached in the "umbrella tent" on Sunday morning, the 12th inst., taking for his text 2 Kings xvii. 37, "Seal said unto David, Go and the Lord be with thee." The text was full to overflowing with the usual Wimbledon congregation, the squads of the different corps having paraded near the Cottage, and marched to the tent headed by the band of the Victoria Rifles.

After the sermon a considerable sum of money was collected for the Wimbledon Charities. In the course of the afternoon the camp filled with the crowd which always flocks down from London to the common on a fine "middle Sunday."

On Monday, the 13th, the chief item was the shooting in the first stage of the Albert prize, the 40 winners in the stage to compete for a lump sum of money in the second. Private Dasher, of the Canadian Team, was one of the successful competitors, winning a prize of £5, his score being 53 as against the highest, 91. The Rifle Oats was next shot for, and Lieut. McNaughton, Canadian Artillery, was one of the best winners. Among the five winners of the Graphic Prizes two were members of the Canadian Team, Sergeant Kettle and Major Gibson. The Times expresses itself as happy, but not all surprised, to see Mr. Ross upon the record.

On Tuesday, the 14th, Lieut. Hillman, of the 60th Battalion, Canada, gained one of the second series of extra prizes for shooting at 600 yards. The matches on Wednesday, the 15th were not all open to the Canadians, and the day's shooting was not for any of the chief prizes of the meeting. The next day was, however, to be one of great interest. The Times says of it: "The International Small-bore Match for the Elcho Shield begins at 11 a.m., and there is also the Kolapore Cup, for Mother Country, Canadian, and Indian Teams, and the Public Schools contest for the Ashburton Shield and Spencer Cup. Lord George Hamilton is captain of the Indian Team for the Kolapore Cup, and the Canadians have chosen from their ranks twenty-two their eight highest aggregate scorers since their arrival in England. As it happens, the eight also represent British North America from New Brunswick to British Columbia. The Mother Country team consists of three higher scorers when the Scotch and Scotch 20 who shot the other day for the International Trophy, and the two highest in the Irish 20. A Canadian team has shot before for the Kolapore Cup, but this is the first year of the Indian team. The arrivals by the next mail will be eagerly looked for. It may be remarked that on the 11th Col. Gilmor was requested to act as umpire in the International Match, and thanked by the contestants for the manner in which he performed the duties of that office.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TORONTO WHOLESALE MARKETS.

WEDNESDAY, July 29.

PRODUCE.

The market has continued inactive since our last. The reason is to be found simply in the facts that the supply is small and the demand nominal. Prices have varied in different cases; but in the main important changes have not been made. Stocks of flour and grain are now very small. Reports of the crops are highly encouraging; reaping has been going on during the week in this neighborhood, and a short time will render positive some definite estimate of the yield. Outside markets have been weak or unsettled. The former description is attributable to dread of Russia and the latter to threes of the Russo. In England there has been a fall of 6d on flour; 3d on red and white wheat, and 1s on corn. Cable advices report the supply of breadstuffs in the week ending on the 18th inst. as above equal to the average consumption. The change in American markets has been small. New York stood on this day week at $1.51 for No. 2 Chicago, and to-day at $1.52 @ $1.52. Chicago was at $1.06½ for August, and to-day at $1.06. Rights and advices to the 18th inst. report the weather in the United Kingdom to have been all that was wished for as regards wheat; the high winds, however, did damage to the barley and oats, and very warm weather was everywhere reported in Europe. Drought, in some parts very severe, was the subject of complaint in Russia and Austria, and in the latter country and also in France and Belgium it was feared the crop would be ruined by blight. Outside markets have been steady, and in some cases advances have been made. The supply of wheat in Toronto has been very small, but average qualities will not bring over 120c. Fall wheat is about the same as a week ago, ranging from 112 to 120c, and Spring wheat is 5c higher than last week, the latter being for dairy. English advices state that the crop prospects are good. Flour is dull and prices are quoted at 105c to 110c per cwt for good to fine, and 90c to 95c for superfine. At Chicago wheat has had arrived and sold quickly, quotations stood at 100c to 101c.

Corn—There has been no movement here in the past week to the extent they are held at 55 to 57c. Small lots have sell readily, but prices are rather easy at the range.

Oats—Receipts continue to be small, but as high prices are maintained the demand there are so small as to be trifling. Prices are rather easy at 35 to 36c per bushel, and 37c is the outside price for fine.

Peas—The market has been active at a fairly firm tone. Sales of 2,000 bushels have been made at 57c, and 58c was paid for a lot. Rye—Is quoted at 60c, and 62c was paid for a lot. Barley—Is quoted at 70c to 75c, and 80c was paid for a lot.

Pork—The market has been active at a fairly firm tone. Sales of 200 barrels have been made at $16 for thin, $16 was paid for a lot of 200 barrels, and $16.50 for a lot of 100 barrels. Dressed hogs—Are quoted at $7.50 to $8 per cwt, and $8 was paid for a lot.

Ashes—Are quoted at $5.25 for pots, and $5.30 for pearls.

Leather—Continues to be in good demand, and the tone of the market is firm. Prices are unchanged. We quote:—Spanish sole, 1 to 1 in weight, 30c to 32c; do, heavy weights, 27c to 28c; slaughter sole, 27c to 30c; B Ayres, 24c to 26c; French calf, $1.20 to $1.40; English calf, $1.20 to $1.40; American calf, $1 to $1.25; American grain, 90c to $1; American kip, 80c to $1; French kip, $1.20 to $1.40; English kip, $1.20 to $1.40; American upper, 35c to 40c; American split, 25c to 30c; American sole, 35c to 40c; harness, 30c to 35c; buffing, $30 to $35; finishing, $25 to $30; crimmed, $30 to $35; Hemlock, 24c to 27c.

Wool—The market has been active at fairly firm prices. We quote:—Fleece, 45c to 50c; Canada pulled, 40c to 45c; Canada combing, 45c to 50c; Canada fine, 40c to 45c; Canada coarse, 35c to 40c; Canada extra, 50c to 55c; Canada super, 55c to 60c; Canada Cape, 30c to 35c; Canada Buenos Ayres, 30c to 35c; Canada Montevideo, 30c to 35c; Canada Australian, 30c to 35c; Canada Port Phillip, 30c to 35

A TILTON POEM.

—The following verses written by Theodore Tilton and dated "Sleepy Hollow, Nov. 1, 1871," possess a singular interest now. They were entitled,

HER MASTERPIECE'S WORKS.

I was a noble fane,
But, with a modest brow,
The people came by crowds
And in the mire trod down
My lofty spires.

I was a handsome purse,
And beggars by the way
Thus blessed me day by day,
But I, grown poor at length,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men called friends,
But now their love is lean,
And I have learned too late
How varied mists unmask
And friendship ends.

I charged a woman's trust,
As if her heart I knew,
Or fancied, would be true,
Who proved—alas, she too!—
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft—
As when some tower doth fall,
With substance and wall,
And gate and bridge and all—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crossed—
All broken and lost—
To pass the heavens at rest
Of long earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render to it—
Henceforth in me lent),
O God, a vacant good—will
To all mankind.

NOT LOST.

I.

Being rooted like trees in one place,
Of branches unlike
Like the leaves of the trees that are caught
by the for wind of heaven, some thought
Blows out of the worldtime apace
And seems lost.

II.

We feet, the mind labours, heart bleeds;
We believe and we fear,
We believe and we hope, in a lie
Or a truth; or we decide all we die,
Partitionly examining goods
With a tener.

III.

To life we apply an inch rule
And we lie indoctrine;
Each to self an infallible priest,
Each priest to the top of the head,
And each to his brother "Thou fool!
Go down lower!"

IV.

But fall's like trees from our place—
Hid, scattered, unknown;
Our dead leaves are raked up for mould;
And some that were sweet—pure and good,
Blown out of the world into space,
Are not lost.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A STRANGE WORLD.

By M^SS BRADDON.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVE THE HIGH GODS ANY THING LEFT TO GIVE?

Mr. Pewsyn had drawn his guests at the chandler's door, and drove home to the Waterfowl in solitary state, the chariot in which he had sent some of his great deal too big for one medium-sized young man.

His mind on the course made dinner an impossibility; so he ordered a cup of coffee to be taken to him in the garden, and went out to smoke a cigar on his favourite bench by the willow. The Waterfowl was too far off the beaten track for any of the race people to come there, so James had the garden all to himself over this evening.

The sun was setting beyond the bend of the river, just where the shining water seemed to lose itself in a rosy haze. The ruddy light shone on the windows of the town till they looked like they eyes glassed through that rosy mist, while, grandly dominating the level landscape and the low irregular town, rose the dusky bulk of the cathedral, drawing the distant hills and standing darkly out against that changeful sky.

James Pewsyn was in a meditative mood, and contemplated the landscape dreamily as he smoked an excellent cigar with epicurean slowness, letting pleasure last as long as it would. Not that his soul was interpenetrated by the subtle beauties of the scene. He only thought that it was rather jolly, that solemn stillness after the riot of the race course, that lonely landscape after the movement of the crowd.

Only last night had Justina and he stood side by side in the moonlight—only last night had their hands met for the first time—and yet she seemed a part of his life, indispensable to his happiness.

"Is it love?" he asked himself, "first love? I didn't think it was in me to be such a spoon."

He was at the age when that idea of "spoonism" is the last degree humiliating. He had prided himself upon his manliness—thought he had exhausted the well-spring of sentiment in those passing flirtations, the transitory loves of an undergraduate. He had talked big about marrying by-and-by for money and position, to add new lustre to the house of Pewsyn, to carry some heiress's arms on his shield upon an escutcheon of pretence.

Was he really love?—love for a foolish girl of seventeen, with sky-blue eyes, and a look of admiration when he looked at him, and fearfully to his face? Justina had a presentness that charmed him more than other women's graces, and till now sprightliness had been his highest quality in woman—a girl who would light his cigar for him and take three or four puffs daintily before she handed him the weed—a girl who was quick at retort, and could "chaff" him without offending his superiority; this girl was fresh and simple as Wordsworth's ideal woman. And he loved her. For the first time in his glad young life his heart throbbed with the love that is as near akin to pain.

"I'll marry her," he said to himself. "She shall be mistress of Pewsyn Manor. The sun went down and left the landscape gloomy. James Pewsyn rose from the bench with a faint shiver.

"These early-summer evenings are chilly," he thought, as he walked back to the house. He felt lonely somehow in spite of his fair new hope. It was so strange to him not to have Charley at his side—to require or crave him. But at worst the voice was a friendly one. The silence of this garden, the dusky place so peaceful, the solemn grandeur of the dark cathedral, chilled him.

The faint clock boomed eight, and reminded him that the play had begun half an hour. He would be a relief to find himself in the lighted rooms among those rollicking actors.

He went down to the theatre, and made his way straight to the greenroom. There was a good house—a great house Mr. Elgood told James when the greenroom was deserted, were already above par. Every body was in high spirits, and every people's breath was slightly tainted with fumes.

"We have been turning away money all the evening," said Mr. Dempsey, who was dressed for Moses. "I should think to the tune of seventeen shillings. This is the night sort of thing. It is certainly one of my poor old governor's time, when the drama was required in this land, and all the gentry rose at least to take his lease, niged thereby the unpaid rents of their tenantry, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose money was required to pay the rent. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

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She closed the door, and went down into the kitchen, where her mother was sitting, with her spectacles on, and a Bible open before her, as if she had been reading aloud to her husband, who was nodding over the fire, and had been nodding ever since the family supper, of which he had partaken largely.

Mrs. Dempsey looked up as her daughter came in, and smiled at her with a smile that was a reflection of her husband's drowsiness.

"Well, Tina, I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and not spoiled your pretty dress in the dirt. I wonder your father let you go, I'm sure. It's a good thing I was at home to look after you."

"Father was quite right to let me go, mother. I have enjoyed myself very much indeed, and I don't care about my dress. I wish you had been there, and in the garret story—and a shrill-voiced hawker bawling water-cresses along the street.

She had the feeling of having overslept herself, and not being provided with a reason for her conduct to excuse the fact, was fain to dress as quickly as she could, trusting to the cathedral clock to inform her of the hour. To be late for rehearsal involved a good deal of scolding from the highest powers, even in a country cathedral. The Dean—once upon a time a bachelor—and a bachelor of the Church, and knew how to make himself disagreeable.

Life seemed all reality again this morning, as Justina plished her hair before the shabby little mirror, and looked out at the dull gray sky the wet sloppy streets, the general aspect of poverty and dampness which pervaded the prospect. She had need to ask herself if yesterday and the night before had not been all dreaming, the idea that a handsome bride of a rich young squire—she the mistress of Pewsyn Manor! It was scarcely too bad, it was hard. She, whose shabby weather-stained under-garments, the gown and jacket of two winters ago converted into a petticoat last year, and worn throughout the current which a mere-maid might have despised—lay prettier on the dilapidated rush-bottomed chair, I suppose, with the ruffle of Cinderella rags, after the fairy ball dress had melted into air.

She hurried on her clothes, more ashamed of their shabbiness than she had ever felt before, and was down to the sitting-room, which smelled of stale kitchen and tobacco, the windows not having been opened on account of the rain, the fire dull and red, the table crumbs and cheese, dorsal bone of a haddock on a greasy plate, indicated that some one had breakfasted. The clock struck half-past eleven. Justina's rehearsal only began at half past. She had time to take her breakfast comfortably, if she liked.

Her first act was to open the window and let in the air and the rain—any thing was better than stale lobster. Then she looked at the clock, and wondered why her father breakfasted, and if her father were up. Then she poured out a cup of tea, and sipped it slowly, wondering if James Pewsyn would come to the theatre while she was rehearsing. He had asked her the hour of the rehearsal. She thought she would see him then, most likely, and the dream began to fade.

A jug of wild flowers stood on the table by the window—the flowers she had gathered two days ago, before she had seen him.

They were a little faded—wild flowers cheap as earth—but in no vase could a prettier bouquet had been born and admired. The majority since those field flowers was plucked.

Could she believe in it, could she trust in it? Was it heart rank at the thought that her lover was trifling with her—that there was something but foolishness in this first love dream.

Her father had not yet left his room. Justina saw his one presentable pair of boots waiting for him outside his door as she went by on her way down and kitchen.

She found Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey at the breakfast, both with a faded and washed-out appearance, as if the excitement of the previous day had taken all the colour out of them.

The rehearsal went forward in a struggling way. That good humor of last night seemed to have evaporated, and the greenroom, or rather the greenroom, was a place of disagreeable and bitterness. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

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The big bell chimed at the instant, in confirmation of this statement, and Justina, who could not for her life have said no, assented humbly enough.

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"Sudden!" echoed Justina; "it seems like a dream; but you mustn't speak of it any more. I won't believe a word you say. I won't listen to a word. It can't be true. Let's go home immediately. Hark, there's the half hour. Take me home, please, Mr. Pewsyn."

"Not till you have answered me one question."

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Mrs. Dempsey looked up as her daughter came in, and smiled at her with a smile that was a reflection of her husband's drowsiness.

"Well, Tina, I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and not spoiled your pretty dress in the dirt. I wonder your father let you go, I'm sure. It's a good thing I was at home to look after you."

"Father said half past twelve for supper, you know," he plaited, "and it's only just the quarter."

The big bell chimed at the instant, in confirmation of this statement, and Justina, who could not for her life have said no, assented humbly enough.

The cathedral had a colossal grandeur seen from so near, every detail and water-spout clearly defined in the moonlight. Justina looked up at it with reverent eyes.

"I isn't it grand?" she whispered. "One could fancy that God inhabits it. If I were an ignorant creature from some savage land, and nobody told me it was a church, I think I should know that it was God's house."

"Should you?" said James, lightly. "I think I should as soon take it for a corn exchange or a wild-beast show."

"Oh!"

"You see, I have no instinctive sense of the fitness of things. You would just suit Ullesoid. He has all those queer fancies. I've seen him stand and talk to himself like a lunatic sometimes, among the lakes and mountains—what you call the artistic family, I suppose."

They walked round the Cathedral Square arm in arm, Justina charmed to silence by the solemn grandeur of the scene. All was quiet at this end of the city. Up at the subscription-rooms there might be some confusion; but here, in the ancient squares, among those old gabled houses, almost covered with ivy, the spirit of peace was supreme.

"Justina," James began, presently, "you told me yesterday that you didn't care about being an actress."

"I said you didn't hated it," smoothed the girl, carefully. "I suppose I should like it if I were a heroine, a favourite, like Villiers."

"I prefer quiet acting," said James Pewsyn over so much. You don't rather too quietly, I think, sometimes. Not that you don't do it to perfection."

"I'm glad you like me best," said Justina, softly. "But that you may not the British public. Yes, I hate theatres. I should like to live in a little cottage, deep, deep, deep down in the country, where there were woods and fields and a stinging blue river. I should keep poultry and pick up on the money I got by the new-laid eggs.

"Don't you think it would be better to have a nice large house, with gardens and orchards and a park, in a well fully country not far from the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What should I do with a big house, and how should I get the money to pay for it?" she asked, laughing.

"Suppose some one the were to find the money, some one who has plenty, and only wants the girl he loves to share it with him? Justina, you said I made yesterday for the first time, but you are the only girl I ever loved and I love you with all my heart. It may seem sudden, but life is as long as that I live and speak to you to-night."

"Sudden!" echoed Justina; "it seems like a dream; but you mustn't speak of it any more. I won't believe a word you say. I won't listen to a word. It can't be true. Let's go home immediately. Hark, there's the half hour. Take me home, please, Mr. Pawsyn."

"Not till you have answered me one question."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, Justina. I must be answered. I have made up my mind, and I want to know whether I am to be happy or miserable."

"Then I must be miserable, for I don't know my mind. I don't know anything about it. It's all more foolish than a dream."

"It is the sweetest dream that ever was dreamed by mortal. Only tell me, Justina, I make them speak? No! Then the eyes shall tell me which is the truth. Look at me, Justina; just one little look—and then we'll go home."

The hazy lids were lifted, slowly, shyly, and the young lover looked into the depths of those dark eyes. A girl's first, and, perhaps, that love which is a religion, those there like a star.

James Pewsyn was other answer.

"You shall never not again unless you like, darling," he said. "I'll speak to your father to-night, and write to Ullesoid about the business can be done. When you leave Bloxham, it shall be as quietly as Pewsyn Manor. There is not a soul belonging to me who has the faintest right to question what I do. I am my own master, and young. The Pewsyn race has been nerely extinction of late. If I were married my estate would go to my cousin, a fellow I don't care two straws about."

Perhaps it was the fine air, or his kisses that made Justina dizzy. She understood nothing about estates and hereditary rights, property was an unknown quantity. She only knew that life seemed changed to a delicious dream, that the strange lover, which had not been too kind to her, had melted away, and left her a lover who was all tenderness and gentleness, the touch of her lover as he clasped is close upon his arm.

They walked slowly home, in the cold shadowy street, so narrow that the moonlight hardly reached the pavement, the shop-front, which had been left ajar in a friendly way for their reception.

"What a time your father takes!" said Mr. Elgood, standing before the table, stirring a bowl of green stuff, with various cruets and a bottle of oil, to which he salad myself. Sit down and make yourself at home, Pawsyn. There, I've got rid of that bitter. The night thing nowadays is to pour it into a jug. When was a young man so modest? I have been much more bare than this.

Mr. Dempsey had marmered her usual bible with a low or two, and then, as well, which she were gracefully fastened about her head to conceal the tri-pronged bonnet, which she had intended to wear to-morrow evening's performance. She would be too tired to curl her hair to-night, and got rid of this foolish young man.

The supper was even gayer than the night before. On the face—cocoa, with a large dish of cold corn beef, ready sliced, from the cook's shop—a cucumber, a couple of lettuces and a bowl of salad, crisp and oily, upon which Mr. Elgood prided himself.

"There are some people, perhaps that this cold can do," he remarked, "but he fatten himself he was a cold, cold, cold."

The ale being infinitely better of its kind that the Champagne provided by the Waterfowl, proved more exhilarating than James Pewsyn's spritze rose to their highest point. He invited everybody to Pewsyn Manor, and promised Miss Villeroy a season's hunting, Mr. Dempsey any amount of sport. They would all go down to Devonshire together, would they? Mrs. Elgood of course, if she would not be afraid of the sea. Not a word did he say about his intended marriage, he felt a restraining delicacy which kept him silent on this subject.

Justina was the quietest person. She sat by her father's side, looking her prettiest with eyes that joy had glorified, and a bloom which was not the bloom of health, but intensified to her lover's careless vision, and felt more and more that life was like a dream. *How* handsome he was! how good! how brave! how brilliant! how simply generous! how free from the shadow of a mean or under-graduate jocosity for wit of the purest water. She laughed her gay young laugh at his jokes.

"If you could laugh like that on the stage, Justina," said Mr. Dempsey, "you would be a great actress so Mr. Jordan," said her father.

"As if any one could laugh naturally in a one!" cried Justina.

They sat late, almost as late as they had been the night before, and when the guests rose at last to take his leave, niged thereby the unpaid rents of their tenantry, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose money was required to pay the rent. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

"It's six—quarter bad road," urged the heavy father. "I'd berrer let me see y' home—and thro' you?" which James declined in the most pleasant "a cut-throat road."

"Don' like y' I go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled ah her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that he could be made to look an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half-past ten yet. Good-night, Mr. Dempsey. I'm afraid I've kept your wifey too late, after her exertions in Lady Tessie. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina leaned beneath the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases in the good old times, better suited to a lofty barn than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and paid the bloom, amidst the scarlet and the fair hair and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, which the shop is heterogeneous in his arms and kissed her fondly proudly, as if he had won a princess for his beloved.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully and they wouldn't make me changeay mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars were visible through the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side meadows, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Pewsyn.

Strange, that she should be so nervous, and yet so lonely! Not that she was afraid of the dark, for she was a brave girl, and had lived all her life in a cathedral city, where the shadows of the cloisters were as familiar to her as the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sudden change from the glad excitement of the evening to the silence and solitude of the place, that made her fe