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UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Glady's—let me see what Glady's does: well, she used to teach in the schools, but she does not teach now; she says the infants make her head ache; that is why she has dropped the Sunday-school. Now Etta has dropped the class. Then there was the mothers' meeting; well, I never knew why she gave that up—I wonder if she knows herself, but Etta has got it. And she has left off singing at the penny readings and village entertainments; Etta would have replaced her there, only she has no voice. I think she works a little for the poor people at the East End of London, but she does it in her own room, because Etta laughs at her and calls her 'Madam Charity.' Glady's hates that. She takes long walks, and sketches a little, and reads a good deal; and—there, that is all I know of her majesty's doings."

Poor Mrs. Hamilton! it certainly did not sound much of a life.

"And about yourself, Lady Betty?" "Oh, Lady Betty is here, and every where," mimicking me in a droll way. "Lady Betty walks a little, talks a little, plays a little, and dances when she gets a chance. At present, lawn-tennis is a great object in her life; last winter, swimming in Brill's bath and riding from Hove to Kemp Town or across the Brighton Downs were her hobbies. In the summer a gardening craze seized her, and just now she is in an idle mood. What does it matter? a short life and a merry one,—eh, Miss Garston?"

I would not expostulate with this civilized little heathen, for she was evidently bent on provoking a lecture, and I determined to disappoint her. We had sat so long over our tea that the room was quite dark, and I rose to kindle the lamp. Lady Betty, as usual, was anxious to assist me, and went to the window to lower the blind. The next moment I heard an exclamation of annoyance, and as she came back to the table her little brown face was all aglow with some suppressed irritation.

"What is the matter, Lady Betty?" I asked, in some surprise.

"It is that provoking Etta again," she began. "She has guessed where I am, and has sent for me, the meddlesome old—"

But here a tap at our room door stopped her outburst.

As Lady Betty made no response, I said, "Come in," and immediately a respectable looking woman appeared in the doorway.

She looked like a superior lady's-maid, and had a plain face much marked by the small-pox, and rather dull light-colored eyes.

"Well, Leah," demanded Lady Betty, rather sulkily, "what is your business with Miss Garston?"

"My business is with you, Lady Betty," returned the woman, good-humoredly. "Master came in just now and asked where you were; I think he told Miss Darrell that it was too late for you to be out walking; so Miss Darrell said she believed you were at the White Cottage, for she saw your mill lying on Miss Garston's table; so she told me to step up here, as it was too dark for you to walk alone, and I was to tell you that they would be waiting dinner."

"It is just like her interference," muttered Lady Betty. "But I suppose, there would be a pretty fuss if I let the dinner spoil. Help me on with my jacket, Leah; as you have come when no one wanted you, you had better make yourself useful."

She spoke with the peremptoriness of a spoiled child, but the woman smiled pleasantly and did as she was bid. She seemed a civil sort of person, evidently an old family servant. Something had struck me in her speech. Miss Darrell had seen Lady Betty's muff, and knew of her presence in the cottage, and yet she had made no remark on the subject; this seemed strange, but would she not wonder still more at my silence?

"Lady Betty," I said, hastily, as this occurred to me, "your cousin will think it odd that I never spoke of you this afternoon; but you ran out of the room so quickly, and then I forgot all about it."

"Oh, Etta will know I was only playing at hide-and-seek. Most likely she will think I bound you to secrecy. What a goose I was to leave my muff behind me,—the very one Etta gave me, too! why, she would see a pin; nothing escapes her; does it Leah?"

"Not much, Lady Betty; she has fine eyes for dust, I tell her. The new house-maid had better be careful with her room. Now, ma'am, if you are ready?"

"Good-by, Miss Garston; we shall meet to-morrow," returned Lady Betty, standing on tiptoe to kiss me, and as they went out I heard her say in quite a friendly manner to Leah, as though she had already forgotten her grievance.

"Is not Miss Garston nice, Leah? She has got such a kind face." But I did not hear Leah's reply.

I had not seen the last of my visitors, for about an hour afterwards, as I was finishing a long letter to Jill, there was the sharp click of the gate again, and Uncle Max came in.

"Are you busy, Ursula?" he said, apologetically, as I looked up in some surprise. "I only called in as I was passing. I am going on to the Myers's; old Mr. Myers is ill and wants to see me." But for all that Max drew his accustomed chair to the fire, and looked at the pine-knot a little dreamily.

"You keep good fires," was his next remark. "It is very cold to-night, there is a touch of frost in the air; Tudor was saying so just now. So you have had the ladies from Gladwyn here this afternoon?"

"How do you know that?" I asked, in a sharp pouting voice, "for I was keeping that bit of news for a tidbit."

"Oh, I met them," he returned, absently, "and they told me that you were to dine with them to-morrow. I call that nice and friendly, asking you without ceremony. What time shall you be ready, Ursula? for of course I shall not let you go alone the first time."

I was glad to hear this, for, though I was not a shy person, my first visit to Gladwyn would be a little formidable; so I told him briefly that I would be ready by half-past six, as they wished me to go early, and it would never do to be formal on my side. And then I gave him an account of Lady Betty's visit, but it did not seem to interest him much; in fact, I did not believe that he listened very attentively.

"She is an odd little being," he said, rather absently, "and prides herself on being as unconventional as possible. They have spoiled her among them, Hamilton especially, but her droll ways amuse him. She has talked with me lately because I will not give into her absurd fad about Lady Betty. I tell her that she ought not to be ashamed of her baptismal name; and she will call her by it one day."

"She is very amusing. I think I shall like her, Max; but Miss Darrell does not please me. She is far too gushing and talkative for my taste; as she patronized and repressed me in the same breath. If there is anything I dislike, it is to be patted on the head by a stranger."

"Miss Hamilton did not pat you on the head, I suppose."

rather too pale, and her manners are so gentle, and yet she has plenty of dignity; she reminds me of Clytie, only her expression is not so contented and restful; she looks far too melancholy for a girl of her age."

"Pshaw!" he said, rather impatiently, "I noticed he looked uncomfortable. What can have put such ideas in your head? you have only seen her twice; you could not expect her to smile in church."

Max seemed so thoroughly put out by my remark that I thought it better to qualify my speech. "Most likely Miss Darrell had been nagging at her."

His face cleared up directly. "Depend upon it, that was the reason she looked so grave," he said, with an air of relief. "Miss Darrell can say ill-tempered things sometimes. Miss Hamilton is never as lively as Miss Elizabeth; she is always quiet and thoughtful; some girls are like that, they are not sparkling and frothy."

I let him think that I accepted this statement as gospel, but in my heart I thought I had never seen a sadder face than that of Gladys Hamilton; to me it looked absolutely joyless, as though some strange blight had fallen on her youth. I kept these thoughts to myself, like a wise woman, and when Max looked at me rather searchingly, as though he expected a verbal assent, I said, "Yes, you are right, some girls are like that, and left him to gloom my meaning out of this parrot-like sentence."

I could make nothing of Max this evening; he seemed restless and ill at ease; now and then he fell into a brown study and roused himself with difficulty. I was almost glad when he took his leave at last, for I had a feeling somehow—and a curious feeling it was—that we were talking at cross-purposes, and that our speeches seemed to be lost hopelessly in a mental fog; the cipher to our mission seemed missing.

But he made me good-night as affectionately as though I had done him a world of good; and when he had gone I sat down to my piano and sung all my old favorite songs, until the lateness of the hour warned me to extinguish my lamp and retire to bed.

I was just sinking into a sweet sleep when I heard Nathaniel's voice bidding some one good-night, and in another moment I could hear the firm quick footsteps down the gravel walk, followed by Nap's joyous bark.

Mr. Hamilton had been in the house all the time I had been amusing myself. I do not know why the idea annoyed me so. "How I wish he would keep away sometimes!" I thought, fretfully. "He will think I am practising for to-morrow; I will not sing, if they press me to do so." And with this ill-natured resolve I fell asleep.

My dinner engagement obliged me to go to Phoebe quite early in the afternoon. Miss Locke looked surprised as she opened the door, but she greeted me with a pleased smile.

"Phoebe will hardly be looking for you yet," she said, leading the way into the kitchen in the evident expectation of a chat; "she did finely yesterday in spite of her missing you; when I went in to her in the morning she quite took my breath away by asking if there were not an easier chair in the house for you to use." "Deed and there is, Phoebe, woman," said I quite pleased, for the poor thing is far too uncomfortable herself to look after other people's comforts, and it was such a new thing to hear her speak like that; so I fetched father's big elbow-chair with a cushion and two of his little wooden foot-stools, and there it stands ready for you this afternoon."

"That was very thoughtful of Phoebe," was my reply. "I thought you would be pleased, though it is only a trifle. But that is not all. Widow Drayton was sitting with me last afternoon, when all at once she puts up her finger and says, 'Haik! Is not that your Kitty's voice?' And so I stole out into the passage to listen. And there, to be sure, was Kitty singing most beautifully some of the hymns you sang to Phoebe; and if she could not make out all the words she just went on with the tune, like a little bird, and Phoebe lay and listened to her, and all the time—as I could see through the crack of the door—her eyes were fixed on the picture you gave her, and I said to myself, 'Phoebe, woman, this is as it should be. You may yet learn wisdom out of the lips of babes and sucklings.'"

"I am very glad to hear all this, Miss Locke," I returned, cheerfully. "Kitty will be able to take my place sometimes. She will be a valuable little ally. Now, as my time is limited, I will go to Phoebe."

I was much struck by the changed expression on Phoebe's face as soon as I had entered the room. She certainly looked very ill, and when I questioned her avowed she had suffered a good deal of pain in the night; but the wild hard look had left her eyes, and there was intense depression, but that was all.

She evidently enjoyed the singing as much as ever; and I took care to sing my best. When I had finished I produced a story that I thought suitable, and began to read to her. She listened for about half an hour before she showed a symptom of weariness. At the first sign I stopped.

"Will you do something to please me in return?" I asked, when she had thanked me very civilly. "I want you to go on with this book by yourself now. I never read, that it makes your head ache and tires you. But, if you care to please me, you will waive all the objections, and we can talk over the story to-morrow. Then I told her about my invitation for this evening, and about the beautiful Miss Hamilton, whose sweet face had interested me. And when we had chatted quite comfortably for a little while I rose to take my leave.

Of course she could not let me go without one sharp little word.

"You have been kinder to me to-day," she said, pausing slightly. "I suppose that is because I tell you take your own way with me."

"Every one likes his own way," I said, lightly. "If I have been kinder to you, as you say, possibly it is because you have deserved kindness more." And I smiled at her and patted the thin hand, as though she were a child, and so "went on my way rejoicing," as they say in the good old book.

CHAPTER XV. UP AT GLADWYN.

Uncle Max had never been famous for punctuality. He was slightly bohemian in his habits, and rather given to desultory bachelor ways; but his domestic time-keeper, Mrs. Drabble, ruled him most despotically in the matter of meals, and it was amusing to see how she kept him and Mr. Tudor in order; neither of them ventured to keep the dinner waiting, for fear of the housekeeper's black looks; such an offence they knew would be explained by cold fish and burnt-up steaks. Uncle Max might invite the bishop to dine, but if his lordship chose to be late, Mrs. Drabble would take no pains to keep her dinner hot.

"If gentlemen like to shilly-shally with their food, they must take things as they find them," she would say; and if her master ever ventured to remonstrate with her, she took care that he should suffer for it for a week.

"We must humor Mother Drabble," Mr. Tudor would say, good-humoredly. "Every one has a crochets, and, after all, she is a

worthy little woman, and makes us very comfortable. I never knew what good cooking meant until I came to the vicarage." And indeed Mrs. Drabble's crusts and starchy crusts were famed in the village. Miss Darrell had once begged very humbly that her cook Parker might take a lesson from her, but Mrs. Drabble refused point-blank.

"There were those who liked to teach others, and plenty of them, but she was one who minded her own business and kept her own receipts." If Mrs. Drabble wanted to cook, she was willing to do it for her and welcome, but she wanted no gossiping prying cooks about her kitchen.

As I knew Max's peculiarity, I was somewhat surprised when, long before the appointed time, Mrs. Barton came up and told me Mr. Cunliffe was in the parlour. I had commenced my toilet in rather a leisurely fashion, but now I made haste to join him, and ran down-stairs as quickly as possible, carrying my fur-lined cloak over my arm.

"You look very nice, my dear," he said, quite fatherly fashion. "Have I ever seen that gown before?"

The gown in point had been given to me by Lesbia, and had been made in Paris; it was one of those thin black materials that make up into a charming demi-toilette, and was a favorite gown with me.

I always remember the speech Lesbia made on the subject. "When you put on this gown, Ursula, you must think of the poor little woman who hoped to have been your sister." This was one of the pretty little speeches that she often made. Poor dear Lesbia! she always did things so gracefully. In Charlie's lifetime I had thought her cold and frivolous, for she had not then folded up her butterfly wings; but even then she was always doing kind little things.

It was a dark night, neither moon nor stars to be seen, and after we had passed the church the darkness seemed to envelop us, and I could barely distinguish the path. Max seemed quite oblivious of this fact, for he would persist in pointing out invisible objects of interest. I was told of the wide stretch of country that lay on the right, and how freshly the soft breezes blew over the downs.

"There is the asylum, Ursula," she observed, cheerfully, waving his hand towards the black outline. "Now we are passing Colonel Aberley's house, and here is Gladwyn. I wish you could have seen it by daylight."

I wished so too, for on entering the shrubbery the darkness seemed to swallow us up bodily, and the heavy oak door might have belonged to a prison. The sharp clanging of the bell made me shiver, and Dante's lines came to my mind rather inopportunistically. "All ye who enter here, leave hope behind." But as soon as the door opened the scene was changed like magic; the long hall was deliciously warm and light; it looked almost like a corridor, with its dark marble figures holding sconces, and small carved tables between them.

"I will wait for you here, Ursula," whispered Uncle Max; and I went off in charge of the same maid that I had seen before. Lady Betty had called her Leah, and as I followed her up-stairs I thought of that tender-eyed Leah who had been an unloved wife.

Leah was very civil, but I thought her manner bordered on familiarity; perhaps she had lived long in the family, and was treated more as a friend than a servant. She was an exceedingly plain young woman, and her light eyes had a curious lack of expression in them, and yet, like Miss Darrell's, they seemed able to see everything.

Seeing me glance round the room,—it was a large, handsomely furnished bedroom, with a small dressing room attached to it,—she said, "This is Miss Darrell's room. Mrs. Darrell used to occupy it, and Miss Etta slept in the dressing room, but ever since her mother's death she has had both rooms."

"Indeed," was my brief reply; but I could not help thinking that Miss Darrell had very pleasant and roomy quarters. There were evidences of luxury everywhere from the bevelled glass of the walnut-wood wardrobe to the silver-mounted dressing-case and ivory brushes on the toilet-table. A pale embroidered tea-gown lay across the couch, and a book that looked very much like a French novel was thrown beside it. Miss Darrell was evidently a Sybarite in her tastes.

Uncle Max was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs, and took me into the drawing-room at once.

To our surprise, we found Miss Hamilton there alone. The room was only dimly lighted, and she was sitting in a large carved chair beside the fire with an open book in her lap.

I wonder if Max noticed how like a picture she looked. She was dressed very simply in a soft creamy cashmere, and her fair hair was piled up on her head in regal fashion; the smooth plaits seemed to crown her; a little knot of red berries that had been carelessly fastened against her throat was the only color about her; but she looked more like Clytie than ever, and again I told myself that I had never seen a sweeter face.

She greeted me with gentle warmth, but she hardly looked at Max; her white lids dropped over her eyes whenever he addressed her, and when she answered him she seemed to speak in a more measured voice than usual. Max too appeared extremely nervous; instead of sitting down, he stood upon the breakfast rug and fidgeted with some tiny Chinese ornaments on the mantel-piece. Neither of them appeared at ease; was it possible that they were not friends?

"You are not often to be found in solitude, Miss Hamilton," observed Max; and it struck me his voice was a little peculiar. "I do not think I have ever seen you sitting alone in this room before."

"No," she answered, quickly, and then she went on in rather a hesitating manner: "Etta and Lady Betty have been shopping in Brighton, and they came back by a late train, and now Etta is shut up with Giles in his study. Some letters that came by this morning's post had to be answered."

"Miss Darrell is Hamilton's secretary, is she not?"

"She writes a good many of his letters. Giles is rather idle about correspondence, and she helps him with his business and accounts. Etta is an extremely busy person."

"Miss Hamilton used to be busy too," returned Max, quietly. "I always considered you an example to our ladies. I lost one of my best workers when I lost you."

A painful color came into Miss Hamilton's face.

"Oh, no!" she protested, rather freely. "Etta is far cleverer than I at parish work. Teaching does not make her head ache."

"You need not to ache last summer," presented Uncle Max, but she did not seem to hear him. She had turned to me, and there was almost an appealing look in her beautiful eyes, as though she were begging me to talk.

"Oh, do you know, Miss Garston," she said, nervously, "that Giles was very nearly sending for little night? He was with Mrs. Blagrove's little girl until five this morning; the poor little creature died at half-past four, and he told us that he thought half a dozen times of sending for you."

"I wish he had done so. I should have been so glad to help."

"Yes, he knew that, but he said it would have been such a shame rousing you out of your warm bed; and he had not the heart to do it. So he stopped on himself; there was really nothing to be done, but the parents were in such a miserable state that he did not like to leave them. He was so tired this afternoon that he dropped asleep instead of writing his letters; that is why Etta has to do them."

"I was talking about Etta," observed Miss Darrell, coming in at that moment, with a quick rattle of her silk skirt, looking as well dressed, self-poised, and full of assurance as ever. "Why are you good people sitting in the dark? Thornton would have lighted the candles if you had rung, Glady's; but I suppose you forgot, and were dreaming over the fire as usual. Miss Garston, I suppose I ought to apologize for being late, but we are such busy people here; every moment is of value; and though Glady's asked you to come early, I never thought you would be so good as to do so. Friendly people are scarce, are they not, Mr. Cunliffe?" By the bye, holding up a taper finger loaded with sparkling rings, "I have a scolding in store for you. Why did you not examine my class as usual last Sunday? the children tell me you never came near them."

"I had so little time that I asked Tudor to take the classes for me," he returned quickly, but he was looking at Miss Hamilton as he spoke. "I am always sure of the children in that class; they have been so thoroughly well taught that there is very little need for me to interfere."

"It would encourage their teachers if you were to do so," returned Miss Darrell, smiling graciously. She evidently appropriated the praise to herself, but I am sure Uncle Max was not thinking of her when he spoke. Just then Lady Betty came into the room, followed by Mr. Tudor.

Lady Betty looked almost pretty to-night. She wore a dark ruby velvet that exactly suited her brown skin; her fluffy hair was tolerably smooth, and she had a bright color. She came and sat down beside me at once.

"Oh, I am vexed that we are so late! but it was all Etta's fault; she would look in at every shop-window, and so of course we lost the proper train."

"What does the child say?" asked Miss Darrell, good-humoredly. She seemed in excellent spirits this evening; but how silent Miss Hamilton had become since her entrance! "Of course poor Etta is blamed; she always is if anything goes wrong in the house; Etta is the family scapegoat. But who was it, I wonder, who waited another turn on the pier? Not Etta, certainly."

Just as though these few minutes would have mattered; and I did want another look at the sea," returned Lady Betty, pettishly; "but no, you preferred those stupid shops. That is why I have to go into Brighton with you." But Miss Darrell only laughed at this flimsy display of wrath.

Just then Mr. Tudor had taken the other vacant chair beside me. "How is the village nurse?" he asked, in his bright way.

I certainly liked Mr. Tudor, he had such a pleasant, friendly way with him, and on his part he seemed always glad to see me. If I had ever talked slang, I might have said that we chummed together famously. He was a year younger than myself, and I took advantage of this to give him advice in an elder-sisterly fashion.

"You must take care that the clergy do not spoil the village nurse," observed Miss Darrell, who had overheard him, and this time the taper finger was uplifted against Mr. Tudor.

"Oh, there is no fear of that," he returned, manfully. "Miss Garston is too sensible to allow herself to be spoiled; but it is right that we all should, make much of her."

"We will ask Giles if he agrees with this," replied Miss Darrell, in a funny voice, and at that moment Mr. Hamilton entered the room.

I do not know why I thought he looked nicer that evening; one thing, I had never seen him in evening dress, and it suited him better, than his rough tweed; he was quieter and less abrupt in manner, more dignified and less peremptory, but he certainly looked very tired.

He accosted me rather gravely, I thought, though he said that he was glad to see me at Gladwyn. His first remark after this was to complain of the lateness of the dinner.

"Parker is not very punctual this evening, Etta," he observed, looking at his watch.

"I think it was our fault, Giles," returned his cousin, plaintively. "We kept Thornton such a long time in the study, and no doubt that is the cause of the delay. Parker is seldom a minute behindhand; punctuality is his chief point, as Mrs. Edmonstone told me when I engaged her. You see," turning to Uncle Max, "we are such a regular household that the least deviation in our nature quite throws us into confusion. I am so sorry, Giles, I am indeed; but will you ring for Thornton, and that will remind him of his duty."

Miss Darrell's submissive speech evidently disarmed Mr. Hamilton, and deprived him of his Englishman's right to grumble to his womankind; so he said, quite amiably, that they would wait for Parker's pleasure a little longer, and then relapsed into silence.

The next moment I saw him looking at me with rather an odd expression; it was as though he were regarding a stranger whom he had not seen before; I suppose the term "taking stock" would explain my meaning. Just then dinner was announced, and he gave me his arm.

The dining-room was very large and lofty, and was furnished in dark oak. A circular seat with velvet cushions ran round the deep bay-window. A small oval table stood before it. Dark ruby curtains closed in the bay.

My first speech to Mr. Hamilton was to regret that he had not sent for me the previous night.

"Oh, no!" he said, pleasantly. "I am quite glad now that your rest was not disturbed." And then he went on looking at me with the same queer expression that his face had worn before.

"Do you know, Miss Garston, your remark quite startled me? Somehow I do not seem to recognize my nurse to-night. When I came into the drawing-room just now I thought there was a strange young lady sitting by Tudor."

"Of course I was curious to know what he meant; but he positively refused to enlighten me, and went on speaking about his poor little patient."

"Etta was an only child; but nothing could have saved her. The Blagroves are well-to-do people,—Brighton shopkeepers,—so they hardly come under the category of your patients. Miss Garston, you call yourself a servant of the poor, do you not?"

"I should not refuse to help any one who really needed it," was my reply. "But, of course, if people can afford to hire service I should think my labor thrown away on them."

"Ah! just so. But now and then we meet with a case where hirelings can give no comfort. With the Blagroves, for example, there was nothing to be done but just to watch the child's feeble life ebb away. A miracle only could have saved her; but all the same it was impossible to go away and

leave them. They were young people, and had never seen death before."

I was surprised to hear him speak with so much feeling. And I liked that expression "servant of the poor." It sounded to me as though he had at last grasped my meaning, and that I had nothing more to fear from his sarcasms.

I wondered what had wrought such a sudden change in him, for I had only worked such a few days. Certainly it would make things far easier if I could secure him as an ally; and I began to hope that we should go on more smoothly in the future.

Mr. Hamilton was evidently a man whom it would take long to know. He was by no means a character easy to read. One would be sure to be startled by new developments and curious contradictions. I had known him only for ten days; but then we had met constantly in that short time. I had seen him hard in manner and soft in speech, cool, critical, and disparaging, at one moment satirical and provoking, the next full of thoughtfulness and readiness to help. No wonder I found it difficult to comprehend him.

When we had finished discussing the Blagroves, Mr. Hamilton turned his attention to his other guests, and tried to promote the general conversation; this left me at liberty to make my own observations.

Miss Hamilton sat at the top of the table facing her brother, and Uncle Max and Mr. Tudor were beside her; but she did not speak to either of them unless they addressed her, and her replies seemed to be very brief. If I had been less interested in her I might have accused her of want of animation, for it is hardly playing the rôle of a hostess to look beautiful and be chary of words and smiles.

It was impossible to attribute her silence to absence of mind, for she followed with grave attention every word that was spoken; but for some inexplicable reason she had withdrawn into herself. Uncle Max left her to herself after a time, and began to talk politics with Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Tudor was soon compelled to follow his example.

Poor Mr. Tudor! I rather pitied him, for his other neighbor, Lady Betty, had turned suddenly very sulky, and I had my surmises that Miss Darrell had said something to affront her, for she made snapping little answers when any one spoke to her, and, though they laughed at her, and nobody seemed to mind, most likely they thought it prudent to give her time to recover herself.

Miss Darrell's radiant good humor was a strange contrast to her cousin's silence. She knew herself gallantly into the breach, and talked fast and well on every topic branched by the gentlemen. She was evidently clever and well read, and had dabbled in literature and politics.

Her energy and vivacity were almost fatiguing. She seemed able to keep up two or three conversations at once. The lowest whisper did not escape her ear; if Mr. Hamilton spoke to me, I saw her watchful eye on us, and she joined in at once with a sprightly word or two; the next moment she was answering Uncle Max, who had at last hazarded a remark to his silent neighbor. Miss Hamilton had no time to reply; her cousin's laugh and ready word were before her.

I found the same thing happen when Mr. Tudor addressed me; before he had finished his sentence she had challenged the attention of the table.

"Giles," she said, good-humoredly, "do you know what Mr. Tudor said in the drawing-room just now, that it was the bounden duty of the Household to spoil and make much of Miss Garston?"

Both Mr. Tudor and I looked confused at this audacious speech, but he tried to defend himself as well as he could.

"No, no, Miss Darrell, that was not quite what I said; the whole style of the sentence is too labored to belong to me: 'bounden duty,—no, it does not sound like me at all.'"

"We need not quarrel about terms," she persisted; "your meaning was just the same. Come, Mr. Tudor, you cannot unsay your own words, that it was right for you all to make much of Miss Garston."

"I hope you are not going to stay there many minutes, Glady's; you will certainly give yourself and Miss Garston a bad cold if you do. There is something wrong with the warming apparatus, and Giles says it will be some days before it will be properly warmed. I thought I told you so this morning."

I do not think Miss Garston will take cold, Etta, and it is very pleasant here; but, though Miss Darrell retreated from the window, I think we all felt as much constrained as though she had joined us, for no word could escape her ears if she chose to listen.

But this fact did not seem to amuse Lady Betty for long, for the soon began chattering volubly to us both.

"I am not so cross now as I was," she said, frankly. "I am afraid I was very rude to Mr. Tudor at dinner; but what could I do when Etta was so impertinent? No, she is not dead, Glady's; she has gone out of the room, looking as cross as possible. But what do you think she said to me?"

"Never mind telling us what she said, dear," returned Miss Hamilton, scathingly.

"Oh, but I want to tell Miss Garston; she looks dreadfully curious, and I do not like her to think me cross for nothing. I am not like that, am I, Glady's? Well, just before we went in to dinner, she begged me in a whisper not to talk quite so much to Mr. Tudor as I had done last time.—Now, what do you want, Leah?" pulling herself up rather abruptly.

"I have only brought you some shawls, Lady Betty, as Miss Darrell says the conservatory is so cold. She has told Thornton to mention to his master when he takes in the coffee that Miss Glady's is sitting here, and she hopes he will forbid it."

"You can take away the shawls, Leah," returned Miss Hamilton, quietly, but there was a scornful look on her pale face as she spoke. "We are not going to remain here, Leah. Miss Darrell is so anxious about our health. Shall we come in, Miss Garston? Perhaps it is a trifle chilly here." And seeing how the wind blew, and that Miss Darrell was determined to have her way in the matter, I acquiesced silently; but I was not a bit surprised to see Lady Betty stamp her little foot as she followed us.

Miss Darrell was lying back on a velvet lounge, and welcomed us with a provoking smile.

"I thought the threat of telling Giles would bring you in, Glady's," she said, laughing. "What a foolish child you are to be so reckless of your health! Every one knows Glady's is delicate," she went on, turning to me; "everything gives her cold. Giles has been obliged to forbid her attending evening service this winter; you were terribly rebellious about it, were you not, my dear? but of course Giles had his way. No one in this house ventures to disobey him."

Miss Hamilton did not answer; she was standing looking into the fire, and her lips were set as firmly as though nothing would make her utter a sign.

dimmed, and I was near enough to see that her hand trembled.

"There, you see," observed Miss Darrell, complacently. "I have done my best to persuade her in public and private to amuse herself and not give way to her feelings of lassitude. Do a little, but not much, I have often said to her; but with Gladys it must be all or none."

"Ursula, do you know how late it is?" asked Max, coming up to me. He looked sud- denly very tired, and I saw at once that he wished me to go; so I made my adieu as quickly as possible, and in a few minutes we had left the house, accompanied by Mr. Tudor.

Uncle Max was very quiet all the way home. I had expected him to be full of ques- tions as to how I had enjoyed my evening, but his only remark was to ask if I were very tired, and then he left me to Mr. Tudor.

"Well, how do you like the folks up at Gladwyn?" demanded Mr. Tudor. "Lady Betty was not in the best of humors to-night, and hardly deigned to speak to me; but I am sure you must have admired Miss Hamil- ton."

"I like both of them," was my temperate reply; "you must not be hard on poor little Lady Betty. Miss Darrell had been lecturing her, and that made her cross."

"So I supposed," was the prompt answer. "Well, what did you think of the Darrells,—as the vicar calls her sometimes? Is she not like a pleasant edition of Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy,'—verbose and full of long sentences? How many words did she coin to-night, do you think?"

There was a little scorn in the young man's voice. Miss Darrell was evidently not the favorite in the vicarage, yet most people would have called her elegant and well-mannered, and, if she had no beauty, she was not bad-looking. She was so exceedingly well made up, and her style of dress was so suitable to her face, that I was not surprised to hear afterwards from Lady Betty that many people thought her cousin Etta handsome. Now when Mr. Tudor made this spiteful little speech I felt rather pleased, for I dislike to Miss Darrell had increased rather than diminished by the evening ex- periences; under her smooth speeches there lurked an antagonistic spirit; something had prejudiced her against me even at our first meeting; I was convinced that she did not like me, and would not encourage my visit to Gladwyn. Mr. Tudor and I talked a good deal about Lady Betty; he described her as most whimsical and sound-hearted, half child and half woman, with a touch of the brownie; her brother often called her Brownie, or Little Nix, to tease her. She was very fond of her sister, he went on to say, but there was not much com- panionship between them. Miss Hamilton, as Lady Betty never read anything but novels, they all made a pet of her,—even Mr. Hamilton, who was not much given to pets,—but she was hardly an influence in the house.

"She has not backbone enough," he finished, "and the Darrells rule them all with a rod of iron—'cased in velvet.'"

Uncle Max listened to all this in silence, and as they parted with me at the gate of the White Cottage he only said "Good-night, Ursula." In a depressed voice. He was evidently rather cast down about something; perhaps Miss Hamilton's decision had disappointed him; she had been his favorite worker, and had helped him greatly; he seemed to feel it hard that she should withdraw her services so suddenly. How wistfully she had looked at him as he pleaded with her! It was the first time I had seen her look at him of her own accord, and yet she had denied his request,—very firmly and gently.

"I must be friends with her, and then perhaps she will tell me all about it some day," for I was convinced that there was more than met my eye; but it was some time before I could banish these perplexing thoughts.

I saw a good deal of Lady Betty during the next week or two. I met her frequently on my way to the Lookes', and she would walk with me to the gate, and two or three times she made her appearance at the Marshalls'; "for it's no use calling at the White Cottage of an afternoon," she would say, disconsolately, "for you are never at home, you inhospitable creature."

"Why do you think I live here, Lady Betty?" I returned, smiling. "Do you know I am always back at the White Cottage by five, and sometimes a little earlier, and I shall always be pleased if you will come in and have tea with me."

"I should like it of all things," replied Lady Betty, with a sigh; "and I will come sometimes, you will see if I don't. But I know Etta will make a fuss; she always does if I stay out after dark, and it is dark at four now. That is why I pop in to see you, be- cause Etta is always busy in the mornings and never takes any notice of what we do."

"But surely Miss Darrell will not object to your coming to see me?" I asked, somewhat piqued at this.

"Oh, dear, no," returned Lady Betty, rumbling her words as though she found my question embarrassing. "Etta never objects openly to anything we do, only she throws stumbling-blocks in our way. I do not know why I have got it into my head that she would not like Gladys or me to come here without her, but it is there all the same, the idea, I mean; it is something she said the other night to Mrs. Maberley that gave me this impression. Mrs. Maberley wanted to call on you be- cause she said you were Mr. Cunliffe's niece, and people ought to take notice of you. And Etta said, 'Oh, dear, yes; and it was a very kind thought on Mrs. Maberley's part, and Mr. Cunliffe would think it so. That was why Giles had invited you to Gladwyn. But there was no hurry, and you evidently were not prepared to enter into society. You had rather strong-minded views on this subject, and she was not quite sure whether Giles was wise to encourage the intimacy with his sis- ter.'"

"Yes, Darrell said this to Mrs. Maberley?"

"Miss Darrell is not horrid of Etta? I felt so cross. And Mrs. Maberley is such an old dear; only rather old-fashioned in her notions about girls. So Etta's speech rather frightened her, I could see. Of course she was not called yet? I am almost inclined to tell Giles about it."

"Indeed, I hope you will do nothing of the kind, Lady Betty. I am sorry Miss Darrell does not like me; but I do not see that it matters very much what people think of us."

"Yes; but when Etta takes a dislike to people she tries to prevent us from knowing them; that is the provoking part of it. She is so dreadfully jealous, and I expect it was your singing that gave umbrage. Etta is not at all accomplished, she never cared much for Gladys to sing, because she had such a sweet voice, and it put her in the background. Ah! I know how you mean it sounds, but it is just the truth about Etta. And if I were to drop in for five o'clock, tea, as you say, Leah would be sure to make her appearance and say I was wanted at Gladwyn."

I found Lady Betty's confidential speeches rather embarrassing; and when I knew her a little better I took her to task

rather seriously for her want of re- tention. But she only pouted and said, "When one looks at you, Miss Garston, one cannot help telling you things; they all tumble out without one's will. That is what Gladys means when she says you have a sympathetic face. I wish you would get her to talk to you."

As Lady Betty persisted in haunting the Marshalls' cottage, I determined to make her useful. So I set her to read to El-pet, or to give sewing lessons to Peggy, or to amuse the younger children, while I was engaged with my patient; and I soon found that she was a most helpful little body.

[Mr. Hamilton found her sitting in the kitchen one day surrounded by the children. She was telling them a story. The baby was sucking her thumb contentedly on her lap. Poor Mary was worse that day, and I had begged Lady Betty to keep the little one quiet.

Mr. Hamilton came into the sick-room looking very much pleased. "I only wish you could make Lady Betty a useful member of society, Miss Garston," he said, with one of the rare smiles that always lit up his dark face so pleasantly. "She is a good little thing, but she wants balast. As a rule, young ladies are terribly idle."

I had called up at Gladwyn a few days after we had dined there, but, to my great disappointment, I did not see Miss Hamilton. Miss Darrell was alone, so my visit was as brief as possible.

She told me at once that her cousin had gone over to Brighton for an afternoon's shopping, and that Mr. Hamilton had run up to London for a few hours. And then she com- menced plying me with questions in a ladylike way about my work and my past life, but in such a skillful manner that it was almost impossible to avoid answering. She was so sure that I must be dull, living all alone. Oh, of course, I was too good and unselfish to say so, but all the same I must be miserably dull. What could have put such a singular idea in her head, she wondered. When young ladies did this sort of thing there was generally some painful reason: they were unhappy at home, or they had had some disastrous love affair. Of course,—laughing a little affectedly,—she had no intention of hinting at such a reason in my case; any one could see at a glance that I was not that sort of person; I was far too sensible and matter-of-fact; gentlemen would be quite afraid of me, I was so strong-minded. But all the same she pleaded guilty at a feeling of natural curiosity why such an idea had come into my head.

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"It was such a pity when relations did not entirely harmonize. An aunt could never replace a mother. Ah! she knew that too well; and when there were daughters—and she had heard from Mr. Cunliffe that my cousin Sara was ex- cessively pretty and charming—no doubt there would be natural misunderstandings and jealousies. In spite of all my goodness, I was only human. Of course she understood perfectly how it all happened, and she felt very sorry for me."

I disclaimed the notion of any family disagreement with some warmth, but I do not think she believed me. She had evidently got it into her head that I was a strong- minded young woman with an uncertain temper, who could not live peacefully at home. No doubt she had hinted this to Mrs. Maberley and other ladies. She would make this the excuse for discouraging any degree of intimacy with her cousins. I could not be asked very often to Gladwyn if it depended on Miss Darrell; but Mr. Hamilton had a will of his own, and if he chose me as a companion for his sisters, Miss Darrell would find it difficult to exclude me.

One could see at a glance that Mr. Hamil- ton was master in his own house. Miss Darrell seemed perfectly submissive to him. There was something almost obsequious in her manner to him. She watched his looks anxiously, and though she coaxed and flattered him, she did not seem quite certain how he would take her speeches.

"We are a strange household; don't you think so, Miss Garston?" she observed, presently. "Giles is our lord and master. None of us poor women dare to contradict him. When dear mamma was alive, she had a great influence over him. He was very fond of her. Her death made a great difference in the house."

It must have been a great trouble to you, Miss Darrell, indeed. I was almost broken-hearted. She had been the dearest and most indulgent of mothers; but Giles was very good to me, Gladys and Lady Betty were very devoted to her; perhaps you have heard them speak of Aunt Margaret. Ah? I forgot, you have only seen Gladys twice. And here she looked at me sharply, but I nodded acquiescence. "Gladys was always a favorite with her."

"Miss Hamilton must be a general favorite," I replied, a little unguardedly.

"Ah! I suppose you think her handsome," in a rather forced manner; "many people say she is too pale, and rather too stately, for their taste."

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She told me at once that her cousin had gone over to Brighton for an afternoon's shopping, and that Mr. Hamilton had run up to London for a few hours. And then she com- menced plying me with questions in a ladylike way about my work and my past life, but in such a skillful manner that it was almost impossible to avoid answering. She was so sure that I must be dull, living all alone. Oh, of course, I was too good and unselfish to say so, but all the same I must be miserably dull. What could have put such a singular idea in her head, she wondered. When young ladies did this sort of thing there was generally some painful reason: they were unhappy at home, or they had had some disastrous love affair. Of course,—laughing a little affectedly,—she had no intention of hinting at such a reason in my case; any one could see at a glance that I was not that sort of person; I was far too sensible and matter-of-fact; gentlemen would be quite afraid of me, I was so strong-minded. But all the same she pleaded guilty at a feeling of natural curiosity why such an idea had come into my head.

When I had warded off this successfully,—for I declined to enlighten Miss Darrell on this subject,—she flew off in a tangent to Aunt Philippa.

"It was such a pity when relations did not entirely harmonize. An aunt could never replace a mother. Ah! she knew that too well; and when there were daughters—and she had heard from Mr. Cunliffe that my cousin Sara was ex- cessively pretty and charming—no doubt there would be natural misunderstandings and jealousies. In spite of all my goodness, I was only human. Of course she understood perfectly how it all happened, and she felt very sorry for me."

I disclaimed the notion of any family disagreement with some warmth, but I do not think she believed me. She had evidently got it into her head that I was a strong- minded young woman with an uncertain temper, who could not live peacefully at home. No doubt she had hinted this to Mrs. Maberley and other ladies. She would make this the excuse for discouraging any degree of intimacy with her cousins. I could not be asked very often to Gladwyn if it depended on Miss Darrell; but Mr. Hamilton had a will of his own, and if he chose me as a companion for his sisters, Miss Darrell would find it difficult to exclude me.

One could see at a glance that Mr. Hamil- ton was master in his own house. Miss Darrell seemed perfectly submissive to him. There was something almost obsequious in her manner to him. She watched his looks anxiously, and though she coaxed and flattered him, she did not seem quite certain how he would take her speeches.

"We are a strange household; don't you think so, Miss Garston?" she observed, presently. "Giles is our lord and master. None of us poor women dare to contradict him. When dear mamma was alive, she had a great influence over him. He was very fond of her. Her death made a great difference in the house."

It must have been a great trouble to you, Miss Darrell, indeed. I was almost broken-hearted. She had been the dearest and most indulgent of mothers; but Giles was very good to me, Gladys and Lady Betty were very devoted to her; perhaps you have heard them speak of Aunt Margaret. Ah? I forgot, you have only seen Gladys twice. And here she looked at me sharply, but I nodded acquiescence. "Gladys was always a favorite with her."

"Miss Hamilton must be a general favorite," I replied, a little unguardedly.

"Ah! I suppose you think her handsome," in a rather forced manner; "many people say she is too pale, and rather too stately, for their taste."

"In my opinion she is very beautiful," I replied, quickly. "I told Uncle Max the other day that I thought her face almost perfect."

To be Continued.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1887

The Ottawa reception of Lord Lansdowne was simply an Orange demonstration.

CORRESPONDENTS will please write only on one side of the paper, in a plain, legible hand.

THERE has been a bloodbath on William O'Brien's track in the shape of a dirty English spy.

A CORRESPONDENT states that the foremen in charge of the Grand Trunk freight sheds at Toronto allowed their men full liberty to join the rabble attempting to meet down Messrs. O'Brien and Kilbride on their arrival.

The amount of reliance to be placed in the reports of the Ottawa "welcome" to His Ex. may be judged by the statement that 30,000 persons were present.

The release of Fathers Ryan, Keller and Slattery furnishes another fine illustration of how a certain class of Irish judges dispense with justice.

We read in the Quebec Telegraph that the Eighth Battalion is composed of a large number of warm friends of O'Brien.

ALL CUNNINGHAM has the proud distinction of being the only Irishman adorned (?) with municipal honors with the courage of his convictions.

ALTHOUGH His Ex. has spoken publicly on several occasions since the attempt was made by his partisans on the life of Mr. O'Brien, he has uttered no word of regret for or condemnation of that cowardly and murderous attack.

Governor-General who ever became the instigator of a lawless mob to murder a private citizen.

We are not astonished to hear it stated that the Government have taken extraordinary precautions to secure the safety of Lord Lansdowne.

An endeavor is being made to connect Archbishop Lynch with the Lansdownites, in spite of His Grace's refusal to recognize the Irish League when he visited Toronto.

It is gratifying to observe that there is one daily paper, The News, in Toronto which has the manliness to speak out and describe, in proper terms, concerning Lord Lansdowne and the toady crew who went down on their knees before him in that city.

Governor Lansdowne has returned to Ottawa. Thank Heaven the carnival of snobbery and sycophancy is over! Flattering a wealthy man is contemptible, but its motive is at least intelligible—he may pay for it in one way or other.

IRISH papers have given another reason why the people of Ireland should not join in the Queen's Jubilee.

The release of Fathers Ryan, Keller and Slattery furnishes another fine illustration of how a certain class of Irish judges dispense with justice.

Not long ago we published in these columns the evidence of many of the Irish judges relative to the crimeless state of several of the counties of Ireland.

LEGREISM IN AMERICA. Lansdowne apologists urge the view that, as an Irish landlord, His Ex. is perfectly justified in desolating Luggacurran and casting 500 people homeless on the world.

Legree had the law on his side when he flogged Uncle Tom, but an indignant American nation swept Legree and his law out of existence with a flood of blood.

But this conflict is part of the great movement of the age—a movement which is purely industrial, and which is seeking to secure to him who toils the full product of his labor.

LANSDOWNE'S COACHMAN THE RING-LEADER.

A prominent Ontario lawyer, writing to a leading journalist in charge of a commercial newspaper in this city, gives a description of the outrage perpetrated on Mr. O'Brien and his friends at Toronto last week.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

A despatch from Toronto says there is to be a great gathering at the Forks of the Credit on Dominion Day to hear Mr. Erastus Wiman explain his views on commercial union with the United States.

"Who is that mad man?" La Minerve remarks:—"The Post, which is evidently off the track, goes so far as to compare Lord Lansdowne with the planter Legree, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

The above appeared in yesterday's Witness. It escaped our notice in La Minerve, of which we are not a very close reader.

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THE SNEER OF A CYNIC.

His Ex.'s happiness not for a moment interfered with.

In the course of his speech at the Toronto Club dinner, His Ex., Lord Lansdowne, made the following allusion to Mr. O'Brien's visit and covert approval of the murderous conduct of His Ex.'s friends, the "Loyalist" mob.

of his own country, may safely leave his public or private enemies in the custody of your people. It has shown more for it has afforded a signal proof, not only of this but of your abhorrence of the methods of those who seek to achieve by intimidation and persecution what they know could not be obtained by legitimate courses.

THE EVICTORIAN JUBILEE IN IRELAND.

English Liberal newspapers are even more outspoken than their Irish contemporaries on the Evictorian Jubilee in Ireland.

In all seriousness, Ireland should not permit the Jubilee of her Most Gracious Majesty to pass by without acknowledging in some suitable manner that she (Ireland) is sensible of the blessings of Victoria's fifty years of rule.

Died of Famine..... 1,225,000 Persons Evicted..... 3,768,000 Number of Emigrants..... 4,136,000

Grand Total..... 9,129,000 Or nearly twice the present population of Ireland!

A NEW ANONYMOUS OF "THE STAR BRAND."

An evening paper published a communication signed "One Catholic Lady." The production is an extraordinary one for any "lady," but utterly inconceivable as coming from a Catholic lady.

"One of those who in mischief or mirth Are sent forth shameless, nameless on earth."

She should be enlisted in the ranks of the "Loyalist" mob of Toronto, and given a place on the platform with Bishops Sweatman and Sullivan, Canon Dumoulin and the rest of that ilk.

The alleged "Catholic Lady" knows little of the true Catholic priest described by Hood in the same poem we have just quoted:

"To whom sweet nature, as in honied cells, Religion flows and ends itself in home, But only on a passing visit dwells, Where swarms instead of bees have formed their tomb."

When we are confronted and assailed, our people traduced and our priests insulted, we must, in the words of the late United States ambassador to England, Mr. Lowell:

"Clang the bells in every steeple, Call all true men to down The traducers of our people, The enslavers of their own."

Let our grand old province proudly Now declare with clarion tongue; Let her ring this message loudly— Here such wrong cannot be done!

We'll return you good for evil, Much as we frail mortals can; But we won't assist the devil To make man the slave of man!

Call us cowards! call us traitors! Just as suit your mean ideas; HERE WE STAND AS TYRANT-HATERS, AND THE FRIENDS OF GOD AND PEACE!

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Again the announcement has been made that Mr. Blake has determined to retire from politics and the leadership of the Liberal party.

But popular unappreciation of the best and wisest leaders is no new thing in history. All the great and good men of Athens were either put to death or banished by their countrymen.

Not infrequently, however, men have arisen who had the tact to manage and the genius to direct the manners of the people. These have been the makers and preservers of nations from Confucius to Jefferson.

is perhaps just as well that Sir Charles Tupper, who is now the virtual leader of the Conservative party, should be confronted by another knight similarly armed and equipped, and equally uncompromising in the use of expedients.

With the retirement of Mr. Blake, a change will probably take place in Dominion politics somewhat similar to what occurred in Quebec when Mr. Mercier succeeded Mr. Joly.

LOYALTY TO THE LORD.

"Loyalty," as practised by the "rev." gentlemen who spoke at Toronto against allowing Mr. O'Brien to speak in that city, is a very curious sentiment.

And this reminds us of a passage of exceeding appropriateness to this matter which occurs in the 12th Book of Paradise Lost.

"This rough and hoarse lordship Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content With fair equality, fraternal state, Will strive to exalt himself above his fellows, and to tread on the necks of his brethren, and to quito disposes Concord and law of nature from the earth. Funding (and men not beasts) shall be his game: With war and hostile snare such as refuse Submission to his empire tyrannous."

"ANTI-BRITISH?"

In doing The Post the honor of quotation, the morning organ of "Conservatism" headed the article "Transferring the anti-British agitation to the Dominion."

The philosophy of headlines has in this a curious illustration. What is this thing which the organ describes as anti-British?

Our reflections were based on the sneering remarks made by Lord Salisbury on representative institutions; and what could be more "anti-British" than a British Premier indulging, in the presence of a British audience, in ridicule of free institutions?

The name of Salisbury naturally calls attention to who and what he is, and also suggests an enquiry into his "British" antecedents.

The very policy which is now proposed for the government of Ireland was then adopted for England, only the Elizabethian minister went much further.

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brought to the block? By the way, will the organ give us its idea of Cromwell and tell us how "Anti-British" he was?

But let us come down to times more modern, and invite our truly British contemporary to tell us, with its usual ponderous gravity, what it thinks of King George III. as an ultra loyalist, who sacrificed a continent to a prejudice?

Will these Britishers never learn anything? Must the British people rise every two hundred years or so and take their superlous rulers by the neck, chop their heads off or drive them into exile?

MR. O'BRIEN'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. William O'Brien has left our country. His departure was signalized by the largest, most enthusiastic, yet orderly, popular demonstrations ever seen in Montreal.

When Mr. O'Brien first came to Montreal the attendance was large, considering the efforts that had been made to discredit him with the general public.

Still the organ of "party exigencies," the self-confessed perverter of truth for ulterior purposes, endeavors to lessen the extent of Mr. O'Brien's triumph.

As for Ottawa, it is but a big boarding-house. Nearly all its merchants, hotel-keepers and traders are more or less dependent on the Government and the civil service.

But what is the attempt? To magnify the Ottawa affair is the fact that the House of Commons refused to adjourn to attend the "welcome" to Lord Lansdowne.

Mr. O'Brien, however, has more than vindicated the cause of the tenants so cruelly evicted by Lord Lansdowne.

LIQUOR CONSUMPTION.

The last quarterly report of the Bureau of Statistics, which is just published, contains some interesting facts regarding the consumption of liquors of various sorts in this country.

