

tants were—has stated them; you cannot pretend—"

"No, I pretend nothing," again broke in Richard; "I simply stand upon my rights, and once for all I tell you I will not discuss this question further; you must make arrangements to leave this house before Christmas." He was about to quit the room, when he returned, and, as if slightly ashamed of the tone he was adopting, continued,

"But, see here, I don't want to inconvenience you more than is necessary, and therefore, until you have time to look about you, you can have the Cottage to live in; it's fairly well furnished, and you can remain there until the place is sold—until, that is, the sale is completed, which will not be till Christmas. But it will be better for you to go there pretty soon, so as to be out of the way here when they make the inventory and all that; the place will be dismantled and quite uninhabitable in less than a month, whereas the Cottage can remain untouched to the last."

With these words, the speaker retired. To Barbara's surprise, Bryan gave no vent to his indignation.

"No," he said, "we must be prudent, dear, and not make matters worse than they are: they are bad enough, for we have not a penny in the world we can call our own; at present we have nothing to live upon, and we must face the fact. I have been on the lookout for something of this kind ever since I saw how I was placed; therefore I am, in a measure, prepared."

"But you will never go to the Cottage to live?" interposed his wife.

"Indeed I will, and at once. As this scoundrel said, and Bryan muttered the words between his teeth, "it will give me time to turn round. I've got lots of life and health in me, and I'm not going to be beaten; I have faced a worse business than this, and now that I know this is inevitable, please God I shall be equal to it."

And he was. Briefly then, within a day or two, he moved into the Cottage. Though never used, and in some degree dismantled, it was in fair repair, and very little made it available as an abode, for his wants and habits since his affliction had become of the simplest. But he was to be there only upon sufferance (till a little time after Christmas, Richard had said), and so he would have to look out for himself henceforth.

Meanwhile, with the cheery earnestness and determination of character which distinguished him, he threw himself into his new position, almost without a single regretful look back, when once, as he had said, he had faced the inevitable.

He set to work to open channels for any literary efforts he might make as a means of adding to his income; "but," he said, with a laugh, "I shall stick to the basket making; I can work with my fingers whilst I dictate; I shall become a patent double action machine, a weaver of wicker as well as of wondrous and wisdom."

And it was lucky he thus decided; for, long before he had touched a penny from the labor of the pen, the basket-making had begun to yield results. He had established a connection with the trade, and though the trade was very poor, by the time we see him on this Christmas eve the wicker-work had become the chief means of maintenance. Considering, however, the way in which husband and wife had formerly lived, it is not surprising that the reduced circumstances in which they found themselves were already becoming very painful. But they met them with brave hearts, and though filled with anxieties for the future, and contrasting painfully, as could not be helped, the present Christmas with their last, they were determined, as we have seen, to make the best of it.

### CHAPTER III. THE FUTURE.

While we have been travelling back through this history, the daylight has all departed from the bay-window of the long, low, oak-paneled parlor in the Cottage.

With its last gleam, Barbara shut the book saying,

"There! it is 'blind man's holiday' at last; I can't see another word!"

"Light up, then," said Bryan, "or—no, pull your chair round alongside of me, and let's have a quiet talk in the gloaming; we don't want much light to do that by; we are on even ground there, anyhow, Barb. With the night comes the blind man's time, and I can go on with my work, which you can't, old lady! I'm the better man of the two, now."

"You are at all times, dear," I think," answered his wife, as, giving him a kiss, she sat down beside him. "I'm sure it is marvellous the way in which you keep up your spirits."

"O, no; what's the use of being cast down? It does no good. But it's very cold; you may as well give the log another stir, or that will be cast down. There, now, Jemmy, sit in your mother's lap and be still for a bit, if you can."

The little boy had been scurrying about in the darkness and making a considerable racket for the last few minutes, and calling loudly, "Light tangle, light tangle!" but now that the newly stirred firelighted up the room, he contentedly obeyed his father and sat patiently in his mother's lap, watching eagerly the brilliant many-colored flames leaping high up the chimney from the fresh-tended log. His eyes followed with keen delight the changes and minglings of the varied hues as they shot out with a spluttering crackle—now purple, now blue, now melting into green, and then turning with the subtlest delicacy of gradation into amethyst or rose color, and so on to pale primrose, deep gold, or blood red crimson. He clasped his tiny palms for very joy at last, and entreated in baby fashion that mother and father should enjoy the spectacle as he did.

By a strange perversity he seemed more anxious that his father should behold the gay display than his mother, for he had not quite mastered the fact that such delights were beyond his parent's reach, and a pang went through Barbara's heart at the child's perverse insistence upon the sadly impossible. So she faced him round on her lap, and tried to draw his attention to the effect the light was having on some of the old-fashioned furniture and panelling.

"See, Jemmy," she cried, "how the light is dancing over the top of the table, and along the backs of the chairs, and up and down the wall in the corner there! Look there! Jump down now, and see if you can catch it!"

Whereupon the imp descended, and toddled off, big with the idea, no doubt, of capturing a special gleam of light, which, more than all the rest, seemed determined to wriggle its way into the darkest corner of the room and get up fitfully the remotest recesses of the

headings and carvings, which here and there had made decorative in former days the wainscoting and polished panels.

Little Jemmy (whose name, by the bye, was no more, Jemmy than yours or mine, but his father always called him so—as he said in his fun—for that very reason), after squatting on the ground, presently began to call out lustily, "Boofer 'ing, boofer 'ing!" with such persistency, that Bryan said at last,

"What has that child got hold of? Go and see."

Barbara rose and went to the corner, and saw the little fist patting the ring-shaped ornament running along the beading which formed the lower edge of the wainscot. She watched for a moment, with a mother's smiling satisfaction, the dumpy little fingers padding away from circle to circle, and cried out,

"Ah, Jemmy is playing the piano, I see; boofer 'piano, but rather duty;" and stooping to kiss the mite's cheek, returned to her husband's side.

After a few minutes' farther chat Bryan dropped the basket from between his knees, and, giving himself a shake and a stretch, stood up with his back to the fire.

"It's very cold," he said; "regular Christmas weather. Jemmy, you scamp, what a row you are making! What is it you've got hold of that tickles you so?" for the child had continued at intervals his original remark, and just now was reiterating it with greater vehemence than ever. "Here, tell me what you are up to; let daddy feel 'boofer 'ing!" Then he went slowly across, feeling his way by the wall, to the corner where the child was still squatting.

Led by the little voice, his hand dropped on the curly head with as much accuracy as if it had been guided by his eyes. Then he knelt down, and, taking hold of the little arm, said,

"Now put daddy's hand on 'boofer 'ing.'"

Presently his fingers were drawn along the ornament backwards and forwards several times.

"O, yes, I feel; 'boofer 'ings, boofer 'ings," he went on; "but you need not make such a row about them;" and he was on the point of withdrawing his hand, when he suddenly found that the dumpy forefinger of his son had hooked itself deep into one of the sunken circular forms of the beadings, and had raised the rim of it perceptibly. The quick and sensitive touch revealed the fact on the instant, and now, hooking his own finger in above the boy's, the father discovered that sure enough there was a practical ring, stiff and clogged by time and dust, but clearly intended to be raised, although, whilst flat, it formed the edge of the carved device.

"O, O!" Bryan cried, "there is a real ring, then, and you are right, Jemmy, after all! I wonder if there are any more like it?" and his fingers quickly tried the rims of a dozen or so of the similar patterns right and left.

"No," he said, "this is the only one; what can it be for?" Then he gave it a slight tug—it yielded a little; he gave it another—it seemed as if it were coming out of the woodwork, and a third and stronger pull did actually bring it away; but with it came the lower side of the panel immediately adjoining the beading to which it was attached, and which then opened upwards upon hinges at the next division like a cupboard door.

An involuntary exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"You must get a candle now, Barbara, anyhow," he cried. "Why, Jemmy has made a discovery, and no mistake! It's a secret panel, and so cunningly contrived. I wonder if there's anything inside?"

Barbara, all excitement, by this time had lighted a candle and was looking in.

"O, yes," she called out, in a minute, "there are several things; papers, and a tin box, and I don't know what! Let me get them—hold the panel up!"

When she had cleared the little recess of its contents, she carried them in a heap to the table; whilst Bryan, continuing to examine with his fingers the movement and construction of the door, said, half to himself,

"Why, it is somewhere hereabouts that my dear aunt's little writing-table used to stand years ago! I have seen her sit in this corner writing for hours when I was not much bigger than Jemmy is now. As I have often told you, Barbara, she used to bring me to this room to play in those happy old days. Yes, certainly, it was in this corner, but I don't remember a panel opening like this—how should I?—such a secret contrivance, unless I had been shown!"

"Of course not," cried Barbara; "but come and let us see what all these things are about; they are smothered with dust, and have not been touched for years, I should think."

Husband and wife then sat down to examine them; she reading a word here and there, and he passing his fingers rapidly over one packet after another.

First, they came upon several bundles of letters—some tied up with a blue ribbon—in a man's handwriting, and directed to "Miss Margaret Marrell, Post office, Craig Leith, near Durham," and bearing the Sunderland postmark, with dates from 1826 to 1827; some unfolded and tied with string, and in what Barbara immediately recognized as Mr. Halstead's handwriting—old love-letters, clearly.

"Strange, strange," they both exclaimed, "and so long hidden away!"

"See what's in this tin box," said Bryan, blowing the dust off it and opening the lid with some difficulty as he handed it to her.

She took from it several folded and closely written sheets of letter-paper, and from between these two long slips or printed forms with certain names and dates filled in. Pouncing on one of these, as a name caught her eye, she exclaimed,

"Why this is a marriage certificate, surely! What can it mean?"

"Well, what marriage certificates usually mean, I suppose," broke in Bryan, somewhat impatiently. "Read."

"Yes, of course. But these names—whose names can these be? Was your aunt married twice?"

"Married twice? Nonsense, no! What are you driving at? Read, read, do," said Bryan, more petulantly than before.

And then she read forth from the usual form of such documents the simple fact, that on the 6th of February, 1827, were married by license, at the parish church of Whitburn, Sunderland, John Bryan Sturry, of that parish, and Margaret Marrell, of the parish of Craig Leith, Durham, and that the ceremony was duly witnessed and attested to by the parish clerk and the sexton.

"Sturry! John Bryan Sturry!" exclaimed the blind man. "I never heard the name

before! And married to Margaret Marrell!—there could not have been two Margaret Marrells! I don't understand. Read it again, Barbara."

She did so, and then cried out, "Listen, listen; here is a memorandum pinned to it in the same man's handwriting as those letters directed to her. Perhaps it explains;" and she read thus:

"I forgot to give you the enclosed; take great care of it; put it in some place of safety, lest, while I am at sea and you alone and unprotected, any doubt should be thrown upon our marriage. We do not know what your sister may say in her anger at what you have done, and this will be a proof that I am, at least, not the double-dyed scoundrel she probably thinks me. I send this ashore by the pilot. A thousand times God bless you! In less than three months I will be with you again."

"J. B. S."

"Written across this in very faded ink," goes on Barbara, "in what is certainly your aunt's handwriting are these lines:

"These are the last words I ever had from him; we had then been married not quite a month, and I was seventeen years old. I cannot bear to destroy them nor it, even though its discovery should be death to all my sister's plans."

"God in Heaven!" cried Bryan. "Then she must have been married twice. Are you sure it is in her handwriting?"

"Certain," was the answer. "But stay, here is a quantity more on some separate sheets; they seem to refer to it. Let me see, where do they begin?—O, here, I suppose."

"Read, read, then," broke in Bryan, with impatience; and she began:

"Upon the eve of taking one more momentous step I come upon these relics of the past. What is to be done with them? Their discovery now would be more than ever fatal! Yet still I have not the heart to destroy them! It is very foolish—weak to a degree; but, after all, he had my first love, therefore the truest, best, man can ever have from woman. No; I must keep them, and I know a place where I can do so without risk of their being found during my life, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing they are in safety. But when I die—well, then I pray God they may fall into hands that may respect them, keeping my secret if no harm be done thereby. And the secret? What is it? Let me plainly set it down in black and white, and read it with the eyes of one strange to it all, and see if it looks like a heinous crime. Yes, I will."

"MY SECRET."

"No matter what led to it, but I made rash and imprudent marriage very much beneath my station when I was only seventeen; ran away from the home of an elder sister with whom I lived. Within six weeks only of our wedding day my husband died—was drowned at sea—fell overboard, for he was a captain of a merchant ship plying between Sunderland and Copenhagen. My sister, with more forgiveness than could have been expected, then suggested my returning to her and resuming my old life.

"This, for a time, was not possible, seeing that within the year the responsibility of another, a new and young life—would come upon me. When we knew that this would be so, my sister, who was a hard-natured woman of strong character, took a very decided step. She sent me abroad to Dinan in Brittany in charge of a trustworthy old nurse; sold her property, which lay in the north of Durham; bought a small estate in Essex, called Averley Bower, within fourteen miles of London, and, about a year after my little boy was born, had me back to live with her in her new home, but upon very strange and cruel conditions.

"She was unmarried and nearly twenty years older than I, and had inherited our parents' fortune.

"You will come back," she wrote to me, 'in your maiden name. As far as may be we will wipe out, obliterate from the knowledge of the world, your unhappy act. There is no need for you to be disgraced by bearing his name; but as Margaret Marrell you may live honored and respected in a neighborhood where we are entirely unknown, and where no whisper of your rash, imprudent marriage will reach the ears of any one. Of course you will never be able to marry again; your penalty, your atonement will be, at the age of twenty, to renounce all hope of wedded life, to remain what you will seem to be—a spinster; and you will see no hardship in this if your love for the dead man was as strong as you professed.' 'You cannot care,' you have often said, 'for any other living creature.' Be it so! You may live with and be consoled by his memory, that can disgrace nobody but yourself; for, for your own sake, as Miss Margaret Marrell, you will keep it to yourself. As to your child, in twelve months' time, when he will be two years old, he shall be brought to you—to us; but remember distinctly that he is our nephew, the son of a sister who lived and died abroad. Our old nurse will keep him where he is, therefore, for another year; but, if you accept these, my conditions, you must return to me at once; but upon no other terms will I ever set eyes upon you again. If you refuse this we are henceforth strangers, and you must shift for yourself and child; for no farther help, in any shape, will you have from me.

"One other thing I would urge upon you in weighing your decision—if it is to remember what I have sacrificed to make the plan I propose feasible. I have given up my old home, with all its strong associations, and have come in the autumn of my life to live amongst strangers, and I have done this in order that you may be restored to respectability and your good name."

"What choice had I but to accept her terms? I was penniless, and entirely dependent upon her. What else could I do? and at least I should not be separated from my child. I thought of that before all. I returned to my sister's new home in Essex as Miss Margaret Marrell; my little boy followed me in due course. I had had him christened Bryan, after his father, at the English Protestant Church at Dinan, where he was born. But, my sister Jane and I, according to her plan, ignored his real surname and substituted that of West for it, as one that from its familiarity would provoke no comment."

Greatly agitated, the blind man here grasped his wife's arm.

"What am I listening to, Barbara?" he cried. "Am I dreaming? Are we both dreaming?"

"Be calm, dearest," said the wife, "and let me finish; be patient." Then she continued: "So little Bryan West was our nephew, the offspring of our dead sister, and whom we naturally had the greatest tenderness

for. O, the lie answered splendidly! The plan had been cunningly thought out; it was executed to a nicety, and its success showed how shrewd and far-seeing my sister Jane was.

"Thus for several years we lived to all outward seeming very happily. We went very little into society, but we accepted the civilities of some of the people who called on us.

"Suddenly my sister died. We had no relations; she left everything to me. I inherited all she possessed; but, what was dearer than all, I had my freedom.

"It is wonderful, then, that I, an heiress, with £8,000 a year, now became an object of interest in the county? and is it wonderful that at the age of five-and-twenty I shrank from encountering a life-long loneliness? or that I have at length yielded to the fervent desire of one who loves me well that I should become his wife?"

"Yet ought I not to declare the truth? Of course I ought; but I have not the moral courage, at this the eleventh hour, to break down the sham, the lie, under which I have been living in apparent maidenhood for so long. What would be said of me? what would he think of me? Besides which, my story would not be believed; it is so strange, so unlikely, would involve much trouble to prove, and all for what? Therefore it is that, unwise, illegal, wrong as it may be, I am going to the altar within a week from this day for the second time as Margaret Marrell!"

"Here is my secret, then! How will it appear, should it ever be read by other eyes than mine? How does it appear to me? Criminal without a doubt! God forgive me, and may He look upon my sin at last as venial!"

"June 6, 1834."

Bryan sprang to his feet as his wife finished reading the paper.

"Good God!" he cried, "if this be true, I Bryan Sturry (West is no name of mine), and not Richard Halstead, am the eldest son, and in the absence of any will I am the rightful heir to all the property. This will turn the tables indeed, Richard Halstead! But, Barbara, my dear," he went on excitedly, stretching out his hands across the table, "let me feel these papers, let me touch that last one you read; there, this—is this it? and where is the marriage certificate? this slip—is it that? You spoke of two—is there one of my birth? Quick, see, see!"

"Yes, here," she cried, taking up the second long printed form, and reading again the simple fact that at the English Protestant Church at Dinan, in Brittany, was registered, on the 31st of October 1827, the birth of "Bryan, son of John Bryan Sturry and Margaret his wife."

"Put my hand on my name!" exclaimed the blind man; "let me touch it, let me touch it!"

But for several moments his hand so shook with agitation, and he moved and tossed the papers about so much, that his wife was unable to give them to him in their proper order or let him feel them in their distinctness one from the other.

"Dear Bry," she said, "don't excite yourself like this. Be calm; this is not like you, not like your own old patient manner of taking things."

"No, Barbara, no, very likely; but only think what it all means, and what I must feel! She was my mother—my mother!" and he buried his face in his hands.

Then his wife caressed and soothed him, and for a minute nothing was said. His heart was very full, and the filial instincts so long denied their rightful flow welled up and for a time quite unmanned him. Barbara was the first to speak.

"Ah, now, dear Bry," she said, "her great love for you is all explained; nor could yours have been greater for her than it was had you known what she knew."

"Yes, darling," he said, now turning his face towards his wife; "how merciful, too, it is that I, that we, are not strangers, found these papers! It is as if she had delivered her secret straight to me from her own lips; as though, when she was so strangely impelled to write this, her self-accusation, she had felt that it would fall only into loving hands."

"Truly," said Barbara, "and does it mean—"

"It means," said Bryan, interrupting her, with a slight renewal of his vehemence and excitement—"it means ease and comfort where we have had anxiety and hard times."

"But Richard Halstead?" enquired the wife.

"Richard Halstead is a scoundrel whom I shall have great pleasure—but, ah, God help him! he is my brother! What am I saying? Yes, my brother! I can do nothing harsh towards him," went on Bryan more calmly, as he sat down to the table and took up the papers with some deliberation; "only I'll have my rights, as he would say."

"It is a marvellous discovery," cried Barbara.

"Yes, and all through little Jemmy catching sight of that shining ring by the light from the blazing log," went on Bryan, facing round to the corner where the young gentleman in question was disporting himself with the moveable panel. "I suppose it does shine, or else the child would never have seen it?"

"I am not sure," said Barbara, walking up and examining the ring of the panel, as she dropped it into its proper place. "O, yes, it does a little, a very little, more than the rest; I see now I look at it close; still, I never noticed it."

"No, my love, I daresay; but it isn't always those who have their eyes who see the most; it was left for me to find, of course. It is always the blind man who finds what other people can't." It is the blind clerk at the Post-office who deciphers all the illegible addresses.

"Nonsense!" said Barbara, laughing.

"A fact, I assure you; at least, he's called the 'blind clerk'; now you know the reason. Here, Jemmy, after all you are the hero; come and kiss your father instantly!"

The boy obeyed and tumbled on to his father's knee.

"Dear me, Barbara, if you had lighted the candles when I told you that I was sure you could not see, and you said it was not yet 'blind man's holiday'—that holiday we have invoked and joked about and longed for so often—why, and one of his brightest flashes of fun and intelligence lighted up Bryan's face—'why, this blind man would never have had such a holiday in prospect as he has now!'"

Then he set down the boy and rose and hugged his wife, caught hold of the boy again and tossed him into the air, until his little head went jerkily, more than once, near the low ceiling. Then, when his wife caught

tioned him, he laughed and said,

"O, I won't hurt him, trust me! I shan't I, Jemmy? but I must do what I like with my own. And now, let's have tea as supper both together, everything at once all the luxuries of the season; and what a season for us! what a Christmas-eve we shall not forget this present year of grace in a hurry."

Then he hugged his wife again, tossed his boy again, and actually capered about the room with him in his arms, until, bringing his shins into contact with the furniture, and getting his feet entangled in some of the straggler-work, he finally blundered back to the chair by the table and sat down fairly exhausted.

"Dear Bryan," then said his wife, "be a little more rational. Suppose, now, after all that we should not be able to prove this?"

"Not able to prove it?" he interposed. "Why, my dear, if your eyes have not deceived you, and you have not been reading some 'Arabian Night's Entertainment' all this while, there will not be much more difficulty in proving it than in eating your supper, only it will take longer. Now the registers at Whitburn and—what the name of the place where I was born?"—and he put his hand out among the papers again—"at Di-Dinan? ah, that it is!—the registers will prove it, or else I will brought up to the law for nothing. I shall put the whole case into the hands of my lawyer; and—ah—prove it indeed!"

"But Richard Halstead?" again interposed the wife.

"Halstead?" Bryan repeated, with a return of his graver mood; "O, he'll fight it out; course; but he hasn't a leg to stand on though he'll give us lots of trouble, and I will take time naturally; but long before next Christmas, you'll see, I shall be master of Averley Bower, and I shall have him at my feet."

"But you won't do anything harsh, Bryan?" said his wife gently, laying her hand on his arm.

"Did you ever know me to do anything very harsh, Barb?"

"No," she answered.

"No! very well, then," he added taking her face between his hands and kissing her, "but I will make him eat humble pie. And now perhaps you will let me eat something; when I had such an appetite, I don't know how not! Clear the decks, put all these papers carefully together, as if they were the most precious things (as they are) that you ever handled, draw the curtains, throw a fresh log on the fire, and let us have supper. And here, Jemmy, come here again, you young scamp! come and sit on your father's knee for a minute and have another look at the 'boofer' flames, flames that have lighted you my little son, to fortune!"

And so, as the loving wife is doing her blind husband's best, and as he sits dancing his boy on his lap, I will let the curtain fall, as it rose, on this family picture.

You may take my word for it that it all came right, and, as Bryan Sturry prophesied, long before the next Christmas he was in full possession of his rights, as master of Averley Bower.

His first step was to obtain through the proper channels an injunction to stay the unfortunately non-completed sale of the property. Very little served to scare Richard Halstead from his first blustering intention of defying his step-brother's claim and defying the threatened action.

Otherwise, perhaps, the facts here narrated would have come before the public in a very different shape, and the great case of "Sturry vs. Halstead" would have occupied the columns of the newspapers for weeks, and have been hereafter quoted as one of the most romantic of the causes celebres of our day. But, as it was, Richard Halstead gave comparatively no trouble, and, after a little reflection, gladly accepted the liberal settlement which, we may be sure, in the generosity of his heart, Bryan was ready to make upon him. Nor is it necessary to add that not a breath ever escaped the blind man's lips to living soul (not even to his wife) with reference to the well-founded conviction he has of how Richard Halstead had been occupied amongst his mother's papers that memorable night in her boudoir.

### Strawberries—Winter Protection.

Now is the time to look about for some material with which the strawberry-bed may be protected. It is quite as well to delay the application till the ground freezes; but the covering, whatever it may be, should be at hand. In such an hour as we think not, severe weather and deep snows may be upon us.

The covering need not be heavy, as it is not intended to keep the plants warm, but to shade them from the sun, and thus prevent the effects of sudden and extreme changes from heat to cold. Many strawberry-beds are ruined in fall and spring by the frequent freezing and thawing of the ground, by which the plants are lifted and the roots broken and exposed to the weather.

A covering of two inches in depth is sufficient, and may consist of sawy hay, straw, evergreen boughs, forest leaves or sawdust. Stable manure containing a large per cent. of litter is excellent, as it supplies fertility and protection at the same time. Avoid, by all means, any material containing foul seeds. If the bed is to be top-dressed with manure now, as it should be, let it be done before the mulching is applied. The horse and wheels of the cart may pass between the rows doing no damage to the plants. As the settled weather of spring approaches, the covering should be removed from immediately over the plants and allowed to remain to keep down the weeds and protect the fruit from becoming soiled in rainy weather till the crop is harvested. It should then be removed at once and succeeded by thorough cultivation.

—Cor. Bulletin of Board of Agriculture.

How is This?—The Collingwood Bulletin is responsible for the following:—We understand that the Northern Railway has notified some grain merchants that after the 1st of next month freights on grain will go up to the old figure. Last summer, while the agitation for an additional bonus to the Hamilton & Northwestern Railway was going on, grain was lowered from eight cents to about five cents. After the 1st of January it goes up to the old figure. We do not understand why this new tariff should be adopted on the very eve of the opening of the Hamilton & Northwestern Railway, unless an understanding has been arrived at by the two companies to equalize their tariffs, and to bleed the people who have so liberally contributed towards the construction of the roads.

The Nineteenth Century speaks of Disraeli as a Jew by birth and a Christian by accident.