

A National Hymn.

Land where the maple grows,
Land where the union rose,
God save from all her foes,
This Canada of ours!

Long may Victoria reign
Over all this wide domain,
And righteous law maintain
This Canada of ours!

Peace is our welcome guest,
Here freedom is at rest,
No tyrant e'er oppressed
This Canada of ours!

Oh may our strong defence
Be in Omnipotence,
Guarding in every sense
This Canada of ours!

D. C. BELL, Ingersoll.

AGAINST THE LAW.

(A Novel—By Dora Russell.)

CHAPTER XXI.

WHERE LAURA WAS HIDDEN.

Laura gave a half-cry as she recognized Bingley, and tried to draw the bed-clothes over her head.

But it was too late. Bingley made a hasty step forward towards the bed.

"So I have found you at last!" he said, in a savage undertone. "I swore that if you were above ground I would trace you out."

"Pardon me, sir," said Doctor Hay, at this moment, bending down, and laying his fingers on Laura's wrist; "but this young lady is my patient, and is in no condition at present to go through any exciting scene, and I must, therefore, ask you to withdraw."

"This young lady is my wife," answered Bingley, dogmatically—"or as good as my wife, at least; for, in a fit of madness or obstinacy, she ran away on her wedding day; and I have therefore the best right to see after her, and must request that she be immediately removed from this hospital to a private house."

Then Laura grasped the doctor's hand imploringly.

"You won't allow this?" she said. "I am helpless; but you won't allow this man to take me away?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor, coolly. "My good sir," he continued, addressing Bingley, "were this lady twenty times your wife, you would have no authority over her here. She was brought into this hospital as a patient, and until discharged cured, here she must remain."

"I am not his wife," said Laura, eagerly. "I shall never be his wife."

"You know your choice, then," said Bingley, scowling.

"At all events, no such discussion may be carried on here," said the doctor, authoritatively. "You must leave this ward, sir. This lady is not in a fit state to carry on an exciting conversation."

"You had best come away for the present, sir," said the police-officer who had accompanied Bingley to the hospital, addressing him in a low tone. "We have found the lady, it seems, and she is quite safe here, and can't leave without our knowing it."

So Bingley felt compelled to quit the ward, and went with the feeling that it was unsafe to let Laura out of his sight again for a moment now that he had found her. He had sought her with extraordinary diligence, and had used every means in his power to discover her in vain, until her appearance had struck the policeman who had snatched her from the carriage-wheels as corresponding with that of a young lady advertised for, and whose discovery a handsome reward was offered.

This policeman had communicated his suspicion to the superintendent at Scotland Yard, who was employed by Bingley, and thus his visit to the hospital.

He left it greatly excited. He had found her again—the girl whom he scarcely knew whether he loved or hated most—the girl who had jilted him, made a fool of him, and who had cost him hundreds and hundreds of pounds—and yet he still desired to marry her!

Here was a man, past his youth—a man hard, and worldly, and sensible enough as a rule—acting like a madman.

Even his sister had pointed out his folly to him when weeks and weeks went by, and Richard Bingley was still vainly seeking Laura Keane.

"What purpose will it answer, even if you do find her?" Mrs. Glynford had said to her brother. "Surely you would not marry her now?"

"Would I not!" answered Bingley darkly. "I mean to find her and marry her, and there's an end of it!"

And so he sought on.

He learned that she had gone to London, and this, of course, was some help.

How he learned this happened thus: For a few moments now let us go back to Laura after she had bidden good night to Bingley on the evening before the day of which was to be her wedding-day.

She had had, ever since her engagement, a vague idea that she would die before her marriage. But death seldom comes to those who long for it; so Laura lived on, and her aching heart beat still.

Then came her last meeting with William Glynford; and after this she determined never to marry Bingley.

But how to escape?

There was a deep pond in the grounds of Bridgenorth House, and she made up her mind that, rather than be Bingley's wife, when they sought for the bride they would find her beneath the water there.

But she was young, and when Mr. Glynford gave her the twenty pounds the day before the wedding, she suddenly thought of another scheme. She would disappear. She went up early to her attic room, and pretended she had retired for the night. But while the servants were at supper, and the master and mistress of the house were sitting together in the drawing-room, she stole down the back staircase, after locking the door of her attic behind her, and went out of the house by the back entrance, and was thus locked out when the family retired to bed.

Then she walked on into the country as fast as her feet could carry her. She had made up her mind to go near no railway station, but to try to hide herself in some obscure country farm-house or cottage.

And fortune favored her.

As she walked swiftly on along the dark and unknown country roads, she heard a groan and a faint cry for help.

Presently she tripped, and nearly fell over some dark object lying on the foot-path, and she perceived that it was the prostrate form of a man over which she had so nearly fallen.

Greatly startled, she yet retained some presence of her mind.

"Who are you," she asked, bending down, "and what is the matter?"

"The mare's thrown me," answered the man, "and my leg's broken, I think."

"Do you live near?" inquired Laura.

"At Southdale Farm," said the man. "I'm George Morely, the farmer."

"Can't you walk," she said. "Or, if you will direct me to your house, I'll go and get assistance."

George Morely, upon this, tried to get up; but found he could not stand. In fact, George Morely had taken too much whisky; and, in returning home after his potations, had either fallen off or been thrown off his horse.

From his present condition, Laura concluded that most likely he had fallen off, particularly as his horse was standing a little further down the road, quietly cropping the scanty herbage by way of passing the time until her master was sufficiently recovered to resume his seat on her.

However, George Morely had enough sense about him still to be able to direct Laura correctly to find his house; for the accident had happened to him not a quarter of a mile from his own door.

An old, broken-down-looking farm-house was Southdale. Laura at once concluded that she must be right as she approached the homestead: for the front door of the house was open, and an anxious woman was peering out, holding a light above her head, and evidently looking out for the absent master.

"Who be you?" she asked, sharply, as Laura neared the doorway.

"Are you Mrs. Morely, the farmer's wife?" she asked.

"Yes, Naught's happened to him, surely?" inquired the woman: and turned pale as she asked the question.

"Nothing serious, I hope," said Laura, kindly. "He has been thrown from his horse, has injured his leg, and is lying on the road not far from here; but you need not be afraid. He will be right enough when you have got him home."

The woman leaned against the doorway, and grasped Laura's hand.

"You are not deceiving me, are you?" she said, in a trembling voice. "He's not worse than you say?"

"No; indeed he is not," said Laura, feeling much compassion for the poor anxious wife. "If you rouse one of the men to hold him on his horse, he will be at home in a few minutes."

"Ay, to hold him on his horse," muttered the woman, recovering herself. "I understand now."

But she did rouse one of the farm-servants, and then herself accompanied Laura to the spot where her husband was lying. But no sooner did she see his condition than the anxious and really loving wife changed her tone, and spoke to him with great bitterness and contempt.

"Ay; so you've been at it again!" she said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"My dear, I—I am ashamed—rather ashamed, that is," hesitated George, in husky accents. "But the—the mare was skittish. She—in fact, let me go over her head."

"Don't talk, and make a greater fool of yourself," said his wife, angrily. "Lift him up, Jack!" she went on, addressing the farm-servant.

And so the young farmer was ignominiously tilted up on his horse again, the animal standing quite still, evidently well accustomed to the sort of thing.

The farm-servant led the horse, and Laura walked behind with the angry wife.

"How did you find him?" asked Mrs. Morely, presently. "It's late for you to be out on the roads."

"Yes," answered Laura, who had been considering what she would say; "but I left my home this evening, and don't mean to return to it. Can you give me a bed for the night, Mrs. Morely? I will pay you for it."

The farmer's wife hesitated, and then consented.

An hour later, Laura found herself resting her weary frame in a clean, white-curtained bed, in a neat but scantily-furnished room.

The next morning she felt too ill to rise, and, after an interview with the farmer's wife, took her present room for a week.

And she remained three weeks at Southdale Farm.

It was a low-lying, isolated spot, and she felt that she was safer there than she could have been anywhere else.

The farmer's wife was an industrious, clean, notable young woman, really deeply attached to her "George"; but she was bad tempered and parsimonious.

She rarely left her home; and a newspaper found its way there sometimes once a week. Mrs. Morely asked Laura no questions, as she was regularly paid; and so, some seven or eight miles from Farnhame, Laura lived on unknown, while two men were seeking her all over the country in vain.

But even in the cheap way she was living the twenty pounds she had brought with her from Bridgenorth House was fast melting away, and she at last determined to venture from the quiet spot where she had found shelter.

She little imagined, however, that nearly all the time she had been at the homestead Mrs. Morely had guessed whom she was.

George Morely, the farmer, had chanced to bring home one of the country newspapers on the Saturday after her arrival there, and Mrs. Morely had read an advertisement in it, offering a reward for the discovery of a young lady who had left her home on the very night that Laura had found the farmer on the road.

Mrs. Morely was a covetous young woman, and was greatly troubled in her mind as to whether she would gain more by continuing to let her spare room to a good lodger, or applying for the reward for the discovery of the lost young lady.

No sooner, therefore, did Laura tell her that she was going to leave, than Mrs. Morely determined to apply for the reward. She, however, had a husband, who was a very different character to herself. A free, good-hearted, jovial man was George Morely, the farmer, and when his wife gave him a hint of what she intended to do, George Morely told her plainly enough that she was behaving very badly, and that he would give his countenance to nothing of the sort.

Mrs. Morely, however, persisted, and one morning started off to Farnhame on foot (for her husband would not drive her there), to give information to Mr. Bingley's solicitor where the missing young lady was likely to be found.

But scarcely had Mrs. Morely left the homestead on her inhospitable errand, when George Morely told Laura the whole story, offering at the same time, to drive her, if she wished it, to a distant railway station.

We can understand how gratefully this offer was accepted.

When Mrs. Morely returned to Southdale Laura was gone, and the farmer's wife was thus unable to demand the full reward.

But her information proved two things clearly to Bingley. One was, that Laura was alive and well; another, that he knew where she had now gone.

She told George Morely that she was going to London, and Mrs. Morely, of course, repeated this to Bingley and his solicitor.

So she got something, after all, for her trouble, but not enough to repay her for the very serious quarrel which took place between herself and her husband on the subject. And after all, she loved him better than money, and was thus a loser by the transaction.

Bingley again went to London, with renewed hope, to search for Laura. He knew all about the notes now which had brought such trouble on the poor girl, and how they had come into her possession.

But it suited him to keep the secret; but when he found Laura lying in a London hospital, he knew what would certainly have weakened his power over her if the truth had been told.

After her arrival in London, Laura took a little room in an obscure street, and tried to earn a livelihood, but had no chance among professional workers.

Penniless, half-starved, and utterly weary and disappointed, she was run over in the streets, and carried to an hospital.

And on this visiting day, when Bingley and the detective officer had left the ward, the house-surgeon bent down and said in Laura's ear, "You had better tell me your story, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

She fixed on him a frightened, appealing look, and the cold, practical doctor felt a strange and unaccounted emotion stir in his heart.

"Keep quiet now," he added, "and do not be afraid. No one shall take you away from here without your own consent. I will come and see you in the evening, and if you like then to tell me your story, I will do what I can for you."

Laura decided to tell Doctor Hay everything.

Bitter experience had come to her since she had fled from Farnhame. She knew now that to struggle on in London without friends or help of any kind would be a hopeless effort. And she knew now, also, that she would rather stand before a criminal bar than marry Bingley.

CHAPTER XXII.

DISCHARGED.

The next time that Doctor James Hay entered the ward in which Laura was lying, in a few broken and faltering words she told her whole story.

The doctor listened, and sympathized. He, too, knew what it was to fight with fortune, and to be almost moneyless in the world. When a lad he had been left to begin life's battle, and had fought well, and been a faithful, tender son to a widowed mother. He could understand, therefore, how the poor trembling girl before him had yielded to the temptation. He knew well how easy it is to pay your way and walk quite straight when your purse is well lined, and the wolf is not waiting at the door.

But he listened to Laura's tale nearly in silence. Then, when she ended, he said, in quick, sharp accents, "And you care for this other man—this Mr. Glynford?"

"Yes," answered Laura, blushing crimson.

"And you won't apply to him now?" asked Doctor Hay.

"No," said Laura. "I have parted with him for ever—I shall see him no more—I will bring no further trouble upon him!"

Again for a minute or two the doctor was silent, and a restless sigh rose on his lips.

"All the same," he said, presently, with rather a painful smile, "you must live. This affair of passing the stopped notes is very serious and awkward. This Bingley has a good case against you, and could have you arrested if he chose. You won't marry him now, I suppose?"

"Never!" said Laura, energetically. "He may put me in jail—may transport me; but he cannot force me to marry him!"

"Well, you must be prepared, for he'll revenge himself upon you if he can."

"Yes, I know," said Laura, sadly.

"But I'll try to prevent him," continued the doctor. "You were brought into the accident ward—a nameless patient, picked up in the street. That's all I have to do with. I know nothing, of course, of Mr. Bingley, nor of Mr. Glynford, nor of Miss Laura Keane. I know a young woman brought in with a compound fracture of her arm, who refused to give any name, and for her only I am responsible. This young woman must be worse before the next visitors' day, and I will give orders that no one shall be admitted to this ward. By the following visitors' day this young woman with the compound fracture will be able to be removed. Thus, when our friend Mr. Bingley arrives, he will find that this young woman has gone, a discharged patient; and I don't think our friend Mr. Bingley or his detective will find her in a hurry."

"I—I do not understand," said Laura, breathlessly, as the doctor paused.

"You must affect to be too ill to be seen by any one when your persecutor next presents himself; for you are not yet strong enough to be removed. But in another week or so you will be. Then, quietly, some night, I will take you to my mother, and you can stay with her, if you like, as her companion; for she is getting old, and can afford to give you a small salary."

"Oh, Doctor Hay! how can I thank you?" said Laura, greatly affected; and she put her little trembling hand.

"Come, young lady," said the doctor, trying hard to put on his professional air and to overcome certain unusual emotions in the region of his heart; "you must not excite yourself. I will arrange all for you, and you need not be afraid of seeing Mr. Bingley at No. 2, Bismark avenue, where my mother lives."

But there are wheels within wheels. He was the house-surgeon; but there was another person whom he must take, partly at

least, into his confidence before Laura could be privately removed.

This was the comely matron, Mrs. Carnaby, a youngish widow, who would have no objection, the doctor believed, again to enter into the married state.

She was a rosy-cheeked and comely woman, who had not been shy in letting the doctor see that she regarded him very favorably.

The police-officer had applied to this lady in the beginning, and after Bingley's interview with Laura, the matron had promised to let him know how the young girl was getting on.

Thus the doctor knew that he must make a friend of Mrs. Carnaby, in order that she might not oppose him in his purpose.

He accordingly sought the widow in her comfortable sitting-room, and found her just sitting down to a very appetizing little supper.

"Well, doctor," she said, "I am glad to see you. I hope you will stay and sup with me."

"I will stay and chat with you," answered the doctor.

"Very well," replied the widow.

"It's about that young woman with the compound fracture that I have come to talk to you," said the doctor; and the widow felt not a little disappointed to hear it.

"Oh!" she said. "Well what about her?"

"She has told me her history," replied the doctor. "That man who came here to-day is not her husband, as he claimed to be; but she had promised to marry him because he knew of a very foolish action that she had committed."

"Well?" again said the matron yet more coldly.

The doctor recognized the change in Mrs. Carnaby's voice.

"She was in love with another man before this Bingley insisted upon him marrying her as the price of his silence. She could not forget her other lover, so ran away the night before the day fixed for her wedding."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the widow.

"Then she came to London, hoping to obtain employment, was run over in the street when faint with over-fatigue, and I daresay, want, and brought here. Now, this Bingley has found her out again, and I want you, who are a good kind woman, to help me to place her beyond the reach of this man, and put her in the way of earning her livelihood."

For a moment or two the widow was silent. Then she said, looking keenly at Doctor Hay, "You seem to take a great interest in this girl?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"She appealed to me to save her," he said, diplomatically; "so what could a poor man do? I was sorry for her when she talked of the man she really loves. She'll end by marrying him, of course, and he's a fellow in a good position, it seems. But, for the present, the thing is to keep her out of this Bingley's way. He can still do her harm—still part her from her old lover; and I've half promised—for I know you will help me if you can—to smuggle her out of the hospital, and my mother will give her a shelter, and this Bingley will not be able to find her again if we manage it well."

The widow walked up and down the room twice, and then came where Doctor James Hay was sitting, and laying her pretty, fat, white hand lightly on his shoulder, said, looking at him very tenderly, "I will do whatever you ask me."

"Thank you, you dear, kind creature!" said the doctor, turning round, and taking one of the widow's hands in his. "Ah, Mrs. Carnaby, do not know how to thank you!"

"I would have done it for no one else," whispered the widow, tightening her grasp on the doctor's shoulder.

"Well, that is truly good of you! But, good gracious!" taking out his watch; "do you see what time it is? I had a friend to meet at a quarter to ten, and now it's actually ten o'clock. Good-night, Mrs. Carnaby! Thank you again and again for your kindness. We'll talk this little matter over to-morrow, but now I must be off at once."

As the doctor went running down the hospital stairs to keep his pretended appointment, he felt that in his attempt to save Laura from matrimony, he was running a very great risk of being caged and bound himself.

Notes on Notables.

The Warrington Guardian announces that the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. George Crossfield, and eight or ten other gentlemen interested in railways, are to sail in the Gallia, for New York, in April, with the view of having a three months' railway tour in the United States.

King Humbert has been doing a pleasant and kindly thing in visiting the Roman University. With a single aide-de-camp he went unannounced into the class-room of political economy, and bidding the professor to continue his lecture, seated himself on a bench and remained to the end. Then he went to another room and listened to a lecture on comparative philology. As he left there was an enthusiastic shout for the king from the students and professors.

Carlyle ordered that his funeral should be a strictly private one and his wishes were obeyed. His plain coffin was inscribed simply with his name and the dates of his birth and death. On it were laid wreaths of white flowers. In profound silence the coffin was lowered by relatives only into the grave, within a stone's throw of the house at Ecclefechan wherein its inmate first saw the light. It was a dull day and the snow lay in the churchyard. The people of the country-side assembled quietly about the place and for an hour before the burial the village bell tolled slowly and sadly.

Although Elizabeth of Austria is now an elderly lady, with a son about to be married, she still upon ceremonial occasions wears her beautiful hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. She went to a ball in Vienna not long ago attired in a gown of black velvet, with a collar of diamonds and pearls, and in her soft, streaming hair she wore a brilliant diadem. The Empress' miniature waist is said to excite great wonderment and admiration. Hands of the ordinary size could easily encircle it by connecting the two thumbs and middle fingers, yet this wasp-like figure is so flexible that its owner rides with the greatest ease horses which many brave men would scarce dare to mount.

—Many plumbers are contemplating trips to Europe this summer.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

The New Commander's Opinions—Strength of the Active Militia—Suggestions on Works of Defence.

The annual report on the state of the militia for 1880 has just been presented by Mr. Caron to Parliament. Major-General Luard's first report since his appointment as commanding officer of the militia of Canada is of course the principal feature. Major-General Luard says that although he arrived rather late he has seen a portion of each arm of the militia, except the Engineers. The militia may be divided into city and rural corps. Of the city corps he reports very favorably. Those he has inspected are of good physique, well drilled and intelligent. They have evidently made good use of their opportunities, and by the sacrifice of their time and money, and by the generosity of their officers (for the Government issues are insufficient), are well trained.

In round numbers the 9,600 men of the city corps have had spent on them \$75,000, or about \$7.50 per man during the year. He regrets that he is unable to speak so favorably of the rural corps, but it must not be supposed for one moment that he blames the men or their officers. The men are fine in physique (with a few exceptions) and are willing and intelligent, but they have not been afforded sufficient opportunity to learn their duties. However intelligent, however willing, it is simply impossible for men to learn drill and discipline in the time which has been allotted, viz., thirty hours' drill per annum, and it must be remembered that each rural corps does not get into camp each year. The men do not know when they may next go to camp, so they leave the neighborhood, the result being that rural corps are swamped with recruits. To save the rural corps from degenerating into merely armed and clothed yeomen, it has become absolutely necessary, in his opinion, to spend more money on them. While the city corps have had \$75,000 spent on 9,600 men, the rural corps have only had \$100,000 spent on about 27,000 men, or roughly speaking, the rural corps have received per man about half what the city corps have had per man, and this, although the denizens of the cities have better chances of becoming soldiers than men who live in the country. He recommends the establishment of military schools for the education of officers and non-commissioned officers of other branches of the service besides artillery, for which schools have already existed for some years with marked success. An increase in the permanent militia should be made of at least half a company of engineers, of a few companies of infantry, and of horses sufficient to enable a four gun field battery to be worked, and aquitancy taught to the cavalry. The rural corps should have not less than 16 days in camp every year. To carry out discipline the commanding officer should have power, after due inquiry, to dismiss any man guilty of conduct worthy of such punishment. None but grown men should be admitted into the force. He noticed several young men who confessed to being under 16 years of age.

He was satisfied with the Schools of Gunnery at Quebec and Kingston, and also with the Royal Military College. At the latter place he suggests in regard to the college that the first four prizes for successful cadets should be four civil appointments in their own country, leaving for cadets of more roving inclination, as second prizes the four military commissions in the imperial army.

The citadel at Quebec requires immediate attention. The "old fort" at Toronto has fallen into sad disrepair, and for the credit of the Dominion requires considerable immediate attention. Though not up to modern requirements as a fort, it occupies ground which appears to him of military importance, and which should, he thinks, remain in the hands of the Government. He advocates the immediate repair of the walls and buildings, which are used as stores, the removal of the old guns and carriages, and the repair of the platforms, etc. The unprotected state of the city of Montreal affords him an excellent opportunity to point the way to an enormous expenditure. He wants St. Helen's Island at once placed in a state of defence, and accommodation provided for a small garrison, which should also be a military school for infantry.

Dealing with dress and accoutrements, he tells the Government to supply the militiaman with not only his boots, but every article of dress free of cost. He condemns any slavish imitation of the dress of the English soldier, and thinks that dress, especially headgear, should be adapted to the Canadian climate, summer and winter. He protests against the use of pipe-clay on belts, and wants brown and black belts introduced. He wants the whole equipment and dress remodelled, the former to be of Oliver's pattern, the latter to be modified in the direction of service, durability and economy.

Theatrical Notes.

Lawrence Barrett and his wife will spend the summer in Germany, where their children are being educated.

A burlesque company was performing at Atlanta. The Mayor had sent a police captain and three men to arrest the actresses if they did anything outrageously improper. The silk tights worn by some "living statues" were so perfect in flesh color that the captain doubted if they were really tights at all, and he invaded the stage with his force; but an inspection proved that his suspicion was groundless, and the show was allowed to go on.

There is a reaction from frivolity to seriousness in theatricals. A few years ago Booth was the only actor on the American stage appearing in Shakspearean parts, and some of his engagements were unprofitable. Next season John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo, Thomas W. Keene, Daniel H. Harkins, Barry Sullivan and William E. Sheridan will be in the Shakspearean field.

The King of Burmah has built a theatre in the garden of the royal palace, and has performances there every afternoon, at which his 450 wives are present; but no man except himself, his eunuchs and the performers; the last are also either eunuchs or female slaves. The king puts in an appearance several times a week, but the wives manage to find time to attend daily.