

# SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

## CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I suppose he went then to my father, and they planned it all between them, because at this time he—that is, my father—began to tell me he was in debt, hopelessly, irretrievably in debt. Among others he mentioned certain debts of (so-called) honor, which, if not paid within a given time, would leave him not only a beggar, but a disgraced one upon the face of the earth; and I believed him. He worked upon my feelings day by day, with pretended tears, with vows of amendment. I don't know," bitterly, "what his share of the bargain was to be, but I do know he toiled for it conscientiously. I was young, unusually so for my age, without companions, romantic impressionable. It seemed to me a grand thing to sacrifice myself and thereby save my father; and if I would only consent to marry Mr. Arlington he had promised not only to avoid debt, but to give up his habits of intemperance. It is an old story, is it not? No doubt you know it by heart. Crafty age and foolish youth,—what chance had I? One day I gave in, I said I would marry Mr. Arlington, and he led me to him three weeks later. We were married.

Here her voice fails her again, and a little moan of agonized recollection escapes her. Cyril, clasping her still closer to him, presses a kiss upon her brow. At the sweet contact of his lips she sighs, and two large tears gathering in her eyes roll slowly down her cheeks.

"A week after my wretched marriage," she goes on, "I discovered accidentally that my father had lied to me and tricked me. His circumstances were not so bad as he had represented to me, and it was on the condition that he was to have a certain income from Mr. Arlington yearly that he had persuaded me to marry him. He did not long enjoy it. He died," slowly, "two months afterwards. Of my life with—my husband I shall not tell you; the recital would only revolt you. Only to think of it now makes me feel deadly ill; and often from my dreams, as I live it all over again, I start, cold with horror and disgust. It did not last long, which was merciful: six months after our marriage he eloped with an actress and went to Vienna."

"The blackguard! the scoundrel!" says Cyril, between his teeth, drawing his breath sharply.

"I never saw him again. In a little while I received tidings of his death: he had been stabbed in a brawl in some drinking-house, and had only lived a few hours after it. And I was once more free."

She pauses, and involuntarily stretches forth both her hands into the twilight, as one might who long in darkness, being thrust into the full light of day, seeks to grasp and retain it.

"When I heard of his death," she says, turning to Cyril, and speaking in a clear intense tone, "I laughed! For the first time for many months, I laughed aloud! I declared my thankfulness in a distinct voice. My heart beat with honest, undisguised delight when I knew I should never see him again, should never in all the years to come shiver and tremble in his hated presence. He was dead, and I was heartily glad of it."

She stops, in terrible agitation. An angry fire gleams in her large gray eyes. She seems for the moment to have utterly forgotten Cyril's nearness, as in memory she lives over again all the detested past. Cyril lays his hand lightly upon her shoulder, her eyes meet his, and then the anger dies from them. She sighs heavily, and then goes on:

"After that I don't know what happened for a long time, because I got brain-fever, and, but for one friend, who all through had done his best for me, I should have died. He and his sister nursed me through it, and brought me back to life again; but, mournfully, "they could not restore to me my crushed youth, my ruined faith, my girlish hopes. A few months had changed me from a mere child into a cold, unloving woman."

"Don't say that," says Cyril, gently. "Until now," returns she, looking at him with eyes full of the most intense affection; "now all is different."

"Beloved, how you have suffered!" he says, pressing her head down again upon his breast, and caressing with loving fingers her rich hair. "But it is all over, and, if I can make you so, you shall be happy in the future. And your one friend? Who was he?"

She hesitates perceptibly, and a blush creeping up dyes her pale face crimson.

"Perhaps I know," says Cyril, an unaccountable misgiving at his heart. "Was it Colonel Trant? Do not answer me if you do not wish it," very gently.

"Yes, it was he. There is no reason why I should not answer you."

"No?"

"No."

"He asked Guy to let you have the cottage?"

"Yes; I had wearied of everything, and though by some chance I had come in for all Mr. Arlington's property, I only cared to go away and hide myself somewhere where I should find quiet and peace. I tried several places, but I was always restless until I came here." She smiles faintly.

Cyril, after a pause, says, hesitatingly,—"Cecilia, did you ever care for—for—Trant?"

"Never: did you imagine that? I never cared for any one but you; I never shall again. And you, Cyril," the tears rushing thickly to her eyes, "do you still think you can love me, the daughter of one bad man, the wife of another? I can hardly think myself as good as other women when I remember all the hateful scenes I have passed through."

"I shall treat you to a crowning scene if you ever dare say that again," says Cyril, whose spirits are rising now she has denied having any affection for Trant. "And if every relation you ever had was as bad as had could be, I should adore you all the same. I can't say any more."

"You needn't," returns she, laughing a little. "Oh, Cyril, how sweet it is to be beloved, to me especially, who never yet (until now) had any love offered me; at least, correcting herself hastily, "any I cared to accept."

"But you had a lover?" asks he, earnestly.

"Yes, one."

"Trant again?" letting his teeth close somewhat sharply on his under lip.

"Yes."  
"Cecilia, I am afraid you liked that fellow once. Come, confess it."  
"No, indeed, not in the way you mean; but in every other way more than I can tell you. I should be the most ungrateful wretch alive if it were otherwise. As a true friend, I love him."

"How dare you use such a word to any one but me?" says Cyril, bending to smile into her eyes. "I warn you not to do it again, or I shall be dangerously and outrageously jealous. Tears in your eyes still, my sweet? Let me kiss them away: poor eyes! surely they have wept enough in their time to permit of their only smiling in the future."

When they have declared over and over again (in different languages every time, of course) the everlasting affection each feels for the other, Cecilia says,—

"How late it grows! and you are in your evening dress, and without a hat. Have you dined?"

"Not yet; but I don't want any dinner." (By this one remark, O reader, you may guess the depth and sincerity of his love.) "We generally dine at half-past seven, but to-night we are to starve until eight to oblige Florence, who has been spending the day somewhere. So I dressed early and came down to see you."

"At eight," says Cecilia, alarmed: "it is almost that now. You must go, or Lady Chetwoode will be angry with me and I don't want any one belonging to you to think bad thoughts of me."

"There is plenty of time; it can't be nearly eight yet. Why, it is only half an hour since I came."

"It is a quarter to eight," says Cecilia, solemnly. "Do go, and come again as early as you can to-morrow."

"You will be glad to see me?"

"Yes, if you come very early."

"And you are sure, my own darling, that you really love me?"

"Quite, quite sure," tenderly.

"What a bore it is having to go home this lovely evening!" discontentedly. "Certainly 'Time was made for slaves.' Well, with a sigh—"good-night. I suppose I must go. I shall run down directly after breakfast. Good-night, my own, my dearest."

"Good-night, Cyril."

"What a cold farewell! I shan't go away at all if you don't say something kinder."

Standing on tiptoe, Cecilia lays her arms around his neck.

"Good-night, my—darling," she whispers, tremulously; and with a last lingering caress they part as though years were about to roll by before they can meet again.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"And, though she be but little, she is fierce."  
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"Bene. Suffer love! A good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will."  
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

It is a glorious evening toward the close of September. The heat is intense, delicious, as productive of happy languor as though it was still the very heart of summer.

Outside upon the grass sits Lillian, idly threading daisies into chains, her riotous golden locks waving upon her fair forehead beneath the influence of the wind. At her feet, full length, lies Archibald, a book containing selections from the works of favorite poets in his hand. He is reading aloud such passages as please him and serve to illustrate the passion that day by day is growing deeper for his pretty cousin. Already his infatuation for her has become a fact so palpable that not only has he ceased to deny it to himself, but every one in the house is fully aware of it, from Lady Chetwoode down to the lowest household. Sometimes, when the poem is an old favorite, he recites it, keeping his dark eyes fixed the while upon the fair coquettish face just above him.

Upon the balcony looking down upon them sits Florence, working at the everlasting parrot, with Guy beside her, uttering miserable, his whole attention concentrated upon his ward. For the past week he has been wretched as a man can be who sees a rival well received before his eyes day after day. Miss Beauchamp's soft speeches and tender glances, although many and pronounced, fail to console him, though to others he appears to accept them willingly enough, and to make a generous return, spending—how he hardly knows, though perhaps she does—a good deal of time in her society. He must indeed be devoid of observation if now he cannot pass a strict examination of the hues of that crested bird (this is not a joke, for wherever he may be, there Miss Beauchamp is sure to show a few minutes later, always with her wools.

Noting all this, be sure Lillian draws from it her own conclusions.

As each clear silvery laugh reaches him from below, Guy frowns, and winces at every fond poetical sentiment, that, floated upwards by the wind, falls upon his ears.

"See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?"

The words recited by Mr. Chesney with much *emphatic* soar upwards and gain Guy's ear; Archibald is pointing his quotation with many impassioned glances and much tender emphasis; all of which is rather thrown away upon Lillian, who is not in the least sentimental.

"Read something livelier, Archie," she says, regarding her growing chain with unlimited admiration. "There is rather much honey about that."

"If you can snub Shelley, I'm sure I don't know what it is you do like," returns he, somewhat disgusted. A slight pause ensues, filled up by the faint noise of the leaves of Chesney's volume as he turns them over impatiently.

"Oh, my *Luve's* like a red, red, rose," he begins, bravely, but Lillian instantly suppresses him.

"Don't," she says; "that's worse. I always think what a horrid '*luve's*' she must have been. Fancy a girl with *shaks* like that rose over there! Fancy writing a sonnet to a milk-maid! Go on, however; the other lines are rather pretty."

"Oh, my *lov* like a melody  
That's sweetly played in tune,"

reads Archie, and then stops.  
"It is pretty," he says, agreeably; "but if you had heard that last word persistently called '*chune*,' I think it would have taken the edge off your fancy for it. I had an uncle who adored that little poem, but he would call the word '*chune*,' and it rather spoiled the effect. He's dead," says Mr. Chesney, laying down his book, "but I think I see him now."

"In the pride of youth and beauty,  
With a garland on his brow,"

quotes Lillian mischievously.  
"Well, not quite. Rather in an exceedingly rusty suit of evening clothes at the Opera. I took him there in a weak moment to hear the '*late*,' lamented Titiens sing her choicest song in '*Il Trovatore*,'—you know it?—well, when it was over and the whole house was in a perfect uproar of applause, I turned and asked him what he thought of it, and he instantly said he thought it was '*a very pretty 'chune*.' Fancy Titiens singing a '*chune*! I gave him up after that, and carefully avoided his society. Poor old chap, he didn't bear malice, however, as he died a year later and left me all his money."

"More than you deserved," says Lillian.

Here Cyril and Taffy appearing on the scene cause a diversion. They both simultaneously fling themselves upon the grass at Lillian's feet, and declare themselves completely used up.

"Let us have tea out here," says Lillian, gayly, "and enjoy our summer to the end." Springing to her feet, she turns towards the balcony, careless of the fact that she has destroyed the lovely picture she made sitting on the greensward surrounded by her attendant swains.

"Florence, come down here, and let us have tea on the grass," she calls out pleasantly to Miss Beauchamp.

"Do, Florence," says Archibald, entreatingly; and

"Miss Beauchamp, you really must," from Taffy, decides the point.

Florence, feeling it will look ungracious to refuse, rises with reluctance, and sails down upon the quartette below, followed by Sir Guy.

"What an awful time we shall be having at Mrs. Boileau's this hour to-morrow night," says Cyril, plaintively, after a long silence on his part. "I shudder when I think of it. No one who has never spent an evening at the Grange can imagine the agony of it."

"I vow I would rather be broken on the wheel than undergo it," says Archibald.

"It was downright mean of Lady Chetwoode to let us all in for it. And yet no doubt things might have been worse; we ought to feel devoutly thankful old Boileau is well under the sod."

"What was the matter with him?" asks Lillian.

"Don't name him," says Cyril: "he was past all human endurance; my blood runs cold when I remember I once did know him. I rejoice to say he is no more. His name was Benjamin: and as he was small and thin, and she was large and fat, she (that is, Mrs. Boileau) was always called '*Benjamin's portion*.' That's a joke, do you see it?"

"I do; so you don't take any bobs off my wages," retorts Miss Chesney, promptly, with a distinct imitation of Kate Santley.

"And yet I cannot see how all this made the poor man odious."

"No, not exactly that, though I don't think a well-brought-up man should let himself go to skin and bone. He was intolerable in other ways. One memorable Christmas-day Guy and I dined with him, and he got beastly drunk on the sauce for the plum-pudding. We were young at the time, and it made a lasting impression upon us. Indeed, he was hardly the person to sit next at a prolonged dinner-party, first because he was unmistakably dirty, and—"

"Oh, Cyril!"

"Well, and why not? It is not impossible. Even Pops, it now appears, can be indifferent to the advantages to be derived from soap and water."

"Really, Cyril, I think you might choose a pleasanter subject upon which to converse," says Florence, with a disgusted curl of her short upper lip.

"I beg pardon all round, I'm sure," returns Cyril, meekly. "But Lillian should be blamed: she would investigate the matter; and I'm nothing, if not strictly truthful. He was a very dirty old man, I assure you, my dear Florence."

"Mrs. Boileau, however objectionable, seems to have been rather the best of the two: why did she marry him?" asks Lillian.

"Haven't the remotest idea, and even if I had, I should be afraid to answer any more of your pertinent questions," with an expressive nod in the direction of Florence.

"I can only say it was a very feeble proceeding on the part of such a capable person as Mrs. Boileau."

"Just 'another good woman gone wrong,'" suggests Taffy, mildly.

"Quite so," says Archibald, "though she adored him,—she said. Yet he died, some said of fever, others of—Mrs. Boileau; no attention was ever paid to the others. When he *did* droop and die she planted all sorts of lovely little flowers over his grave, and watered them with her tears for ever so long. Could affection go farther?"

"Horrible woman!" says Miss Chesney; "it only wanted that to finish my dislike to her. I hope when I am dead no one will plant flowers on my grave; the bare idea would make me turn in it."

"Then we won't do it," says Taffy, consolingly.

"I wish we had a few Indian customs in this country," says Cyril, languidly. "The Suttie was a capital institution. Think what a lot of objectionable widows we should have got rid of by this time; Mrs. Boileau, for instance."

"And Mrs. Arlington," puts in Florence, quietly. An unaccountable silence follows this speech. No one can exactly explain why, but every one knows something awkward has been said. Cyril outwardly is perhaps the least concerned of them all: as he bites languidly a little blade of green grass, a faint smile flickers at the corners of his lips. Lillian is distinctly angry.

"Poor Mrs. Boileau; all this is rather ill-natured, is it not?" asks Florence, gently, rising as though a dislike to the gossip going on around her compels her to return to the house. In reality it is a dislike to damp grass that urges her to flight.

"Shall I get you a chair, Florence?" asks Cyril, somewhat irrelevantly as it seems.

"Play, don't leave us, Miss Beauchamp," says Taffy. "If you will stay on we will

swear not to make any more ill-natured remarks about any one."

"Then I expect silence will reign supreme, and that the remainder of our conversation will be of the deadly-lively order," says Archibald; and, Cyril at this moment arriving with the offered chair, Miss Beauchamp is kindly pleased to remain.

As the evening declines, the midgets muster in great force. Cyril and Taffy, being in the humor for smoking,—and having cheroots,—are comparatively speaking happy: the others grow more and more secretly irritated every moment. Florence is making ladylike dabs at her forehead every two seconds with her cambric handkerchief, and is regretting keenly her folly in not retiring in-doors long ago. Midgets sting her and raise uninteresting little marks upon her face, thereby doing irreparable damage for the time being. The very thought of such a catastrophe fills her with horror. Her fair, plump hands are getting spoiled by these bloodthirsty little miscreants; this she notices with dismay, but is ignorant of the fact that a far worse misfortune is happening higher up. A tasteless midget has taken fancy to her nose, and has inflicted on it a serious bite; it is swelling visibly, and a swelled nose is not becoming, especially when it is set as nearly as nature will permit in the centre of a pale, high-bred, but expressionless face.

Ignorant, I say, of this crowning mishap, she goes on dabbing her brow gently, while all the others lie around her dabbing likewise.

At last Lillian loses all patience. "Oh! hang these midgets!" she says, naturally certainly, but rather too forcibly for the times we live in. The petulance of the soft tone, the expression used, makes them all laugh, except Miss Beauchamp, who, true to her training, maintains a demeanor of frigid disapproval, which has the pleasing effect of rendering the swelled nose more ludicrous than it was before.

"Have I said anything very bizarre?" demands Lillian, opening her eyes wide at their laughter. "Oh!—recollecting,—did I say 'hang them'? It is all Taffy's fault, he will use school-boy slang. Taffy you ought to be ashamed of yourself: don't you see how you have shocked Florence?"

"And no wonder," says Archibald, gravely: "you know we swore to her not to abuse anything for the remainder of this evening, not even these little winged tormentors, viciously squeezing half a dozen to death as she speaks."

"How are we going to the Grange to-morrow evening?" asks Taffy, presently.

The others have broken up and separated; Cyril and Archibald, at a little distance, are apparently convulsed with laughter over some shady story just being related by the former.

"I suppose," goes on Taffy, "as Lad Chetwoode won't come, we shall take the open traps, and not mind the carriage, the evenings are fine. Who is to drive who, is the question?"

"No; who is to drive poor little I, is the question. Sir Guy, will you?" asks Lillian, plaintively, prompted by some curious impulse, seeing him silent, handsome, moody in the background. A moment later she could have killed herself for putting the question to him.

"Guy always drives me," says Florence, calmly: "I never go with any one else, except in the carriage with Aunt Anne. I am nervous, and should be miserable with any one I could not quite trust. Careless driving terrifies me. But Guy is never careless," turning upon Chetwoode a face she fondly hopes is full of feeling, but which unfortunately is suggestive of nothing but a midget's bite. The nose is still the principal feature in it.

Placed in this awkward dilemma, Guy can only curse his fate and be silent. How can he tell Florence he does not care for her society, how explain to Lillian his wild desire for hers? He bites his moustache, and, with his eyes fixed gloomily upon the ground, maintains a disgusted silence. Truly luck is dead against him.

"Oh,—that indeed!" says Lillian, and, being a thorough woman, of course makes no allowance for his unhappy position. Evidently,—according to her view of the case,—from his silent acquiescence in Miss Beauchamp's plan, he likes it. No doubt it was all arranged between them early this morning; and she, to have so far forgotten herself as to ask him to drive her! Oh! it is intolerable!

"You are quite right," she says sweetly to Florence, even producing a smile for the occasion, as women will when their hearts are sorest. "There is nothing so depressing as nervousness when driving. Perhaps Archibald will take pity upon me. Archie!" calling out to him, "come here. I want you to do me a great favor,—with an enchanting smile. "Would it be putting you out dreadfully if I asked you to drive me to Mrs. Boileau's to-morrow evening?"—another smile still more enchanting.

"You really mean it?" asks Archibald, delighted, his dark face lighting, while Guy, looking on helplessly, almost groans aloud.

"You know how glad I shall be: I had no idea when I got up this morning such luck was in store for me. Dear Mrs. Boileau! if she could only guess how eager I am to start for her charming Grange!"

He says this in a laughing tone, but Chetwoode fully understands that, like the famous well, it has truth at the bottom of it.

"It grows late, does it not?" Florence says, rising gracefully. "I think we had better go in-doors. We have left Aunt Anne too long alone."

"Auntie is lying down. Her head is bad," says Lillian; "I was with her just before I came out, and she said she wished to be alone."

"Yes; she can't bear noise," remarks Florence, calmly but meaningly. "I must go and see how she is." There is the faintest suspicion of an emphasis upon the personal pronoun.

"That will be very kind of you, dear," says Miss Chesney, suavely. "And Florence—would you like anything to rub to your poor nose?—cold cream—or glycerine—or that; nurse has all those sorts of things, I'm sure." This is a small revenge of Lillian's, impossible to forego; while enjoying it she puts on the tenderest air of sympathetic concern, and carefully regards Miss Beauchamp's nose with raised brows of solicitude.

"My nose!" repeats Florence, reddening.

"Yes, dear. One of those unkind little insects has bitten it shamefully, and now it is all pink and swollen. Didn't you know it? I have been feeling so sorry for you for the last ten minutes. It is too bad,—is it not? I hardly think it will be well before dinner, and it is so disgusting." All this she utters in tones of the deepest commiseration.

Florence wisely makes no reply. She would have borne the tortures of the rack rather than exhibit any vehement temper before Guy; so she contents herself with casting a withering glance upon Lillian,—who receives it with the most *sans froid*,—and, putting her handkerchief up to the wounded member, sweeps into the house full of righteous indignation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE LATEST LONDON STREET DODGE.

Those who walk London streets must often notice vendors of cheap toys busily plying their trade, in spite of the law and the police.

These "Cheap Johns," on a small scale, are tolerated, although not countenanced by the authorities; for there naturally prevails a disinclination to interfere with an avocation that assumes the character of fair and open dealing, just as the sale of oranges or the business of any itinerant huckster, may be deemed; and the mere disposition to prefer that line to a downright dishonest one is of itself a plea for toleration, if not encouragement.

The consequence is, a regular business in the way of street-dealing, and some of its branches are amusing as they are questionable.

The barefaced trickery belonging to some of the "dodges" resorted to by these petty hawkers is almost past belief, because they are so stale. Gullibility seems a part of human nature.

There is one man who appears never to abandon the old deception of selling "plain gold wedding-rings" a penny each. This he tells his audience he has to do "for a bet."

The well-known story of "sovereigns a penny apiece" is still before the public. A man with unblushing effrontery assures his audience that he is commissioned to sell one hundred sovereigns for one hundred pence, to decide a wager, and he fears that he shall fail. He is not permitted, of course, to allow one of the coins to be examined; they must be taken from his hand as they are, and the lies roll out of his mouth with a volubility which nothing but long practice and utter unscrupulousness could bring about.

Then there are sellers who give you a marvellous number of articles for your money. The only wonder is how they can do so, until you get home and discover the utter worthlessness of the pretending trash you have bought.

Occasionally, however—because the production of a great number of one description of article enables the manufacturers to dispose of them at an exceedingly low price—you see some particular toy such as a bronze and pistol-shaped pop-gun, sold remarkably cheap. But these are not, strictly speaking, one of the "dodges" of the day.

Perhaps the smartest in the latter line is now before the public in the shape of a little, black, naked figure, which is offered to us for a half-penny. It is amusing to see how hundreds, nay thousands, of these ugly little dolls are disposed of.

Daily, in several of the principal City streets, may be seen one man if not two, offering for sale these effigies of nigger babies, seemingly composed of vulcanized india rubber—we say seemingly, because the vendor pulls their limbs about remorselessly, and their contortions do not injure their form in the least.

There is something funny in all this, and for one half-penny, too, but this is not all. That which makes them really interesting, and the spectator desirous of possessing them, is the sound which they appear to emit whenever the leg, arm, head, or body of either of them is pulled or distorted.

Elongating the arm of the little "nigger" the exhibitor says, "See how it hurts him," and you hear a squeak.

He pulls the leg, and there is another squeak in a different tone.

Again he puts the head between the legs, and giving it a merciless thump, you hear another shrill cry, and the audience laugh louder and louder when the vendor hangs the supposed squeaker against the face of the nearest boy, when the cry is shriller than ever.

You may feel ashamed to make a purchase in the street, but you cannot help wishing to do so. If you have sufficient moral courage, you take a copper from the corner of your pocket, and reaching over the heads of admiring juveniles, present it to the ingenious "professor," for he is no common lecturer. It is a penny, and you cannot refuse to "take a couple." But what have you got?

Upon examining your bargain you discover it to be nothing more than a hideous and unsavoury morsel of black glue, all sticky and voiceless, for no pulling, squeezing, or doubling up, will induce it to utter the feeblest sound.

Those "squeals" that so amused you came, not from the toy, but from the mouth or sleeve of the operator, and you are "done"—for a penny!

Very Applicable.

"Love your neighbor as yourself" is a command terribly difficult to apply to practical business or politics. The recent effort of some conspicuously pious men to seize for their own country's benefit a country which belongs to another race, points the moral of Herbert Spencer's assertion that what men believe they believe is very different from what they really do believe.

The actions of Americans in regard to Hawaii render these words of Spencer peculiarly interesting: "A society in which the most exalted principles of self-sacrifice for the benefit of neighbors are associated may be a society in which unscrupulous sacrifice of alien fellow creatures is not only tolerated but applauded. Along with professed anxiety to spread these exalted principles among heathens there may go the deliberate fastening of a quarrel upon them with a view to annexing their territory. Men who every Sunday have listened approvingly to injunctions carrying the regard for other people to an impracticable extent may yet line themselves out to slay, at the word of command, any people in any part of the world, utterly indifferent to the right or wrong of the matter fought about."

News has been received of the death of ex-Governor Hugh Nelson, of British Columbia, in London, England.

Sir Oliver Mowat and Mr. A. M. Ross, who was formerly Provincial Treasurer of Ontario, and Mr. L. O. Taillon, Premier of Quebec, were in Ottawa on Saturday to confer with Sir John Thompson on the approaching arbitration to settle the unsettled accounts between the Dominion and the provinces of Ontario and Quebec.