



By the courtesy of George Winans & Son, New York.

Advertisement for Castoria medicine, featuring a bottle illustration and text: 'SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA'.

put out—mad as Beelzebub. The boat has been all night in its meeserib sand-bar. The water is so low, I tote to Captain how 'twas he, but he says to Monsoon 'ca' make one las' trip. And here she now—stuck in sand like rat in trap, when we ought to be away down in Mission Bay to sun so hot, and now 'a' corpe on te boat—a feve corpe too—my God, it is bad!"

They were ready to fight over her walls, when she turned fully put herself in charge of one of them. In a few minutes she was seated in a pretty little room of the River House. A servant brought a pencil and a piece of paper, saying: "Your name, please, miss, for the clerk to register."

"Your name, please, miss, for the clerk to register." But before the name could be written there was an announcement:—"A lady to see you, miss."

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Bert will have a good time, but he won't. She likes people out by a pattern of her own. Shall we go down?"

Irma was trembling. To go down among them all, and be introduced as the girl she had been called only last night—to be received with kindness due to Amme Brazeele—it was a trying ordeal. But she must pass through it some time, as well to-night as to-morrow.

"This girl is better flitting material, eh, Cousin Bert?" said Miss Gray, wheeling round on the piano to face Irma. "Did I scare her?" asked Irma. "No, but she is a little bit. He was telling his fiancée of a case of pathetic distress brought under her eyes by his profession. He thought she was interested in it, and she had not been listening. But he was used to Fannie's moods.

"I hope you will feel at home, Amme," Mrs. Fontenoy said, smiling kindly, as she closed the door. Irma was left alone. She sunk on a chair in the midst of the pretty room with mountain pinks, matched by the carpet and toilet-set.

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her eyes and met John Fontenoy's look. It was full of deep interest, of subtle appreciation of the music and the feeling of the song. But it was Bert's aspersed praise as he bent over her that brought a flush to her cheeks.

"Will Miss Brazeele please play something that will give us an idea over her method?" It was Col. Fontenoy's formal voice. She looked up and saw his gaunt, spare form, his cold, grey eyes and prim, iron-grey side whiskers. She inwardly trembled on meeting that scrutinizing look. She half murmured a request to be excused, but, as she did so, Miss Gray's sweet, vocal, with its vibrating quaver, arrested her attention.

"This, my dear, is the new member of our household, Amme Brazeele, the daughter of my dearest friend." "It is now too late ever to undeceive me," a rush of emotion overpowered Irma, and she turned deathly pale. Mrs. Fontenoy did not notice it, but some one else did. A full string of same old same old, a strong, shaggy lady, bent over her and Dr. John's large, soft hand drew her trembling one through his arm.

"I shall not flirt with her at all," he said. She is not a woman to invite flirtation. Men are not expected to amuse them, and they are not to find amusement so spicy as being made love to. I simply do what they like best. It was true. He was so good-looking all women coveted his attentions. He had the credit of being a lady-killer; but he said himself, he had never made love with any girl, and had never been very wildly worshipped.

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Large advertisement for J. P. Ryley's undertaking and cabinet-making services. Text includes: 'OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY IS LARGER THAN EVER FLOWERS AND NEW GOODS', 'MISS MITCHELL'S Over A. Campbell's Store, Kent Street, Lindsay', 'VIC TORIA PLAINING MILL', 'I have just completed a DRY KILN, and am now prepared to furnish everything for house finishing in my line as cheap as the cheapest. Everything guaranteed right or no pay.', 'J. P. RYLEY. Telephone 122. -2010-11.', 'A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist, Lindsay.', 'Cheap FURNITURE GO TO ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY. Undertakers and Cabinet Makers Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.'

CHAPTER IV.

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