

# STRANGELY WEDDED.

A Thrilling Story of Romance and Adventure.

## CHAPTER I.

EDWARD, BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"We must all die, and not the old alone. The young have no exemption from that doom."

The chill of death reigned over the Bishop's house Episcopal Palace at Blankhampton, the awe of a great change had fallen over the old city. For on the previous day, Edward, by Divine Providence, Lord Bishop of the Diocese, had been carried to his last long home in the Cloisters of his Cathedral Church.

The townfolk had scarce as yet begun to wonder who would be the new Bishop. They were full of the quiet scholarly graces of the departed prelate—they had forgotten how often they had blamed him for not having been more prominent among them, for being so gentle, so full of humility and all those meek qualities which, as a kind of sop to our consciences, we make a point of attributing to Christ, and which almost universally we utterly despise in the man! Yes, they had forgotten all the irritations, the petty irritations of the past; their spiritual head, sanctified by great sufferings had become to them a dear saint in glory, whose blameless life among them would be a bright beacon to guide them on that dark road which we must all tread one day.

Perhaps there is no irony so caustic as the irony of events! A great spiritual lord was looming in the distance, not far distance, who would be in most things what the good folk of Blankhampton had wished in him who had just left them; a big heavy-jowled man of great dignity of bearing, ponderous and arrogant, a patron of Christianity rather than a servant of Christ; a man who would make a rule of being prominent among his people, who would be their superior in things of earth as well as in things of heaven, a man who would seldom try to be affable and if he did would invariably make all beholders wish fervently that he would not, a man of the world worldly, a Bishop of Society, not the society of his own See but that portion of the world which is called the "Upper Ten Thousand," and is commonly spelt with a capital S.

As yet, however, Blankhampton was untroubled by the personal attributes of Bishops still to come; it mourned him who was just gone, and over the Palace where he had held gentle sway during nearly fifteen happy and peaceful years there still hung the dim shadow of his departed presence, a cloud of mourning and woe.

It was not generally known that Bishop Trevor, as already they had begun to call him, had a very romantic history. The little world of Blankhampton knew that he had been called early to the dignity of the Bench, that he had married a lady of title immediately on his taking up his new office, a lady who had once been beautiful and young but who was then some five or six and thirty years old. They had seemed very happy together and after two years Lady Constance bore her lord a son, and in giving birth to the child her own meek and gentle life had slipped away.

The child flourished and thrived apace; the nurse who had charge of him was in time succeeded by a governess and the governess by a tutor, and when Jack Trevor was a little over twelve years old the Bishop, after many months of intense suffering, died, and no other mistress had ever come to take the place of the gentle middle-aged bride who had come home to the Palace nearly fifteen years before.

So much did Blankhampton know of the matter but no more. They did not know that many and many a year ago a son of the then Lord Trevor had married for love and in defiance of his father, and that their Bishop was the only child of that marriage—that he lived in poverty and educated his only son no one knew how; that Edward Trevor had won scholarships as a boy, had worked himself through a "Varsity" career without costing his father a penny beyond his modest tailor's bill, that he had worked from point to point, until he became head master of a great public school, and that as a young man he had met and worshipped her who afterwards became his wife, and dared not ask her to marry him, partly because he had his own parents to support in their old years and partly because Lady Constance's people were such as would not willingly hear of their loveliest daughter marrying into what for her position would be dire poverty.

Yet Lady Constance had given all her heart to the straight-limbed gentle-eyed young parson, who had never set eyes on the head of his house or seen the home of his ancestors, and one day or lordly lover after another went sadiy away with "no" for an answer, and all the best years of her life went by waiting for what she had no hope might ever come to pass. Dear, dear, what tender romances there are sometimes in lives that seem to the outer world both common-places and uneventful. It happened one fair June morning that Lady Constance had been driving with her mother. They had been to see her youngest married sister, they were all married except Constance—and my lady, the Countess, had been expatiating on the singularity of Constance remaining so long a spinster. "I cannot tell how it is, Connie," she said, "you must have been hard to please—Margaret will not compare with you for an instant and she never was half so agreeable or so sweet-tempered, and yet she is the Marchioness of Ormsby and you are Constance Gascoigne yet."

"I suppose I was hard to please, dear Mother," answered Lady Constance, smiling, softly as her heart flew to a great public school which she had never seen—where he ruled supreme.

"Not but that I should miss you dreadfully, Connie," my lady went on tenderly, "but I don't like to see Margaret's little airs and graces and—"

"Never mind, dear Mother," said the other smiling broadly now.

They reached home a moment later, a handsome house in Grosvenor Square, and a tall servant in livery came to meet them.

"There is a gentleman, my lady," he said—"the Bishop of Blankhampton—he asked for Lady Constance."

"I will go to him," said Lady Constance. "I daresay it is about the Home of Rest. You'll come, won't you, Mother?"

"Presently dear. Carry my books into the library, James."

The daughter went upstairs and the mother went into the library.

"Shall I lay another cover for lunch, my lady?" James enquired.

"I think not, James. We don't know the Bishop of Blankhampton."

"Pardon me, my lady," James answered, "but he has been here several times. He used to be Dr. Trevor."

"Dr. Trevor—?" and then her ladyship sat down and stared at the servant with all her eyes—"the Bishop of—? Really, James, you have surprised me. Certainly another cover must be laid. He will probably stay to luncheon."

And when she was left alone, Lady Gascoigne knew both past and present as clearly as if she had been Dr. Trevor himself—she knew why so many men who had loved her beautiful daughter had ridden away hopeless and disappointed, she saw it all plainly enough now and she went straight past the boudoir door to her own room and never put in an appearance until the lunch-bell rang.

Meantime Lady Constance had gone unsuspectingly to her visitor and found, instead of a portly old Bishop, an eager-eyed broad-shouldered man who held out two trembling hands and came to meet her with two eager words upon his lips—"My darling—my darling," and for answer Lady Constance went to him without any pretence of shyness, like a child to its mother.

"I did not know who it was," she said, with a gladdening in her voice.

And by and by when her ladyship came in, which she did with outstretched hand, Lady Constance cried, "Mother, you knew!"

"James told me," she answered, and then she looked rather hard at her daughter and held out her hand.

"I am so happy, Mother," Lady Constance whispered with a blush.

"Lady Gascoigne—?" began the Bishop, when she stopped him.

"You need say nothing—I see it all," she said. "You shall talk to Lord Gascoigne presently. Will you give me your arm down the stairs?"

It was not usual for them to go down with ceremony at that hour, and Lady Gascoigne never felt the need of an arm at any time, but during the few steps they took together, the Bishop understood that it was all right and that his new honours had made the way smooth and easy for him.

And the Bishop gave the intelligent James a couple of sovereigns before he left the house, to the further enlightenment of that functionary.

Well in due time they were married and the bride went down to Blankhampton. I do not know what the good folk there had expected or desired, but Lady Constance Trevor did not impress herself very much upon them. Perhaps she did not try to do so. Anyway, it is certain that when she slipped quietly out of life nobody seemed to think that an irreparable loss had fallen upon the Bishop—they thought it was a pity that the baby, poor little thing, had not gone too, and they made sure that the bereaved husband would marry again when the year was over, and if they did not say it, they most of them thought that it was to be hoped he would marry a more energetic woman next time.

But they knew nothing of a terrible hour when the gentle Bishop had knelt beside his dying wife's bed, when he had watched the life that was all the world to him, quickly ebbing away, "Conty, Conty,"—he had always called her Conty—"don't leave me—don't leave me," he cried.

"Dear Eddy," she answered, "I think I have to go—it was, oh! such a faint, faint voice—"But I'll wait in Heaven for you and—and—you'll have the child."

"I'll come as you leave me, Conty," cried the poor Bishop in an agony of grief, with the tears streaming down his face.

"That is in your hands, darling," she said tenderly.

It was soon over after that, and Blankhampton waited and waited for a new mistress to reign at the Palace, waited and waited in vain; no other woman ever came to supplant the love of his youth, the dear wife of his days of success, and Edward, Lord Bishop of Blankhampton, as he had promised went, when his time came, to seek his Conty in the other world, as she had left him in this one.

## CHAPTER II.

GIRL AND BOY.

"A boy's will is the wind's will."

Sunday came and went! An immense congregation gathered in the Parish—the Cathedral is familiarly called in Blankhampton—to do the last honours to the dead Bishop, and to listen to the address of eulogy which was given by the Dean.

In one corner of the Palace sat Lady Gascoigne—the Countess Dowager now—weeping copiously, as much out of genuine affection for him who was gone as of the painful remembrance of her dear lost daughter which the past week had brought back to her. And in the other corner—his accustomed place—sat young Gascoigne Trevor, more commonly known as "Jack."

That service was a terrible ordeal for the boy! He was only thirteen years old, and the part apportioned to the Palace was like the corresponding one belonging to the Deanery, so prominently placed that its occupants were the observed of all observers. Every sob that escaped his grandmother's lips tore his heart afresh with an agony that was almost past bearing. But on both sides he had come of a proud stock; he had inherited the blood which can go to the stake with a smile and will accept triumph or ruin without so much as the quiver of a single muscle. He could not keep back the tears which would force their way from under his unwilling eye-lids, but he would have died before he would have lifted a hand to wipe them away!

And when all was over he had to face the ordeal of passing down the crowded nave between the ranks of eager spectators, each one seeming more anxious than another to get a good look at the Countess and the Bishop's only son. What do you say, my Reader? That you don't believe that any one would linger at such a time to gaze at the fresh grief of the newly bereaved? Well, all I can say is that young Jack Trevor knew Blankhampton better than you do! He, poor boy, recalled clearly enough, the time two years before when the old Dean had died, when the people in their anxiety to miss nothing of such a rare show as three heart-broken girls, had not hesitated to

climb the three steps which led to the Deanery pew and hang on to the door so as to get a really satisfying look at the sobbing crape-shrouded figures still kneeling with their faces hidden in their hands!

So Jack knew well enough that there was no escape for him, and he gave his slight young arm to his grandmother and passed steadily through the throng of people, his face pale as death, his eyes dimmed with tears, yet with his head well up in air, a boy with the heart of a man!

The Bishop had left his son to the guardianship of his uncle, Lord Gascoigne, coupled with a wish that he should spend as much time with his grandmother, Lady Gascoigne, as that lady and Jack himself should wish.

"I should like him to be as much with you as possible," he had said to Lady Gascoigne the week before his death. "He is a good boy, very brave and truthful, and I don't think you will find him much trouble."

"Edward," said the old Countess steadily "Jack is the very light of my old age—my Connie's boy whom she hardly saw. As you say, he is brave and truthful; but if he were not—if he were horrid, as many boys of his age are, I would still carry out all your wishes if only out of my gratitude to you for having been the best of husbands to my girl and for never having put another woman in her place."

"I never thought of it," he said.

"But," persisted the old lady, "many men would have thought of it, most men would have thought of it, for after a wife like Connie, you must have been often lonely and wretched. Many a man would have married again because the empty life was too grievous to bear."

"I never thought of it," repeated the Bishop simply, and even then he did not tell her of that last sad promise he had made his Conty; that was a thing between him and her too sacred to repeat even to her mother.

Well, Lady Gascoigne and Jack went back to the Palace and tried to eat a miserable meal, which ended in the old Countess going off to her own room to keep quiet until time for the afternoon service at the Parish, and Jack forlorn and wretched, not liking to go to the stables, as was usual with him after luncheon on Sundays, found himself somehow walking slowly and aimlessly through the West Garden.

Now the West Garden was one of the prettiest bits about the Palace! Jack's mother had loved it, and the Bishop had been accustomed to spend many hours pacing slowly up and down its neatly-kept pathways thinking out his sermons and his addresses to the young—thinking often too of her who had so often walked there hand in hand with him. So Jack, hallowed by thoughts of him for whom his grief was yet fresh, found himself walking among the bright-hued flower beds towards the bank of the river. And as he walked a voice called to him softly.

"Jack!" it said—"Jack."

Jack Trevor quickened his footsteps as he heard it. "Is it you, Ethel?" he answered.

The garden at this point ended in a narrow shrubbery, which in its turn led into a strip of meadow-land which ran to the bank of the river. A little wooden gate led from this shrubbery to the meadow, and at this gate when Jack, reached it he found the owner of the voice standing.

"Oh! Jack dear," she cried, "I wanted so to see you—I did write. We are so sorry, Jack, so sorry all of us. And I was in the Parish this morning, Jack, and I cried all the time."

"Let's go and sit on the bank, Ethel," said Jack holding out his hand.

So together they went, Jack and his friend Ethel, and sat down on the river's bank in the bright August sunshine, and as Jack sat with his hand in hers—not because they were by way of being sweet-hearts or in the habit of showing endearments towards one another, but only and solely because Jack was in trouble—he began in some indefinite way to be comforted. His grandmother had tried with all her heart to comfort him, it is true, but with indifferent success, for every tear and sob that escaped her ladyship had only seemed to rive the heart of the boy more cruelly. Lady Gascoigne was big, and so—so sloppy, yes, I know it's a vulgar word, yet nothing else seems to express her so well. Her tears were so ready to flow, her tongue was incessant, her reminiscences agonising. Ethel was different, she was so gentle and so pretty, she had known the Bishop ever so much better than his mother-in-law had done. She mourned for him with all her true and tender childish heart, yet tears did not have the effect of flurrying his whole face as always happened with Lady Gascoigne—tears only made her eyes look like forget-me-nots after a shower of rain.

"Mother says, Jack," said Ethel presently, "that you will be going away from the Palace now."

"Yes, I am going to live with my grandmother," he answered.

"In London?"

"Yes."

"Will you never come back to Blankhampton again?"

"Oh! yes, some day." It was a subject on which just then Jack was very loth to enter; but if the very young are good comforters, sometimes they prove themselves unconscious inquisitors of the first degree. All unconsciously Ethel went on.

"When do you think, Jack?"

"I don't know. I shall come back when I have a chance. I should have had to go next month in any case."

"Yes," Ethel sighed—"Boys do have to go to school—but I missed you awfully last year; and I shall miss you now, I know."

"You will have Mary Bamfylde," he began.

"Yes—but Mary Bamfylde likes dolls," with contemptuous emphasis on the word, "and she screams if she sees a rat, and a wasp sends her out of her mind. She doesn't know how to bait a fish-hook nor climb a tree nor—nor anything!"

"Oh! well, Mary is a duffer, there's no doubt about it," Jack said in a tone of quiet conviction—"There's Dolly Tennant—she's no good, she's such a mean little thing; and there is Lucy Vivian, she isn't much better. Well really, Ethel, unless you can put up with the Lawrence's, I don't see what you will do."

"I can't bear the Lawrence's," cried Ethel.

"They'll be better than nothing," said Jack—"and when I get my holidays perhaps Mrs. Mordaunt will ask me to do an here—and I'll tell you what I'll do, Ethel, I'll ask Granny to invite you to stay with us in London or wherever we are."

"Will you, Jack? Oh! that will be lovely. I know Mother will ask you down here—I'll get her to ask Lady Gascoigne before she goes. I know she will."

"So in hushed yet eager voices, the two children laid their plans for the future, and presently a servant came in search of Ethel.

"Miss Ethel," he said, breaking in upon their talk—"the mistress has gone to get ready for service."

"Yes, I'll come in James, thank you." Ethel answered—she was a very polite little soul, whom the servants about the Cliffe worshipped. "Are you going to service, Jack?" she asked as James turned away.

"Oh! yes."

"Is Lady Gascoigne going?"

"Yes—at least I believe so."

Ethel pressed a little nearer to him. "Jack," she said in an awed voice—"Wasn't it awful this morning?"

Jack could not help shivering in spite of the bright sunshine which was streaming down upon them. "Yes, it was—horrible," he answered.

"People think it interesting to see any one in trouble," said Ethel, with unconscious irony—"and instead of looking the other way, as they ought to, they stare as if it was a peep-show."

"Yes," said Jack.

There was a moment's silence—already they were walking along the pathway running through the shrubbery which divided the Palace grounds from the gardens of the Cliffe, and as they reached the little gate through which James had just passed, Jack turned to his little friend. "Ethel," he said—"look here—I'm going to leave you my bull-pup."

The ready tears began to fill the child's lovely eyes. "Oh! Jack," she cried—then by a sudden impulse she flung her arms about him and held up her sweet little face to his. "Dear, dear Jack," she said—"but won't you want him dreadfully if for your self?"

"Yes, I daresay I shall," Jack answered with a boy's delightful candour—"but Crummies is very fond of you and he'll be happier down here than he would be in London."

"Jack," said Ethel, "I will take care of Crummies for ever."

If Jack Trevor had been ten years older he would have had a tender little remark to make then—"Happy Crummies" or something of that kind; as it was he rather roughly—for him—disengaged himself from the tender clasp of the clinging arms, and tore himself away with all a boy's aversion to anything approaching to a scene.

"Oh! I daresay Crummies won't mind, he'll get a very good time," he said gruffly, then went back to the Palace through the shrubbery and the West Garden, winking hard to keep the tears which would come into his eyes, from falling.

When he reached the house he found the carriage at the door and Lady Gascoigne just coming down the stairs, looking oh! so large and so hot in her voluminous craped-laden garments that the boy's heart fairly sank within him at the prospect of sitting through another service at the Parish.

However, happily the afternoon service at the Parish is not a very long one—just the evening and an anthem, and while his grandmother was settling herself in the carriage, Jack had time to run upstairs and dash some cold water into his wash-basin, into which he plunged his quivering face. A good rub with a rough towel made him look almost himself again, and in two minutes he had brushed his fair hair into a smooth wave across his head and was downstairs again.

And the Parish was fuller than it had been in the morning even; men and women were standing three deep in the broad centre aisle, and in groups about the corners of the stately old pews, and as soon as Lady Gascoigne and Jack were seated, a verger came to ask in an agonized whisper whether he might fill up the remaining stalls in their pew as usual? Lady Gascoigne assented, of course—she had a heavy crape veil behind which to hide her tears—and immediately three smart young soldiers were put between her and Jack. Jack was thankful. He knew them all, had seen them at his father's table several times and he knew that they would not stare at him unmercifully—three women would have done.

However, the service passed off better than might have been expected. Lady Gascoigne did not begin to weep until the anthem began; even then she only wept softly and noiselessly.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. And there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die; and their departure is taken for misery, but they are in peace."

Then followed Spenser's "Best are the departed," and then the congregation subsided into their seats while the offertory was collected. In less than ten minutes after that Jack was leading his grandmother through the crowd once more, and the dreadful day of public suffering was over.

Looking back in after years, Jack Trevor always declared that his real boyhood ended on that day, that he then became a man in reality although he had but the form of a boy. In truth at that time he was his grandmother's chief stay and comfort. And it was well that it was so; for her son, Lord Gascoigne, being laid up with a bad attack of gout, had not been able to go down to Blankhampton even for the funeral, and, necessarily, it was imperative for the executors to lose time in arranging the Bishop's affairs and in deciding which of his belongings were to be kept for his son and which were to be sold, as he had directed, by auction.

But at the end of a week Lady Gascoigne had arranged almost everything; had repacked the pretty modern furniture which the dead Bishop and Conty had bought from the stately suites of carved oak, black and shining with the polish of years, which belonged to the Palace, she had set aside all the most valuable of her daughter's wedding presents and all her jewellery, and these had been packed ready to be taken to her house in London. The horses were all delivered over to the tender mercies of a local dealer and were to be sold during the following week, with the exception of a particularly handsome grey colt which had been for several years a great favorite of the Bishop's and which Lady Gascoigne thought would be suitable for Jack to ride. And last but certainly not least, the evening before Jack and Lady Gascoigne were to leave the Palace, the boy went over to the Cliffe to take Crummies, the bull-pup to his new home and mistress.

"You know, Jack," said Ethel's mother, "I really don't think a bull-pup is quite the dog for a little girl of ten years old—but Ethel has set her heart upon Crummies so I suppose I must give in."

"Oh! yes, Mother," cried Ethel.

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Mordaunt," echoed Jack wistfully.

It was perhaps a little hard on him to fast

have his parting gift to his old playfellow and friend regarded in the light of a personal favour towards him rather than from him.

He had given Ethel his dearest possession, a bull-pup of the true Mastham strain, he had offered it after a fierce struggle with himself, and had with difficulty kept himself from going back on his word, giving as a pretext his doubt that Crummies would settle in a new home or the coachman's fear that the dog was not yet over the distemper. And then to have his precious pup received as if he were being given a grudging home out of charity to him and kindness to the giver! Well, it was hard, and that is where grown-up people are often so stupid and so unseeing. If Mrs. Mordaunt had realized the depth of unselfishness and nobility which had their home within young Jack Trevor's bosom, her line of action from that day would have been so different that this story probably could never have been written for the simple reason that it would not have been there to write. As it was she had yielded to Ethel's entreaties and understood nothing that was going on in the boy's heart. Ethel did, but at that moment Ethel hardly counted, Jack only knew that she was the pluckiest little chum he had ever had.

"He's a nice boy," said Mrs. Mordaunt to her husband a little later—"but really I am not altogether sorry that he is going away, although it is true that we shall never get such a neighbour as the dear Bishop again. But Ethel is getting as wild as a hawk, more like a boy than a girl."

"She might be worse," remarked Major Mordaunt, who had always been a great friend of Jack Trevor—"the boy is as honest as the day and as plucky as—"

"Oh! yes, yes," his wife broke in—"but there are other things to consider in a girl's training than those."

"Hm," muttered the Major—"I don't know so much about that—honesty and pluck make a very decent ground work—very decent, my dear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## OUR EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

A Valuable Opinion on Their Practical Utility.

Mr. Henry F. Moore, of the *Mark Lane Express*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *Farmers' Magazine* and agricultural writer for the *London Times*, the other day called upon the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa who subsequently conducted him to the experimental farm.

Speaking of his visit Mr. Moore said he was amazed at the extent and value of the improvements that had been made at the farm since he visited it two years ago.

"Then," he said, "it was as rough as a person would wish to see; to-day I found it had been brought to wonderful order and is now in such a good state of tith that in this respect as well as in general appearance it would be no discredit to the other model farms of England. There is, besides, some magnificent stock on the farm. There is bound to result from the establishment of these experimental farms an immense deal of good to the country. You will be able to test by experiments the most suitable kinds of new vegetables and cereals for this country, thus giving the farmers additional eyes and brains for the business in which they are engaged. The great benefit of experiments comes from the fact that they are made on the spot, for the lesson of experiment is only valuable when learned in the locality in which it is to be put in practice." Mr. Moore gave a number of reasons to support his belief in a higher price for wheat this season, among them the shortage of the American and European harvests and the failure of the potato crop in the British Islands. Speaking of the live cattle trade, he hoped, he said, that the people of Canada would be prepared to support the policy of the Government in maintaining the stringency of the regulations in regard to the admission of U. S. cattle. In no other way could the advantages now enjoyed by Canadian cattle exporters in England be maintained. The British farmers are favorable to the importation of Canadian cattle, which are landed alive and fattened on English pastures with the aid of English capital.

Asked if the substitution of Ladoga, or any earlier ripening variety of wheat, would depreciate the superior price now obtained for Manitoba wheat in England, Mr. Moore said not. Canadian wheat is valued for its hardness. That quality is not found in the same red fife wheat grown in England, but is given to it by the peculiar soil and climate conditions of the North-west country and of course any other variety would acquire in Manitoba that valuable quality of hardness, just as the red fife has done. The Ladoga, or a new variety—the Anglo-Canadian—the latter recently obtained in England by experiment, would attain under the conditions that obtain in Canada the hardness that makes your wheat invaluable to English millers since the introduction of the roller process.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Henry F. Moore, of the *Mark Lane Express*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *Farmers' Magazine* and agricultural writer for the *London Times*, the other day called upon the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa who subsequently conducted him to the experimental farm.

Speaking of his visit Mr. Moore said he was amazed at the extent and value of the improvements that had been made at the farm since he visited it two years ago.

"Then," he said, "it was as rough as a person would wish to see; to-day I found it had been brought to wonderful order and is now in such a good state of tith that in this respect as well as in general appearance it would be no discredit to the other model farms of England. There is, besides, some magnificent stock on the farm. There is bound to result from the establishment of these experimental farms an immense deal of good to the country. You will be able to test by experiments the most suitable kinds of new vegetables and cereals for this country, thus giving the farmers additional eyes and brains for the business in which they are engaged. The great benefit of experiments comes from the fact that they are made on the spot, for the lesson of experiment is only valuable when learned in the locality in which it is to be put in practice." Mr. Moore gave a number of reasons to support his belief in a higher price for wheat this season, among them the shortage of the American and European harvests and the failure of the potato crop in the British Islands. Speaking of the live cattle trade, he hoped, he said, that the people of Canada would be prepared to support the policy of the Government in maintaining the stringency of the regulations in regard to the admission of U. S. cattle. In no other way could the advantages now enjoyed by Canadian cattle exporters in England be maintained. The British farmers are favorable to the importation of Canadian cattle, which are landed alive and fattened on English pastures with the aid of