SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

"Home Sweet Home."

Old English Song.

Down the broad oak staircase—through the silent hall—into the drawing-room runs Lilian, singing as she goes.

The room is deserted; through the half-closed blinds the glad sunshine is rushing, turning to gold all on which its soft touch lingers, and rendering the large, dull, handsome apartment almost comfortable.

Outside everything is bright, and warm, and genial, as should be in the heart of summer; within there is only gloom,—and Lilian clad in her mourning robes. The contrast is dispiriting: there life, here death, or at least the knowledge of it. There joy, here the signs and trappings of woe.

The black grown and funereal trimmings hardly harmonize with the girl's flower-like face and the gay song that trembles on her lips. But, alas! how short a time does our first keen sorrow last! how swiftly are our dead forgotten! how seldom does grief kill! When eight long months have flown by across her father's grave Lilian finds, sometimes to her dismay, that the hours she grieves for him form but a short part of her day.

Not that her sorrow for him, even at its freshest, was very deep; it was of the subdued and horrified rather than the passionate, despairing kind. And though in truth she mourned and wept for him until her pretty eyes could hold no longer tears, still there was a mildness about her grief more suggestive of tender melancholy than any very poignant anguish.

From her the dead father could scarcely be more separated than had been the living. Naturally of a rather sedentary disposition, Archibald Chesney, on the death of the wife whom he adored, had become that most uninteresting and selfish of all things, a confirmed bookworm. He went in for study, of the abtuse and heavy order, with an ardor worthy of a better cause. His library was virtually his home; he had neither affections nor desires beyond. Devoting himself exclusively to his books, he suffered them to take entire possession of what he called his heart.

At times he absolutely forgot the existence of his little three-year-old daughter; and if ever the remembrance of her did cross his mind it was but to think of her as an incubus,—as another misfortune heaped upon his luckless shoulders,—and to wonder, with a sigh, what he was to do with her in the future.

The child deprived of a tender mother at so early an age, was flung, therefore, upon the tender mercies of her nurses, who alternately petted and injudiciously reproved her, untill at length she bade fair to be as utterly spoiled as a child can be.

She had one companion, a boy-cousin about a year older than herself. He too was lonely and orphaned, so that the two children, making common cause, clung closely to each other, and shared, both in infancy and in early youth, their joys and sorrows. The Park had been the boy's home ever since his parents' death, Mr. Chesney accepting him as his ward, but never afterwards troubling himself about his welfare. Indeed, he had no objection whatever to fill the Park with relations, so long as they left him undisturbed to follow his own devices.

Not that the education of these children was neglected. They had all tuition that was necessary; and Lilian, having a talent for music, learned to sing and play the piano very charmingly. She could ride, too, and sit her horse *a merveille*, and had a passion for reading,—perhaps inherited. But, as novels were her principal literature, and as she had no one to regulate her choice of them, it is a matter of opinion whether she derived much benefit from them. At least she received little harm, as at seventeen she was as fresh-minded and pure-hearted a child as one might care to know.

The County, knowing her to be an heiress,—though not a large one,—called systematically on her every three months. Twice she had been taken to a ball by an enterprising mother with a large family of unpromising sons. But as she reached her eighteenth year her father died, and her old home, the Park, being strictly entailed on heirs male, passed from her into the hands of a distant cousin utterly unknown. This young man, another Archibald Chesney, was abroad at the time of his kinsman's death,—in Egypt, or Hong-Kong, or Jamaica,—no one exactly knew which—until after much search he was finally discovered to be in Halifax.

From thence he had written to the effect that, as he probably should not return to his native land for another six months, he hoped his cousin (if it pleased her) would continue to reside at the Park—where all the old servants were to be kept on—until his return.

It did please his cousin; and in her old home she still reigned as queen, until after eight months she received a letter from her father's lawyer warning her of Archibald Chesney's actual arrival in London.

This letter failed in its object. Lilian either would not or could not bring herself to name the day that should part her forever from all the old haunts and pleasant nooks she loved so well. She was not brave enough to take "Bradshaw" and look up the earliest train that ought to convey her away from the Park. Indeed, so utterly wanting in decency and decorum did she appear at this particular epoch of her existence that the heart of her only aunt—her father's sister—was stirred to its depths. So much so that, after mature deliberation (for old people as well as great ones moved slowly), she finally packed up the venerable hair trunk that had seen the rise and fall of several monarchs, and marched all the way from Edinburgh to this Midland English shire, to try what firm expostulation could do in the matter of bringing her niece to see the error of her ways.

For a whole week it did very little.

Lilian was independent in more ways than one. She had considerable spirit and five hundred pounds a year in her own right. Not only did she object to leave the Park, but she regarded with horror the prospect of going to reside with the guardians appointed to receive her by her father. Not that this idea need have filled her with dismay. Sir Guy Chetwoode, the actual guardian, was a young man not likely to trouble himself overmuch about any ward; while his mother, Lady Chetwoode, was that most gracious of all things, a beautiful and lovable old lady.

Why Mr. Chesney had chosen so young a man to look after his daughter's interests must forever remain a mystery,—perhaps because he happened to be the oldest son of his oldest friend, long since dead. Sir Guy accepted the charge because he thought it uncivil to refuse, and chiefly because he believed it likely Miss Chesney would marry before her father's death. But events proved the fallacy of human thought. When Archibald Chesney's demise appeared in the "Times" Sir Guy made a little face and took meekly a good deal of "chaffing" at his brother's hands; while Lady Chesney sat down and, with a faint sinking at her heart, wrote a kindly letter to the orphan, offering her a home at Chetwoode. To this letter Lilian had sent a polite reply, thanking "dear Lady Chetwoode" for her kindness, and telling her she had no intention of quitting the Park just at present. Later on she would be only too happy to accept, etc., etc.

Now, however, standing in her own drawing-room, Lilian feels, with a pang, the game is almost played out; she must leave. Aunt Priscilla's arguments, detestable though they be, are unhappily quite unanswerable. To her own heart she confesses this much, and the little gay French song dies on her lips, and the smile fades from her eyes, and a very dejected and forlorn expression comes and grows upon her pretty face.

It is more than pretty, it is lovely,—the fair, sweet childish face, framed in by its yellow hair; her great velvety eyes, now misty through vain longing, are blue as the skies above her; her nose is pure Greek; her forehead low, but broad, is partly shrouded by little wandering threads of gold that every now and then break loose from bondage, while her lashes, long and dark, curl upward from her eyes, as though hating to conceal the beauty of the exquisite azure within.

She is not tall, and she is very slender, but not lean. She is wilful, quick-tempered, and impetuous, but large-hearted and lovable. There is a certain haughtiness about her that contrasts curiously but pleasantly with her youthful expression and laughing kissable mouth. She is straight and lissome as a young ash-tree; her hands and feet are small and well shaped; in a word, she is *chic* from the crown of her fair head down to her little arched instep.

Just now, perhaps, as she hears the honest sound of her aunt's footstep in the hall, a slight pout takes possession of her lips and a flickering frown adorns her brow. Aunt Priscilla is coming and Aunt Priscilla brings victory in her train, and it is not every one can accept defeat with grace.

She hastily pulls up one of the blinds; and as old Miss Chesney opens the door and advances up to the room, young Miss Chesney rather turns her shoulder to her and stares moodily out of the window. But Aunt Priscilla is not to be daunted.

"Well, Lilian," she says, in a hopeful tone, and with an amount of faith admirable under the circumstances, "I trust you have been thinking it over favorably, and that——"

"Thinking what over?" asks Lilian; which interruption is a mean subterfuge.

"——And that the night has induced you to see your situation in its proper light."

"You speak as though I were the under-housemaid," says Lilian, with a faint sense of humor. "And yet the word suits me. Surely there never yet was such a situation as mine. I wish my horrid cousin had been drowned in——No, Aunt Priscilla, the night has not reformed me. On the contrary, it has demoralized me, through a dream. I dreamt I went to Chetwoode, and, lo! the very first night I slept beneath its roof the ceiling in my room gave way, and, falling, crushed me to fine powder. After such a ghastly warning do you still advise me to pack up and be off? If you do," says Lilian, solemnly, "my blood be on your head."

"Dreams go by contraries," quotes Miss Priscilla, sententiously. "I don't believe in them. Besides, from all I have heard of the Chetwoodes they are far too well regulated a family to have anything amiss with their ceilings."

"Oh, how you do add fuel to the fire that is consuming me!" exclaims Lilian, with a groan. "A well-regulated family!—what can be more awful? Ever since I have been old enough to reason I have looked with righteous horror upon a well-regulated family. Aunt Priscilla, if you don't change your tune I vow and protest I shall decide upon remaing here until my cousin takes me by the shoulders and places me upon the gravel outside."

"I thought, Lilian," says her aunt, severely, "you promised me yesterday to think seriously of what I have now been saying to you for a whole week without cessation."

"Well, so I am thinking," with a sigh. "It is the amount of thinking I have been doing for a whole week without cessation that is gradually turning my hair gray."

"It would be all very well," says Miss Priscilla, impatiently, "if I could remain with you; but I cannot. I must return to my duties." These duties consisted of persecuting poor little children every Sunday by compelling them to attend her Scriptural class (so she called it) and answer such questions from the Old Testament as would drive any experienced divinity student out of his mind; and on weekdays of causing much sorrow (and more bad language) to be disseminated among the women of the district by reason of her lectures on their dirt. "And your cousin is in London, and naturally will wish to take possession in person."

"How I wish poor papa had left the Park to me!" says Lilian, discontentedly, and somewhat irrelevantly.

"My dear child, I have explained to you at least a dozen times that such a gift was not in his power. It goes—that is the Park—to a male heir, and——"

"Yes, I know," petulantly. "Well, then, I wish it had been in his power to leave it to me."

"And how about writing to Lady Chetwoode?" says Aunt Priscilla, giving up the argument in despair. (She is a wise woman.) "The sooner you do so, the better."

"I hate strangers," says Lilian, mournfully. "They make me unhappy. Why can't I remain where I am? George or Archibald, or whatever his name is, might just as well let me have a room here. I'm sure the place is large enough. He need not grudge me one or two apartments. The left wing, for instance."

"Lilian," says Miss Chesney, rising from her chair, "how old are you! Is it possible that at eighteen you have yet to learn the meaning of the word 'propriety'? You—a young girl—to remain here alone with a young man!"

"He need never see me," says Lilian, quite unmoved by this burst of eloquence. "I should take very good care of that, as I know I shall detest him."

"I decline to listen to you," says Miss Priscilla, raising her hands to her ears. "You must be lost to all sense of decorum even to imagine such a thing. You and he in one house, how should you avoid meeting?"

"Well, even if we did meet," says Lilian, with a small rippling laugh impossible to quell, "I dare say he wouldn't bite me."

"No,"—sternly,—"he would probably do worse. He would make love to you. Some instinct warns me," says Miss Priscilla, with the liveliest horror, gazing upon the exquisite, glowing face before her, "that within five days he would be making violent love to you."

"You strengthen my desire to stay," says Lilian, somewhat frivolously. "I should so like to say 'No' to him!"

"Lilian, you make me shudder," says Miss Priscilla, earnestly. "When I was your age, even younger, I had a full sense of the horror of allowing any man to mention my name lightly. I kept all men at arm's length. I suffered no jesting or foolish talking from them. And mark the result," says Miss Chesney with pride. "I defy any one to say a word of me but what is admirable and replete with modesty."

"Did any one ever propose to you, auntie?" asks Miss Lilian, with a naughty laugh.

"Certainly. I had many offers," replies Miss Priscilla, promptly,—which is one of the few lies she allows herself: "I was persecuted by suitors in my younger days; but I refused them all. And if you will take my advice, Lilian," says this virgin, with much solemnity, "you will never, never put yourself into the clutches of a man." She utters this last word as though she would have said a tiger, or a serpent, or anything else ruthless and bloodthirsty. "But all this is beside the question."

"It is, rather," says Lilian, demurely. But, suddenly brightening, "Between my dismal dreaming last night I thought of another plan."

"Another!" with open dismay.

"Yes,"—triumphantly,—"it occurred to me that this bugbear my cousin might go abroad again. Like the Wandering Jew, he is always travelling; and who knows but he may take a fancy to visit the South Pole, or discover the Northwestern Passage or go with Jules Verne to the centre of the earth? If so why should not I remain here and keep house for him? What can be simpler?"

"Nothing,"—tritely—"but unfortunately he is not going abroad again."

"No! How do you know that?"

"Through Mr. Shrude, the solicitor."

"Ah!" said Lilian, in a despairing tone, "how unhappy I am! Though I might have known that wretched young man would be the first to do what is his palpable duty." There is a pause. Lilian's head sinks upon her hand; dejection shows itself in every feature. She sighs so heavily that Miss Priscilla's spirits rise and she assures herself the game is won. Rash hope.

Suddenly Lilian's countenance clears; she raises her head, and a faint smile appears within her eyes.

"Aunt Priscilla, I have yet another plan," she says, cheerfully.

"Oh, my dear, I do hope not," says poor Miss Chesney, almost on the verge of tears.

"Yes, and it emanated from you. Supposing I were to remain here, and he did fall in love with me, and married me: what then? Would not that solve the difficulty? Once the ceremony was performed he might go prying about all over the known globe for all I should care. I should have my dear Park. I declare," says Lilian, waxing valiant, "had he but one eye, or did he appear before me with a wooden leg (which I hold to be the most contemptible of all things), nothing should induce me to refuse him under the circumstances."

"And are you going to throw yourself upon your cousin's generosity and actually ask him to take pity on you and make you his wife? Lilian, I fancied you had some pride," says Miss Chesney, gravely.

"So I have," says Lilian, with a repentant sigh. "How I wish I hadn't! No, I suppose it wouldn't do to marry him in that way, no matter how badly I treated him afterwards to make up for it. Well, my last hope is dead."

"And a good thing too. Now, had you not better sit down and write to Lady Chetwoode or your guardian naming an early day for going to them? Though what your father could have meant by selecting so young a man as guardian is more than I can imagine."

"Because he wished me to live with Lady Chetwoode, who was evidently an old flame; and because Sir Guy, from all I hear, is a sort of Admirable Crichton,—something as prosy as the Heir of Redclyffe, as dull as Sir Galahad. A goody-goody old-young man. For my part, I would have perferred a hoary-headed gentleman, with just a little spice of wickedness about him."

"Lilian, don't be flippant," in a tone of horror. "I tremble when I reflect on the dangers that must attend your unbridled tongue."

"Well, but, Aunt Priscilla,"—plaintively,—"one doesn't relish the thought of spending day after day with a man who will think it his duty to find fault every time I give way to my sentiments, and probably grow pale with disgust whenever I laugh aloud. Shan't I lead him a life!" says the younger Miss Chesney, viciously, tapping the back of one small hand vigorously against the palm of the other. "With the hope of giving that young man something to cavil at, I shall sustain myself."

"Child," says Miss Priscilla, "let me recommend a course of severe study to you as the best means of subduing your evil inclinations."

"I shall take your advice," says the incorrigible Lilian; "I shall study Sir Guy, I expect that will be the severest course of study I have ever undergone."

"Get your, paper and write," says Miss Priscilla, who against her will is smiling grimly.

"I suppose, indeed, I must," says Lilian, seating herself at her davenport with all the airs of a finished martyr. "'Needs must,' you know, Aunt Priscilla. I dare say you recollect the rest of that rather vulgar proverb. I shall seal my fate this instant by writing to Lady Chetwoode. But oh!" turning on her chair to regard her aunt with an expression of the keenest reproach, "how I wish you had not called them a 'well-regulated family!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Girls Should Learn to Cook.

Girls should learn to cook. They should take good instructive lessons from their mothers, grandmothers, or some other relative who knows so well how to make those good and digestable chicken pies, apple floats, codfish balls, etc., which tempt the palate and set well on the stomach.

In fact it is a matter of effrontery on the part of a girl to marry a man and take charge of his house and kitchen and be ignorant of the culinary art.

Why there are some girls who cannot even cook a beef steak so that it will be palatable. The mere action of throwing it into a frying pan and letting it sizzle till it becomes brown does not cook it. It requires some skill in its preparation and superintendency while it is cooking to make it so that it can be eaten with a relish. This skill however is obtained by practic and too many girls begin to practice, after they are married and the poor man who has sworn to love and protect them, through the anguish of dyspepsia and indigestion is apt to forget his vows.

The fact is that men do not think enough of this. Most men marry without giving the woman's ability to cook a meal, a single thought.

However for this short-sightedness he often pays the penalty. His health, cheerfulness and success in life largely depend upon the food he eats and the whole household is influenced by the diet.

It is not often that women become pale and sickly through housework if a reasonable amount of out door walks and exercise is taken. It is sedentary habits, over heated rooms, bad cooking and illy chosen food that brings on disease. So do not be afraid, girls, that you will get sick learning to cook, but try to emulate our mothers who prided themselves on their housework and edible food,

Breakfast in the Nursery.

The change from milk diet to solid food for an infant must be very gradual, and should be carefully studied.

For breakfast, at seven o'clock, the following diet is recommended by eminent specialists for children.

One or two cups of warm milk, a slice of well-baked bread one day old, good butter, and a lightly boiled egg, or one of the cereals, oatmeal preferably.

To boil an egg to suit a child's digestion, it must be put on in cold water and taken off as soon as the water boils. The yolks of one or two, twice a week, should be the allowance.

Oatmeal or wheat should be used alternately upon the other days.

A preparation of oatmeal is now manufactured that is without husks, and it is desirable for very young children.

If, however, it cannot be obtained, the ordinary kind must be strained after boiling. Dr. Louis Starr says, in his little work called "Hygiene of the Nursery," that this can be done best by using a piece of mosquito netting.

The oatmeal must be boiled thoroughly, in a double boiler, for at least three-quarters of an hour. Add salt just before using. The proportions are usually given with each preparation.

If, however, the porridge is too thick, add a little hot water and beat lightly with a silver fork.

Wheaten grits must be soaked over night, and should be boiled very slowly, in a double boiler, for at least four hours. It is convenient to do this the day before it is to be used; it can be warmed easily, and it improves by the second heating.

Poached eggs may be used occasionally, rejecting the white, however, for very young children.

It requires skill to poach an egg perfectly. It should come out of the water looking like a white puffy ball, as if it had been rolled over and over in the boiling water. This can only be done by having the water well-salted. Do not be afraid to put in a large spoonful of salt, as that is the secret of keeping the eggs in good shape.

Put on the cover the instant the eggs are in, and let the water boil up once, when they will be done just enough for easy digestion.

The juice of a sweet orange, a ripe apple scraped with a silver knife or spoon, or a baked apple, with sugar and cream, may be used as a fruit course.

Peel and core the apples carefully pour a cup of cold water over them, sprinkle thickly with sugar, cover closely and bake until tender in a moderate oven.

If carefully done, they should be juicy and soft as jelly. Fruit that has no seeds, carefully stewed, is also advisable, and is generally very much relished by the little ones.

It should be remembered that orange juice, stewed prunes, and pears, are decidedly laxative; oatmeal has also this tendency.

Wheat preparations can be used when for any special reason oatmeal is not desirable.

Diet allowable for dinner and supper will be discussed in a later article.

For the Cooks.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of sugar; three-fourths cup of butter; boil together two minutes. When cool add a heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. a little ginger and enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

BAKED APPLES.—To retain the highest flavor it is not advisable to remove either the skin or core of an apple; indeed, the concentrated flavor of a good apple is found at the core and next the skin. The apples should be washed, the blossom end of each removed, then placed in a bright dripping-pan which is used for no other purpose, half a cup of water allowed for six apples and put in the bottom of the pan and a little sugar sprinkled over the top. The oven should not be too hot or they will burst before they are cooked through. A large crockery dish is still better than a pan, and if covered at first with a crockery pie-plate to allow the apples to steam for fifteen minutes will ensure their being cooked evenly.

OAT-MEAL LAYER PUDDING.—In a deep dish put a layer of oatmeal of moderate thickness, and then put in a layer of almost any fruit or berries, or peach sauce; sprinkle sugar over it and add small pieces of butter here and there, then put on a layer of oatmeal, pour one-half cupful of cream over it and bake about an hour. This is nice either warm or cold with sugar and cream. I desired the layers may be thin and more than one layer of the fruit or berries used.

MARBLE CAKE.—One cup molasses, two cups flour, one-half cup butter, one-third of a cup of sweet milk, yolks of three eggs, one even tea-spoon soda, cinnamon and cloves to taste.

White part: One-half cup of butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one cup sugar, two cups of flour, whites of three eggs, one-half teaspoon of soda, one heaping teaspoon cream tartar. Put the cake in the pan with a spoon alternating the dark and light, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash the beets and bake a long time; they will be sweeter than if boiled. When done remove the skin, slice and season with butter, pepper and salt.

CABBAGE DRESSING.—Scald a cupful of vinegar and add a small tablespoonful of butter; when removed from the fire add two well-beaten eggs. Cut the cabbage fine, season with pepper and salt, and pour the dressing on while hot, then set it away to cool before serving.

FOAMING PUDDING SAUCE.—Warm and beat one-half cupful of butter to a cream, add to this a cupful of powdered sugar and beat. Then add a teaspoonful of vanilla or two tablespoonfuls of fruit juice.

LEMON PIE, No. 1.—Three good-sized crackers rolled, not fine. Dissolve one-fourth teaspoonful of citric acid and three tablespoonfuls of sugar in one-half pint of cold water and pour over the crackers. Let it stand half an hour and pour it into the crust, which should be short, and grate over it a little lemon peel. Cover with a top crust and bake, or use only one crust and cover with a frosting.

LEMON PIE, No. 2.—Six crackers, one-half teaspoonful of citric acid, one-half pint water. Proceed as in the former receipt, add one cupful of molasses and stir all together, with one-half cup of raisins, one-half cup of currants, a pinch of salt and some grated lemon peel. Bake with two crusts. Citric acid and grated lemon peel may be used in almost any receipt where the grated rind and juice of a lemon are called for; a very little experience teaches one how much of either to use. For a pudding sauce try this:

LEMON SAUCE.—Boil one cup of sugar with two cups of hot water five min tes. Add to this three teaspoonfuls of cold water and citric acid the size of a couple of peas. Boil ten minutes longer and then add grated lemon peel and one tablespoonful of butter. Sour sauce should never be made in a tin dish but in procelain or agate iron-ware.

ODDS AND ENDS.

India-rubber ships are talked of.

Arizona is as large as Great Britain and Ireland combined.

A hotel with 6,124 rooms is reported to be the latest creation among Chicago's enterprises auxiliary to the World's Fair.

An old country drink used for hoarseness and roughness of the throat is blackberry juice diluted with boiling water.

A Meriden, Conn., cutlery factory has just finished a wonderful toy—a perfect pocket-knife with thirty blades, pinchers, shears, awls, etc., weighing but one-eighth of an ounce.

A man who lived near Leavenworth, Kas., is claimed to have gulped down twenty-one glasses of whisky in rapid succession a few days ago, and died within a quarter of an hour.

There is still burning in India a sacred fire that was lighted by the Parsees twelve centuries ago. The fire is fed with sandal and other fragrant woods, and is replenished five times a day.

Astronomers tell us that if the sun were a hollow globe, with our little earth at its centre, there would be room for the moon 240,000 miles away, and for another moon 190,000 miles beyond the first.

The smallest screws in the world are used in the production of watches. The fourth jewel wheel screw has 260 threads to the inch, these threads being 4-1000 of an inch in diameter. The screws are too small to count, but it has been estimated that the thimble of an ordinary woman will hold 10,000 of them.

Encouraging news from the West comes with every day. The crop has been a good one, and it is on its way to the seaboard and thence to the markets of the world. The Fort William *Journal* says:—"The shipments of wheat from the North-West have never been as large as this autumn. The C. P. R. is running the grain to the seaboard as never before in its history; a thousand car loads a week seem to those unacquainted with the facts to be almost an exaggeration, but such is the positive truth. There are larger gangs of men employed in all the departments of the C. P. R. than ever before since its construction, and it is safe to predict that as the years come and go, the increase will continue in a greater ratio than in the past. Already the mammoth elevators are being filled to such a degree, that the knowing ones among the employees positively affirm that long before navigation closes, store room will be in great demand, in fact be an absolute need, so that it would not be a marvel if a sudden surprise should be sprung upon us any day in the way of a layout for that contemplated elevator that is going to beat the world. Come it will, if not this autumn, in another year."

It is not alone immigrants that we want, but desirable citizens that we are after. It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that we hear that the Interior Department at Ottawa has been informed by Rev. James Buchanan, Presbyterian minister at Innisfail, on the line of the Calgary and Edmonton railway, that arrangements have been completed for bringing out to the Territories next spring 50 families of the Vaudois of the higher Alps. This will be the first batch of immigrants to locate in Canada from that particular section of Europe. A better class of settlers than the Vaudois it would be difficult to find. Driven by religious persecution from France into the valleys of the Alps, they have prospered in adversity until they are now looked upon as one of the most flourishing peoples on the continent of Europe. The Vaudois have become particularly expert in dairying, and will doubtless find settlement in the Canadian North-west congenial to them.