

# SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"This much, however, I may add: her years were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs; but there are forms which Time to touch forbears."

And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things, —  
—Don Juan.  
Next day creates but little change in Lillian's demeanor. So far as Guy is concerned, her manner is still frozen and unrelenting. She shows no sign of a desire to pardon, and Chetwoode noting this grows hardened, and out-herods Herod in his imitation of her coldness.

Archibald, on the contrary, gives in almost directly. Finding it impossible to maintain his injured bearing beyond luncheon, he succumbs, and, throwing himself upon her mercy, is graciously received and once more basks in the full smiles of beauty. At heart Lillian is glad to welcome him back, and is genial and sweet to him as though no ugly contretemps had occurred between them yesterday.

Mabel Steyne being expected in the evening, Lady Chetwoode is especially happy, and takes no heed of minor matters, or else her eldest son's distraction would surely have claimed her attention. But Mabel's coming is an event, and a happy one, and at half-past seven, pleased and complacent, Lady Chetwoode is seated in her drawing-room, awaiting her arrival. Lillian and Florence are with her, and one or two of the others, Guy among them. Indeed, Mrs. Steyne's coming is a gratification the more charming that it is a rarity, as she seldom visits the country, being strongly addicted to city pursuits and holding country life and ruralism generally in abhorrence.

Just before dinner she arrives; there is a little flutter in the hall, a few words, a few steps, and then the door is thrown open, and a young woman, tall, with dark eyes and hair, a nose slightly celestial, and a very handsome figure, enters. She walks swiftly up the room with the grand and upright carriage that belong to her, and is followed by a tall, fair man, indolent though good to look at, with a straw-colored moustache, and as much whisker as one might swear by.

"Dear auntie, I have come!" says Mrs. Steyne, joyfully, which is a fact so obvious as to make the telling of it superfluous.

"Mabel, my dear, how glad I am to see you!" exclaims Lady Chetwoode, rising and holding out her arms to her. A pretty pink flush comes to life in the old woman's cheeks, making her appearance years younger, and adding a thousand charms to her sweet old face.

They kiss each other warmly, the younger woman with tender empressment.

"It is kind of you to say so," she says, fondly. "And you, auntie—why, bless me, how young you look! it is disgraceful. Presently I shall be the auntie, and you the young and lovely Lady Chetwoods. Darling auntie, I am delighted to be with you again!"

"How do you do, Tom?" Lady Chetwoode says, putting her a little to one side to welcome her husband, but still holding her hand. "I do hope you two have come to stay a long time in the country."

"Yes, until after Christmas, so you will have time to grow heartily sick of us," says Mrs. Steyne. "Ah, Florence."

She and Florence press cheeks sympathetically, as though no evil passages belonging to the past have ever occurred between them. And then Lady Chetwoode introduces Lillian.

"This is Lillian," she says, drawing her forward. "I have often written to you about her."

"My supplanter," remarks Mabel Steyne, turning with a smile that lights up all her handsome features. As she looks at Lillian, fair and soft and pretty, the rather insouciant expression that has grown upon her own during her encounter with Florence fades, and once more she becomes her own gay self. "I hope you will prove a better companion to auntie than I was," she says, with a merry laugh, taking and pressing Lillian's hand. Lillian instinctively returns the pressure and the laugh. There is something wonderfully fetching in Mrs. Steyne's dark, brilliant eyes.

"She is the best of children!" Lady Chetwoode says, patting Lillian's shoulder; "though indeed, my dear Mabel, I saw no fault in you."

"Of course not. Have you noticed, Miss Chesney, Lady Chetwoode's great failing? It is that she will not see a fault in any one."

"She never mentioned your faults, at all events," Lillian answers, smiling.

"I hope your baby is quite well?" Florence asks, calmly, who is far too well-bred ever to forget her manners.

"The darling child,—yes,—I hope she is well," Lady Chetwoode says, hastily; feeling as though she had been guilty of unkindness in not asking for the baby before. Miss Beauchamp possesses to perfection that most unhappy knack of placing people in the wrong position.

"Quite, thank you," answering Lady Chetwoode instead of Florence, while a little fond glance that is usually reserved for the nursery creeps into her expressive eyes. "If you admired her before, you will quite love her now. She has grown so big and fat, and has such dear little sunny curls all over her head!"

"I like fair babies," says Lillian.

"Because you are a fair baby yourself," says Cyril.

"She can say Mammy and Pappy quite distinctly, and I have taught her to say Auntie very sweetly," goes on Mrs. Steyne, wrapt in recollections of her offspring's genius. "She can say 'cake' too, and—and that is all, I think."

"You forget, Mabel, don't you?" asks her husband, languidly. "You underrate the child's abilities. The other day when she was in a frenzy because I would not allow her to pull out my moustache in handfuls she said—"

"She was never in a frenzy, Tom," indignantly: "I wonder how you can say so of the dear angel."

"Was she not? If you say so of course I was mistaken, but at the time I firmly believed it was temper. At all events, Lady Chetwoode, on that momentous occasion she said, 'Nanna warragood,' without a mistake. She is a wonderful child!"

"Don't pay any attention to him, auntie," with a contemptuous shrug. "He is himself quite idiotic about baby, so much so that he is ashamed of his infatuation. I

shall bring her here some day to let you see her."

"You must name the day. Would next Monday suit you?"

"You needn't press the point," Tom Steyne says warningly: "but for me, the child and its nurse would be in the room at this moment. Mab and I had a stand-up fight about it in the hall just before starting, and it was only after a good deal of calm though firm expostulation I carried the day. I represented to her that as a rule babies are not invited out to dine at eight o'clock at night, and that children of her age are generally more attractive to their mothers than to any one else."

"Barbarian!" says Lady Chetwoode. "How have you been getting on in London, Mab," asks Cyril. "Made any new conquests?"

"Several," replies Tom; "though I think on the whole she is going off. She did not make up her usual number this season. She has, however, on her list two nice boys in the F.O., and an infant in the Guards. She is rather unhappy about them, as she cannot make up her mind which it is she likes best."

"Wrong Tom. Yesterday I made it up. I like the 'infant' best. But what really saddens me is that I am by no means sure he likes me best. He is terribly fond of Tom, and I sometimes fear thinks him the better fellow of the two."

"At this moment the door opens and Taffy comes in.

"Why! Here is my 'infant,'" exclaims Mabel, surprised. "Dear Mr. Musgrave, I had no idea I should meet you here."

"My dear Mrs. Steyne! I had no idea such luck was in store for me. I am so glad to see you again! Lillian, why didn't you break it to me? Joyful surprises are sometimes dangerous."

"I thought you knew. We have been discussing 'Mabel's' coming," with a shy smile, "all the past month."

"But how could I possibly guess that the 'Mabel' who was occupying everybody's thoughts could be my Mrs. Steyne?"

"Ours!" murmurs Tom, faintly.

"Yes, mine," says Taffy, who is not troubled with overmuch shyness.

"Mr. Musgrave is your cousin?" Mabel asks, turning to Lillian.

"No, I am her son," says Taffy; "you wouldn't think it—would you? She is a good deal older than she looks, but she gets herself up wonderfully. She is not a bad mother," reflectively, "when one comes to think of it."

"I dare say if you spoke the truth you would confess her your guardian angel," says Mabel, letting a kindly glance fall on pretty Lillian. "She takes care of you, no doubt."

"And such care," answers Lillian; but for me I do believe Taffy would have gone to the bad long ago."

"Taffy! what a curious name. So quaint,—and pretty too, I think. May I, with a quick irrefragable glance, that is half fun, half natural coquetry, "call you Taffy?"

"You may call me anything you like," returns that young gentleman, with the utmost bonhomie.

"Call me Daphne, call me Chloris, Call me Laisae, or Dorris, Only—only—call me thine!"

"It is really mortifying that I can't," says Mrs. Steyne, while she and the others all laugh.

"Sir," says Tom Steyne, "I would have you remember the lady you are addressing is my wife."

Says Taffy, reproachfully,—"Do you think I don't remember it,—to my sorrow?"

They have got down to dinner and as far as the fish by this time, so are all feeling friendly and good-natured.

"Tell you what you'll do, Mab," says Guy. "You shall come over here next week to stay with us, and bring baby and nurse with you,—and Tom, whether he likes it or not. We can give him as much good shooting as will cure him of his laziness."

"Yes, Mabel, indeed you must," breaks in Lady Chetwoode's gentle voice. "I want to see that dear child very badly, and how can I notice all her pretty ways unless she stays in the house with me?"

"Say yes, Mrs. Steyne," entreats Taffy: "I shall die of grief if you refuse."

"Oh, that! Yes, auntie, I shall come, thank you, if only to preserve Mr.—Taffy's life. But indeed I shall be delighted to get back to the dear old home for a while: it is so dull at Steynemore all by ourselves."

"Thank you, darling," says Tom, meekly.

After dinner Mrs. Steyne, who has taken a fancy to Lillian, seats herself beside her in the drawing-room and chatters to her unceasingly of all things known and unknown. Guy coming in later with the other men, sinks into a chair near Mabel, and with Miss Beauchamp's Fanchette upon his knee employs himself in stroking it and answering Mabel's numerous questions. He hardly looks at Lillian, and certainly never addresses her, in which he shows his wisdom.

"You forget the flowers," says Lillian, triumphantly.

"No, my dear; experience has taught me I can purchase them cheaper and far finer than I can grow them for myself. I am a skeptic, I know," smiling. "I will not try to convert you to my opinion."

"Certainly I can see advantages to be gained from a town life," says Lillian, thoughtfully, leaning her elbow on a small table near her, and letting her chin sink into her little pink palm. "One has a larger circle of acquaintances. Here everything is narrowed. One lives in the house with a certain number of persons, and, whether one likes them or the reverse, one must put up with them. There is no escape. Yes,—with an audible and thoroughly meant sigh,—"that is very sad."

This little ungracious speech, though uttered in the most innocent tone, goes home (as is intended) to Guy's heart. He conceals, however, all chagrin, and pulls the ears of the sleepy snow-ball he is caressing with an air of calmest unconcern.

"You mention a fact," says Mrs. Steyne, the faintest inflection of surprise in her manner. "But you, at least, can know nothing of such misery. Chetwoode is famous for his agreeable people, and you,—you appear first favorite here. For the last hour I have been listening, and I have heard only Lillian, look at this, or Lillian, listen to that, or 'Lillian child, what was it you told me yesterday?' You seem a great pet with every one here."

Lillian laughs.

"Not with every one," she says. "No?"—raising her straight dark brows. "Is there then an enemy in the camp? Not Cyril, surely?"

"Oh, no, not Cyril."

"Guy?"

Lillian is silent. Guy's face, as he still strokes the dog dreamily, has grown haughty in the extreme. He, like Mabel, awaits her answer.

"What?" says Mrs. Steyne, in an amused tone, evidently treating the whole matter as a mere jest. "So you are not a pet with Guy? How horrible! I cannot believe it. Surely Guy is not so ungrateful as to have conceived a dislike for you? Guy, do you hear this awful charge she is bringing against you? Won't you refute it? Dear boy, how stern you look!"

"Do I? I was thinking of something disagreeable."

"Of me?" puts in Lillian, *sotto voce*, with a faint laugh tinged with bitterness. "Why should you think what I say so extraordinary? Did you ever know a guardian like his ward, or a ward like her guardian? I didn't—especially the latter. They always find each other such a mistake!"

Sir Guy, raising his head, looks full at Lillian for a moment; his expression is almost impossible to translate; then, getting up, he crosses the room deliberately and seats himself beside Florence, who welcomes him with one of her conventional smiles that now has something like warmth in it.

"I think you are a very cruel little girl," says Mrs. Steyne, gently, not looking at Lillian, and then turns the conversation into another channel.

"You will stay in the country until after Christmas?" says Lillian, somewhat hastily.

"Yes; something has gone wrong with our steward's accounts, and Tom is dissatisfied with him. So he has been dismissed, and we shall stay on here until we please ourselves with another."

"I am glad you live so near. Three miles is only a walk, after all."

"In cold weather a mere nothing, though for my own part I am not addicted to exercise of any sort: I believe, however, Steynemore's proximity to Chetwoode was one of my chief reasons for marrying Tom."

"I am glad of any reason that made you do so. If you won't mind my saying it, I will tell you I like you very much,"—with a slight blush.

"I am very charmed to hear it," says Mrs. Steyne, heartily, whose liking for Lillian has grown steadily. "I should be much disappointed if you didn't. I foresee we shall be great friends, and that you and auntie will make me fall quite in love with Tom's native soil. But"—naively—"you must not be unkind to poor Guy!"

## CHAPTER XX.

"Or,—is't possible that on so little acquaintance You should like her? that, but seeing, You should love her?"—As You Like It.

Four weeks have flown by swiftly, with ungracious haste,—as do all our happiest moments, leaving their marks behind them. In their train Taffy has passed away from Chetwoode, and all in the house have mourned his departure openly and sincerely. Miss Chesney for two whole days was inconsolable, and cried her pretty eyes very nearly out; after which she recovered, and allowed herself to find consolation in the thought that he has promised to return to them for a fortnight at Christmas-tide.

"Summer was dead, and Autumn was expiring, And infant winter laughed upon the land All cloudlessly and cold."

The men spend half their time wondering if it will be a good hunting-season, the women are wrapt in delicious dreams of fur and velvet.

At the Cottage all the roses have fluttered into their grave, but in their place a sweeter flower has bloomed. Cecilia's eyes have grown brighter, gladder, her step firmer, her cheek richer in the tint that rivals the peach. In her calm home she has but one thought, one hope, and that is Cyril. She has forbidden him to mention their engagement to Lady Chetwoode, so as yet the sweet secret is all their own.

Florence has gained a bona fide admirer, Mr. Boer—after much deliberation—having, for private reasons, decided in favor of Miss Beauchamp and her fifteen thousand pounds. But not for Mr. Boer, however well connected, or however fondly cherished by a rich and aged uncle, can Miss Beauchamp bring herself to resign all hope of Guy and Chetwoode.

At Steynemore, Mabel and her baby are laughing the happy hours away; though, to speak more accurately, it is at Chetwoode most of them are spent. At least every second week they drive over there, to find their rooms ready, and stay on well content to talk and crow at "auntie," until the handsome head of that dearest of old ladies is fairly turned.

Lillian has of course gone over heart and mind to Miss Steyne, who rewards her affection by practising upon her the most ingenious tortures. With a craftiness terrible in one so young, she bides her opportunity and then pulls down all her friend's golden hair; at other times she makes frantic efforts at gouging out her eyes, tries to cut her eye-teeth upon her slender fingers, and other-

wise does all in her power to tear her limb from limb. She also appears to find infinite amusement in scrambling up and down Miss Chesney's unhappy knees, to the detriment of that dainty lady's very dainty gowns, and show symptoms of fight when she refuses to consume all such uninviting remnants of cakes and bonbons as lie heavy on her hands.

Altogether Lillian has a lively time of it with Mabel's heifer, who, nevertheless, by right of her sweet witcheries and tender baby tricks, has gained a fast hold upon her heart.

But if Baby knows a slave in Lillian, Lillian knows a slave in some one else. Up to this Archibald has found it impossible to tear himself away from her loved presence; though ever since that fatal day at the Grange he has never dared to speak openly to her of his attachment. Day by day his passion grows stronger, although with every wind her manner towards him seems to vary,—now kind, to-morrow cold, anon so full of treacherous fancies and disdainful glances as to make him wonder whether in truth it is hatred and not love that fills his heart to overflowing. She is

"One of those pretty, precious plagues, which haunt

A lover with caprices soft and dear. That like to make a quarrel when they can't. Find one, each day of the delightful year; Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow. And—what is worst of all—won't let you go."

Between her and Guy a silent truce has been signed. They now converse with apparent geniality; at times they appear, to outsiders, even to affect each other's society; secretly they still regard each other with distrust, and to them alone is known the frailty of the coating that lies over their late hostility.

It is three o'clock, and the day for a wonder is fine, all the past week having been sullen and full of a desire to rain. Now the clouds having disappeared, and the blue sky dotted with tiny flakes of foam-like vapor is overhead. The air is crispy, and, though cold, full of life and invigorating power.

"I shall go for a walk," says Lillian, appearing suddenly in the billiard-room, looking like a little northern fairy, so encased is she in velvet and dark fur. Upon her yellow hair is resting the most coquettish of fur caps, from beneath which her face smiles fairer and fresher for its rich surroundings. The two men she addresses look up, and let the honest admiration they feel for her betray itself in their eyes.

Outside the window, seated on the sill, which is some little distance from the ground, is Archibald, smoking. Archibald, as a rule, is always smoking. Inside is Guy, also indulging in a cigar, and disputing volubly about some knotty point connected with guns or cartridges, or the proper size of shot to be used for particular birds. I cannot remember exactly what; I do remember, however, that the argument completely falls through when Lillian makes her appearance.

"Were there ever such lazy men?" says Miss Lillian, scornfully. "Did all the shooting with Tom Steyne last week do you up so completely? I warned you, if you will be pleased to recollect, that there wasn't much work in you. Well, I am going to the wood. Who will come with me?"

"I will," say Guy and Archibald, in a breath. And then ensues a pause.

"Embarrass de richesses," says Miss Chesney, with a gay laugh and a slight elevation of her brows. "You shouldn't all speak at once. Now which shall I choose?" Then, impelled by the spirit of mischief that always possesses her when in her guardian's presence, she says, "It would be a shame to take you out, Sir Guy, would it not? You seem so cozy here,"—glancing at the fire,—while Archibald is evidently bent on exercise."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Women and the Marriage Proposal.

That prolific and versatile essayist and sociologist Labouchere has recently thrown out the suggestion that no more progressive and advantageous step could be taken by woman toward her political and social aggrandizement than by wresting from man the privilege he has arrogated to himself of making the marriage proposal. The suggestion is apparently made in good faith and its discussion is free from any obvious spirit of ribaldry. It is an interesting if not entirely novel proposition. It is founded on the desirability of marriage as a means of promoting the welfare of society, and to this extent it is well founded. Mr. Labouchere believes that if this change were brought about fewer people would remain unmarried. While he does not say so in words he evidently assumes that woman, being naturally weaker and more dependent, has more to gain by marriage than has man. He deems it unjust that in proceedings where her interests are paramount her prerogative should be limited to the power of veto.

He advances the argument that if man were deprived of the right of proposal he would be thrown more on his good behavior in order to induce the woman to propose. But is Mr. Labouchere quite sure that he has considered the subject in all its essentials? The proposition of marriage under the social conditions of many civilized countries, notably English and America, is the culmination of a more or less extended and intimate acquaintance and association usually involving attentions and obligations on the part of the man which might be neither convenient nor agreeable for the woman to assume. How far would her assumption of these be necessary were she invested with the right that Mr. Labouchere proposes in her behalf? Invitations to balls, to the theater, and the opera, are familiar incidents of a protracted courtship. Ordinarily these social indulgences carry with them the expenditure of money. If the man shall not take the initiative in the marriage proposal shall he take it in the amenities that lead up to and suggest such a proposal? If yes, how long shall he keep it up and how shall he determine whether or not the lady intends to pop the question? He would under such a system be forced to inaugurate a campaign which he will have no power to bring to a crisis. If the lady is to lead off in these expensive preliminaries and do the inviting herself shall she foot the bills? If not, then she will be under the embarrassing necessity of attesting her regard for her lover by reducing his bank account—the bigger the reduction the stronger the regard. This is a grave question, Mr. Labouchere, and before it is finally disposed of this one point must be permanently settled: Who is going to pay for the ice cream?

The use of hypnotism as a help to medicine is growing rapidly.

## THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

### An Old Settler Describes its Advantages.

Under the auspices of the Northwest Council and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, a number of gentlemen are now in Ontario for the purpose of giving information in reference to that great country. One of these is Rev. William Bee, who is very well known in these parts. Mr. Bee was for many years a minister of the Primitive Methodist Church, chiefly on circuits in the vicinity of Toronto, and was for twelve years the missionary secretary and book steward of that church. Since about the time of Methodist union he has been connected with Northwest enterprises—chiefly the old Primitive Methodist colony, in the well known and fertile Qu'Appelle district. He has been a great deal in the country from the time it first began to be settled, has watched its growth from the time there was scarcely a settler in it, has paid close attention to the methods of new settlers in the country, and in view of his lengthened experience in the country may be supposed to have a good knowledge of it.

Mr. Bee says that it is true that during the first settlement in the country, and in the boom times, many people went there with unreasonable expectations of making their fortunes in a few years, and returning to their old homes wealthy people. This is an expectation which is not to be realized in the farming line in any country, but people have now settled down to a reasonable and normal state, and are satisfied with a more gradual and healthy improvement in their circumstances. Good practical farmers are generally doing well, and even many who knew little about farming before going there, but were observant and impressionable, are succeeding surprisingly well. Mr. Bee thinks that though many people who do not know the Northwest suppose that things have been said which are too glowing, those who do know the country believe it would be difficult to give a too glowing picture. As a country for mixed farming it cannot be surpassed. Its soil for richness is all that it has been represented to be. If there is any fault to be found with it at all it may be that for the time being it is that in some cases it is too rich.

As to the amount of labor required of a farmer there, Mr. Bee says that any person who has had experience in Ontario will know that to bring 100 acres under cultivation there does not require one-tenth the amount of work as here, and when brought under cultivation the land does not require nearly so much working. He knows land which has not been plowed for three years, and yet has produced a fine crop of oats every year. He refers to land which he knows has had but one plowing, the first breaking of two inches deep, and which in a year of light crops yielded between 20 and 30 bushels to the acre.

Mr. Bee says that what appears to concern Ontario people most, and which they ask the most doubtful questions about, is the climate of the Northwest, especially in winter, but that a person who has experienced a winter in both places will only smile at such fears. The fact is that, taken as a whole, the Northwest winter is preferable, just as an Ontario person might surprise English people by telling them that the winter in his country is preferable to theirs. The fact is that with a clear sky and the sun shining it is often exceedingly pleasant, although the thermometer indicates 20 degrees below zero.

"But what about it when it goes to 50 degrees below?" the reverend gentleman was asked.

"Well, it is seldom that it goes so low? but even then that is equal to about 25 or 30 degrees below in Ontario, and we know very well it is often as low as that here. The sleet snow storms—half rain and half snow—here, and, as is often the case, succeeded by a hard frost at night, are a great deal more unpleasant to people and trying on cattle than the worst weather in the Northwest. There is a deal of difference between cattle being covered with wet snow and then frozen on them and shaking off the dry snow which falls on them in the Northwest and remaining as dry as if nothing had been on them. He knows of cattle in the colony referred to, which were out all last winter, were as good and looked as well or better in the spring than those that were stabled. Of course, they had bluffs to run into for shelter, which they could not have in the open prairie."

"But they should be healthy people when they go there?"

"So people say, and doubtless healthy people might be expected to do better there or anywhere else than others. Still, if our Ontario medical men knew the facts in reference to that country, instead of sending their convalescent patients away south they would tell them to go to our country, and if they did so, in perhaps nine cases out of ten they would be greatly improved. The dry, bracing atmosphere would put new life and vigor into them."

A discovery of 500 letters supposed to have been written by Voltaire has been made at Geneva.

Early in the season it was announced by the Minister of Militia and Gen. Herbert that if possible the Martini rifle would be used in the rifle league competitions. It is now found, owing to the number of applications for Martinis, that this will be impossible, as there are not enough in stock to supply the demand. For instance, one corps alone applies for 75, and the total applications run up into thousands. It is, therefore, decided that the Snider rifle will have to be used this year. The Martini will of course, be used exclusively for the Dominion Rifle Association matches in September. In this connection it may be mentioned that General Herbert's idea is to replace the Snider in the hands of the militia, not with the ordinary Martini, but with the new rifle known as the Martini Metford.

Electricity is now used in traction, in illumination, in telegraphy, submarine and terrene, in engineering, in medicine and surgery, in agriculture, horticulture, and floriculture, in many kinds of mechanism, in manufacturing, in heating, in cooking, and in yet other service. There are thousands of miles of electric railway; a new electric ship is nearly completed at one of our Pacific ports; and we have a promise of a new kind of electrical balloon. This is the electrical age, as well as the age of steam. We cannot put any limit to the uses of electricity. There may be other agencies of nature yet undiscovered that will hereafter be serviceable to mankind. It is likely that there will be great times in this merry old world within the next thousand years.