SIR GUYS' WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

There is a second's pause, and then Lilian, walking across the room, goes out, and bangs the door with much unnecessary violence behind her.

"Dear me?" exclaims Florence, affectedly, when she has recovered from the shock her delicate nerves have sustained through the abrupt closing of the door. "How vehement dear Lilian is! There is nothing so ruinous to one's manners as being brought up without the companionship of well-bred women. The loss of it makes a girl so—so—hoydenish, and——"

"I don't think Lilian hoydenish," interrupts Guy, who is in the humor to quarrel with his shadow,—especially strange as it may seem, with any one who may chance to speak ill of the small shrew who had just flown like a whirlwind from the room.

"No?" says Miss Beauchamp, sweetly. "Perhaps you are right. As a rule,"—with an admiring glance, so deftly thrown as to make one regret it should be so utterly flung away,—"you always are. It may be only natural spirits, but if so,"—blandly,—"don't you think she has a great deal of natural spirits?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," says Sir Guy. As he answers he looks at her, and tells himself he hates all her pink and white fairness, her dull brown locks, her duller eyes, and more, much more than all, her large and fleshy nose. "Has she?" he says, in a tone that augurs ill for any one who may have the hardihood to carry on the conversation.

"I think she has," says Florence, innocently, a little to such of doggedness running beneath the innocence. "But, oh, Guy, is that Aunt Anne's favorite cup? the Dresden she so much prizes? I know it cost any amount of money. Who broke it?"

"I did," returns Guy, shortly, unblushingly, and, moving away from her, quits the room.

Going up the staircase, he pauses idly at a window that overlooks the avenue to watch Archibald disappearing up the drive in the dog-cart. Even as he watches him, vaguely, and without the least interest in his movements,—his entire thoughts being preoccupied with another object,—lo! that object emerges from under the lime-trees, and makes a light gesture that brings Chesney to a full stop.

Throwing the reins to the groom, he springs to the ground, and for some time the two cousins converse earnestly. Then Guy, who is now regarding them with eager attention, sees Chesney help Lilian into the trap, take his seat beside her, and drive away up the avenue, past the huge laurustinus, under the elms, and out of sight.

A slight pang shoots across Guy's heart. Where are they going, those two? "I shall never return:"—her foolish words, that he so honestly considers foolish, come back to him now clearly, and, with a strange persistency that troubles him, repeat themselves over and over again.

Chesney is going to London, but where is Lilian going? The child's lovely, angry face rises up before him, full of a keen reproach. What was she saying to Archibald just now, in that quick vehement fashion of hers? was she upbraiding her guardian, or was she——? If Chesney had asked her then to take any immediate steps towards the fulfilling of her threat, would she, would she——?

Bah! he draws himself up with a shiver, and smiles contemptuously at the absurdity of his own fears, assuring himself she will certainly be home to dinner.

But dinner comes, and yet no Lilian! Lady Chetwoode has been obliged to give in an hour ago to one of her severest headaches, and now lies prone upon her bed, so that Miss Beauchamp and Guy perforce prepare to partake of that meal alone.

Florence is resplendent in cream-color and blue, which doesn't suit her in the least, though it is a pretty gown, one of the prettiest in her wardrobe, and has been donned by her to-night for Guy's special delectation, finding a tete-a-tete upon the cards.

Chetwoode regards her with feverish anxiety as she enters the drawing-room, hoping to hear some mention made of the absent Lilian; but in this hope he is disappointed. She might never have been a guest at Chetwoode, so little notice does Miss Beauchamp take of her non-appearance.

She says something amiable about "Aunt Anne's" headache, suggests a new pill as an unfailing cure for "that sort of thing," and then eats her dinner placidly, quietly, and, with a careful kindness that not one of the dishes shall fell slighted by her preference for another, patronizes all alike, without missing any. It is indeed a matter for wonder and secret admiration how Miss Beauchamp can so slowly, and with such a total absence of any appearance of gluttony, get through so much in so short a space of time. She has evidently a perfect talent for concealing any amount of viands without seeming to do so, which it must be admitted, is a great charm.

To-night I fear Guy scarcely sees the beauty of it. He is conscious of feeling disgust and a very passion of impatience. Does she not notice Lilian's absence? Will she never speak of it? A strange fear lest she should express ignorance of his ward's whereabouts ties his own tongue. But she, she does, she must know, and presently no doubt will tell him.

How much more of that cream is she going to eat! Surely when the servants go she will say something. Now she has nearly done: thank the stars the last bit has disappeared! She is going to lay down her spoon and acknowledge herself satisfied.

"I think, Guy, I will take a little more, very little, please. This new cook seems quite satisfactory," says Florence, in her slow, even, self-congratulatory way.

A naughty exclamation trembles on Sir Guy's lips: by a supreme effort he supresses it, and gives her the smallest help of the desired cream that decency will permit. After which he motions silently though peremptorily to one of the men to remove all the dishes, lest by any chance his cousin should be tempted to try the cream a third time.

His own dinner has gone away literally untasted. A terrible misgiving is consuming him. Lilian's words are still ringing and surging in his brain,—"I shall never return." He recalls all her hastiness, her impulsive ways, her hot temper. What if, in a moment of pride and rage, she should have really gone with her cousin! If—it is impossible! ridiculously, utterly impossible! Yet his blood grows cold in spite of his would-be disbelief; a sickening shiver runs through his veins even while he tells himself he is a fool even to imagine such a thing. And yet, where is she?

"I suppose Lilian is at Mabel Steyne's," says Miss Beauchamp, calmly, having demolished the last bit on her plate with a deep sigh.

"Is she?" asks Guy, in a tone half stifled. As he speaks he stoops as though to pick up an imaginery napkin.

"Your napkin is here," says Florence, in an uncompromising voice: "don't you see it?" pointing to where it rests on the edge of the table. "Lilian, then,"—with a scrutinizing glance,—"did not tell you where she was going?"

"No. There is no reason why she should."

"Well, I think there is," with a low, perfectly ladylike, but extremely irritating laugh: "for one thing, her silence has cost you your dinner. I am sorry I did not relieve your mind by telling you before. But I could not possibly guess her absence could afflict you so severely. She said something this morning about going to see Mabel."

"I dare say," quietly.

The minutes drag. Miss Beauchamp gets through an unlimited quantity of dried fruit, and two particularly fine pears, in no time. She is looking longingly at a third, when Guy rises impatiently.

"If she is at Mabel's I suppose I had better go and bring her home," he says, glancing at the clock. "It is a quarter to nine."

"I really do not think you need trouble yourself," speaking warmly for her: "Mabel is sure to send her home in good time, if she is there!" she says this slowly, meaningly, and marks how he winces and changes color at her words. "Then think how cold the night is!" with a comfortable shiver and a glance at the leaping fire.

"Of course she is at Steynemore," says Guy, hastily.

"I would not be too sure: Lilian's movements are always uncertain; one never quite knows what she is going to to do next. Really,"—with a repetition of her unpleasant laugh,—"when I saw her stepping into the dog-cart with her cousin today, I said to myself that I should not at all wonder if——"

"What?" sternly, turning full upon her a pale face and flashing eyes. Miss Beauchamp's pluck alway melts under Guy's anger.

"Nothing," sullenly; "nothing at least that can concern you. I was merely hurrying on in my own mind a marriage that must eventually come off. The idea was absurd, of course, as any woman would prefer a fashionable wedding to all the inconvenience attendant on a runaway match."

"You mean——"

"I mean"—complacently—"Lilian's marriage with her cousin."

"You speak"—biting his lips to maintain his composure—"as though it was all arranged."

"And is it not?" with well-affected surprise. "I should have thought you, as her guardian, would have known all about it. Perhaps I speak prematurely; but one must be blind indeed not to see how matters are between them. Do sit down, Guy: it fidgets one to see you so undecided. Of course if Lilian is at Steynemore she is quite safe."

"Still she may be expecting some one to go for her."

"I think, if so, she would have told you she was going," dryly.

"Tom hates sending his horses out at night," says Guy,—which is a weak remark, Tom Steyne being far too indolent a man to make a point of hating anything.

"Does he?" with calm surprise, and a prolonged scrutiny of her cousin's face. "I fancied him the most careless of men on that particular subject. Before he was married he used to drive over here night after night, and not care in the least how long he kept the wretched animals standing in the cold."

"But that was when he was making love to Mabel. A man in love will commit any crime."

"Oh, no; long before that."

"Perhaps, then, it was when he was making love to you," with a slight smile.

This is a sore point.

"I don't remember that time," says Miss Beauchamp, with perfect calmness but a suspicious indrawing of her rather meagre lips. "If some one must go out to-night, Guy, why not send Thomas?"

"Because I prefer going myself," replies he quietly.

Passing through the hall on his way to the door, he catches up a heavy plaid that happens to be lying there on a side-couch, and, springing into the open trap outside, drives away quickly under the pale cold rays of the moon.

He has refused to take any of the servants with him, and so, alone with his thoughts, follows the road that leads to Steynemore.

They are not pleasant thoughts. Being only a man, he has accepted Miss Beauchamp's pretended doubts about Lilian's safety as real, and almost persuades himself his present journey will bear him only bitter disappointment. As to what he is going to do if Lilian has not been seen at Steynemore, that is a matter on which he refuses to speculate. Drawing near the house, his suspense and fear grow almost beyond bounds. Dismounting at the hall-door, which stands partly open he flings the reins to Jericho, and, going into the hall, turns in the direction of the drawing-room.

While he stands without, trying to summon courage to enter boldly, and literally trembling with suppressed anxiety, a low, soft laugh breaks upon his ear. As he hears it, the blood rushes to his face; involuntarily he raises his hand to his throat, and then (and only then) quite realizes how awful has been the terror that for four long hours has been consuming him.

The next instant, cold and collected, he turns the handle of the door, and goes in.

Upon a low seat opposite Mabel Steyne sits Lilian, evidently in the gayest spirits. No shadow of depression, no thought of all the mental agony he has been enduring, mars the brightness of her *mignonne* face. She is laughing. Her lustrous azure eyes are turned upwards to her friend, who is laughing also in apparent appreciation of her guest's jest; her parted lips make merry dimples in her cheeks; her whole face is full of soft lines of amusement.

As Guy comes in, Mabell rises with a little exclamation, and goes towards him with outstretched hands.

"Why, Guy!" she says, "good boy! Have you come for Lilian? I was just going to order the carriage to send her home. Did you walk or drive?"

"I drove." He has studiously since his entrance kept his eyes from Lilian. The smile has faded from her lips, the happy light from her eyes; she has turned a pale, proud little face to the fire, away from her guardian.

"I made Lilian stay to dinner, says Mabel who is too clever not to have remarked the painful constraint existing between her guest and Sir Guy. "Tom has been out all day shooting and dining at the Bellairs, so I entreated her to stay and bear me company. Won't you sit down for a while? It is early yet: there cannot be any hurry."

"No, thank you. My mother has a bad headache, and, as she does not know where Lilian is, I think it better to get home."

"Oh, if auntie has a headache, of course——"

"I shall go and put on my hat," says Lilian, speaking for the first time, and rising with slow reluctance from her seat. "Don't stir, Mab: I shan't be a minute: my things are all in the next room."

Lilian is not very well, I fear," Mrs. Steyne says, when the door has closed upon her, "or else something has annoyed her. I am not sure which," with a quick glance at him. "She would eat no dinner, and her spirits are very fitful. But she did not tell me what was the matter, and I did not like to ask her. She is certainly vexed about something, and it is a shame she should be made unhappy, poor pretty child! with another quick glance.

"I thought she seemed quite radiant in spirits just now," remarks Guy, coldly.

"Yes; but half an hour ago she was so depressed I was quite uneasy about: her that is why I used the word 'fitful.' Get her to eat something before she goes to bed," says kindly Mabel, in an undertone, as Lilian returns equipped for her journey. "Good-night, dear," kissing her. "Have you wraps, Guy?"

"Yes, plenty. Good-night." And Mabel, standing on the door-steps, watches them until they have vanished beneath the starlight.

It is a dark but very lovely night. Far above them in the dim serene blue a fair young crescent moon rides bravely. As yet but a few stars are visible, and they gleam and shiver and twinkle in the eternal dome, restless as the hearts of the two beings now gazing silently upon their beauty.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

A creeping shadow lies among the trees; a certain sense of loneliness dwells in the long avenue of Steynemore as they pass beneath the branches of the overhanging foliage. A quick wind rustles by them, sad as a sigh from Nature's suffering breast, chill as the sense of injury that hangs upon their own bosoms.

Coming out upon the unshaded road, a greater light falls upon them. The darkness seems less drear, the feeling of separation more remote, though still Pride sits with triumphant mien between them, with his great wings outspread to conceal effectually any penitent glance or thought. The tender pensive beauty of the growing night is almost lost upon them.

"All round was still and calm; the noon of night
Was fast approaching: up th' unclouded sky
The glorious moon pursued her path of light,
And shed a silv'ry splendor far and nigh;
No sound, save of the night-wind's gentlest sigh,
Could reach the ear."

A dead silence reigns between them, they both gaze with admirable perseverance at the horse's ears. Never before has that good animal been troubled by two such steady stares. Then Lilian stirs slightly, and a little chattering sound escapes her, that rouses Guy to speech.

"You are tired?" he says in freezing tones.

"Very."

"Cold?"

"Very."

"Then put this round you," disagreeably, but with evident anxiety, producing the cosy plaid.

"No, thank you."

"Why?" surprised.

"Because it is yours," replies she, with such open and childish spite as at any other time would have brought a smile to his lips. Now it brings only a dull pain to his heart.

"I am sorry I only brought what you will not wear," he answers: "it did not occur to me that you might carry your dislike to me even to my clothes. In future I shall be wiser."

Silence.

"Do put it on!" anxiously: "you were coughing all last week."

"I wouldn't be hypocritical, if I were you," with withering scorn. "I feel sure it would be a matter for rejoicing, where you are concerned, if I coughed all next week and the week after. No: keep your plaid."

"You are the most wilful girl I ever met," wrathfully.

"No doubt. I dare say you have met only angels. I am not one, I rejoice to say. Florence is, you know; and one piece of perfection should be enough in any household."

Silence again. Not a sound upon the night-air but the clatter of the horse's feet as he covers bravely the crisp dry road, and the rushing of the wind. It is a cold wind, sharp and wintry. It whistles past them, now they have gained the side of the bare moor, with cool keenness, cutting uncivilly the tops of their ears, and making them sink their necks lower in their coverings.

Miss Chesney's small hands lie naked upon the rug. Even in the indistinct light he knows that they are shivering and almost blue.

"Where are your gloves?" he asks, when he can bear the enforced stillness no longer.

"I forgot them at Mabel's."

Impulsively he lays his own bare hand upon hers, and finds it chilled, nearly freezing.

"Keep your hands inside the rug," he says, angrily, though there is a strong current of pain underlying the anger, "and put this shawl on you directly."

"I will not," says Lilian, though in truth she is dying for it.

"You shall," returns Chetwoode, quietly, in a tone he seldom uses, but which, when used, is seldom disobeyed. Lilian submits to the muffling in silence, and, though outwardly ungrateful, is inwardly honestly rejoiced at it. As he fastens it beneath her chin, he stoops his head, until his eyes are on a level with hers.

"Was it kind of you, or proper, do you think, to make me so—so uneasy as I have been all this afternoon and evening?" he asks, compelling her to return his gaze.

"Were you uneasy?" says Miss Chesney, viciously and utterly unrepentant: "I am glad of it."

"Was it part of your plan to make my mother wretched also?" This is a slight exaggeration, as Lady Chetwoode has not even been bordering on the "wretched," and is, in fact, up to the present moment totally ignorant of Lilian's absence.

"I certainly did not mean to make dear auntie unhappy," in a faintly-troubled tone. "But I shall tell her all the truth, and ask her pardon, when I get home,—*back*, I mean," with studied correction of the sweet word.

"What is the truth?"

"First that I broke her lovely cup. And then I shall tell her why I stayed so long at Steynemore."

"And what will that be?"

"You know very well. I shall just say to her, 'Auntie your son, Sir Guy, behaved so rudely to me this afternoon, I was obliged to leave Chetwoode for a while.' Then she will forgive me."

Sir Guy laughs in spite of himself; and Lilian, could he only have peeped into the deep recesses of the plaid, might also be plainly seen with her pretty lips apart and all her naughty bewitching face dimpling with laughter.

These frivolous symptoms are, however, rapidly and sternly suppressed on both sides.

"I really cannot see what awful crime I have committed to make you so taciturn," she says, presently, with a view to discussing the subject. "I merely went for a drive with my cousin as he should pass Steynemore on his way to the station."

"Perhaps that was just what made my misery," softly.

"What! my going for a short drive with Archie? Really, Sir Guy, you will soon be taken as a model of propriety. Poor old Archie! I am afraid I shan't be able to make you miserable in that way again for a very long time. How I wish those tiresome lawyers would let him alone!"

"Ask them to surrender him," says Guy, irritably.

"I would,"—cheerfully,—"if I thought it would do the least good. But I know they are all made of adamant."

"Lilian,"—suddenly, unexpectedly,—"is there anything between you and your cousin?"

"Who?"—with wide awake, innocent, suspiciously innocent eyes,—"Taffy?"

"No," impatiently: "of course I mean Chesney," looking at her with devouring interest.

"Yes,"—disconsolately, with a desire for revenge,—"more miles than I care to count."

"I feel"—steadily—"it is a gross rudeness my asking, and I know you need not answer me unless you like; but"—with a quick breath—"try to answer my question. Has anything passed between you and Chesney?"

"Not much," mildly: "one thrilling love-letter, and that ring."

"He never asked you to marry him?" with renewed hope.

"Oh, by the by, I quite forgot that," indifferently. "Yes, he did ask me so much."

"And you refused him?" asks Guy, eagerly, intensely, growing white and cold beneath the moon's pitiless rays, that seem to take a heartless pleasure in lighting up his agitated face at this moment. But Lilian's eyes are turned away from his: so this degradation is spared him.

"No—n—o, not exactly," replies she.

"You accepted him?" with dry lips and growing despair.

"N—o, not exactly," again returns Miss Chesney, with affected hesitation.

"Then what did you do?" passionately, his impatient fear getting the better of his temper.

"I don't feel myself at liberty to tell you," retorts Lilian, with a provoking assumption of dignity.

Sir Guy looks as though he would like to give her a good shake, though indeed it is quite a question whether he has even the spirits for so much. He relapses into sulky silence, and makes no further attempt at conversation.

"However," says Lilian, to whom silence is always irksome, "I don't mind telling you what I shall do if he asks me again,"

"What?" almost indifferently.

"I shall accept him."

"You will do very wisely," in a clear though constrained voice that doesn't altogether impose upon Lilian, but nevertheless disagrees with her. "He is very rich, very handsome, and a very good fellow all round."

"I don't much care about good fellows," perversely: "they are generally deadly slow; I am almost sure I prefer the other sort. I am afraid mine is not a well-regulated mind, as I confess I always feel more kindly disposed towards a man when I hear something bad of him."

"Perhaps if I told you something bad about myself it might make you feel more kindly desposed towards me," with a slight smile.

"Perhaps it might. But I believe you are incapable of a bad action. Besides, if I felt myself going to like you, I should stop myself instantly."

A pained, hurt expression falls into his eyes.

"I think," he says, very gently, "you must make a point of reserving all your cruel speeches for me alone. Do you guess how they hurt, child? No, I am sure you do not: your face is far too sweet to belong to one who would willingly inflict pain. Am I to be always despised and hated? Why will you never be friends with me?"

"Because"—in a very low whisper—"you are so seldom good to me."

"Am I? You will never know how hard I try to be. But"—taking her hand in his—"my efforts are always vain." He glances sorrowfully at the little hand he holds, and then at the pretty face beneath the velvet hat so near him. Lilian does not return his glance; her eyes are lowered, her other hand is straying nervously over the tiger-skin that covers her knees; they have forgotten all about the cold, the dreary night, everything; for a full half mile they drive on thus silently, her hand resting unresistingly in his; after which he again breaks the quiet that exists between them.

"Did you mean what you said a little time ago about Chetwoode not being your home?"

"I suppose so," in a rather changed and far softer tone: "Yes. What claim have I on Chetwoode?"

"But your tone implied that if even you had a claim it would be distasteful to you."

"Did it?"

"Don't you know it did?"

"Well, perhaps I didn't mean quite that. Did you mean all you said this morning?"

"Not all, I suppose."

"How much of it then?"

"Unless I were to go through the whole of our conversation again, I could not tell you that, and I have no wish to do so: to be pained"—in a low voice—"as I have been, once in a day is surely sufficient."

"Don't imagine I feel the least sorrow for you," says Lilian, making a wild attempt at recovering her ill humor, which has melted and vanished away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Defences of India.

In resigning his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, General Lord Roberts recently delivered a most important address at Bombay. Exceedingly popular, as well as admired and respected, it was not surprising that a magnificent banquet should have been tendered to him upon that occasion, and that his remarks regarding the defences of our Indian Empire should have been widely commented upon both at home and abroad. Because Lord Roberts is no carpet soldier. His views are derived from keen insight and long experience, and have been vigorously put into practice. For many years, indeed, Sir Frederick Roberts ranked with Sir Garnet Wolseley as one of the two leading British generals of the time, though his prowess and success had been mainly limited to the active operations of frontier warfare. There, however, his brilliant strategy, wonderful marches over difficult ground, and genius for striking hard and swift blows at the enemy's most vital point, have made his name as famous as the Red River, Ashantee and Egyptain campaigns have that of General Lord Wolseley.

Coming therefore from an officer who knows Afghanistan, the Northwest frontier and border States of India, together with its general defences, as perhaps no other man can, the following remarks at Bombay are most important:

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of our frontier defences in counteracting the front of an open attack from the direction of Afghanistan. These defences have secured the frontier arsenals and the main line of communication to the rear. In the event of the troops being engaged in operations on a large scale across the border these defences will furnish an advance basis for the field army. The moral effect is also extremely beneficial in affording proof of the determination of Great Britain to fulfil her engagements to protect the Afghans against foreign aggression."

And he goes on to point out the importance of a mobile and well equipped field army as an essential part of the system of frontier defence. Without that the most thorough "scientific frontier" would be comparatively useless; with it, many omissions in that respect may be overcome. But he states that, while the border defences are in splendid shape, "the army in India has never been more efficient." That army numbers 218,000 men of all ranks, the European division comprising 74,000 and the native army—under British officers—144,000 men. Besides this regular army there is a very large irregular force of native troops, perhaps 400,000 or 500,000, kept up by the Princes of Feudatory India, and who, like the Nizam of Hyderabad, would be only too glad to have an opportunity of offering their services in time of war. Many of them, indeed, followed the Nizam's offered gift of $1,000,000 a year for three years in order to [illegible] the Indian frontier, by making similar proffers a few years since.

We may therefore conclude that Russia, if she cares to cause trouble, will meet an ample and formidable defence upon the frontier and in the interior of our vast Indian Empire.

They Flock to Cities.

Some indication of the movement of population to the large centres may be gathered from the census figures. In 1881 there were in Canada 34 cities and towns each having more than 5,000 inhabitants; now there are forty-seven. Six of these—St. John, N.B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., St. Catharines, Ont., Three Rivers, Que., Levis, Que., and Port Hope—show slight decreases during the decade. The remaining forty-one show substantial growth, and many of them have gone forward by leaps and bounds. Vancouver, B. C., with a population of 13,685, has sprung into existence during the ten years. Next in point of progress come three Western cities—New Westminster, B. C., with an increase equal to 342 per cent.; Winnipeg, 221 per cent.; and Victoria, B. C., 184 per cent. Two municipalities in Hochelaga, suburbs of Montreal, have flourished exceedingly. They are St. Henri which shows an increase of 109 per cent., and St. Cunegonde, which has expanded by 91 per cent. Of the older cities Toronto has been by far the most prosperous. Its growth represents an addition of 86 per cent. to its population, while Montreal has increased by 39 per cent., Kingston and Hamilton by 36 per cent., and London by 21 per cent.

Killed by the Weight of Gems.

One monument in England, says Mr. Gunn, in "Abbeys and Castles," especially deserves attention from the heartrending circumstance which dictated its erection It is to the memory of a child of the house of Chandos, who died as it was about to be christened, and in the arms of its nurse—King George III. and Queen Charlotte being sponsors. Still the ceremony was performed, and the body, inclosed in a silver coffin, reposes within the sarcophagus here erected. The domestics of the family stated the infant's death to have been caused by the weight of gold and gems pressing on its breast at the time of baptism.

A very complete report has been made by the Ontario Dehorning Commission, and, what is equally of importance, it has been promptly made. The commission was appointed in March, 1892, and in November of the same year forwarded its deliverance to the Government. A handy index of the evidence, which accompanies the volume, makes it easy to discover the grounds upon which the commissioners reached their conclusions. It seems to be abundantly shown that dehorning does not detract from the value of animals, and does not inflict severe or lasting pain upon them. Man has by domesticating cattle destroyed the usefulness of horns and the next step will probably be to abolish the unnecessary members.