Sing-a-song-a-Sixpence, a Pocket full of Rye,
Four and Twenty Black Birds Baked in a Pie.
When the Pie was opened the King began to sing:
"That's the way I want my chef to sweeten everything."

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MONTREAL CARDINAL TORONTO BRANTFORD VANCOUVER

MINCE PIES
1 Pound of Lean Boiled Beef.
1 Cup of Crown Brand Syrup.
1 Pound of Tart Apples.
One Half-pound Chopped Suet.
One Half-pound cleaned Currants.
1 Pound of Seeded Raisins.
One-quarter Pound of Citron, cut up fine.
One-half Pound of Brown Sugar.
One-half Pint of Cider.
1 Teaspoon each of Salt, Pepper, Mace, Allspice, Cloves and Nutmeg.
1 Tablespoon Cinnamon.
1 Cup of Brandy and one of Wine.

Mix all thoroughly, and warm on stove until heated through. Remove from fire, and when nearly cool, add brandy and wine. Put in a crock, cover it tightly. Keep perfectly cool, but do not let it freeze. Will keep good all winter.

The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

"Very, very nice," she answered eagerly. "Everything I want, in fact. But I'm a perfect little demon for spoiling my dresses. I never can keep anything decent more than a week or two. But I will try and take more care of things if you buy them for me."

She accompanied this speech with another of those upward looks of hers, starry blue eyes in liquid bluish white, such a look, half-audacious, half-innocent, that only Lilith could give; and, needless to say, she had her own way about the hat and the umbrella, and insisted upon sporting both, and having her old hat put into a bag for me to carry, together with the shoes.

Luckily, it was September, and there was hardly any one about. I do not care a straw for fashions as a rule, but I did not particularly relish being seen parading the West End laden with such awkward-sized and shaped parcels as a wide, shady hat, a pair of new slippers, a pair of old boots, and a large bag of bonbons.

Lilith as a companion was in herself sufficiently conspicuous. Her delight at her new patent leather shoes with steel buckles, and her big black hat crowned with marguerites, knew no bounds. She tripped along, wreathed in smiles, stopping at every shop-window, flourishing her new silver-handled umbrella, and every now and then standing in the middle of the pavement to lift the edge of her skirt and gaze admiringly at her feet.

"I could scream for joy!" she confided to me. "Now, when I have the gloves and the handkerchiefs, and the watch and the purse, and the roses, I shall be perfectly happy, and shall want to dance instead of walk.

Clearly a decorous deportment while shopping in the West End of London while shopping in the West End had been one of the items neglected in the "finishing" curriculum at Morland House.

"If you really won't have your parcels sent direct to Bristol, you must at least let me charter a hansom for them," I said, and forthwith hailed a cab.

"But surely," she objected, "you are going to get me something to eat?"

"I thought of that," I said. "We will drive to Paddington, and I will get you some tea in the station——"

"But tea in the station isn't good enough for me—not nearly good enough! I want to have some dinner, just when you have yours. I am sure you would let me if you knew how hungry I am."

"But, my dear child, your train——"

"Oh, there are plenty of trains!"

"The last goes to Bristol at nine——"

"But there is a later one at ten."

"It is not in the time-tables."

"It is only on Thursday during the summer. Besides, what does it matter if I don't go back to Morland House to-night? Mrs. Morland doesn't expect me, and my friends at Weston-super-Mare think I have gone to Bristol. Why shouldn't I have a lovely treat, and stay in London, and have some dinner with you, and go to a theatre——"

"Child! What are you thinking of?"

"And spend the night with Mrs. Jackson, at Battersea, as I did that evening I came up, fifteen months ago."

I looked at her in dismay. Was it possible that fifteen months of the careful and expensive repressive training of Morland House, and the example of that most well-bred and exemplary mannered person, Mrs. Stanhope Morland, had so utterly failed to eradicate the native Bohemianism and unconventionality of my little marsh vagrant?

She was quite in earnest. Her blue eyes gazed as frankly up into mine as though there were nothing of a startling nature in her proposition. Against my will the thought flashed into my mind—what would be the future of such a girl—young, coquettish, extravagant, pleasure-loving, and at the same time wholly innocent, confiding and affectionate, should she fall into the hands of a villain?

Yet there were certain clearly defined points of difference between this lovely, unconventional maiden of to-day and the child of a year ago, whose highest ideal had been to live and die my servant.

This girl knew the power of her own beauty, and her manner, though friendly, natural, and occasionally coquettish, had altogether lost the effusive affection which had proved aforetimes equally delightful and embarrassing. Her eyes were as bright and clear, her smile was as sunny and sweet as of yore, but in both was mingled a shade more meaning, almost as if an echo of the world's sadness had already reached her ear.

If one word better than another was wanted to describe the impression given by Lilith's manner, it was "Bohemian," and Bohemian in its old sense, and not its latter-day signification. Not the wealthy, noisy irregularity of comic-song singing, music-hall loving stockbrokers and their kind admire, but the hand-to-mouth, happy-go-lucky, half-tears, half-smiles existence of struggling poets, painters, and journalists, a life that I had known closest in my Paris student days, was brought before me irresistibly by this lovely, shabbily dressed child, with the worn shoes, the patched gloves, and the thin, sweet voice. True, she spoke grammatically on the whole, and without either cockney or provincial accent; her aspirates were duly noted, and she expressed herself in much the same terms as would have been employed by the ladies of my acquaintance. And yet there was a marked—an unmistakable barrier between them and her.

For one thing, she was infinitely more self-possessed with me, a young man who was a comparative stranger, than any girl of seventeen I had ever met, except—ah! fatal exception which I hated to remember!—the little models and grisettes of the Latin quarter in Paris.

Yet Lilith was perfectly modest in her manner, and I had clearly seen how angry, undesirable attentions from strangers could make her. But there was about her tone, her looks, and her gestures, a spontaneity, a sans-gene, which smacked of the world of Bohemia, but which never for one moment suggested the cultured and decorous influence of Morland House.

Truth to tell, I loved her better for that hint of untrameled vagabondage about her, for her ringing laugh and as ready tears, her naive greediness and love of finery, and her harmless delight in her own prettiness. I was equally sick of the shams and the slang of what is called the best society, the good girls of which are usually dull and narrow-minded, and the more amusing ones too often scandalmongering and vicious in thought, if not something worse. Too soon I should be "on the shelf," so far even as an innocent shopping stroll with a lovely little Bohemian was concerned, and I determined to make the most of it.

"You must certainly go back to Bristol to-night," I said, in a firm, judicial tone; "but if you are a good girl you shall go by the last train. First of all, we will drive to Paddington, leave these parcels of yours in the cloak-room, where I suppose you left your other luggage——"

"No: it's to be sent on from Weston-super-Mare."

"Well, in any case, we will drop all these impediments there, and find out if that train you speak of really does go——"

"But I know it does—every Thursday. Do you suppose that, living there, I shouldn't know?"

"Then," I said, ignoring the interruption, "we will send a telegram to Mrs. Morland, announcing the time of your return—you will be fearfully late, by and bye——"

"Oh, the telegram is already sent! Just before I met you I telegraphed to tell Mrs. Morland not to expect me before one o'clock or a little after."

"Then she knows you are in town?"

"She'll know by this time. But she will think I am with my friends, so it's all right. So that, you see, Mr. Hervey, we needn't go to Paddington Station, which is a nasty, ugly place; but I can just have my dinner now directly. Here is a shop with lovely red tomatoes and dear little live lobsters and small bottles of champagne in the window. I've had nothing to eat since nine o'clock in the morning, and its seven. After dinner you must take me to a theatre, just to see a little bit of it—I'd rather go somewhere where there's dancing, like a burlesque or a music-hall. And you can keep your eyes on your watch all the time, so as to whisk me off like a Cinderella when the clock strikes half-past nine. Then I shall have had a most beautiful day, and I'll go back as good as gold to the blackboards and the French verbs at Morland House for another nine months, until I am 'finished' to a turn, like a joint nicely roasted!"

She was in bubbling good humor, eyes and lips laughing, and little dimples peeping in and out of her cheeks. I took her into the restaurant which had captivated her fancy—by no means the place I should have chosen for dinner with a lady, although it was well known for the excellence of its cuisine. It would certainly be the last time that I and my little ward would dine out together, and she might as well have her own way in everything.

Needless to say, I immediately encountered just the very person I did not want to see—Herbert Wilson, the little black-and-white artist with whom I had parted in Regent Street about an hour ago.

I saw him raise his eyebrows at the sight of my lovely, talkative companion. Every man in the place, indeed, turned round to look at her as she and I passed up the room together, and the waiters flew to attend upon her. I hardly knew whether I was pleased or annoyed at the stir her beauty created. She herself took it very calmly, as a matter of course, to which she was quite accustomed, but I could see that she was fully conscious of the effect she was making.

"It's a pity you didn't let me go on the stage and dance," she whispered to me confidentially across the dinner-table. "You have no idea how the men would go to look at me."

"Don't talk like that, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, in a low voice, bending my head over the menu and pretending to study it. "If you knew how I think of you as a little wild flower, set apart on a high bank away from the desecration of the popular stare, the vulgar criticism of the jostling crowd, you would rate yourself more highly."

She gazed at me in silence for a minute or two, resting her chin on her hands, and her elbows on the table.

"I think I like the vulgar crowd," she said presently. "And wild flowers are made to be picked."

"And cast away to die by the roadside when the plucker wearies of them!"

I hardly know why I spoke the bitter words, but their effect on Lilith was startling. All the color faded out of her cheeks and lips as suddenly as it had done when she first recognized me at Oxford Circus and a piteous expression came into her eyes, such as one sees in those of a dumb animal unjustly treated.

"What is the matter child? Are you ill?" I inquired anxiously, seeing that tears were gathering in her eyes.

"It's nothing—I'm tired—something you said. Do give me a glass of champagne; it will pull me together."

I called to a waiter, who at once served her, and in a few seconds she was laughing at me over the edge of her foaming glass, and toasting our next merry meeting.

"You will send me down some champagne when you are married to Lady Margaret Lorimer, won't you?" she said. "So that I can drink to your future happiness. For I suppose I am not grand enough to be allowed to come up and see the wedding?"

It jarred upon me intolerably to hear her allude to my wedding, and I am ashamed to say that her matter-of-fact mention of it, and the total absence of feeling she displayed on the subject, hurt me more than I can say.

"I do hope," she said, later on, a little timidly "that you will think better of your determination not to allow me to go on the stage. After all how am I going to live after I leave school?"

"You will marry," I said a little bitterly.

"Never!""

The answer came out with unexpected force and directness; and, looking across at her, I saw that her sensitive face had grown pale again.

"You will certainly marry," I reiterated. "But, my child, I don't want you to feel forced into a loveless marriage for mere money's sake. So I have arranged with my lawyers to settle a little income upon you—only a hundred and fifty pounds a year—but whatever more you want—since you say you are so very extravagant—you shall have if you come to me. I don't want you ever to know what poverty means any more."

Her lovely eyes sought mine with an expression in them, half-puzzled, half-tearful, which I could not understand.

"You are doing all this for me," she murmured; "although you don't even want me for yourself. I can't understand it!"

CHAPTER XV.

That evening's experience was partly delightful, and partly a painful one to to me.

Lilith's frank enjoyment, her exquisite beauty—that evanescent beauty which fires the blood and clouds the understanding—the irresponsible, child-like gaiety that seemed to radiate from her, all these things charmed and bewitched me, while her apparent resignation to the idea of my marriage, and her way of talking as though our future lives must necessarily lie apart, filled me with a sharp regret.

Of course it was not only right and proper, but wholly natural that her childish infatuation for me should have become so speedily transformed into absolute indifference. Both Nicholas Wray and Mrs. Moriand had prophesied that such would be the case, and it had been my own wish. Yet now, as we sat side by side in the cab, with Lilith's arm close against my own, and her breath on my cheek while she chattered into my ear above the noise of the cab-wheels, I became suddenly possessed by an insane desire to seize her in my arms and kiss my heart out on her soft, red lips until she had promised to love me again as she used to do.

More than once, indeed, I had to turn my head sharply from her that I might not be tempted beyond myself by the innocent provocation of her flowerlike beauty and the careless affectionateness of her manner.

Especially when she laughed, as she did constantly, and those two even rows of small pearly teeth peeped out from the fresh redness of her mouth, I had to set my face hard, and remind myself doggedly of my engagement to Lady Madge, of Lilith's dependent position, and of a hundred other things, to keep myself from kissing her parted lips.

And the worst of it was that I knew she would not have minded it the least bit. My kisses, if they were not too passionate, would have meant just nothing to her, but very much to me. For I loved her with every heart beat of my heart. I had loved her as a child, and I loved her ten times more now in her early womanhood; loved her with a yearning tenderness a romantic adoration, and a longing that was fierce in its intensity, with every element indeed that goes to make up the one passion of a man's life for a woman.

She did not know, she did not understand, she never suspected it for a moment. She was by no means a good actress, and she could not have preserved her unruffled friendliness and chattering joyousness had she guessed the feelings which were warring in my heart. Had she shown she cared for me even a little, I must infallibly have broken down in my role of kindly and indulgent guardian, and taken on the very different one of ardent lover. But had I been the vainest of men I could not possibly have construed Lilith's light-hearted manner into encouragement for love-making; and so honor prevailed and that kiss was never given.

At the variety theatre, which she herself chose as the place of amusement she most ardently wished to visit, it was all I could do to prevent her from clapping her hands and stamping her new umbrella on the ground in token of her keen enjoyment. Personally, I had no taste for such shows; the "song-and-dance artistes" tired me; the sight of feminine high-kicking and mushroom ballet-dresses I considered inartistic and more or less repulsive; the "comic" singers failed to amuse me, and the mechanical evolutions of the ballet interested me no more than so much machinery set in motion.

But Lilith, whose sense of humor was far from keen, laughed ecstatically when a man with a reddened nose and a broken hat sang about going

"On the booze from morn till night,
From dewy eve till clear daylight."

held her breath at sight of a very ordinary trapeze performance and thought the Sisters Firefly, two plump and beringletted Jewish ladies, who delivered a nasal duet with the refrain, "Get away, boys!" followed by an emphatic clog-dance, "sweetly pretty and clever."

(To be continued.)

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Dibbs—My boy, there are many secrets of social success, but one of the most important is to be able to pretend you are having a good time when you're not.

Tough Luck.

"Boo, hoo! All the kids has a holiday from school 'cep'n me."

"My! My! How's that?"

"I'm too young to go to school yet! Boo, hoo!"

How Sweet of Her.

"It is Carlyle, I believe, who says it is not well to tell all one knows."

"Oh, never mind Carlyle! You don't want to sit around and never say anything, do you?"

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