Travellers' G
GRANDTRUNK RAILWAY (N.
GOING NORTH GOING
8-00 A.M. 5.34 P.M. 10.15 A.M.
CANADA PACIFIC RAILW
GOING EAST
6.48 a.m., 10.51 a.m. 7.20 p.
GOING WEST
8.51 a.m., 5.13 p.m., 9.02 p.

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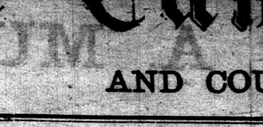

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(Continued)

In a few minutes the pair were back in camp again.

"Well?" inquired the Amiable One before either of them had time to speak. "Have both of you lost your tongues?"

The scout, unseen to the officer, stuck his into his left cheek so that the constable might see it and answered:

"There is nothing, saire, to Le seen. But I think we will have a snowstorm, and it is snowed in we are liable to be if we remain here."

"And who in the name of all that's wonderful" (only he put it in a little more forcibly) "told you that we were going to remain here?" asked Jamie, grimly rejoicing in the opportunity afforded of making things lively generally. "Darn you, Pierre! I wish you would give a straightforward answer to a straightforward question. I don't want you to make suggestions; you are not paid for that. It is not necessary for you to point out anything. Sergeant, you and Townley get a rustle on and saddle up the horses. We'll make for shelter."

And now a few flakes of snow began to fall, undecidedly and reluctantly. Then they came down faster and faster, as if at last they saw there was no help for it and might as well do the business with credit to themselves when they were at it. In a few minutes more something like a blizzard had developed with all the suddenness which dwellers in these latitudes have at times experienced.

But before this happened the sergeant and the private had gone off to fetch up the horses; the scout had picked up a heavy Mexican bridle, and, with a significant light in his protruding eyes, addressed the officer. The latter, when he had seen that the scout was about to address him, had preluded the communication with, "Well, what are you going to interfere with now?"

Slowly, deliberately and with evident unction Pierre spoke:

"Saire, I do not wish to interfere on to point out anything, but I would respectfully suggest that the pair of spare beaver mitts belonging to you and lying on that burning log be removed. Already they are en partis consumed. I hope you will pardon me for pointing out"—

He was not allowed to finish the sentence, for the officer sprang forward with an oath and rescued the mitts from further destruction. To do the scout justice, he had not observed the smoldering mitts until it was too late to save them. And now Jamie had something tangible to work upon to gratify his passion for fault finding, and he let loose on the head of the scout a torrent of abuse that would have done credit to a gamin from the slums of Whitechapel or a Queensland bullock driver. But Pierre paid no heed and consoled himself with the thought that a new pair of mitts would cost Jamie at least $3, and that would go pretty near to breaking his heart.

And now they were ready for a start.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the sergeant.

"Why, to old St. Denis', to be sure! Where else?" asked the officer impatiently.

"Well, sir, it's only a matter of ten miles if we make over to Willow Creek through Wildcat coulee, and we can intercept St. Denis' party just as easily from there. If we go to his house, we may miss him altogether."

"No, I guess we will go and stop at old St. Denis' until that gentleman comes back," said the Amiable One, as Dick Townley, the private, in a spirit of mild irony, had dubbed him.

Now, if the sergeant had only exercised a little forethought and had proposed to go to St. Denis' in the first place, his superior officer would have promptly vetoed it and have ordered him to proceed somewhere else. The Scriptures characterize such a spirit as "stiff neckedness," but in the States they have improved upon the expression and call it "pure cussedness." Jamie continued, after a brief pause:

"Besides, Gabriel's sure to look in just to see how that rather smartish girl of his is getting on, on his way to the Hat, and then we can nab him and the liquor too. Savey?"

The sergeant looked at his superior with not a little ill concealed disgust upon his face as he replied:

"But excuse me, sir; he's not likely to fetch the liquor there, and you forget that there are only two women left at St. Denis', and in a small place like that there's hardly room for us. I don't see that we have any right to take possession of a man's house because he happens to be away, even although he is suspected of smuggling—more especially when he has only left two defenseless women to protect it. Of course, if you intend going into some outhouse, it won't matter so much."

"Outhouse be d——d!" exclaimed Jamie impatiently and with a look of superior wisdom. "I say, Yorke, you've got to see a little more of life and the world yet before you can get along in this country."

A wise man, if he has not traveled, is as worthy of respect as the thoughtful man who has, in that he realizes his own littleness and paves the way to knowledge. But a fool is like a fat donkey that ventures upon thin ice; he courts extinction by the weight of his own ignorance.

The sergeant had turned quickly when Jamie spoke and looked full in the face of his superior officer with not a little surprise, then considerable annoyance. As he went slowly on without making any reply, a pitying smile crossed his features as he ejaculated under his breath, "Poor devil!"

"Harry," said the private to his older comrade, the sergeant, as the scout and Jamie headed down the coulee, and with a look of mock gravity on his face, "don't you wish you had seen as much life as the Amiable One?"

"Come, now," answered the sergeant, "none of your treasonable remarks; let's talk of something else. By Jove, though, I can't help wishing that old fool St. Denis had staid at home! If it weren't for that poor girl of his I'd say serves him right to get caught—and ten chances to one we'll nab him this time. It's a shame of him to ruin her life like this—and she is such a superior sort of girl. I think her mother must have been a decided cut above the common run of them, though old Gabriel's not such an unpresentable looking old fellow himself. And by the way, Dick, I don't suppose you've seen her yet. It won't do, you know, to get soft upon her."

"Ah! I see. Soft yourself, eh?" said Dick disrespectfully.

"Well, not quite," was the answer, in a tone that did not exactly reassure the youngster and still less invited further discussion of the subject.

CHAPTER III.

She stood outside the house bareheaded and looked toward the sky, while her hands were outstretched in front of her, palms upward. The light breeze caught up the silky wealth of gleaming hair that had escaped from its heavy folds for the time being, until it streamed in midair behind her like a shimmering shaft of golden light. It kissed and heightened the delicate color on her cheek. A few feathery flakes of snow melted away as they fell upon her firm white palms. Even if they had been animate things, perhaps, they would have been quite content to pass away there. There was a look of concern upon Marie St. Denis' face as she looked all around before going into the house again.

"Jeannette," she said to an elderly and tidy looking French half breed woman, "I believe we are going to have a storm. Oh, I hope dad is in some safe place! It makes me ill to think of him being on the prairie and perhaps a bad blizzard coming on."

"He'll be all right, ma cherie; fret not yourself," said old Jeannette cheerfly. But she said under her breath all the same, "And serve him right for going, the wicked man!"

It was a long, low room and scrupulously clean. To use a rather absurd but popular saying, "you might have eaten your dinner off the floor" (just as if there was any necessity for any one to perpetrate such an inconvenient and barbarous deed!), so beautifully clean and fresh it was. There were some humble and not unsuccessful attempts at adornment in this room. For into each of the windows were fitted little boxes, in which still bloomed some hardy plants. There was an absence of all cheap or gaudy ornamentation, which is so often found in the houses of those whose love of show is paramount to their love of the beautiful. But there were some unique and not unbeautiful specimens of wrought Indian beadwork hung against the wall that made one think of the time when interiors were hung with tapestry.

One end of the room was sacred to the burnished and well kept culinary articles of Jeannette. Here and there against the walls, mounted fan shape, were white owls, with their feathers like great ruffles surrounding their beautiful heads, and eagle hawks fierce and picturesque, mounted in a like fashion. They were a species of ornamentation that any drawing room in Belgravia might have been proud of.

Unconsciously in keeping with a prevailing fashion stood a small triangular glass fronted cupboard, with some wonderful old china in it, in one corner of the room. That china had belonged to the girl's mother and grandmother and was a sacred thing. There were a pair of brass mounted, flintlock pistols, crossed over a quaint, narrow and high mirror, and beautiful stone Indian tomahawks and pipes, whose helves and stems were a rich mosaic of colored beads and from which dangled eagles' feathers. Crossed over this doorway was a pair of snowshoes, and over that one, in the center, was a magnificent elk's head whose antlers touched the ceiling. And there were two tiny models of birch bark canoes, and Indian rowers in them with paddles poised in the air. On a small table at the far end of the room there was a unique grasslike woven cloth that was made beautiful and striking by having a fantastic pattern wrought on it in colored silks and beads, and heavily fringed. The yellow and red colors which the Crees affect predominated in it. Strange it is to think—and few there are perhaps who know it—that the Crees got these colors from the Mexicans, when the former were a bold and warlike race—when their territory lay far to the south, and ere they were driven gradually backward by younger and stronger races. Though there was a certain air of barbaric splendor about that cloth, still the effect of the whole room was in keeping with and characteristic of those romantic and picturesque elements of a past now vanishing before a more prosaic nineteenth century utilitarianism. There was indeed really good taste displayed in the arrangement of every detail in that room. Not even the conventional cooking and box stove and lengths of piping could detract from the quaintness of that old world interior, for they were blackened and polished till they reflected one's image like a mirror.

Then the girl put an iron on the stove and looked at a little heap of collars and cuffs which lay upon the dresser ready to be operated upon.

"Sit down, Jeannette," she said, "and tell me a story while I iron these and tell me about the old French voyagers, or about the early days of Fort Garry before Riel came to make the metis dissatisfied."

Just at this moment a great wiry naired dog, something between a Scotch staghound and a sheep dog, lifted its head and growled ominously. It had been lying half asleep in front of the stove. The girl started significantly and placed one finger against her lower lip. The half breed woman put her head on one side and listened intently. Then they heard the dull, uneven thud of horses' feet, and dark shadows, as it were, passed and momentarily darkened the front windows. In another minute there was a loud, irregular knocking at the door. Then it was thrown open, and a great fur clad figure stumbled into the room, powdered with snow.

"What a devil of a day!" it exclaimed.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say this was the gentleman already referred to who had the honor of bearing her majesty's commission.

In another second another figure entered, but it came no farther than the door, and closed it so as to shut out the drifting snow. This figure was the sergeant, who did not speak, but indeed seemed somewhat embarrassed.

The girl stood as if transfixed with astonishment at this sudden entry, or as if these uninvited guests hailed from another world instead of being only matter of fact mounted policemen. But surely it was something more than mere astonishment that paled her cheek and for a second made her lean against the dresser as if for support. Who can tell what thoughts passed through that poor girl's mind just then? It was not difficult to speculate upon one all powerful vision that rose before her, and that was her father. Into her expressive, wide open eyes there came a look of startled apprehension, and then the consciousness of some dreaded presence, which was pitiful to look upon in one so young. But the gallant leader of the party called back the color into her cheeks.

The inspector was a married man, but he possessed a way with him which he considered was all potent with the fair sex. Perhaps it had been potent to a certain extent—in that sphere which he adorned.

"Now then, Mary Ann," he said, "you don't look as if you were glad to see me, as I know you are. Just get a

"What a devil of a day!"

rustle on, like a dear, and shove another log into that stove and—damn it, take that big, ugly brute away, for goodness sake!"

The great hound was growling and sniffing in a suspicious fashion in the neighborhood of the officer's ankles, occasioning that gentleman no little concern.

"Sh-h—get away, Michelle! Lie down, sirre!" cried Jeannette, catching up a billet of wood and chasing the hound from the visitors, much to Jamie's satisfaction.

And now the claim of stranger to the rites of hospitality had dawned upon the startled girl, and as if she had not heard the officer's free and easy speech she said:

"Won't you sit down? You must be cold." And she placed chairs for them near the stove and was handling a fresh log to put in the box stove when the sergeant came quickly toward her.

"Allow me, Miss St. Denis," he said.

At the same moment he had drawn off his mitts and seized the log of wood she had lifted in both hands. In doing this his hand accidentally touched hers. She looked up at him suddenly and the color on her cheek deepened not a little.

"How cold your hands are!" she remarked. "Their touch quite startled me; they are like lead." But she let him take the log, and perhaps he did not know that this simple, commonplace act of politeness, which with some would have passed as a matter of course, was recognized gratefully by her as a deference she felt was only her due, even if she were only Gabriel St. Denis' daughter.

"Have you put your horses in the stable?" Marie asked, turning to the sergeant. "There are four or five spare stalls, you know, and lots of hay."

It was significant that she did not address herself to the officer. But Jamie resented this. He must show this untutored child of the prairie that he was in command of the party.

"Don't fret, my dear," he remarked, with an assumption of graceful facetiousness; "my men know how to make themselves at home. You press the button—I mean, you find the hay, and we do the rest."

Marie looked at him wonderingly for an instant. She did not know whether to put this man's strange speech down to his ignorance of the common civilities of everyday life or to a chronic crudeness or rudeness of manner. She only slightly bit her lip and made no comment. She would be charitable and ascribe his familiarity to the former hypothesis. It would not do to neglect the sacred rites of hospitality, even if—and here her heart sank within her at the thought.

In another minute the private and the scout had come into the room. At last Jamie asked abruptly:

"When do you expect the old man back?"

The sergeant turned uneasily in his chair when he saw the look of wistful entreaty and pain upon the girl's face on hearing this blunt question.

"If you mean my father," she answered, "I am not in a position to tell you. Do you wish particularly to see him?"

"Yup—yaas, I just reckon we want to—to have an opportunity of interviewing him," answered Jamie in his happiest manner. He was under the impression that his humor was of a light and graceful kind, and he looked into the faces of the others to mark the signs of appreciation of these qualities. But he was nettled at discovering only a stolid imperturbability in them. Had his perceptive faculties not been so dulled by conceit he might possibly have detected a look of unqualified disgust and shame there instead.

"Now, look here, my dear," he continued, "it's no use of you tryin this innocent sort of dodge on with me. We want to see the old man, and I guess we'll see him, s'posin we've got to wait in this 'ere house for a fortnight"—

"Sir!" interrupted the girl suddenly, and turning her great clear eyes full upon him, with almost an incredulous look in them.

The sergeant coughed and shifted uneasily in his seat. The constable kicked the heel of the scout surreptitiously with his outstretched foot, and the latter seemed to find something that interested him immensely in a pair of snowshoes which were crossed on the wall over the dresser. The half breed woman paused in the performance of some work, folded her arms, and looked at the officer with brows that knitted like gathering storms. But Jamie saw none of these signs and continued:

"You don't seem to understand, my dear; a pretty girl like you"—

But he had overstepped the mark this time. The warm blood mounted into the girl's face; she held her head erect and looked at him unflinchingly as she interrupted:

"Sir, by what right do you insult two defenseless women?"

The sergeant's breath came and went in quick gasps. Could he risk calling his superior officer to a sense of what was proper and rely on Townley, the private, and the scout becoming temporarily deaf? For he knew if he spoke it meant a serious charge of insubordination against him. But the officer himself released his subordinate from his difficulty and brought about his own undoing. He stared blankly at her for a moment, as if he had not rightly heard; then, realizing that his authority—a high and mighty officer's of the Northwest mounted police—had been called in question by a frail girl, his round, moonlike face became flushed and purple—the change was inconsiderable from its normal one—as he blurted out in a tone meant to impress the entire party and overawe this spirited girl in particular:

"Girl, do you know who and what I am?"

"You have just enlightened us on these points," she answered in a strangely quiet and subdued manner, "for your actions and a certain reputation are identical."

"Eh—what?" he asked uneasily. He had not exactly followed her, but he thought his manner had evidently impressed this wayward girl. "Who and what am I then?"

"An officer of the Northwest mounted police," she replied calmly, "and a cad of the first water!"

As Pierre (who chuckled to himself for nearly two hours after this speech) said to Dick Townley that night, the girl was indeed a "chip of the old block!"

CHAPTER IV.

The sergeant rose to his feet. He could not sit by any longer and be an impassive witness of such a scene. To say that he felt heartily ashamed at this moment of the cloth he wore and for the well merited rebuke just accorded it by this beautiful and indignant girl were putting it mildly.

Jamie sat speechless, with his dark eyes fairly bulging out of his head. That a mere slip of a girl should have the audacity to openly insult him—of course there was no question of insult in so far as his conduct in relation to her was concerned—an officer and a gentleman—oh, of course, a gentleman—and before his subordinates, too—was a thing so unparalleled in Inspector Jamie Bounder's vast experience (in the great lone land) that it left him literally incapable of thought or action. To use one of his own beautiful and choice expressions, he was "teetotally flabbergasted" for the moment. The private had risen with the sergeant and made for the door. But the conduct of the little scout was most remarkable, for, on rising, he had, curiously enough, kicked his hat into a corner of the room and appeared to have considerable difficulty in picking it up again. He reminded one of an ostrich with its head stuck in a hole and its huge body gravitating aimlessly round it. He—Pierre—however, snorted in a most peculiar and suspicious fashion.

But it was the old half breed woman who took advantage of the situation to interfere on behalf of her young mistress and put a check to the uncalled for impertinence of the gallant officer. Her dark face became sallow; her black, sharp eyes sparkled ominously; her high, quavering voice betrayed her excitable Gallic origin as she faced the somewhat surprised officer and cried, with a determined stamp of her foot:

"You shall not—I say you shall not, no matter what you are, sit here and not see you are an unwelcome convie in this room, you must be asked to relieve us of your presence and get out of it! We cannot in this storm ask you to leave the house, but there is one large room you can have; it is to the right of the passage as you come in, with a stove in it. You will be good enough to remain in it while you have to stop here. You are evidently not accustomed to the society of women. Therefore, as long as you are in this house do not dare to enter this room again. You see this saucepan of water on the fire? It will boil in a few seconds. It shall remain there, and I swear by the Holy Virgin over your face I will throw it if you as much as show your nose round the corner of that door. These gentlemen who are with you may occasionally come in if they want to—but you—git!" And she literally brought her teeth together with a snap as she pronounced these words and pointed to the door.

"You demmed she cat!" exclaimed Jamie, sorely amazed and taken aback.

It was a bad break. Jeannette snatched up a billet of wood from a heap alongside the stove (the Indian blood was showing now in addition to the Gallic), and in another second he would most assuredly have stopped it in its projected career with his head had not he ducked that turniplike growth with a smartness that did him credit and made a bolt for the door. Once in the little passage he found the other room, where Dick Townley and the scout at once set to work to make a good fire in the stove. It was a large, comfortable room, with a bed in a recess—indeed, it was Gabriel St. Denis' own room, and was as quaintly furnished as the kitchen. Only on a species of stand stood the mounted head of that now, alas! extinct monarch of the prairie, the great American bison. It was a truly grand specimen; there was an air of might and majesty in that picturesque, shaggy, fierce front. Jamie took a seat moodily near the stove and awaited an opportunity of venting his superfluous spleen on the private or the scout.

In the meantime the sergeant had gone back into the kitchen and shut the door gently behind him. He held his hat in his hands—Jamie had never removed his—and as he stood before the two women there was a look of unmistakable pain and humiliation upon his face.

The girl had gone back to the dresser and had mechanically taken up her iron, but somehow she did not seem as if she cared to meet the eyes of the sergeant. And now the latter spoke.

"I cannot tell you how ashamed and sorry I am," he began apologetically in rather an unsteady voice, "at the annoyance you have been subjected to. The fact of the matter is, the inspector is hardly himself today. He was subjected to some slight annoyance before we came here."

And now the girl stopped her ironing and looked full upon the face of the dark, handsome featured trooper. Why should he lie for such a brute?

"Does your force produce many such specimens?" she inquired, with all traces of her former annoyance gone, but with a touch of irony in her voice.

"Only one or two, thank goodness, but they do all the mischief," was the reply. "It is not an edifying subject to talk about such men or how they come to get commissions in the force. There are, however, many officers who, if they had heard the inspector talk as he did a few minutes ago, would have knocked him down; I am certain of that. It may be presumption on my part, but I say this for the sake of many of his brother officers whom I admire and respect as men and gentlemen. Anyhow, on behalf of my comrades of the rank and file, I should like to express my sense of shame and indignation at the insult which you were subjected to. It is very good of you to offer us even the next room to stay in, but you have only to say the word, and I can take it upon myself to promise that we shall quit it also."

"There is no occasion to do that," she said, her innate goodness of heart struggling with another motive.

She took a linen cuff from off the heap beside her and spread it on the dresser. How beautifully rounded and symmetrical her arm was as she poised the hot iron, and how firm and delicately finished her small hand! He thought of the many fine ladies he had known in his time who would have been jealous could they but have seen such hands.

He looked at that sweet, fair face, in which the light of truth shone, and he, who had in an erratic, stirring career seen all sorts and conditions of women, he who had experienced many strange phases of life, felt his heart go out to this girl with a great pity, which was only accentuated by a sense of his own helplessness to aid her.

There was a significant pause, only broken by the slight clicking noise of the iron as it traveled over the snowy cuff and the swathed board. Then old Jeannette, who knew and looked with a favorable eye upon the sergeant, being somewhat mollified by the humble and deferential tone he adopted, opened a door at the far end of the room and went into another to perform, to her, some never ending domestic duties.

Then the sergeant, Harry Yorke, said somewhat awkwardly:

"I have brought you these books, Miss St. Denis. I told you of them last time I was here. I was not sure that we should call upon you, but put them in my wallets in case"—

Many a time had this man, when in a different station of life, given some lady of the great, gay world a much more significant token of regard without as much as the faintest suspicion of embarrassment, but now he felt like a schoolboy talking to a debutante or a bashful lover who is saying his first sweet thing.

"It is very good of you to have remembered the books," she remarked o simply, but with a pleasant look. Then that odd, apprehensive expression which like a shadow he had seen flit across her face when they had first entered once more crossed it. As if she had nerved herself to say something she had been pondering over, she again turned as if to face him, and looking him steadily in the eyes asked:

"Are you going to wait here till my father comes back?"

He seemed ill at ease and distressed in a most unaccountable manner, this happy go lucky trooper. Indeed he looked like an awkward, hulking schoolboy in the presence of the head master, who gazes with a sinister aspect upon the spectacle of conscious guilt. He tried to look away from her, but he could not. There was evidently a struggle of some sort going on within him, of natural inclination and a sense of duty. And now these all compelling eyes of hers seemed to have exercised their potency, for when he spoke it was, as she had willed, the plain and bitter truth.

"I cannot tell you how much against my own inclination I am here on my present errand," he said brokenly and hurriedly, "but as I see you only desire confirmation of what you already know it is no breach of trust on my part to admit that you are right in what you have hinted at."

He paused, as if there were something else on his mind which he did not rightly know if he would be justified in saying to her. Then he took a turn up and down the room, coming back to where she was standing calmly regarding him, with her two hands resting on the back of a chair, but still with that wistful look in her eyes that was pitiable to see.

After a brief pause he continued somewhat coldly, as she thought:

"I do not know that I should say what I am going to now, more especially as I think you have not treated me as you ought to have done. For a very long time the operations of your father have been known to the mounted police. For instance, they were telegraphed only a few days ago from Fort Benton to Walsh over the Rocky Mountain Telegraph company's wire. Now, Miss St. Denis, I naturally feel somewhat mortified, though I am aware you are perfectly justified in asking me by what right I expressed such a sentiment, when I think how I have sacrificed that fine sense of duty (which should always be paramount in a man in my position) for the sake of helping your father to free himself from the dangerous connections he has made, and how my well meant warnings have been disregarded."

She did not tell him, as some other women might have done (either from mistaken motives of a subtle political nature peculiar to a woman's mind or as a matter of fact), that neither she nor her father had invited this confidence on his part or had even attempted in the very slightest degree to deceive him or dissemble when uninvited he had visited them. She only recognized the justice and truth of what he hinted at, and pressing her hand wearily to her forehead she waited for him to continue, which he did:

"But let us speak more plainly in order that we may not misunderstand each other. As you know, I have called several times upon your father here, just as any other civilian would, in a purely private and social capacity, and you have always been good enough to make me welcome as such. Indeed I often have been only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity your father so kindly placed at my disposal of spending an hour or two pleasantly, that would otherwise have been spent very drearily indeed in this lonely part of the country. Of course—and I am very sorry to give you pain by referring to it again—I have always been aware of the traffic your father engaged in with Montana, and I have always, so far as I could consistently with my sense of duty and ideas of what was proper as his guest, endeavored to influence him against the suicidal course he is pursuing, for such a course in the end must always prove disastrous. Indeed the very last time I was here I gave your father a very direct warning. It seems madness to me that he should have attempted another venture in the teeth of what was said on that occasion. And now we have been sent to intercept him as he comes across the lines. It will be a very serious affair for him if we get him with a contraband cargo, which he is pretty sure to have. I can assure you I dislike the painful task of arresting him only less than the necessity of having to prepare you for it."

And now the composure of the girl seemed to have deserted her. She grew very pale, and a dizziness seemed to seize her. She swayed for a moment where she stood. The trooper caught her by the arm tenderly and respectfully and placed her in a seat. Looking up, she saw the sincerity of his great pity for her in his eyes, and it moved her strangely. But she seemed to recover as she spoke to him.

"I am afraid I am rather upset," she said, with a pitiful little smile. Then, as if unconscious of the presence of any one, she involuntarily clasped her hands in front of her and moaned: "Oh, my poor father, it is all for me you do this thing! Goodness knows I would rather work from morning till night and live on a crust than have things as they are."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Queen Victoria Din s.

Queen Victoria uses a little more ceremony, but practices moderation. According to London Truth: "The Queen takes a light breakfast, a hearty luncheon a substantial tea; but at quarter to 9, when dinner is served, her Majesty eats very sparingly and only of the lightest and most nutritious food. About midway between breakfast and luncheon when the Queen is transacting business (all the heavy work of the day being over and done with at half past 1), Her Majesty takes a refresher in the shape of either a cup of beef tea, as strong as it can be made, or an egg beaten with a little milk or sherry. The Queen never drinks any spirit undiluted. Her Majesty occasionally takes a small glass of fine old whiskey, mixed with a tumbler of mineral water. People must have a queer idea about careful dieting who include raw spirits in the regimen."—New York Press.

Hotelkeeper Maybee, of Grimsby, claims the reward offered for the apprehension of Teller Palmer, of Hamilton, on the ground that he told the police where the man was.