

A GREAT SECRET, OR, SHALL IT BE DONE.

On reentering the hired carriage in which she had come, Madame de Lancrey gave the direction — "Fabrique Fournier, Saint Pierre." As she drove along the straight sandy road she saw, a little before the point where the canal comes in sight, the small, slight figure of a shabbily dressed girl hurrying along at the side of the road. Madame de Lancrey glanced at her carelessly, but did not recognize her as any one she had seen before. On arriving at the factory, she sent in a message, asking whether M. Victor Fournier could spare her a few minutes. She had scarcely time to lean back in her carriage when the young fellow hurried out to her, flushed and radiant at the unexpected sight of her.

"Are you very busy?" said she, smiling with her most persuasive manner.

"I am never too busy to be at your commands, madame."

"Then come with me a little way. I'm so dull; I haven't seen anybody but my husband since—yesterday."

The impressive young Frenchman opened the carriage-door promptly, and took the seat she offered him beside her.

"Where shall I tell him to drive to, madame?"

"O, anywhere, anywhere—out of the town for a little while."

More pleased than ever, Victor told the coachman to take the Guines road, and then turned to the lady, still scarcely believing in his own good fortune. Among the local pseudo-beauties he was considered dangerous by his rivals, irresistible by himself; but this fascinating new-comer belonged to another world, and with her one could not be so sure of one's powers.

How charming she was, he thought, as she leaned back, without taking the pains to be extremely vivacious, as one half of the ladies he knew capable of this sort of adventure would have been, or inconceivably languid, like the remaining half! How sweet, how new, her attitude of business-like seriousness was! It was, in fact, so business like, so serious, that a moment's doubt clouded the young Frenchman's infatuated happiness. This doubt was deliciously dispelled by her first words.

"I am afraid I made a very inopportune appearance at 'Les Bouleaux' yesterday. Your fiancée did not seem pleased to see me."

"Madam, she did not know how much reason she had to be displeased."

Madame de Lancrey looked at him steadily, but without showing either gratification or annoyance at his words.

"You don't care for Miss Beresford, Victor?" she said at last.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Madame, I care for her as one cares for the case and the straw in which one receives a present of choice wine: the wine could not come without them, but when it has come they are in the way."

"Ah, les beaux yeux de sa cassette" are the attraction. Why, Victor, you are avicious at three—four—and twenty! What do you want with this unfledged little creature's dot, you who have just had a fortune left you?"

"Ah, but, madame—" began the young man eagerly; and then he hesitated.

"Well!"

"With that fortune there is a condition—I must marry an English girl."

Madame de Lancrey started, but for a few moments she said nothing. Then she looked at him penetratingly.

"That is very strange, is it not? You have an aunt who has not seen you since you were a child, who never cared much about you, who scarcely remembers your existence. Mr. Beresford lives in the same town with her for a few weeks; he is avicious, he has a marriageable daughter who has not previously occupied much of his thoughts. He returns from Nice, sends for his daughter, engages her to you, and shortly afterward you learn that a fortune has been left you by your aunt, on condition of your marrying an English girl. Has the matter struck you in this light?"

"Yes and no, madame. Mr. Beresford is an oracle with my father, who sees in all this a smart stroke of business, which he admires. They are partners, and what is good for one is good for both. I almost think that, on condition of this arrangement, my father has consented to my receiving with Miss Beresford no dot at all."

"Does not that seem strange? Your father is a rich man; so must Mr. Beresford be. Take my advice, do not let yourself be hurried into this marriage until your aunt's will is proved." She saw immediately that these words were taken by the young fellow for a flattering sign of jealousy. She added: "What if Mr. Beresford, careful as he seems, is imperilling his own fortune by private speculation? That is what the erratic conduct of his confidential clerk Smith suggests to me."

Victor, who was in debt, took the alarm at once.

"What can I do, madame? I dare not hint such a thing to my father. I cannot prove it for myself."

"Take my advice. Be on the watch for Smith's comings and goings. Mr. Beresford is in feeble health; you are deeply in love, of course, with his daughter. Make one or the other of these excuses for constant attendance at 'Les Bouleaux,' and watch the effect of Mr. Smith's visits on Mr. Beresford. Speculation is gambling; watch for the gambler's elation, the gambler's depression, the gambler's irritability in Mr. Beresford's manner, and, if you find the signs hard to read, come to me."

"Madame, how can I thank you?"

"There is no need for thanks at all," said she, with simple magnanimity, in which Victor could detect no venom. "I shall be too happy if I can help you against the fraud of a speculator or the avarice of a miser."

She told Victor to direct the driver to return; and the young man's cupidity had been so successfully aroused that she found no difficulty in keeping his admiration under the strictest control until he left the carriage at the outskirts of the town. She looked after him with a shrewd expression on her face.

"A very good ferret for the second hole," she said to herself; "and now for the third."

She was thoughtful and preoccupied as she drove back to the hotel, and went upstairs to her sitting-room. At the door her

attention was suddenly roused by the sound of a high, excited girl's voice inside. She turned the handle and went in, guessing who the intruder was. Her husband was sitting, silent and solemn, by the stove, and in front of him, pouring forth torrents of indignant eloquence, in the attitude of a miniature Cassandra, was Peggy Beresford.

CHAPTER XIX.

The entrance of Madame de Lancrey did not in the least disconcert Peggy Beresford, who turned toward her fiercely, as if rather glad to find an opponent more worthy of her steel than the peaceful old General.

"Where is Gerald? What have you done with him?" she began at once, as Madame de Lancrey walked into the room, very composedly unfastened the clasp of her fur cloak, and seated herself in a chair facing her husband's as if the excited little intruder had been some over indulged domestic pet whose capricious humors were of no consequence. At these fierce questions she looked up lazily.

"My good child, don't you know that these uncivilized attacks are the luxury of the very poor, and are quite out of place between people like you and me? Now run away home, like the good little savage you are at heart, and I will make no complaint to your father about your impertinent intrusion."

"It won't make any difference to me if you do, for I shall never see my father again if I can help it. And I won't leave this place till I know what has become of Gerald."

"Then we shall enjoy the pleasure of your society for some time, my child. Gerald Staunton is now occupied with business far too important for him to be distracted by any wild and childish whims of yours."

"Then you won't tell me where he is?"

The little creature turned, white and shaking with passionate excitement, from the handsome lady, whose face was now as hard as a mask, to her quiet old husband, who sat watching the conflict in much anxiety.

"Make her tell me, do make her tell me! You said you would help me if you could. Why don't you make her speak?"

"Don't worry my husband, dear child. I have no doubt he would do anything in his power to assist you, but this, unfortunately, is out of his power."

She rose from her chair and opened the door with a majesty not to be resisted.

"Now go," she said, in a voice harder and colder than ever. "You have intruded upon us long enough."

Shivering from head to foot with rage, disappointment, and physical fatigue Peggy still stood before her, and hurled forth her last defiance in tones alternately harsh and broken.

"You are a hard, selfish, cruel woman, and you have no more friendship for Gerald than you have love for your husband," she burst out tremulously. "But I will save him from you. I don't know where he is, and I haven't a penny in the world. But I will find him out, and go to him, and tell him how wicked you are, and how much I love him, if I have to beg my way all over France, and England too."

And with a smothered sob she gave up all attempt at maintaining her dignity, and rushed past her enemy out of the room.

Madame de Lancrey shut the door after her with an exclamation of relief, and turned to ask her husband if she should read to him, as if glad to be rid of a distasteful subject. The General thanked her with his usual elaborate courtesy, but he was not quite at ease; and she had scarcely read half a dozen lines of an article in the *Gaulois* on the political crisis, when he turned abruptly in his chair and interrupted her.

"Madeline, you are too good to me, as you always are. But I will not trouble you to read to me longer, for I cannot listen to-day. That poor child's entreaties fill my ears. Why were you so harsh to her, Madeline? You who are so gentle, so kind!"

Madame de Lancrey dashed down the paper and went to the window without answering. The crust of her habitual calmness was broken up, and passion was flashing in her great eyes. The General rose slowly from his chair, followed her to the window, and called her softly, "Madeline, Madeline."

She shook her shoulder petulantly, but did not turn.

"Madeline, you will answer me, I am sure. You are never discourteous to me."

There was such simple dignity in his appeal that she reluctantly moved so that he could see her side-face, and bent her head slightly to show that she was listening.

"Tell me what made you so unlike yourself to that poor little girl. Why were you so unkind to her? You spoke to her as if you hated her."

She turned suddenly and met him face to face. Leaning against the window-frame, with the sinking April sun shining on her chestnut hair, and on her glittering, feverish eyes, she showed her husband for the first time in their married life, what manner of woman it was that he had married. Like the Circe of fable, like the Messalina of history, like the fairest, most daring, incarnation of all that is beautiful and evil, she stood before him with the fierce lightning of reckless passion playing over her beautiful face.

"I do hate her!"

She hissed the words out defiantly, and met his astonished gaze with eyes still on fire.

"And I am not unlike myself; I am myself again."

"I don't understand you, Madeline. What has changed you like this?"

"I am not changed. You don't change a letter by tearing off the envelope. The envelope has been torn off to-day for the first time; if you don't like the contents of the letter, why can you throw it away?"

She tossed back her hair with one hand from her burning forehead, and made a step away from the window toward the door. Her husband touched the fingers of her right hand reverently to detain her.

"Don't leave me like that, Madeline; I have not treated you so badly as to deserve that. You do not care for me, I know; but you have borne with me, and I have worshipped you even for that. No change in you can make me love you less; give me your confidence, for the sake of an old husband's love."

Madeline stopped and stared at him, hearing in her husband's tones a strange echo of the passion which had thrilled her own voice in the long past days when she had been a slave to the cold and selfish Louis de Breteuil. She tried to laugh, but broke off suddenly.

"I—I am behaving very foolishly, monsieur," she said, not quite steadily, making a strong effort to recover her usual indifferent manner. "If you will allow me to go to my room for a quarter of an hour, I will undertake not to trouble you with any more eruptions."

"No, no, Madeline," said the General, seizing her hand, "you shall stay with me; you shall answer my questions now. If I let you go, you will come back in ten minutes cold, calm, listless, obedient, and I shall see no more of my wife than I see every day. Great heavens, Madeline, I am not so old nor so cold as you think, and I like you better as a devil than as a statue!"

He bent his still handsome head till his iron-gray moustache touched his wife's chestnut hair, and she submitted to be led back by him to the chair she had so abruptly left.

"Now tell me what you please," said he, seating himself beside her.

Madeline had been so long used to treating her husband as a cipher that it was for the first few moments rather disconcerting for her to be called upon to treat him as a man. As he waited quite patiently for her confidence, however, she at last rather hesitatingly gave it.

"I have met lately, quite by chance, a person—some people—who caused me great unhappiness when I was a girl, long before I ever met you."

"But this child, this little creature who was here to-day? Surely she—"

Madeline's face grew sullen again.

"No, I never saw her until yesterday."

"And your reason for hating her?"

"That I cannot tell you. At least," she said quickly, "the girl is in my way. She is in love with a lad in whom I take an interest, and who would be better without her. That is reason enough, isn't it?"

And Madeline got up, with a very evident intention of answering no more questions. Her husband let her go, but he was not at all satisfied with her last explanation. If his wife had been fond of him, it would never have occurred to him to be jealous of a lad like Gerald. But, stirred as he had been by her excitement, awakened suddenly to consciousness of the strong current which ran under the crust of her everyday manner, he was ready to accept the unlikely, and he walked up and down the room, when his wife had left him, with almost a young man's impetuosity.

"A boy like that! It is impossible that she can care for him!" he said to himself, forgetting his invalid's gait as he stamped angrily upon the floor. Why, he doesn't even care for her; it is this little girl he is thinking about. And yet, what is this business of hers that he is so busy with? And what does she mean by having these secrets from me? I won't allow it, I won't allow it! She surrounds me with an army of doctors and servants, and doses me, and walks on tiptoe near me, in order that I may treat her as a nurse and not as a wife. But I'll send them all away; I'll have no more pillows and no more walking-sticks; I'll enter the lists myself with these young popinjays whom she doesn't even think it necessary to introduce to me. I have been deceived in her; I'll let her see she has been deceived in me."

And the General walked up to the window against which she had leaned, and pictured her again to himself as she had stood there in her proud beauty; and forgotten fire came into his own eyes as he did so.

He was on the point of turning away, to give effect straightway to some of his new resolutions, when, as he glanced out upon the quay, the small figure of the girl whose appearance had raised the day's storm caught his eye. She was standing with her back toward him, looking at a ship which was being loaded for departure. A gentleman watched her idly from a few yards off, and a couple of tiny gamins played hide-and-seek round her, without her appearing conscious of their presence. The General was interested; she looked so forlorn, so friendless; he wondered what was the thought in her mind that kept her there alone, motionless, minute after minute. For more than half an hour she remained in the same place, never once moving sufficiently for him to see her face as he sat watching her. Then a group began to gather, the last preparations were being made, the ship was going to start. Peggy slunk out of the way of the little crowd, and wandered along under the hotel windows, glancing behind her now and then wistfully at the busy sailors she had watched; and so, slowly, forlornly, been walking with wavering, uncertain steps, as if she had no particular object in her lonely ramble, she passed out of the General's sight along the broad stones of the quay. He was not satisfied; he got up and fetched his field-glass—a toy which his wife took care to have always at hand, as it kept him quiet—and after allowing sufficient time for a person to cross the movable bridge at the end of the quay, and to get round to the opposite side of the basin, he began to look out carefully. Before he had watched many minutes he saw again the tiny figure, a mere speck in the distance by this time, moving along more slowly than ever, stopping from time to time to look down into the green water many feet below her. A shudder passed over the General, and a fear lest the thoughts in the poor child's mind should be darker than he had imagined; when she passed again out of sight behind the hill, he watched, in anxiety which absorbed his own troubles, for her return within range of his glass. The sky was darkening toward evening when, to his great relief, he saw the solitary speck returning; the warmth of the April day was gone by this time; he shut the window and shivered. His wife had not come back to renew her usual perfunctory attentions, and he was glad of it. Ringing the bell, he ordered his servant to bring him his overcoat and cap, and when the astonished man obeyed, he put them on and looked at himself in the glass with some simple satisfaction. The long military cloak which he still affected suited him, and his wife had that afternoon awakened his innocent vanity.

"You are not going out, monsieur, and so late!" remonstrated the servant, in amazement. "What will madame say?"

His master drew himself up.

"The ladies are too nervous, Charles; one should not always consult them."

And he took the strong stick he habitually used, and, refusing any other support, made his way slowly along the corridor and down the stairs. He was not strong yet, but he was

in better health than he had been allowed to imagine, and he found the evening breeze that blew in his face as he stepped upon the quay rather refreshing than chilling. He turned to the left, walking close to the water-side, and keeping a sharp look-out for the little figure of which he was in search. The masts of the ships that lined the harbor were standing out black against the deepening crimson of the evening sky when he came at last face to face with Peggy Beresford.

She did not know him, but came straight toward him with a blank, sightless look on her face that made her more like an elf than ever. He stopped short in front of her, but, without even glancing up to see who it was that was barring her passage, she stepped nimbly on one side and passed him. He turned round and called to her.

"Mademoiselle!" he began without any effect.

The sound of his limping footsteps as he bobbed after her, however, arrested her attention, and as he came up with her she turned.

"Monsieur de Lancrey?" said she shyly, uncertainly, and as if prepared for flight.

"Yes, mademoiselle. Do not be alarmed, I wish to help you if you will allow me. You wish to know where is Monsieur Gerald?"

Peggy started.

"You said you couldn't tell me!" said she sharply.

"I cannot tell you with exactness, mademoiselle; but I know that he is in London."

"Ah, I thought so. And Madame de Lancrey sent him there?"

"You are anxious to find him, mademoiselle?" said the General stiffly.

"I will find him," answered Peggy, with fire, "if I have to go crying his name all through London like the Saracen lady did Gilbert a Becket's!"

"And when do you propose to start, mademoiselle?"

All her valor went out suddenly, and she stood before him, limp and wretched, with the tears forcing their way to her eyes.

"I'll ask you captain of the night boat to take me over," said she tremulously.

"And if he won't, I'll ask the captain of the boat that goes to-morrow!"

"But he will perhaps know you. I believe you are the daughter of a gentleman who resides here."

"I don't care," muttered Peggy, whom objections made degged; I'll go to London somehow, if I have to s-w-i-m."

"I—er—I hope—I trust that mademoiselle will not think I wish to be impertinent—I have indeed no such intention—but if I might presume to lend mademoiselle the amount necessary—"

He need not have been afraid. Peggy had scarcely got an inkling of his meaning when she made a frantic effort to embrace him on the open quay; and clinging to his arm, with the tears running down her cheeks, she blessed and thanked him vaguely but affectionately, while he took out his pocket book and put five sovereigns into her hand.

"English money will be the most useful," he explained, as he put it carefully into her shaking little fingers.

"I shan't want it all," said Peggy, "I daresay."

"Too much is better than too little," said the General. "When will you start?"

"To-night, of course."

"And what will you do with yourself in the mean time?"

"Go to Gerald's pastrycook's and have some tarts."

"You ought to have something more solid."

"No, no, I'm all right, monsieur; I could live upon air now."

And the tiny creature raised her weird eyes to his, and showed him a face transformed into loveliness by the change from anxiety and despair to energy and hope.

"Good-bye, good-bye, monsieur. You have been a fairy godmother to me, and I will love you all my life for it."

She seized one of his hands and printed two or three quick, passionate kisses on it; then, like a spirit of the evening mist, she fled away so quickly that, before he could even return her farewell, she was out of his sight.

The General walked very slowly the short distance which lay between him and his hotel. His wife, who had heard of his caprice, met him in consternation. But he laughed off her fears with a new indifference to his ailments, and she began to understand that the relations between herself and him were changed since the afternoon. He gave no explanation of his expedition, no reason for the fancy he had to sit up until the midnight boat had left the harbor for England. Then he went off to bed, still reticent, but satisfied, for he knew that the poor little lady whom he had helped that evening was safe on her way to the young lover in whom his own wife took such an unaccountable and undesirable interest.

"She will find him out," he thought to himself composedly, "and he will marry her and have no time to attend to other women's affairs."

And in happy ignorance of the havoc he was doing his best to work in his wife's well-laid plans, Monsieur le General went to sleep.

Madeline sat up later, thinking over the events of the day, and congratulating herself upon the work she had done. She had had too adventurous a life not to be superstitious; and when she had summed up the results of her labors, she shook her head and sighed doubtfully.

"It has all gone too smoothly," she said to herself. "Gerald rescued from 'Les Bouleaux' and saved from that girl. One ferret at 'Les Bouleaux'; the second in London; Paris the only hole that remains to be watched. My husband is well enough to go away; to-morrow I find out that I am tired of Calais, and must return to the boulevards; then it is only a waiting game. And yet—and yet—I wish it had not all been arranged so easily, so simply. There's always a little ripple upon the open sea; but in the smooth water close in shore one looks out for—rocks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Past and Present.

In 885 the Church of England leased to the crown a piece of land for 999 years, or on what is termed a "perpetual lease."

The time has expired, and now the property reverts to the Church. Here is a document in force, made away back in the days of King Alfred, compassing a millennium, less one year, and now after this long period the occupants must vacate. How strangely this event links the present with the past, and what a proof of the majesty of the law and the stability of the English government.

—Ez.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Annual meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at the Hotel Office of the Company, 22 to 28 King Street East, Toronto, on Thursday, the 27th day of January, when the annual report was submitted as follows:

REPORT.
In submitting their annual report the directors have much pleasure in stating that in every department tending to the Company's substantial progress and prosperity, the year's operations have been most satisfactory. During the year 1,578 applications for \$2,420,000 were received, upon which were issued 1,515 policies for \$2,234,550, the rest being unaccepted, and 7 policies for \$10,635, which had lapsed for non-payment of premium, were revived. The accompanying revenue account and balance sheet show that the reserve fund has been increased by \$104,826, and that fund now amounts to the handsome sum of \$416,511. The addition to the Company's assets is largely in excess of that of any former year, amounting to \$120,504, being over twenty per cent. of the whole income of the year. All the reserves and resources of the Company are invested in Canada, throughout nearly all the Provinces, and are thus utilized in building up and extending Canadian interests. Every documentary security held by the Company has been examined and verified independently by the Auditors of the Committee of the Board.
ALEXANDER MORRIS, President.
Toronto, Jan. 26, 1888.

ABSTRACT OF REVENUE ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET.
Income for the year 1887 \$230,792 84
Expenditure (including payments to policy holders of \$5,423) 127,124 93
Assets (including uncalled premiums) 737,660 87
Liabilities to policy-holders 425,511 00
Surplus for security of policy-holders 362,149 87
WILLIAM McCABE,
Managing Director and Actuary.

We have examined the Books, Documents, and Vouchers representing the foregoing Revenue Account, and also each of the securities for the Property in the above Balance Sheet, and certify to their correctness.
JAMES CARLYLE, M.D., } Auditors.
W. G. CASSELS, }

Toronto, January 30, 1888.

We concur in the foregoing Certificate and have personally made an independent examination of said books, vouchers, and assets of each of the Securities representing said Property.

B. B. HUGHES, } Auditing Com. of Board.
WM. GORDON, }

The President then said, in moving the adoption of the report: "I have very great pleasure in making the usual formal motion to adopt the report, printed copies of which you have in your hands."

It has been my pleasure to take the chair at our annual general meeting, and to make some remarks on the position of the Company and its progress, but never, in its history, have we had such a splendid showing as that for 1887 which has just been read. The statement is so full, clear, and concise, that it seems to me almost unnecessary to make any remarks thereon. It is said, 'nothing succeeds like success,' and this may be the reason that, year by year, our success has increased until to-day we meet you and say that we can show a statement with over half a million of accumulated assets in the short period of a few years, together with a handsome surplus. The actual increase in our assets during the past year has been \$120,504, the largest sum of \$120,504, while our Reserve Fund has been increased by \$104,826, now reaching the handsome sum of \$416,511. These grand results have been accomplished mainly by hard, persistent work on the part of our active agents on the field. The splendid investment and other plans of insurance offered by this Company, all of which have stood the test of time, and have been endorsed by the highest authorities on the subject, have been widely approved by leading professional men and others desiring to protect themselves by the safeguards of life insurance combined with an investment. The applications of the year have been of an unusually good character. It is gratifying to observe that so many farmers, constituting as they do the largest industrial interest in this country, are availing themselves so largely of the advantages of life insurance. The Government official report shows that, in the amount of our income, accumulated funds, new business insurance in force and addition to assets, we are again considerably ahead of our chief home competitors at the same period in their history, and what is of more importance, the cost of our business is still kept within reasonable limits. Competition, both from the United States, and also from the British companies, was never keener than during the past year, and in many instances, prices were paid for the business, which we consider excessive. One word about the excellent character of our assets. Our Finance Committee have been very careful in the selection of investments, and it is a great source of congratulation to know that so successful have they been in this respect, that there is not a single investment on the books about which we have the slightest anxiety that the Company will lose a single cent. The interest has been wonderfully well paid, and the income from that source has now reached a very handsome figure, being in cash \$23,718.74, and due and accrued \$6,016.32, which, when added to the paid losses of the year in the general branch. As regards our Company, I feel the utmost confidence in recommending it to the consideration of every one contemplating insurance, as I fully believe there is no company doing business in Canada to-day that is better prepared or more able to meet its contracts than this Company.

Alexander Morris, Vice-President, said: "I have much pleasure in seconding the motion of my old and tried friend, the President, for the adoption of the report. The able address of the President has left me very little to do. It is impossible for any one to read and study this report without feeling intensely gratified. Here is a home institution that trusted itself to the public, and endeavored to meet the wants of the people, and the people have nobly rallied round it. They have shown appreciation of the efforts of those who desire to make life insurance a home word and a home institution. They have shown that they believe in the benefits of life insurance, and the most gratifying feature of the report alluded to by the President, is that the farmers, upon whom every body has looked with so much interest, have begun to realize the benefits of life insurance, and are largely taking advantage of it, and of the opportunity afforded them of making provision for their families."

Dr. Thorburn, who gives the utmost attention to the examination of all applications received, and we have the advantage, in addition, of the matured wisdom of the President, who, in a great way, has done for the office, and gives all attention in his power to this business; and also one of the best life insurance men in Canada, your managing director, Mr. McCabe, and then you have the quiet, energetic application and long and successful financial experience of a gentleman whose merits are not fully known to you; I refer to my colleague in the vice-presidency, Mr. Blake. I have intended to say a few words so long, but as I look around the room I cannot help but remark on the good appearance of the Company's agents. As a director, I thank the agents again for their efficient services in the past, and would simply say to you that the North American Life Assurance Company expects every man to do his duty as he has done in the past."

Dr. Thorburn, Medical Director, presented his report. On motion of Mr. J. L. Blake, seconded by Mr. A. H. Campbell, it was adopted.

Mr. J. N. Lake and Mr. Wm Gordon were appointed scrutineers when the poll was opened. The scrutineers reported the result of the election. The meeting then adjourned, whereupon the new Board met, and re-elected the officers of last year.

Fruit

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