SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XVI. - (CONTINUED.)

"I suppose he went then to my father, and they planned it all between them, because at this time he-that is, my fatherbegan to tell me he was in debt, hopelessly, trretrievably in debt. Among others he mentioned certain debts of (so-called) honor, which, if not paid within a given time, would leave him not only a beggar, but a disgraced one upon the face of the earth; and I believed him. He worked upon my feelings day by day, with pretended tears, with vows of amendment. I don't know," bitterly, "what his share of the bargain was to be, but I do know he toiled for it conscientiously. I was young, unusually so for my age, without companions, romantic impressionable. It seemed to me a grand thing to sacrifice myself and thereby save my father; and if I would only consent to marry Mr. Arlington he had promised not only to avoid dice, but to give up his habits of intemperance. It is an old story, is it not? No doubt you know it by heart. Crafty age and foolish youth, -what chance had I? One day I gave in, I said I would marry Mr. Arlington, and he sold me to him three weeks later. We were married.

Here her voice fails her again, and a little moan of agonized recollection escapes her. Cyril, clasping her still closer to him, presses a kiss upon her brow. At the sweet contact of his lips she sighs, and two large tears gathering in her eyes roll slowly down

her cheeks. "A week after my wretched marriage," she goes on, "I discovered accidentally that my father had lied to me and tricked me. His circumstances were not so bad as he had represented to me, and it was on the condition that he was to have a certain income from Mr. Arlington yearly that he had persuaded me to marry him. He did not long enjoy it. He died," slowly, "two months afterwards. Of my life with-my husband I shall not tell you; the recital would only revolt you. Only to think of it now makes me feel deadly ill; and often from my dreams, as I live it all over again, I start, cold with horror and disgust. It did not last long, which was merciful; six months after our marriage he eloped with an

actress and went to Vienna.' "The blackguard! the scoundrel!" says Cyril, between his teeth, drawing his breath sharply.

"I never saw him again. In a little while I received tidings of his death; he had been stabbed in a brawl in some drinking-house, and had only lived a few hours after it. And I was once more free.'

She pauses, and involuntarily stretches forth both her hands into the twilight, as one might who long in darkness, being thrust into the full light of day, seeks to grasp and retain it.

"When I heard of his death," she says, turning to Cyril, and speaking in a clear intense tone, "I laughed! For the first time for many months, I laughed aloud! I de- will." clared my thankfulness in a distinct voice. My heart beat with honest, undisguised delight when I knew I should never see him again, should never in all the years to come shiver and tremble in his hated prescence. He was dead, and I was heartily glad of it.'

She stops, in terrible agitation. An angry fire gleams in her large gray eyes. She seems for the moment to have utterly forgotten Cyril's nearness, as in memory she lives lays his hand lightly upon her shoulder, her eyes meet his, and then the anger dies from them. She sighs heavily, and then goes on:

"After that I don't know what happened for a long time, because I got brain-fever, and, but for one friend, who all through died. He and his sister nursed me through it, and brought me back to life again; but, girlish hopes. A few months had changed woman."

"Don't say that," says Cyril, gently. "Until now," returns she, looking at him with eyes full of the most intense affection; "now all is different."

"Beloved, how you have suffered!" he says, pressing her head down again upon her rich hair. "But it is all over, and, if I can make you so, you shall be happy in the future. And your one friend? Who was he ?"

She hesitates perceptibly, and a blush creeping up dyes her pale face crimson.

"Perhaps I know," says Cyril, an unaccountable misgiving at his heart. "Was it Colonel Trant? Do not answer me if you do not wish it," very gently.

"Yes, it was he. There is no reason why I should not answer you."

" No ?" " No."

"He asked Guy to let you have the cot-

though by some chance I had come in for all Mr. Arlington's property, I only cared to go away and hide myself somewhere ears. where I should find quiet and peace. I tried several places, but I was always restless until I came here." She smiles faintly.

Cyril, after a pause, says, hesitatingly,-"Cecilia, did you ever care for-for-Trant ?"

"Never : did you imagine that? I never cared for any one but you; I never shall again. And you, Cyril," the tears rushing thickly to her eyes, "do you still think Guy's ear; Archibald is pointing his quota-I remember all the hateful scenes I have not in the least sentimental. passed through."

whose spirits are rising now she has denied | honey about that." as bad could be, I should adore you all the he, somewhat disgusted. A slight pause he bites languidly a little blade of green air of sympathetic concern, and carefully about.

same. I can't say any more." little. "Oh, Cyril, how sweet it is to be over impatiently. beloved, to me especially, who never yet | "Oh, my Luve's like a red, red, rose," natured, is it not?" asks Florence, gently, (until now) had any love offered me; at he begins, bravely, but Lilian instantly rising as though a dislike to the gossip goleast." correcting herself hastily, "any I suppresses him. cared to accept.

"Yes, one." somewhat sharply on his under lip.

"Yes." "Cecilia, I am afraid you liked that fel-

low once. Come, confess it."

"No, indeed, not in the way you mean; but in every other way more than I can tell you. I should be the most ungrateful wretch alive if it were otherwise. As a true friend, I love him."

"How dare you use such a word to any one but me ?" says Cyril, bending to smile into her eyes. "I warn you not to do it again, or I shall be dangerously and outrageously jealous. Tears in your eyes still, my sweet? Let me kiss them away : poor eyes! surely they have wept enough in their time to permit of their only smiling in the future."

When they have declared over and over again (in different languages every time, of course) the everlasting affection each feels

for the other, Cecilia says,-"How late it grows! and you are in your evening dress, and without a hat.

Have you dined ?" "Not yet; but I don't want any dinner." (By this one remark, O reader, you may guess the depth and sincerity of his love.) "We generally dine at half-past completely used up. seven, but to-night we are to starve until eight to oblige Florence, who has been | gayly, "and enjoy our summer to the end.

is almost that now. You must go, or Lady sitting on the greensward surrounded by Chetwoode will be angry with me and I her attendant swains. think bad thoughts of me."

early and came down to see you."

"There is plenty of time i it can't be | pleasantly to Miss Beauchamp. nearly eight yet. Why, it is only half an

hour since I came," "It is a quarter to eight," says Cecilia, solemnly. " Do go, and come again as early | from Taffy, decides the point. as you can to-morrow."

"You will be glad to see me?" "Yes, if you come very early."

"And you are sure, my own darling, that by Sir Guy. vou really love me?'

"Quite, quite sure," tenderly. this lovely evening!" discontentedly. "Cer- silence on his part. "I shudder when tainly 'Time was made for slaves.' Well," think of it. No one who has never spent an -with a sigh-" good-night. I suppose I evening at the Grange can imagine the must go. I shall run down directly after | agony of it." breakfast. Good-night, my own, my dear-

"Good-night, Cyril." "What a cold farewell! I shan't go away at all if you don't say something kinder." around his neck.

"Good-night, my-darling," she whispers, tremulously; and with a last lingering | Lilian, caress they part as though years were about to roll by before they can meet again.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And, though she be but little, she is fierce -Midsummer Night's Dream.

Bene. Suffer love! A good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my

► Much Ado About Nothing.

It is a glorious evening towards the close of September. The heat is intense, delicious, as productive of happy languor as the poor man odious." though it was still the very heart of sum-

threading daisies into chains, her riotous tolerable in other ways. One memorable beneath the influence of the wind. At her and he got beastly drunk on the sauce for over again all the detested past. Cyril feet, full length, lies Archibald, a book con- the plum-pudding. We were young at the taining selections from the works of favor- time, and it made a lasting impression upon ite poets in his hand. He is reading us. Indeed, he was hardly the person to aloud such passages as please him and serve to illustrate the passion that day by day | first because he was unmistakably dirty, is growing deeper for his pretty cousin. Al- | and--" ready his infatuation for her has become a had done his best for me, I should have fact so palpable that not only has he ceased mournfully, "they could not restore to me | woode down to the lowest housemaid. from soap and water." my crushed youth, my ruined faith, my | Sometimes, when the poem is an old favorite, he recites it, keeping his dark eyes me from a mere child into a cold, unloving fixed the while upon the fair coquettish face just above him.

Upon the balcony looking down upon them sits Florence, working at the everlasting parrot, with Guy beside her, utterly miserable, his whole attention concentrated upon his ward. For the past week he has been wretched as a man can be who sees a his breast, and caressing with loving fingers trival well received before his eyes day after day. Miss Beauchamp's soft speeches and tender glances, although many and pronounced, fail to console him, though to others he appears to accept them willingly enough, and to make a generous return, spending-how he hardly knows, though perhaps she does—a good deal of time in her society. He must indeed be devoid of observation if now he cannot pass a strict examination of the hues of that crewel bird (this is not a joke), for wherever he may be, there Miss Beauchamp is sure to show a few minutes later, always with her wools.

Noting all this, be sure Lilian draws from it her own conclusions.

As each clear silvery laugh reaches him "Yes; I had wearied of everything, and from below, Guy frowns, and winces at every fond poetical sentiment, that, floated upwards by the wind, falls upon his

"See the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another; No sister flower would be forgiven If it disdained its brother: And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea:

What are all these kissings worth,

If thou kiss not me?" The words recited by Mr. Chesney with | solingly. much empressement soar upwards and gain you can love me, the daughter of one bad tion with many impassioned glances and

man, the wife of another? I can hardly much tender emphasis; all of which is think myself as good as other women when rather thrown away upon Lilian, who is "Read something livelier, Archie," she

"I shall treat you to a crowning scene if says, regarding her growing chain with un-

"You needn't," returns she, laughing a leaves of Chesney's volume as he turns them his lips. Lilian is distinctly angry.

"But you had a lover?" asks he, carnest- | ways think what a horrid 'luve' she must | damp grass that urges her to flight. have been. Fancy a girl with cheeks like that rose over there! Fancy writing a Cyril, somewhat irrelevantly as it seems. "Trant again?" letting his teeth close sonnet to a milk-maid! Go on, however; the other lines are rather pretty."

"Oh, my lov like a melody That's sweetly played in tune,"

reads Archie, and then stops. if you had heard that last word persistently called 'chune,' I think it would have says Archibald; and, Cyril at this moment taken the edge off your fancy for it. I had arriving with the offered chair, Miss Beauan uncle who adored that little poem, but he would call the word 'chune,' and it rather spoiled the effect. He's dead," says Mr. Chesney, laying down his book, "but I think I see him now."

"In the pride of youth and beauty, With a garland on his brow,"

quotes Lilian mischievously. "Well, not quite. Rather in an ex ceedingly rusty suit of evening clothes at the Opera. I took him there in a weak moment to hear the 'late, lamented Titiens sing her choicest song in 'Il Trovatore,'you know it ?-well, when it was over and the whole house was in a perfect uproar of applause, I turned and asked him what he thought of it, and he instantly said he thought it was 'a very pretty "chune" Fancy Titiens singing a 'chune'! I gave him up after that, and carefully avoided his society. Poor old chap, he didn't bear malice, however, as he died a year later and left me all his money."

"More than you deserved," says Lilian. Here Cyril and Taffy appearing on the scene cause a diversion. They both simultaneously fling themselves upon the grass at Lilian's feet, and declare themselves

"Let us have tea out here," says Lilian, spending the day somewhere. So I dressed | Springing to her feet, she turns towards the balcony, careless of the fact that she has "At eight," says Cecilia, alarmed: "it destroyed the lovely picture she made

don't want any one belonging to you to | "Florence, come down here, and let us have tea on the grass," she calls out

> "Do, Florence," says Archibald, entreatingly; and "Miss Beauchamp, you really must,"

Florence, feeling it will look ungracious to refuse, rises with reluctance, and sails down upon the quartette below, followed

"What an awful time we shall be having at Mrs. Boileau's this hour to-morrow "What a bore it is having to go home | night," says Cyril, plaintively, after a long

"I vow I would rather be broken on the wheel than undergo it," says Archibald. "It was dowright mean of Lady Chetwoode to let us all in for it. And yet no doubt things might have been worse; we ought to Standing on tiptoe, Cecilia lays her arms | feel devoutly thankful old Boileau is well under the sod."

"What was the matter with him?" asks

"Don't name him," says Cyril: "he was past all human endurance; my blood runs cold when I remember I once did know him. I rejoice to say he is no more. His name was Benjamin: and as he was small and thin, and she was large and fat, she (that is, Mrs. Boileau) was always called 'Benjamin's portion.' That's a joke, do you see

"I do: so you don't take any bobs off my wages," retorts Miss Chesney, promptly, with a distinct imitation of Kate Santley. "And yet I cannot see how all this made

"No, not exactly that, though I don't think a well-brought-up man should let Outside upon the grass sits Lilian, idly himself go to skin and bone. He was ingolden locks waving upon her fair forehead | Christmas-day Guy and I dined with him, sit next at a prolonged dinner-party,

"Oh, Cyril!" "Well, and why not? It is not imposto deny it to himself, but every one in the sible. Even Popes, it now appears, can be house is fully aware of it, from Lady Chet- indifferent to the advantages to be derived

> a pleasanter subject upon which to converse," says Florence, with a disgusted curl was all arranged between them early this of her short upper lip.

> turns Cyril, meekly. "But Lilian should is intolerable! be blamed: she would investigate the matful. He was a very dirty old man, I assure occasion, as women will when their hearts you, my dear Florence.

seems to have been rather the best of the | Archibald will take pity upon me. Archie!'

expressive nod in the direction of Florence. | smile still more enchanting. "I can only say it was a very feeble proceeding on the part of such a capable person as Mrs. Boileau.'

"Just 'another good woman gone

wrong," suggests Taffy, mildly. said of fever, others of-Mrs. Boileau; no attention was ever paid to the others. When he did droop and die she planted all sorts of lovely little flowers over his grave, and watered them with her tears for ever

so long. Could affection go farther?" "Horrible woman!" says Miss Chesney; "it only wanted that to finish my dislike to her. I hope when I am dead no one will plant flowers on my grave; the pare idea would make me turn in it."

"Then we won't do it," says Taffy, con-

this country," says Cyril, languidly. Think what a lot of objectionable widows | sonal pronoun. we should have got rid of by this time; Mrs. Boileau, for instance."

ensues, filled up by the faint noise of the grass, a faint smile flickers at the corners of regards Miss Beauchamp's nose with raised

"Poor Mrs. Boileau; all this is rather ill-

says Taffy. "If you will stay on we will miseration.

swear not to make any more ill-natured remarks about any one.'

"Then I expect silence will reign su-"It is pretty," he says, agreeably; "but | preme, and that the remainder of our conversazione will be of the deadly-lively order,' champ is kindly pleased to remain.

> As the evening declines, the midges muster in great force. Cyril and Taffy, being in the humor for smoking, -and having cheroots, -are comparatively speaking happy: the others grow more and more secretly irritated every moment. Florence is making ladylike dabs at her forehead every two seconds with her cambric handin not retiring in-doors long ago. Midges | the police. sting her and raise uninteresting little marks upon her face, thereby doing irremediable damage for the time being. The very by the authorities; for there naturally prethought of such a catastrophe fills her with spoiled by these bloodthirsty little miscremidge has taken fancy to her nose, and has one is of itself a plea for toleration, if not inflicted on it a serious bite; it is swelling encouragement. visibly, and a swelled nose is not becoming, bred, but expressionless face.

Ignorant, I say, of this crowning mishap,

At last Lilian loses all patience.

"Oh! hang these midges!" she says, for the times we live in. The petulance of the soft tone, the expression used, makes | tells his audience he has to do "for a bet." them all laugh, except Miss Beauchamp, who, true to her training, maintains a penny apiece" is still before the public. A more ludicrous than it was before.

mands Lilian, opening her eyes wide at their fail. He is not permitted, of course, to allaughter. "Oh!"-recollecting,-"did I low one of the coins to be examined; they say 'hang them '? It is all Taffy's fault, he must be taken from his hand as they are, will use school-boy slang. Taffy you ought and the lies roll out of his mouth with a to be ashamed of yourself: don't you see volubility which nothing but long practice how you have shocked Florence?"

"And no wonder," says Archibald, grave- about. y; "you know we swore to her not to abuse anything for the remainder of this evening, not even these little winged tordeath as he speaks.

"How are we going to the Grange to- have bought.

morrow evening?" asks Taffy, presently. Cyril and Archibald, at a little distance, are apparently convulsed with laughter over some shady story just being related by the

"I suppose," goes on Taffy, "as Lad Chetwoode won't come, we shall take the open traps, and not mind the carriage, the

the question. "No; who is to drive poor little I, is the

plaintively, prompted by some curious impulse, seening him silent, handsonfe, moody in the background. A moment later she could have killed herself for putting the offering for sale these effigies of nigger question to him. "Guy always drives me," says Florence,

calmly: "I never go with any one else, except in the carriage with Aunt Anne. I ly, and their contortions do not injure their am nervous, and should be miserable with form in the least. any one I could not quite trust. Careless driving terrifies me. But Guy is never for one halfpenny, too, but this is not all. careless," turning upon Chetwoode a face she fondly hopes is full of feeling, but which unfortunately is suggestive of noth- them, is the sound which they appear to ing but a midge's bite. The nose is still emit whenever the leg, arm, head, or body the principal feature in it.

Placed in this awkward dilemma, Guy can only curse his fate and be silent. How | the exhibitor says, "See how it hurts him," can he tell Florence he does not care for her and you hear a squeak. society, how explain to Lilian his wild desire for hers? He bites his moustache, and, with his eyes fixed gloomily upon the ground, maintains a disgusted silence. Truly luck is dead against him.

no allowance for his unhappy position. the nearest boy, when the cry is shriller Evidently, -according to her view of the than ever. "Really, Cyril, I think you might choose case,-from his silent aquiescence in Miss Beauchamp's plan, he likes it. No doubt it morning; and she, to have so far forgotten "I beg pardon all round, I'm sure," re- herself as to ask him to drive her! Oh! it

"You are quite right," she says sweetly are sorest. "There is nothing so depressing "Mrs. Boileau, however objectionable, as nervousness when driving. Perhaps two: why did she marry him?" asks calling out to him, "come here. I want "Haven't the remotest idea, and, even if | chanting smile. "Would it be putting you | feeblest sound. I had, I should be afraid to answer any out dreadfully if I asked you to drive me to more of your pertinent questions," with an Mrs. Boileau's to-morrow evening?" -- another

"You really mean it?" asks Archibald, delighted, his dark face lighting, while Guy, looking on helplessly, almost groans aloud. "You know how glad I shall be; I had no idea when I got up this morning such luck "Quite so," says Archibald, "though she | was in store for me. Dear Mrs. Boileau! adored him, -she said. Yet he died, some if she could only guess how eager I am to start for her charming Grange!"

Chetwoode fully understands that, like the

Anne too long alone." to be alone."

brows of solicitude.

"My nose?" repeats Florence, reddening. "Yes, dear. One of those unkind little | bia, in London, England insects has bitten it shamefully, and now it

Florence wisely makes no reply. She would have borne the tortures of the rack rather than exhibit any vehement temper before Guy; so she contents herself with casting a withering glance upon Lilian,who receives it with the most sang froid,and, putting her handkerchief up the wounded member, sweeps into the house full of righteous indignation.

THE LATEST LONDON STREET DODGE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Those who walk London streets must often notice vendors of cheap toys busily kerchief, and is regretting keenly her folly | plying their trade, in spite of the law and

These "Cheap Johns," on a small scale, are tolerated, although not countenanced vails a disinclination to interfere with an horror. Her fair, plump hands are getting avocation that assumes the character of fair and open dealing, just as the sale of oranges ants; this she notices with dismay, but is or the business of any itinerant huckster, ignorant of the fact that a far worse mis- may be deemed; and the mere disposition fortune is happening higher up. A tasteless | to prefer that line to a downright dishonest

The consequence is, a regular business in especially when it is set as nearly as nature | the way of street-dealing, and some of its will permit in the centre of a pale, high- branches are amusing as they are questionable.

The barefaced trickery belonging to some she goes on dabbing her brow gently, while of the "dodges" resorted to by these petty all the others lie around her dabbing like- hawkers is almost past belief, because they are so stale. Gullibility seems a part of human nature.

There is one man who appears never to naturally certainly, but rather too forcibly abandon the old deception of selling "plain gold wedding-rings" a penny each. This he

The well-known story of "sovereigns a demeanor of frigid disapproval, which has the man with unblushing effrontery assures his pleasing effect of rendering the swelled nose audience that he is commissioned to sell one hundred sovereigns for one hundred pence, "Have I said anything very bizarre?" de- to decide a wager, and he fears that he shall and utter unscrupulousness could bring

Then there are sellers who give you a marvellous number of articles for your money. The only wonder is how they can do so ments," viciously squeezing half a dozen to until you get home and discover the utter, worthlessness of the pretending trash you'

Occasionally, however-because the pro-The others have broken up and separated; duction of a great number of one description of article enables the manufacturers to dispose of them at an exceedingly low price -you see some particular toy such as a bronze and pistol-shaped pop-gun, sold remarkably cheap. But these are not, strictly speaking, one of the "dodges" of the day.

Perhaps the smartest in the latter line is evenings are fine. Who is to drive who, is now before the public in the shape of a little, black, naked figure, which is offered to us for a half-penny. It is amusing to question. Sir Guy, will you?" asks Lilian, see how hundreds, nay thousands, of these ugly little dolls are disposed of.

Daily, in several of the principal City streets, may be seen one man if not two, babies, seemingly composed of vulcanised india rubber - we say seemingly, because the vendor pulls their limbs about remorseless-

There is something funny in all this, and

That which makes them really interesting, and the spectator desirous of possessing of either of them is pulled or distorted. Elongating the arm of the little "nigger"

He pulls the leg, and there is another

squeak in a different tone. Again he puts the head between the legs, and giving it a merciless thump, you hear another shrill cry, and the audience laugh "Oh,-that indeed!" says Lilian, and, louder and louder when the vendor hangs being a thorough woman, of course makes the supposed squeaker against the face of

You may feel ashamed to make a purchase in the street, but you cannot help wishing to do so. If you have sufficient moral courage, you take a copper from the corner of your pocket, and reaching over the heads of admiring juveniles, present it to the ingenious "professor," for he is no common lecturer. ter; and I'm nothing, if not strictly truth- to Florence, even producing a smile for the It is a penny, and you cannot refuse to "take a couple." But what have you got? Upon examining your bargain you discover it to be nothing more than a hideous and unsavoury morsel of black glue, all sticky and voiceless, for no pulling, squeezing, or you to do me a great favor,"-with an en- doubling up, will induce it to utter the

> Those "squeals" that so amused you came, not from the toy, but from the mouth or sleeve of the operator, and you are "done "-for a penny !

Very Applicable.

"Love your neighbor as yourself" is a command terribly difficult to apply to practical business or politics. The recent effort of some conspicuously pious men to seize He says this in a laughing tone, but for their own country's benefit a country which belongs to another race, points the famous well, it has truth at the bottom of it. | moral of Herbert Spencer's assertion that "It grows late, does it not?" Florence what men believe they believe is very difsays, rising gracefully. "I think we had ferent from what they really do believe. better go in-doors. We have left Aunt The actions of Americans in regard to Hawaii render these words of Spencer pe-"Auntie is lying down. Her head is culiarly interesting: "A society in which bad," says Lilian; "I was with her just the most exalted principles of self-sacrifice before I came out, and she said she wished for the benefit of neighbors are enunciated may be a society in which unscrupulous "Yes; she can't bear noise," remarks sacrifice of alien fellow creatures is not "I wish we had a few Indian customs in Florence, calmly but meaningly. "I must only tolerated but applauded. Along with go and see how she is." There is the faint- professed anxiety to spread these exalted "The Suttee was a capital institution. est suspicion of an emphasis upon the per- principles among heathers there may go the deliberate fastening of a quarrel upon them "That will be very kind of you, dear," with a view to annexing their territory. says Miss Chestney, snavely. "And Flor- Men who every Sunday have listened ap-"And Mrs. Arlington," puts in Florence, ence-would you like anything to rub to provingly to injunctions carrying the requietly. An unaccountable silence follows your poor nose ?-cold cream-or glycerine gard for other people to an impracticable you ever dare say that again," says Cyril, limited admiration. "There is rather much | this speech. No one can exactly explain | -or that; nurse has all those sorts extent may yet line themselves out to slay, why, but every one knows something awk- of things, I'm sure." This is a small at the word of command, any people in any having any affection for Trant. "And if If you can snub Shelley, I'm sure I ward has been said. Cyril outwardly is revenge of Lilian's, impossible to forego; part of the world, utterly indifferent to every relation you ever had was as bad don't know what it is you do like," returns perhaps the least concerned of them all: as while enjoying it she puts on the tenderest the right or wrong of the matter fought

News has been received of the death of ex-Governor Hugh Nelson, of British Colum-

Sir Oliver Mowat and Mr. A. M. Ross, ing on around her compels her to return to is all pink and swollen. Didn't you know who was formerly Provincial Treasurer at Don't," she says: "that's worse. I al- the house. In reality it is a dislike to it? I have been feeling so sorry for you for Ontario, and Mr. L. O. Taillon, Premit of the last ten minutes. It is too bad, -is it | Quebec, were in Ottawa on Saturday to con-"Shall I get you a chair, Florence?" asks not? I hardly think it will be well before | fer with Sir John Thompson on the approachdinner, and it is so disfiguring." All this ing arbitration to settle the unettled "Pray, don't leave us, Miss Beauchamp," she utters in tones of the deepest com- accounts between the Dominion and the provinces of Ontario and Quahac,