# SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XVIII. - (CONTINUED)

"You spoke about the Park a few minutes .go," he says, slowly ; " you know now you can have it back again if you will."

"But not in that way. Did you think I was hinting?" growing rather red. "No; please don't say another word. I wonder you can be so silly."

"Silly!" somewhat aggrieved; "I don't know what you mean by that. Surely a fellow may ask a woman to marry him without being termed 'silly.' I ask you again now. Lilian, will you marry me?"

"No, no, no, certainly not. I have no intention of marrying any one for years to come, -if ever. I think," with a charming pout, "it is very unkind of you to say such things to me, -and just when we were such good friends too; spoiling everything. shall never be comfortable in your society again; I'm sure I never should have suspected you of such a thing. If I had --

A pause. "You would not have come here with

me to-day, you mean?" gloomily. "Indeed I should not. Nothing would have induced me. You have put me out terribly.'

"I suppose you like Chetwoode," says Archibald, still more gloomily. Having never been denied anything since his birth, he cannot bring himself to accept this crowning misfortune with becoming grace.

"I like everybody, -except Florence," returns Lilian, composedly.

Then there is another pause, rather longer than the first, and then-after a violent struggle with her better feelings-Miss Chesney gives way, and laughs long and heartily.

" My dear Archibald, don't look so woebegone," she says. "If you could only see yourself! You look as though every relation you ever had was dead. Why, you ought to be very much obliged to me. Have you never heard Mr. Punch's advice to young men about to marry ?"

"I don't want any one's advice; it is late for that, I fancy. Lilian-darling-darling

-won't you-him back, while feeling for the first time slightly embarrassed; "don't come a step fore, and I perfectly hate it! I hope sincerely no one will ever propose to me again." | pleasantly suggestive of sledge-hammers.

"I shall!" doggedly; "I shau't give change your mind."

do not be offended. It is not you I have an whether it is Miss Beauchamp or Miss Ches- uously to one side, follows Cyril into the objection to, it is marriage generally. I ney he most admires. They have equal for house. have only begun my life, and a husband tunes, and are therefore (in his clerical eyes) have told me so."

"Old maids such as your aunt Priscilla, I dare say," says Archibald, scornfully. about Miss Chesney perfectly irresistible. ings of the warmest gratitude. "Don't believe them. I wouldn't bore you; Had one of these rival beauties been an heiryou should have everthing exactly your

OWN Way." "I have that now."

please.

"So you may," gayly ; " but mind, I

don't desire you. "May I take that as a grain of hope?" demands he, eagerly grasping this poor minately, and makes for the fauteuil in Mabel, saying she and Tom will surely be their acquirements or intellects. Doubtless shadow of a crumb with avidity, only to find later on it is no crumb at all. "Don't ennuyee to the last degree. Dinner has been idea so pleased me I thought I would stay ceived and were content with their position be cruel, Lilian : everyone thinks differently after a while; you may also. You have neither Guy nor Archibald will come near said I am not hateful to you; if then you her, or even look at her; and now Mr. would only promise to think it over -- '

"Impossible," airily: "I never think it is too fatiguing. So are you, by the by, just now. I shan't stay with you any longer, lest I should be infected. Good-by, Archie: when you are in a pleasanter mood you can return to me, but until then adieu.'

So saying, she catches her train in one hand and runs away from him fast as her

fleet little feet can carry hor.

finds herself in Taffy's presence.

"Whither away, fair maid?" asks that youth, removing the cigar from his lips that

he is enjoying all alone. "I am running away from Lrchie. He was so excessively dull and disagreeable that I could not bring myself to waste another moment on him, so I ran away and left him just plante la," says Miss Chesney, with a little foreign gesture and a delicious laugh

that rings far through the clear air, and reaches Archibald's ears as he draws nearer. slipping her hand into Taffy's. "Help me to hide from him.'

So together they scamper still farther is growing immodest. away, until at last they arrive breathless but side of the house.

When they had quite recovered themto know all about it.

"What was he saying to you?" asks he,

a propos of Chesney.

"Nothing," promptly. Taffy, curiously: "Well, certainly that was very disagreeable.'

Lilian, demurely: "It was." shoulders and gives her a good shake.

"Tell me directly," says he, "what he was saying to you. "H w can I?" innocently; "he says so much and none of it worth repeating."

"Was he making love to you?" "No. Oh, no," mildly.

"And look here, Lil, don't you have anything to do with him : he isn't up to the | Wales in print. mark by any means. He is too dark, and there is something queer about his eyes. I once saw a man who had cut the throats of his mother, his grandmother, and all his nearest relations, -- any amount of them, - | few pretty lies about the charming evening and his eyes were just like Chesney's. Don't | they have spent, etc. mairy him, whatever you do.

have my throat cut. delicate diplomatist. "He is a very decent | scrutiny that lies in them. fellow all round if you like."

"I do like, certainly. It is quite a comfort to know Sir Guy is not indecent."

"Oh, you know what I mean well enough. There's nothing underhand about Chetwoode. By the way, what have you been doing to him? He is awfully down on his luck all day."

"I!" coldly. "What should I do to Sir rendering their lips mute.

Guy ? "I don't know, I'm sure, but girls have a horrid way of teasing a fellow while pre- Rising in clouded majesty, at length-

tending to be perfectly civil with him all the time. It is my private opinion," says Mr. Musgrave, mysteriously, - "and I flatter myself I am seldom wrong, -that he is dead

spoons on you. "Yes, he is : you take my word for it. you a fiver" says Mr. Musgrave, " he proposes to you before the year is out.

"I wonder, Taffy, how you can be so | tears. vulgar !" says Lilian, with crimson cheeks, and a fine show of superior breeding. "I this subject again. Sir Guy, I assure you, has as much intention of proposing to me as I have of accepting him should he do so.

"More fool you," says Taffy, unabashed. "I'm sure he is much nicer than that melancholy Chesney. If I were a girl I should marry him straight off."

"Perhaps he would not marry you," replies Lilian, cuttingly.

"'Like a shot'-what does that mean ?" says Miss Chesney, with withering sarcasm. "It is a pity you cannot forget your schoolboy slang, and try to be a gentleman. I don't think you ever hear that 'decen't fellow' Sir Guy, or even that cut-throat Archibald, use it."

With this parting shaft she marches off overflowing with indignation, leaving Mr. Musgrave lost in wonder at her sudden she sighs again, and hardly another word is change of manner.

"What on earth is up with her now?" he asks himself, desperately; but the dress-

tractive about him except a most alarming ingly away from him, with lowered eyes voice that makes one glance instinctively at | and with averted head. his boots under the mistaken impression | With a beseeching gesture he detains her, that the sound must come from them. This and gains for a moment her attention. He "I won't, indeed," recoiling and waving is rather unfortunate for the curate, as his is looking pale, miserable; there is an exfeet are not (or rather are) his strong point, pression of deep entreaty in his usually Nature having endowed them with such a steady blue eyes. nearer; nobody ever made love to me be- tremendous amount of heel, and so much

you up yet. You have not thought about ly evargelical, which renders him specially through your coldness, your scorn, you it. When you know me better you may abhorrent to Lilian, who has rather a fancy would say so too. Forgive me." for flowers and candies and nice little boys "Do not deceive yourself," gently, "and in white shirts. He is also undecided in clear tones, and, motioning him contemptess, and the other rich only in love's charms, Cyril. "Why, we imagined you not only the literature given them was that of I think I know which one Mr. Boer would out of your first but far into your second romance and entertainment solely. The have bowed before, -not that I even hint at | beauty sleep by this time." "And I will wait for you as long as you mercenary motives in his reverence, but as | "I missed you all so much I decided upon sation in their presence never took the it is he is much exercised in his mind as to waiting up for you," Lady Chetwoode an. form of discussion touching the serious which he shall honor with his attentions.

after dinner he bears down upon her deterwhich she lies esconced looking bored and insipid, the whole evening a mistake; here to impart my news and hear yours." of carefully nutured exemption from serious Boer's meditated attack is the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

"I consider the school board very much to blame," begins that divine while yet some yards distant, speaking in his usual blatant tones, that never change their keynote, however long they may continue to insult the air.

sweetly, but with such unmistakable taking Lilian's hand and rubbing her sick, comforted the afflicted, did their Down the pathway, round the limes, into haste as suggests a determination on her another path runs she, where suddenly she part to bring the undiscussed subject to an ignominious close. "I quite agree with you ; I think them terribly to blame. But I beg your pardon for one moment: want to ask Mr. Chetwoode a question

that has been haunting me for hours." Rising, she glides away from him over the carpet, leaving Mr. Boer-who takes a long time to understand anything, and could not possibly believe in a rebuff offered to himself in person-watching the tail of her long sweeping gown, and wondering curiously if all the little white frillings beneath it "Come, I hear footsteps," whispers she, may not have something to do with a falling petticoat. At this point he pulls himself together with a start, and fears secretly he

In the mean time Lilian has reached Cyril secure in the shrubberies that surround one | who is sitting at a table somewhat apart, gazing moodily at a book containing prints of the chief villages in Wales. He, like selves it occurs to Taffy that he would like herself, is evidently in the last stage of

Bending over him, she whispers in an awful tone, but with a beaming smile meant to mistify the observant Boer,-

"If you don't instantly deliver me from that man I shall make a point of going off into such a death-like swoon as will At this Taffy lays his hands upon her necessitate my being borne from the room. He is now going to tell me about that miserable school board all over again, and can't and won't stand it.

"Poor child," says Cyril, with deepost sympathy; "I will protect you. If he comes a step nearer. I swear to you I will have his blood." Uttering this comforting "I'm certain he was," with conviction. assurance in the mildest tone, he draws a chair to the table, and together they explore

Then there is a little music, and a good deal of carefully suppressed yawning, and then the carriages are announced and they all bid their hostess good-night, and tell a

"Cyril, will you drive me home?" Lilian "I won't," laughing: "I should hate to says to him hurriedly in the hall, while they are being finally cloaked and shawled. "There's Chetwoode, now," says Taffy, As she says it she takes care to avoid his who begins to think himself a very deep and eyes, so she does not see the look of amused

"So soon!" he says, tragically. "It was an easy victory! I shall be only too charmed, my dear Lilian, to drive you to the other end of the world if need be.'

So they start and drive home together placidly, through the cool, soft night. Lilian is str ely silent, so is Cyril, -the calm beauty of the heavens above them

"Now glowed the firmament With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,

Apparent queen!-unveiled her pecrless light, much superfluous cloth in any man's gar-And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'

The night is very calm, and rich in stars; brilliant almost as garish day, but bright with that tender, unchanging, ethereal light -clear, yet full of peaceful shadow-that day can never know.

"There is no dew on the dry grass to night, Nor damp within the shadow of the trees; The wind is intermitting, dry and light,"

Lilian sighs gently as they move rapidly through the still air, -a sigh not altogether "Really, Taffy!" begins Lilian, angrily. born of the night's sweetness, but rather Prints of Wales' this night." tinged with melancholy. The day has been I'm rather a judge in such matters. Bet possessed by the spirit of gayety, now in the subdued silence of the night the reaction setting in reduces her to the very verge of

Cyril too is very quiet, but his thoughts are filled with joy. Lifting his gaze to the never bet. I forbid you to speak to me on | eternal vault above him, he seems to see in the gentle stars the eyes of his beloved smiling back at him. A dreamy happiness, an exquisite feeling of thankfulness, absorb him, making him selfishly blind to the sadness of his little companion.

"How silent you are!" Lilian says, at length, unable to endure her tormenting

revery any longer. "Am I?" smiling. "I was thinking of "Wouldn't he? he would like a shot, if some line I read yesterday: the night is so I were like Lilian Chesney," says Taffy, lovely it recalls them. Of course they are as well known to you as to me; but hear

"How beautiful is the night! A dewy freshness fills the silent air:

No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor Breaks the serone of heaven:

In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine Rolls through the dark-blue depths," "Yes, they are pretty lines: they are Southey's, I think," says Lilian, and then

spoken between them until they reach

As they pull up at the hall-door, Guy, who ling-bell ringing at this moment disarms has arrived a little before them, comes forthought, and sends him in doors to prepare | ward, and, placing one foot upon the step of Cyril's T-cart, takes Lilian in his arms and Mrs. Boileau has asked no one to meet lifts her to the ground. She is so astonishthem except a lank and dreary curate, who ed at the suddenness of this demonstration is evidently a prime favorite with her. He on his part that she forgets to make any is an honorable Mr. Boer, with nothing at- protest, only-she turns slowly and mean-

"Lilian, forgive me," he whispers, anxsole, innocent of instep, as makes them un- lously, trying to read her face by the moonlight: "I have been sufficiently punished. He is painfully talkative, and oppressive- If you could guess all I have endured to-day

"Impossible," returns she, haughtily,

Miss Beauchamp, but then there is a viva- This latter is a compliment so thoroughly them. Their hands were trained to deftness city, a-ahem-" go," if one might say so, unexpected as to arouse within them feel- in embroidery and music, and their minds

I think Lilian wins the day, because "besides, early in the evening-just after sort of deference, but it was deference to you left-I had a telegram from dear their charming incapacity, and not at all to here to dinner to-morrow night. And the they enjoyed the sort of worship they re-

Every one in the room who knows Mrs. cares. When the women whose strong Steyne here declares his delight at the pros- help contributed to the conquest of this pect of so soon seeing her again.

at all. She hates leaving London." marks Cyril.

"So do I," says Lilian, very gently and are!" Lady Chetwoode says, anxiously up large broods of children, cared for the cheeks gently with loving fingers. "Cold, household work and often lent willing too! The drive has been too much for you, hands to the work of "the men folks. I ordered supper in the library an hour ago. had no leisure for discontent or idle long-Come and have a glass of wine before going | ings for the unattainable. Their education | to bed."

anything.

"Thank you, Aunt Anne, I think I will But what of the women of our own time? take something," interposes Florence, ami- We educate their minds to the highest alertably: "the drive was long. A glass of ness. Increased wealth exempts them in sherry and one little biscuit will, I feel sure, large degree from the old necessity for work. do me good."

as is well known, generally ends in a sub- to buy the things women once made stantial supper.

Chetwoode, and still holding Lilian's hand | class are to-day largely women without adestately Old-World fashion leads her there. | faculties, without occupation of an absorband declared their ability to help one anoth- | minds.

er, Lady Chetwoode says, pleasantly, agreeable evening?"

Boileau's the very wildest dissipation. We restlessness, discontent and nervous pros-

exciting all the same." "Was there no one to meet you?"

pect Mrs. Boileau of such a thing !" clergyman--''

champ's foregoing remarks.

days. the length of his coat-tails? I never saw so will determine the matter.

ment before. It may be saintly, but it was

cruel waste !" "How did you amuse yourselves?" asks Lady Chetwoode, hastily, forestalling a

threatening argument. "As best we might. Lilian and I amused each other, and I think we had the best of it. If our visit to the Grange did no other good, it at least awoke in me a thorough sense of loyalty; I cannot tell you," with glance at Lilian, "how often I blessed the

"Oh, Cyril, what a miserable joke!" says Lilian, smiling, but there is little warmth in her smile, and little real merriment in her usually gay tones. All this, Cyril-who is tion. Delal Pasha, aide-de-camp to the sincerely fond of her-notes with regret and

"Guy, give Lilian a glass of Moselle! says his mother at this moment: "it is what she prefers, and it will put a little color into were also present, likewise the governor of her cheeks: she looks so fatigued." As she says this she moves across the room to speak | civil authorites and the members of the dipto Florence leaving Lilian standing alone lomatic and consular corps. One hundred upon the hearth-rug. Guy, as desired, brings the wine and hands it to Lilian.

"No, thank you," turning from him

coldly. "I do not wish for it." "Nevertheless take it," Gny entreats. in a low voice: "you are terrible white, and," touching her hand gently, " as cold as death. Is it because I bring it you will

not have it? Will you take it from Taffy?' A choking sensation rises in Miss Chesney's throat; the unbidden tears spring to her eyes, it is by a passionate effort alone she restrains them from running down her cheeks. As I have said before, the day has been a distinct failure. She will not speak to Guy, Archibald will not speak to her. A sense of isolation is oppressing and weighing her down. She, the pet, the darling, is left lonely, while all the others round her laugh and jest and accept the good the gods provide. Like a spoiled child, she longs to rush to her nurse and bave a good cry within the shelter of that fond woman's arms.

Afraid to speak, lest her voice betray her, afraid to raise her eyes, lest the tell-tale tears within them be seen, she silentlythough against her will—takes the glass Sir Guy offers, and puts it to her lips, whereupon he is conscious of a feeling of thankfulness,—the bare fact of her accepting any thing at his hands seeming to breathe upon him forgiveness.

Lilian, having finished her Moselle, returns him the glass silently. Having carried it to the table, he once more glances instinctively to where he has left her standing. But she has disappeared. Without a word to any one, she has slipped from the library and sought refuge in her own room. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Fashionable Women of To-day.

When women were brought up to be the Inside they find Lady Chetwoode not only pets and playthings of men they were eduwere left in a condition of quiescent content "What, Madre! you still here?" says with their status. If they learned to read, higher learning was withheld, and convercontinent and the founding of this very last moment," says Guy. "Last week which were in truth factories, their she was undecided whether she should come minds were fully occupied and their lives satisfactory. They washed the wool, "She must be at Steynemore now," re- carded and spun it, wove it into cloth, made the clothing of the family, preserved was practical, and embraced nothing that "No, thank you, auntie: I don't care for looked to an intellectual development beyond the range of their lives and duties. Even in the absence of wealth changed in-Miss Beauchamp's "one little biscuit," dustrial conditions have made it cheaper than to carry on domestic manufactures. "Come to the library, then," says Lady | The result is that women of the educated draws it within her arm, and in her own quate employment for their highly trained When they have dismissed the butler, ing character for their awakened and alert

In this condition contentment is well-"Now tell me everything. Had you an nigh impossible to human beings. The mind that is cultivated demands active, strenuous "Too agreeable!" answers Cyril, with and worthy work. The intelligence and suspicious readiness: "I fear it will make character of our women fit them for serious all other entertainments sink into insig- and earnest activities, and so long as cirnificance. I consider a night at Mrs. | cumstances deny such activities to them, all sat round the room on uneasy tration must continue to be characteristic chairs and admired each other: it would per- of a sex held in subjection to unfit condihaps have been (if possible) a more success- tions. The question is not What are we ful amusement had we not been doing the going to do about it? but, What are wemsame thing for the past two months, -some | en going to do about it? Will they in of us for years! But it was tremendously future generations insist upon bearing their

## FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

### The Opening of the First Railroad Built in Palestine.

A correspondent sends the following agcount of the opening of the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The event was celebrated on the part of the Mohammedans by an address from an imam, one of their priests of high rank in Jerusalem, after which three sheep were slaughtered on the platform of the station as a kind of propitiatory sacrifice, and on the part of the company it was celebrated by a dinner given in the evening under tents at the Jerusalem stasultan, was present from Constantinople to represent the sultan in the opening exercises. M. Collas, the president of the road, and several eminent engineers from Paris Jerusalem and Palestine, together with the and fifty guests sat down at the tables.

The road just completed, the first ever built in Palestine and Syria, is a little over tifty-three miles long, thirty miles of which are on plain land and the remaining twentythree in the mountains. There are no tunnels on the road, the builders preferring to go around bluffs that might be tunneled rather that to bore through them. The wooden ties brought from France cost 80 cents apiece. The road has five engines, all made in Philadelphia, and the cars, which were made in the north of France, open at the end, with a passage running lengthways through them, and there are compartments divided by partitions and doors. Coal is brought from Carliff and from Belgium, and 200 tons are required a day.

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem, not including these, there are five stations .. For the station in Jerusalem, which is one mile from the city, a little more than eight and a half acres of land were purchased at a very high price-not less than \$25,000-land which thirty years ago was sold for \$1 per acre.

The men who did most of the stoneworkblasting through hills, lying walls to support embankments, and cutting stone for stations and bridges-were from Bethlehem and the nearest neighboring village to it, called Beit Jala, men whose ancestors have been stone-cutters from ancient times. The Arabs on the plain received 30 to 35 cents per day, the Egyptians and others 40 to 50 cents per day, while the men who could work in stone received from 70 cents to \$1 per day. The company erected barracks along the line of the road, where laborers could sleep free of charge, but they provided their own food. Twice a week physicians passed along the line of the road wherever there were workmen to render any medical assistance that might be required.

The time between Jerusalem and Jaffa is three and one-quarter hours down and three and one-half hours coming up, and the fare must be such a bore. Any number of people equally levely. There is certainly more of up and waiting for them, but wide awake. cated to be happy in the place assigned is \$2.50 first class and \$1 for the second

The Pharmacy Act. A bill to amend the Pharmacy Act will come before the Ontario legislature at the forthcoming session that aims one more blow at the liberty of trade. It provides that none but licensed druggists shall sell swers, smiling benignly upon them all; problems of life. They were treated with a patent medicines. Under it none but the qualified druggist will be able to sell such simple articles even as Castor Oil, Salts, Senna, Turpentine, Horse Medicine, and other common household articles that have been sold in country stores ever since Canada was first settled. It is undoubted that the general store-keeper is just as capable of selling such medicines as any druggist. The people are not asking for legislation or "She must have made up her mind at the nation were required to manage homes any change and they appear perfectly satisfied with the protection they now enjoy. The proposed change is certainly not for the benefit of the masses, but rather for the' enrichment of a few who wish for a monopoly. There are only about 125 druggists "Lilian, my dear child, how pale you the fruits of summer for winter use, brought in business in Ontario, outside of cities, towns and incorporated villages, while in the same territory there are about 3300 general stores and groceries, nearly all of whom handle simple medicines like the foregoing. and you are always so careless about wraps. Those women were doubtless happy. They It is easy, therefore, to understand the loss of revenue to them should the Bill pass. While with lawyers and doctors ruling the roost we are hardly surprised at any law being enacted that solidifies a combine, seeing that those two classes are in themselves the greatest combines the world knows, we yet can hardly believe that Sir Oliver Mowat will yield to the pressure of the druggists and prevent the people from enjoying the liberty of purchasing a simple remedy for a simple ailment from the corner store. It is against the law now for a druggist to prescribe and, if this kind of thing goes on, the time will not be very far distant where a simple pain in the first instance will mean prolonged suffering in the end, or an immediate visit and the payment of one or two dollars to the doctor. There are undoubtedly too many medical men now, but if there were twenty times as many it would be impossible for one always to be on the spot when wanted. If general storekeepers respect their own rights, and the rights of their customers, they will straightway take this question in hand and raise such a howl that doctors and lawyers will alike understand they have had about enough legislation in their interests and that now the people propose to have some in theirs.

#### - TO - WED O CHA- HEN-Liberty of Conscience.

European governments entertain curious full part in the outer activities of life? | ideas with regard to liberty of conscience-Will they enter upon the conduct of busi- that is, freedom of religion, which is theor-"My dear mother, how could you sus- ness for themselves, making it the rule etically conceded by every one of their conrather than the exception that women, like stitutions. In the Prussian Diet the Min-"Yes, -there was a Mr. Boer," says men, shall have definite interests and occu- ister of Public Instruction declared the other Florence, looking up blandly from her pations, finding the real employment day that parents who sent their children to chicken, "a man of very good family, -a of their time in the outer world and school were at liberty to have them taught making of home, as men do, a retreat any creed they pleased providing it was a "No, a curate," interrupts Cyril, mildly. for rest merely? The strongly felt need of positive creed. He, however, denied the "He made himself very agreeable," goes educated womankind for earnest employ- legal right of Agnostic parents to have their on Florence, in her soft monotone, that ment tends unmistakably to development offspring brought up according to the docnothing disturbs. "He was so conversa- in that direction. But in that event what trines which they profess. In Austria the tional, and so well read. You liked him, is to be done with the children? Are they Government draws the line at Methodism, to be made a public care as in the old Greek | while in Spain the recent troubles which "Who? Mr. Boer? No; I thought him in- commonwealth? Are they to be nurtured have taken place in connection with the sufferable, -so dull, -so prosy," says Lilian, by system and for hardihood, without the attempt to open a Protestant place of worwearily. She has hardly heard Miss Beau- education of tender sympathy and loving ship in Madrid show plainly that the Penpartiality of protection? Is softness of insular Government, while guaranteeing the "His manner, certainly, is neither sentiment to be eliminated from their liberty of conscience prescribed by the Confrivolous nor extravagant," Florence re- natures in the process of education? Are stitution, draws the line at Protestantism. turns, somewhat sharply, but he appeared | we to breed a race of men without tender- | The truth is, that there are few people or sensible and earnest, rare qualities nowa- ness and women without a yearning to governments who do not draw the line coddle and comfort their own little ones? against religious liberty somewhere, resemb-"Did I hear you say he wasn't extravag- After all, is it safe to consider the question ling therein Oliver Cromwell, who proclaimant," breaks in Cyril, lazily, purposely mis- of happiness as the sole guide in determin- ed that all creeds should be tolerated, but consuruing her application of the word. ing what conditions women shall seek for added that if anybody thought be was en-"My dear Florence, consider! Could any- their lives? What is the opinion of women | titled thereby to celebrate mass & Great thing show such reckless extravagance as themselves on the subject? That at last Britain he would find himself speadily mistaken.