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2	Oakville	E. Palmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	J. Grant	18	15	10	12	15	8	9.30 a.m
4	Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. B. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9.30 "
6	Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

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"Already he is first with her!" Angela thought bitterly. "She has no time for me."

"You want to see me about your dress for the wedding, I suppose? Well, tomorrow will do."

"Perfectly well, mamma," she answered, with bitterness of heart—"indeed I am sorry to trouble you at all."

"You are very good, Angel. My mind is much occupied just now. Captain Wynyard is a man of such exquisite and refined taste, you have no idea how difficult I find it to please him in matters of dress. I assure you I feel quite nervous at times when I am going out with him;" and the beautiful woman looked so wistfully into the glass that Angela's anger all melted, and she threw her arms round her mother's neck, kissing her as she had not done for some time.

"You need never be nervous, mamma," she assured her; "you always look beautiful."

And Lady Rooden was well pleased with her daughter's assurance.

"Now I must go," she said; "there remains but one minute out of ten. You like this combination of cream and amber?"

"It is charming, mamma," Angela replied.

"You are quite sure," Lady Rooden asked, "that my gloves match exactly? I am anxious about the shade; it should be exact."

"It is, mamma," the girl said, with a sigh.

Angela could not help the feeling that in some strange way she and her mother had changed places—that she was older in heart and mind than this charming woman whom love seemed to have made young again.

"Good-bye, mamma," said Angela, as her mother quickly left the room; and her ladyship had hardly time to return the hurried farewell.

"I will not be discouraged," Angela thought. "I must be patient. I must learn to be less exacting, and bear with the moodiness that seems on my mother. I shall be sure to see her this evening. After taking breakfast and luncheon here, Captain Wynyard cannot surely return to dinner."

But, to her chagrin and dismay, he did. Lady Rooden had invited a few friends to meet him, and had said nothing to her daughter about it—she had in all probability forgotten it. Still, notwithstanding this great provocation to open rebellion, Angela curbed her anger.

And Lady Rooden returned only just in time for dinner.

"I am vexed at being so late," she said, "for I shall look flushed and disturbed all the evening."

To Angela it seemed that her mother had never given so much attention to her personal appearance as she gave now—indeed her whole time seemed to be spent over her toilet and in the company of the captain.

The dinner was a success, as every dinner given at Rood House was, and the evening passed away quickly and pleasantly to all except Angela.

"Now at least I shall have my mother to myself," she thought, as the last of the guests, as she fancied, disappeared. But, when she returned to the drawing-room, the captain was standing by her mother's side, evidently delaying his departure as long as he could.

Lady Rooden smiled brightly at her daughter as she entered.

"Bid the captain good night, Angela; and, if you want me, I will see you presently up-stairs."

"Good night, Miss Rooden," said Captain Wynyard. He noticed the pained, mortified expression of the girl's face, and it filled his heart with a malicious delight. "She will learn her lesson soon," he said to himself, "and with it she will learn to show me respect."

"Good night, Captain Wynyard," returned Angela, with a stately bow and a flash of anger from her eyes.

She went to her mother's room, her heart full of bitterness, her patience entirely exhausted. Wringing her hands, she walked up and down the luxurious chamber, her heart torn with pain and anger.

"She was all mine once! I could see her when I wished, I was welcome at all hours and at all seasons; now I always intrude, and there is never time to see me. Oh, mother," she cried aloud, in her passionate jealousy, "you are almost dead to me!"

Then it occurred to her that, if she found the captain's frequent presence so unbearable now, what should she do when he lived with him always at the abbey? Here there was some little respite, at the abbey there would be none. There would be no avoiding him there; he would be master of the house. He could go where he liked, do as he liked; he would be lord paramount everywhere. It would no longer be home, as she had known it in the past.

Just at that moment Lady Rooden entered the room, and threw herself lazily into an easy-chair.

"Oh, Angel," she cried, "I am so tired! I do not think I can keep my eyes open many minutes longer. I have been so happy to-night; but even excessive happiness tires me. Do you want to speak to me very particularly?"

"Not if you are too fatigued, mamma. Do you think that ever again you will be able to find ten minutes for me?"

"I hope so, Angel. I must confess that the captain engrosses the greater part of my time now; but, Angela, I would give him every moment of my life if I could."

"You love him so dearly, mamma?"

"So dearly, Angel."

The girl kissed the radiant face and bade her mother good night. There was no time for her now, she told herself; and, with this thought gnawing at her heart, she wept herself to sleep. Lady Rooden, dreaming of the handsome face and caressing words of the man she loved, slept on serenely indifferent to her daughter's pain.

HER MARTYRDOM.

CHAPTER XI.

With a passive despair Angela Rooden had yielded herself to what she saw was inevitable. The world in general smiled upon the engagement of Lady Rooden and Captain Wynard, and thought it a most excellent one. The captain had every advantage that high position and unbounded popularity could give him; her ladyship possessed unusual beauty and great wealth. Few paused to think if the union were agreeable or not to her refined and sensitive daughter.

In the meantime the happiness of Lady Rooden was at its height. Her engagement added to her popularity, and she herself was charmed at having one of the handsomest and most popular men in London by her side.

The state of things at Rood House was not quite so pleasant. As was natural, the captain was almost continually there; and Angela, although she said nothing, plainly let it be seen that she resented his presence. She felt that it was impossible now to secure a *tete-a-tete* with her mother. There was an end to the pleasant little breakfasts in the morning-room, where they had discussed the events of the previous day and had arranged their plans for the next twenty-four hours; there was an end, in fact, to the happy intercourse which had always existed between mother and daughter.

When it was possible without showing any disrespect to Lady Rooden, Angela absented herself from the luncheon-table. Captain Wynard was always there. He never omitted spending that hour at Rood House, and three or four times in the week he returned to dinner. Lady Rooden usually made up a pleasant little party to meet him; and those evenings were full of positive torture to Angela. The captain was always most kind, most deferential and attentive to her, but he made no progress; her distrust increased with her knowledge of him. On those evenings when he did not dine at Rood House, he went with Lady Rooden to the opera, or to the theatre or some ball. Angela was invariably asked to accompany them, but, when it was possible, she avoided it. There was no trial so great to her as that of going out with Lady Rooden and the captain. The result was that she spent many lonely hours at home, and brooded over what seemed to her a terrible sorrow.

There came a day when she was especially distressed. Her mother had kissed her with unusual affection on the previous night, for her heart relented and softened as she noticed how pale and miserable she had grown. She had taken her in her arms and kissed her with some of the old affection, and then Angela had lain awake many hours, thinking how she could best please her mother without making any compromise with the captain. She resolved to go to Lady Rooden the first thing in the morning, to kiss her, to conciliate her, to try to renew the old confidential relationship between them, to promise her to be more patient with respect to Captain Wynyard.

Her mind was full of good resolutions; but, when she went down to the breakfast-room, she found the captain already there.

He made a long and elaborate apology. Business had brought him so near to Rood House that he could not resist calling in to beg a cup of coffee. The fact was, he whispered to his *fiancee*, that he could not live out of her presence.

Angela recoiled at the sight of him. "Can I never have my mother one minute to myself?" she thought bitterly. But her greeting of the captain was kinder than usual, for she resolved to adhere to her good resolutions. "I can see mamma before she goes out after luncheon," she told herself; and she waited patiently.

But the captain appeared again at luncheon, and this time with the excuse that he wanted to drive Lady Rooden to a *fete* at Kew. Angela grew angrily impatient then, but did her best to control her feelings. She went to her mother's room when her ladyship retired.

"Mamma" she said eagerly, "I want to speak to you. Can you spare a few minutes?"

"Not just now, Angel; I must not keep the captain waiting. Gentlemen can never bear that. I was always most punctual with your dear father." She did not notice the angry flush on her daughter's face as she uttered the words, but went on, with the utmost complacency. "I shall make it a rule all through my married life never to keep the captain waiting; nothing destroys a man's temper so soon. I said I would be ready in ten minutes, and the captain will expect me."

"Unfortunately I am a widow. I am glad you have come, Angela," she said, looking up as her daughter entered the room. "I want to consult you about my wedding-dress."

The girl started, and a pained expression came over her face as the words fell upon her ears.

"You have such excellent taste that I wish your assistance," added her ladyship.

"Do not ask me, mamma," entreated the girl; and there came to her vividly a remembrance of the day at the abbey, when her mother sat in her dressing-room, passing rolls of black crape over her fingers to test the quality. So striking was the contrast and so painfully did it appeal to her that she could hardly restrain her tears. "I cannot, mamma," she said; "I do not know what is required."

"You do, Angel. You see, I cannot wear white—an absolute white; but I shall go as near as possible to it. Madame recommends this white brocade, which is delicately interwoven with silver, or this, which is still more delicately interwoven with threads of gold."

"They are both beautiful," observed Angela; and her sad eyes, raised to Lady Rooden's face, said plainly, "Do not wear either." But her mother took no notice of the silent appeal.

"You shall choose for me," she said. "I shall like my wedding-dress all the more because it is your choice, darling."

Angela took the white brocade in which the gold threads gleamed palely.

"This is far the more beautiful material, mamma, she said.

"I agree with mademoiselle," put in the *modiste*; "diamonds and roses should go with it."

"Do you think," asked Lady Rooden meditatively, "that roses will be best? I always think they require a young face."

"Your ladyship's face resembles a rose more than anything else," said the *modiste*; and Doris Newsham, the maid, looked up with a smile. She thought no one else so fair as her mistress.

"Diamonds and roses it shall be then," said Lady Rooden, with a well-pleased smile. Then, turning with her sweetest manner to Angelia, she added, "And now, Angel, you must choose your own dress. I have not decided how many bridesmaids to have; but you will certainly be the first."

"I—I should like to speak to you for a few minutes before you decide, mamma. Will you come into this room?"

Her hands trembled, her eyes were full of tears. She opened the door that led into Lady Rooden's dressing-room. There was something almost like a frown on her ladyship's face as she followed her daughter.

"What is it, Angela?" she cried. "You always choose such unsuitable times for speaking to me. Be quick, my dear; madame's time is very precious. There are few people for whom she would have taken all this trouble."

"Mamma," she said, with pale face and eyes filled with tears, "I implore you not to ask me to be your bridesmaid. I could not bear it. The very thought of it makes me tremble. I should be afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked her ladyship impatiently.

"Afraid of seeing my father standing between you and the man who is going to usurp his place."

Lady Rooden started back angrily.

"Why will you talk such nonsense to me? I told you before that I would not allow it, and I will not! I have a right to please myself in this matter."

"I know that, mamma," replied Angela; "but do not torture me—do not ask me to be a bridesmaid. It does not rejoice in a marriage which will sound the death-knell of my happiness."

"Nonsense!" cried Lady Rooden. "I will not hear such words."

"You know that is true, mamma," said her daughter piteously. "It is a wedding to you, but it is more like a funeral to me. Then say that I must have a wedding-dress. Oh, mother, you know that it would be like a shroud to me!"

"I shall not listen to anything more," declared Lady Rooden. "You will be my bridesmaid, and you will wear the dress that I choose for you."

"Oh, mamma, do spare me!" cried the girl. "I shall die if you force me—I shall indeed."

"Then, my dear, you must die," said Lady Rooden calmly; "for you will certainly be present. My mind is made up on the matter. Now be sensible, Angel; you are really, to use an old comparison, running your head against a stone wall. The wall will not give way. You must draw your own inference. Let me hear no more of this. Go back to madame; and let me choose your dress."

"Oh, mamma, kiss me at least as you used to do when you loved me!" sobbed Angela.

"I love you now, foolish child! Why do you not try to please me, instead of offending and irritating me? I have not the least wish to be cool or unkind; but you thwart me at every turn. Go back to madame;" and her ladyship kissed the pale sad face.

But Angela could not return to madame; so Lady Rooden had to offer many apoligies for her daughter, and her ladyship was so sweet and gracious that the *modiste* thought that no more amiable lady existed.

"I am afraid, Vance," said Lady Rooden that night to her lover, "that we shall have trouble with Angel. She cannot reconcile herself to my marriage. She seems to be more and more opposed to it every day."

In his heart the captain anathematised her, and the smile that curved his lips was not a pleasant one to see.

"I feel almost unhappy over it to-night," she continued. "Do you know, Vance, when I spoke to her to-day of her dress for the wedding she said it would be her shroud."

A curious shadow passed over his face.

"It is unreasonable to expect her to like it, my dearest Laura," said the captain. "You see she has had you all to herself for so long; naturally she will not like to share you with another."

"But she ought to consider my happiness, Vance, as well as her own," remarked Lady Rooden.

"So she does, and so she will," said the captain persuasively. "Do not trouble about it, Laura; I cannot bear to see your beautiful face clouded."

"You can form no idea how she grieves. She is growing thin and pale."

"She will be all right soon," said the captain, cheerfully.

"I do not know as to that," replied Lady Rooden. "There are times when I feel very miserable about her, and it seems to me as though I should really have to choose between her and you."

Again in his heart he execrated the girl, and his lips paled at the idea of losing the great fortune now almost within his grasp.

"If you were to give me up now, Laura, it would ruin my life," he said, drawing the beautiful figure nearer to him, and kissing the rose-tinted face. "I could not live without you."

"Nor I without you," she responded. Then, turning to him, she added, "Vance, you, whom all women seem to love and admire, could surely win Angel's regard if you tried?"

He knew that he could never win the girl's confidence, for he understood perfectly well that it was the truthful instinct of her soul that rose against him; still he answered—

"You may rely upon me, Laura, to do my best to overcome her prejudice; but at present she is unapproachable. She shrinks even from speaking to me. I assure you that I find making friends with her very uphill work. Still I do not despair, and trust it will all come right in time."

"I never anticipated this trouble," sighed Lady Rooden.

"It is a trouble that will soon be over," said Captain Wynyard. "When we are once married, and Angela sees that opposition is useless, she will give way."

"She cannot resist you if you try seriously, Vance, to win her liking," urged Lady Rooden.

"I admire her all the more for her fidelity to her father's memory. It shows what a loyal nature she has."

"It is very kind of you," said her ladyship, "to bear with this unpleasantness for my sake."

"Ah, Laura darling, do not say that. There is nothing in the wide world that I would not bear for your sake."

Believing him implicitly, the weak loving woman was supremely happy, and wondered more than ever at her daughter's grief.

That same evening witnessed a very different scene. A woman with a dark, lovely, despairing face, stood on the balcony of a Louion mansion—stood in the midst of flowers, her dress of rich wine-coloured velvet falling in graceful folds around her—clasping the strong hands of a man in her own as she said—

"Is it really true? I cannot believe it, although all London is talking of it. When is it to be?"

"Early in July," the man replied gloomily; "but, darling, my heart is not in it. I love you with all the passion of my soul—you and you only; but I need have money, and you, my darling, have none. I would be happy if I could make you my wife; but I cannot, I dare not. Do you know what poverty means? Do you know what it means to be a poor man's wife? Do you know what it means to see the man you love, the man who is your life, suffer for the lack of the money that would make him happy? Do you know what it means to see him—"

"Hush!" she cried, with a shudder. "Do not speak of it. I know it all. I have seen it all. Oh, Vance, I would be your wife, and I would be happy in your love, if we had only a crust to share and a roof to shelter us from the cold world. Love is all in all to me. I care for nothing else. Take me from this place, Vance, and make me your wife."

"Darling, I dare not. I have nothing but my pay, and you have nothing but your beauty. We should be miserable if we married now. Wait a year, and I will be rich enough to take you to my home."

"A year! Do you think I can live a year? Do you think I can live a month? I shall die if I do not see you every day. I shall die if I do not hear your voice every hour. Vance, I tell you I shall die if you leave me."

"My darling, I cannot—I dare not—marry you now. Wait a year, and I will be rich enough to take you to my home."

"Do you mean what you say? Do you mean that you love me?"

"Mean what I say? Do I mean that I love you? Darling, I would—"

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"Mean what I say? Do I mean that I love you? Darling, I would—"

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Rooden's dressing-room had a rich glow of colour, filled as it was with a profusion of costly materials—cloth of silver and cloth of gold, ivory satin, pale brocades, rich velvets, and lace that would have made any woman envious, all scattered in the most delightful confusion; and in the midst stood the dainty figure of Lady Rooden.

"I cannot wear white, I know," she said to the attendant *modiste*, with lingering wistfulness in her voice; "I wish I could."

"Your ladyship looks younger than many brides who wear white," was the response.

"Ah, yes!" said her ladyship, with a smile. "But then, you see, unfortu-

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VOLAPUK.—The plan for a "universal commercial language" originated about five years ago by Herr Schleyer, of Switzerland, seems to be meeting with greater favor than has been accorded other projects of the kind. It is reported that Volapuk is already spoken with facility by thousands of Europeans; knowledge of it is being disseminated by more than fifty societies scattered over England, Germany, Austria Sweeden, Holland, Asia Minor, and other countries; Volapuk grammars for the use of Hottentots and Chinese, besides all the European nations, are either in the market or in course of preparation; and two reviews, one entirely in Volapuk and the other with a translation on alternate pages, are regularly published. The special advantage of the new language is the ease with which it can be learned, eight lessons having enabled a Parisian class to correspond readily with students in foreign countries.

THE NERVES OF TASTE.—The discovery that heat influences one set of nerve-points in the skin while sensations of cold are received by another set, has been followed by some interesting experiments, by two Italian physiologists, which indicate that the various tastes result from the exciting of quite distinct sets of nerve-fibres in the tongue. The prolonged application of ice removed the sensibility for all tastes—sweet, sour, salt and bitter. Cocaine destroyed—temporarily, of course—sensibility for bitter only. Other substances, such as caffeine and morphia, reduced the power of discriminating between different degrees of bitter. Dilute sulphuric acid had a peculiar effect, causing distilled water and even quinine to taste sweet at the tip of the tongue, although the bitter of the quinine was elsewhere tasted as usual.

A LENGTHENING LIST.—While the number of chemical elements had not reached seventy a decade ago, Prof. H. C. Bolton has prepared a list numbering over forty elementary substances whose discovery has been announced since 1877. No less than nine of the supposed new elements have been detected this year by Crookes.

AMONG THE ELECTRICIANS.—Applications of electricity are daily becoming more varied. Among recent ones are telebaro-meters, teletherm