

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All close observers of the progress of events in France agree that there are many signs which seem to menace the continued existence of the Republic, at least as at present organized.

In this condition, it is of interest to inquire why so large a body of the French people are dissatisfied with the Republic. It has stood for a quarter of a century, is in the hands of the people to make it what they like, and when all is said, is best adapted to the needs of France.

Again, the French people, whether from living long under a dynasty, or as the result of some inherent quality, craves for an individual leader. It wants a strong, dignified man as the head of the state, not a committee, a visible chief who will guide it, and accept ultimate responsibility, and who will stand on great occasions, for all that is meant when Frenchmen speak of France.

Now, whether genius is dying out in the world, or long periods of peace are unfavorable to the rise of dominant personalities, certain it is that since the death of Thiers, the present Republic has not thrown up a leader of the kind that Frenchmen crave.

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER IV.

Eva Randolph was not a quick girl. What she learned she learned thoroughly, but the acquisition of knowledge was always a great labor to her, and what other girls would master in an hour she would sometimes have to spend a whole morning over.

Hope not that the thorns are roses; Cast no longing eye of youth Where the sunny beam reposes. Thou hast sterner work to do, Hosts to cut thy passage through; Close behind thee gulls are burning, Forward—there is no returning.

And she made the purpose of the Christian Warrior her own, and pressed onward bravely in the battle of life. The first three years of her school days passed uneventfully.

She spent her vacations at school, for she had no home, no friends, and though Mrs. Westbrook wrote to her sometimes it did not suit that proud lady to have a school girl spending her holidays at Westbrook Grange or at her house in London.

Besides, this practical lady never forgot that she did not mean to adopt Eva as her daughter, but simply to enable the girl to make her own way in the world, and in every one of her letters she impressed this fact upon the mind of her protegee.

At the end of four years, however, Mrs. Westbrook thought she would like to see the girl whom she had resolved to befriend.

Moreover, the time for which she had intended to pay for her education had already been exceeded, and it was now desirable to decide upon the girl's future career.

"Dear me, she must be seventeen," remarked Mrs. Westbrook, thoughtfully, as she sat at a writing table indicating a letter to Eva.

"Yes, I suppose she is," replied her son, carelessly; "rather a plain little thing, isn't she?"

This he asked with a purpose. Experience had taught him that he could not injure a girl in his mother's opinion more fatally than by praising good looks.

His mother had a dread of his marrying, and she was also imbued with the idea that every woman that looked upon her son had designs upon his heart, and for this reason she guarded him like an elderly dragon from all the assaults of Cupid.

And Ernest Westbrook smiled good humoredly at her tactics. He was not by any means sensitive to feminine charms. Also he was very proud of his mother, and he often thought that he would have to be very much in love indeed with a woman before he asked her to become his wife, and thus dispose his parent from her present position to the secondary rank of dowager.

But he was a good-natured, good-humored young man, always ready to do a kind action, and he felt some pity for the girl, whose story had been told him, and who, despite one or two suggestions he had made on her behalf, had never known what it was to have bright enjoyable holidays.

His mother now looked at him in surprise as he made this observation about Eva's personal appearance, and she said:

"I didn't think her very good-looking myself, but I remember that you once remarked that she had wonderfully fine eyes."

"Did I?" he replied, conscious stricken at having done poor Eva such bad service as to pay her a compliment. "I don't in the least remember it, and I shouldn't know her again if she came into the room at the present moment. After all, no woman could have finer eyes than my spianiel Topsy."

Mrs. Westbrook gave her shoulders an impatient shrug as she heard this; then she dipped her pen in the ink preparatory to resuming her letter.

"I suppose I must ask the girl here," she said, doubtfully. "Must you?" asked her son indifferently.

still less to address a remark to him, that before she had been at the Grange a week the mistress of the mansion was quite satisfied that there was no danger to be apprehended from her.

Fortunately, also, for Eva Mr. and Mrs. Church had gone away from the neighborhood, and the people of the village, who saw her riding about by Mrs. Westbrook's side, never recognized in the pretty young lady the poorly-dad stepdaughter of Mrs. Church.

So pleased was the lady of the Grange with her young protegee that she had more than once felt tempted to keep her with her as a companion and discard any project for training the girl to a life of independence.

But two objections rose against this course: one was that Mrs. Westbrook did not require a companion—not being a particularly companionable woman—and the second was the girl's anxiety to work.

"I should like to become an artist, if you think I have sufficient talent," she said, one day, when the rector and Ernest Westbrook and his mother were looking at some of her drawings. "Do you think I have?" she added, looking up wistfully.

She had not meant to address herself to him, but her eyes encountered those of Mr. Westbrook, and he replied, warmly—too warmly, his mother thought:

"Yes, I am sure you have." The bright flush of pleasure that came over the girl's face did not escape the notice of her patroness, and she scented danger at once. But she was too well bred to make any comment, and it was not until Eva had retired to bed that Mrs. Westbrook betook herself to her son's room to hold a consultation with him.

"What do you think I had better do with this girl?" she began; "keep her here with us, or gratify her desire to learn some profession?"

"That just depends upon what you mean to do for her in the future," he replied between the puffs of his cigar. "How! What should I do for her in the future," she asked, suspiciously.

"You must either make some provision for her, or give her the means to provide for herself, I should think," he replied, indifferently, "I don't suppose that she is in the least degree likely to marry, and she must live."

"And why shouldn't she marry?" asked the mother, sharply; "she is as good looking as most girls of her age."

The young man shrugged his shoulders as he asked, indolently: "Is she?"

"Yes, I think her so; but, at any rate, I will let her learn a profession; then I shall feel she is off my hands, and that no further responsibility attaches itself to me. The next question is, how to begin?"

"Mr. Carlyon said, as I walked with him back to the rectory this evening, that if you decided to allow Eva to follow her own inclination in the choice of a profession, he had a friend in London, an artist, who had several daughters, and he thought they might be willing to take Eva to live and study with them."

"London!" said Mrs. Westbrook, thoughtfully; "a girl in London living among strangers will be exposed to great temptations."

"Do you think that temptations are confined to large cities?" asked her son with a cynical laugh. "No; but London is a dreadful place."

"I don't think you and I have found it so," he laughed; "but I firmly believe that to the pure all things are pure. However, I won't attempt to persuade you. Eva Randolph is your protegee, not mine."

But Mrs. Westbrook found the rector's suggestion an easy solution to her difficulty. The worthy man himself was consulted, his friends were written to, satisfactory arrangements were made, and at length a day was fixed upon which Eva Randolph was to go to London and become an inmate of the artist's house.

"You have just one week before you, my dear," Mrs. Westbrook said, kindly, when the matter was settled. "And you may run about the park and the woods, and do just as you like in the interval. Ernest and I are going to town for the season, so I will take you with us, but we shall not see much of you there."

Whereupon Eva, thanked her, and felt that she was free to run as wild as any of Ernest Westbrook's four often envied, whose freedom she had often envied.

tion from the face, which to her inexperienced eyes, seemed the most perfect, manly countenance that had ever been created.

Having finished her water-color drawing, she took out her hoarded portrait from the secret pocket of her portfolio, and sat, for a time, thoughtfully looking at it. Then she took her pencil, and began to make a line here, and shade off a curve there.

Her heart was in the work. She forgot where she was; she did not observe the expectant demeanor of the dogs, nor did she hear a footstep on the grass, and Ernest Westbrook had stood behind her watching her for some seconds, and wondering whether it was possible for him to escape as he had come, unobserved, when one impudent toy terrier began to bark, and made Eva look up in some alarm.

Ernest coughed, and Eva just had time to cover her drawing with a sheet of paper, when he said, without looking at her:

"I think I shall indict you, Miss Randolph, for stealing the hearts of my dogs. I verily believe that Leo is the only one that remains staunch and faithful to me."

"You mustn't say that," she replied, rising to her feet and feeling assured by his tone that he had not seen or recognized his own portrait. "Leo is the only one of the number that you regularly take about with you, and the others are glad of a little notice even from me, but they are ready to desert me any moment that you will look at them."

"Then you think I have no case against you?" "Certainly not; you have only to whistle and I should be left quite alone."

"You don't prefer solitude, I hope?" he said, with a smile, "because if you do of course I must go away."

"Oh, no!" she replied, with a bright look that made her usually quiet face appear for the moment beautiful; "but," she added, while her countenance fell, "perhaps your mother may want you or me."

Ernest Westbrook laughed, though he did not feel quite as much at ease as he would have done had no not seen that portrait of himself. Then he said:

"My mother is safe enough; she has gone off to pay a round of farewell calls; she wanted me to go with her, but I thought I would stay behind and have a chat with you."

"With me?" and the girlish heart began to palpitate in a most uncomfortable manner.

"Yes, I want to know if you really care about going to those people in London, and studying to become an artist."

"Oh, indeed I do," she replied, eagerly. "And there is nothing you would like better?" he asked, the recollection of that portrait still uppermost in his mind.

"No," she replied, promptly. "You would not prefer to stay here and spend your life with my mother and me?"

She was too childish to see the drift of his question, and she regarded herself too humbly, and looked upon him as far too exalted a personage to think it possible that he should ever ask her to be his wife. And yet it was to this point that his questions were tending.

Not that he had any such purpose in his mind when he saw his mother into her carriage, and then set off to seek Eva.

In truth, he had come out of good nature to a friendless girl, to ascertain what her real wishes with regard to her future were, and to tell her if ever she wanted help or protection to appeal to him as though he were her brother. But the sight of that portrait had upset all his preconceived ideas. It had touched his vanity, and told him he had a heart that this girl in her teens could set palpitating.

More than once this morning he was tempted to ask her to trust her future to him, to let her life's happiness be his care; but something held him back, and she never uttered one word to help him.

Walking by her side, talking tenderly, and sometimes idly, Ernest Westbrook, with this new revelation upon him, could not say all that he meant to say, and so he seemed to have got rid of his mother for an hour or two simply to idle away the time pleasantly with this school girl. But both of them remembered that May afternoon long, long afterward. They had strolled about and talked, then had sat down and talked again, and the afternoon was drawing to a close when Eva described in the distance Mrs. Westbrook's carriage returning to the Grange.

"I think I had better go in," she said, hastily; "your mother is coming back."

"Then let us go and meet her," he said, with a sudden flash of defiance. "But I have to fetch my portfolio; I must take it indoors."

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