THE VICTORIA WEEKLY COLONIST, FRIDAY JUNE 28 1895

She was so little accustomed herself to anything save breathless admiration and delight at the glories of Venice that this strange attitude of cold blame seemed to her well nigh unnatural. To think that any man should stand unmoved before the very faces of St. Mark and St. Theodorel At the Molo they called a gondola and

shapes our ends,' as Tennyson or son

body says-ah, thank you, was it Shake speare?-- 'rough hew them how me may,

and that's been the case, I say, with this

Axminster peerage business. For the up-shot of it all is that poor Bertie's dead and

zone, sooner than one could reasonably

operty and title before his time, which

Mrs. Hesslegrave smiled an acquiescent

sions. Turning sharply to Canon Valen-tine, she ventured to put all at once the

dubious question: "Did Lord Axminster paint? Had he

"Oh, dear, yes," the canon answered without a second's hesitation. "He stud-

ied in Paris under a first rate painter-

a fellow with one of their long winded,

double barreled names-Bastien somebody

it was-I never can get the hang of them.

Kathleen asked no more. Her heart was strangely troubled, for her sailor had

spoken more than once incidentally of

Bastien-Lepage's studio. Loyalty to Ar-

nold Willoughby made her hold her peace and refrain from blurting out the doubt

that rose within her. If he was really Lord

Axminster, why, it would be wrong of her

even to attempt to surprise his secret, still

more to betray it. The words from which

she suspected she discovered his identity

had been spoken in confidence in the most

private conversation. Kathleen couldn't

elp framing to herself offhand a pretty

little romance, based on the familiar Lord

of Burleigh model, "He was but a land-

scape painter, and a village maiden she!"

tried to win her love as a common sailor-

and, what was more, succeeded in it-and

how he meant in the end to astonish the

world by telling her he was an earl and

wonshire to share the fancied glories of

carrying her off unawares to his home in

And while now she wonders blindly,

Nor the meaning can divine, Proudly turns he round and kindly,

'Twas a romantic little day dream. To

say the truth, Kathleen regarded it only

as such, for as yet she had no positive rea-

son to believe that Arnold Willoughby

And as to his real position in life she knew

solutely nothing. The singular coinci-

"All of this is mine and thine."

Membury castle.

once in

a romance of how this young man had

any knowledge of art, I mean?"

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have expected, and Algy's come into the plided in it slowly down the Grand canal. The canon thought it had fallen off since s a very desirable thing to have happened, for Bertie might have married a woman the days of the Austrians. Half the palafter his own heart, no doubt-a sailor' aces were worse kept, and the other half were scraped and cleaned and redecorated Poll, for choice-and if he had, why, one trembles to think what the children might throughout in the most ridiculous Warhave been like-a perfect disgrace to their dour street fashion. He couldn't hear to see Venice Blundell-Mapled. It was all ancestry quite depressing. But what astonish mile. But, as for Kathleen, a flash of Kathleen the most was the singular fact ight broke suddenly upon her. "A sailor that after passing the bend in the canal by the Palazzo Contarini, the canon seemed the place where they are produced to the place where they are needed, and that noalmost entirely to forget in what city they were, though this was his first day for 80 body can deny to be on the whole a useful years in the sea born city, and looking no and a valuable, function for society! longer at churches or palaces began to Surely this line of reasoning, were it right gossip about the people he had left behind or wrong, sounded strangely familiar to him in London. His world went with him. her! And then, as she thought it over, it They might have been in Bond street or broke upon her like a revelation that she Botten row for any notice he took of the had heard similar words before now-from Rialto or the Ca d'Oro. He glided past the Annold Willoughby! From Arnold Wil-Fondaco without even a single word. He loughby! From the courteous artist sailor. never deigned to given glance to the School A strange misgiving seized upon her. If of St. Mark or the tower of San Zanipolo. Lord Axminster could disguise himself as To Kathleen's artistic soul it was all a Douglas Overton, why not also as Arnold strange puzzle. She couldn't understand Willoughby? She thought at once of her it. Had the man no eyes in his head that sailor friend's extraordinary knowledge of he could pass those glorious arcades, those exquisite balconies, without even looking art and literature for a common sailor, of his chivalrous manners, of his demeanor up at them? which so belied his dress and his preten-

'And you are going to tell us something about this Axminster business," Mrs. Hesslegrave remarked after a pause as they reached the front of the arsenal on their circuitous peregrination, which Kathleen had arranged so as to take in at one round all the principal buildings. "Poor dear Lady Axminster! Has anything been done yet about this affair of the peerage?"

"Oh, dear, yes," the canon replied, brightening up at the suggestion. "I was coming to that. I intended to tell you all about it. Haven't you read it in the papers? We're in hopes at last we're really going to get a definite settlement."

That's well," Mrs. Hesslegrave echoed. with a sympathetic smirk. "What's being done about it now? We haven't seen a paper in this benighted place for weeks and weeks, don't you know, except, of course, Galignani. It's really quite dreadful how one falls behind the times about all the most important and interesting things that are going on in England!"

The canon looked big. This appeal flattered him. He liked to feel he came primed with news about the best people. "Well, we've taken the thing to the house of lords," he said, with as much delight as if he were himself the appellant. "Poor Algy has claimed the peerage on the ground that his cousin Bertie is dead, as I told you. We've reduced success to a practical certainty. The lords will adjudicate on his claim in a week or two, but it's a foregone conclusion. I'm very glad, I must say, for Algy's sake and for his wife's too. She's a nice little thing, Mrs. Algy Redburn!

"My brother knows her slightly," Kathleen said, with a tolerant smile, "and seems to think a great deal of her."

"Oh, yes, she's a charming woman," Mrs. Hesslegrave interposed. "A most charming woman." Mrs. Hesslegrave thought all peers and peersess, actual or prospective, particularly charming—even more charming indeed than the rest of the people in the best society. The canon took no notice, however, of

these interjected remarks. He severely ig-nored them. To say the truth, he regard-ed the entire Axminster connection as his

always been sure there must be something eriously wrong about that dreadful Wil-oughby man, and now they were discovring it. Could the canon have recognized him as an escaped convictor told him at a lance as the Banbury murderer?

But Canon Valentine gazed harder and nore steadily than any of them. He seized Kathleen's arm with a convulsive start. "Yes, it's him!" he said excitedly in a "res, it's him!" he said excitedly in a tone of blank alarm. "A good deal alter-ed, of course, and quite disguised beyon" any other one's recognition, but it's him, sure enough! I should know him in a "chouandl "It's who?" Mrs. Hesslegrave faltered

ut, hardly daring to ask. The canon gasped for breath. He could employed in carrying commodities from

nly just speak. "Why, Bertie," he answered low, leaning forward to whisper it. Don't you un-derstand? Bertie Redburn! The man that's lead! The late Lord Axminster!"

CHAPTER XL. MES. HESSLEGRAVE MISAPPREHENDS.

The words were scarcely out of the cann's mouth when straightway he repented of them. If this was really Bertie, he ought to have held his peace. The man was skulking in that case, quite evidently skulking. He wanted to disappear. He didn't wish to be recognized. It was no business of the canon's, then, to drag a fellow creature against his will out of voluntary retirement and so spoil Algy's chance of obtaining the peerage. On the other hand, if it wasn't Bertie, the canon should, of course, have been the last man on earth to call attention to a likenessreally, now he came to think of it, a very remote likeness-to the late earl, and so give rise to a rumor which might prove prejudicial in the end to Algy's position. He had cried out in the heat of the moment, in the first flush of surprise. He began to hedge at once as soon as ever he perceived, on cooler reflection, the possible insequences of his instinctive action.

This is a very small planet. Sooner o ater we all collide upon its surface.

As for Kathleen, her first thought was one of loyalty to Arnold. If he was Lord Axminster, and of this she had now very little doubt left-the double coincidence settled it-he was trying to hide himself He didn't wish to be recognized. That was enough for her. He desired that his personality as Arnold Willoughby should not be mixed up with his personality as Bertie Redburn. Therefore it was her clear duty not to betray him in any way. She glanced nervously at her mother. Mrs Hesslegrave had half risen from her seat. overjoyed to hear that this was really an English earl whose high birth and intrinsic nobility they had discovered for themselves under the guise of a common sailor and was just about to call out. "Mr. Wil loughby, Mr. Willoughby!" But Kathleen darted upon her suddenly such a warning glance that she withered up forthwith and held her peace devoutly. She didn't know why she was to keep silent, but she could see from Kathleen's half imperious. half imploring look there was some good reason for it, and Mrs. Hesslegrave was one of those rare stupid people who recognize the fact of their own stunidity and allow themselves to be blindly guided in

emergencies by others. So she held her peace, merely remarking as she sat down even loved her. She had but guessed it again: astinctively with a woman's intuition. "So you think that's Lord Axminster dressed up like that? Well, really now,

ow interesting!" thought and phrase between the Arnold Willoughby's face meanwhile things he had said to her and the things was all the time turned half in the oppo-site direction. He did not see the gondola nor Kathleen nor the canon. He was en-

"Well, whoev at he is, he's a charming fellow. You must admit yourself Pve thought all a' ong he's a charming fellow." By this t ane the canon had settled with the gonde der, after a resolute attempt at istan' s to the man's extortionate enleavor to exact his proper fare by munici-

pal 'ariif, and was ready to stroll up to the slegraves' apartments, for it was a scipal clause in the canon's private creed that every foreigner is always engaged in a conspiracy to defraud every British subject on whom he can lay his hands, and that the way to make your road easy across the continent is to fight every item of every account all-along the line the ment it is presented. The extortionate

ondolier had conquered, however, by pro-lucing a printed tariff which fixed his hire at the modest rate of a franc an hour, so the canon, paying it without a sou of pour boire, strode on toward the lodgings, disonsolate and distracted. He knew in his heart of hearts that was really Axminster Much altered, no doubt, by deliberate dis-guise, distorted beyond belief, but still unleniably Axminster, and he firmly resolv ed never to mention his conclusion fo worlds to any one, not even to Amelia. A man has no right to appear and disappear and then suddenly crop up again by fits and

starts in this uncanny manner-to play boeep, as it were, with the house of lords. the most dignified, exalted and suprem



"Mother, mother," she cried.

ourt in the United Kingdom. Once dead. always dead, was a rule that ought to be applied to these Tichbornian revivalists. If you choose to go out like a candle of your own free will, why, the world should stern ly decline to recognize you when you want to come to life again at inconvenient moments. There should be a bill brought in to declare Bertie Redburn was really dead. and then dead he should remain by act of parliament.

But as soon as they were inside the house and Kathleen had gone up with her mother and Mrs. Valentine into her pretty little bedroom to take off her bonnet the can on's own wife gave vent explosively to a fearful and wholly unexpected disclosure. "You know, my dear," she said confi-dentially, "that was Lord Axminster. I feel quite sure of it. Only, of course, I wouldn't say so, on dear Fred's account. You know dear Fred can't bear to be contradicted."

Once more Kathleen darted a warning ook at her mother, and once more Mrs lesslegrave accepted the hint blindly.

"But he was so different, the cano thought," she remarked, just to keep up the conversation, wondering dimly all the while what this mystification could mean

-too deep, in fact, for a quiet, respecta ble old lady's fathoming. "'Oh, you can't deceive me!" Mrs. Val-entine answered, with warmth. "I'm sure it was Lord Axminster. And I'll tell you how I know. His features were really changed, exactly as Fred said—he must have had something done to them. They say you can get your face molded like put-ty, if you choose to bear it, nowadays. But he had always a nervous trick of pulling one back lock of his hair as he stood still and thought-like this, don't you know-a sort of back handed twirl, and the moment I saw him I remembered it instantly. He might walk down Bond street any morning and meet every friend he ever knew in the world, and not one in a thousand would ever suspect it was he, but Fred and I, we would know, because we saw such a lot of him as a child and were accustomed to reprove him for this same awkward trick of his." And as a matter of fact the moment Mrs. Valentine mentioned it Kathleen rec ollected perfectly that she had often observed Arnold Willoughby stand in just the way she mimicked, pulling a particu-lar lock at the back of his hair whenever he was observant of a person's face or attentive to any element in a picture or land scape. The moment she could get alone with her mother up stairs she began to speak to her seriously. "Mother," she said in her most coaxing tone, "you were so good to take my hints. I didn't want Canon Valentine to know who Mr. Willoughby was-I mean, what name he calls himself-or that you and I knew him, for I'm sure the canon was right. Mr. Willoughby is Lord Axminster.? Mrs. Hesslegrave made no immediate re ply except to step forward with the utmost gentleness and press a motherly kiss upon her daughter's forehead. "Oh, Kitty," she cried, gazing fondly

by sheer dint of insight, Mrs. Hesslegrave ce more bent tenderly forward and kise ed the wondering Kataleen a second time on her forehead. ' I'll promise whatever you like, dear,"

she said in a very pleased tone, for this

was at great occasion. "Oh, Kitty, I'm so delighted! And indeed, dess, I'm sorry I ever seemed to throw any obstacles in Mr. Willoughby's way-I mean, in Lord Axminster's. But there, you'll forgive me. I didn't understand the circumstances as you did. And though I didn't quite approve of your seeing so much as you did of

him under misapprehension, of course, as to his real place in society you must re-member yourself I always allowed that, iewed as a man alone, he was a most harming person."

Kathleen didn't exactly understand what her mother was driving at. These words were too deep for her, but for the moment she didn't think it necessary to inquire as to their hidden meaning. She was so afraid her mother might by some imprudence betray Arnold Willoughby's secret. And no matter why he wished it kept she felt for her own part 'twas a point of honor for them both to insist upon keeping it. So she said very hurriedly:

"Whatever you do, dear mother, don't let Canon Valentine know Mr. Willoughby's a friend of ours. Don't say a word bout him, in fact. Let the canon suppose the man he saw on the bridge is a perfect stranger to all of us. I must manage to prevent Mr. Willoughby from visiting the house for the present somehow. If Canon Valentine were to find out who he really was, it would spoil all, and then Mr. Willoughby would be so dreadfully disappoint-

Mrs. Hesslegrave caught instinctively at that one phrase, "spoil all," which confirmed her at once in her most romantic preconceptions. Then it was just as she expected-the earl and Kitty had arrived at an understanding. There was a mystery in the case, of course, but Kitty would clear it all up, and she should live yet to see her only daughter a countess.

"My darling," the proud mother said, looking at her with affection-for it's something to have a daughter who can catch earls in disguise-"tell me all about

it! When did Lord Axminster ask you?' "He has never asked me, mo Kathleen answered, with a very deep blush. Then she paused for a moment. Her heart rose into her mouth. The avowal seemed so natural at a crisis like that. "But I love him," shewent on, clasping her hands. "and I'm sure he loves me. Oh, mother, don't say anything that would lead him to suppose that you've heard a word of all this. If you do, all will be lost. I know he wouldn't care for any of us to know he was really Lord Axminster. She trembled for her unavowed lover,

now the truth was upon her.

"My dear," Mrs. Hesslegrave answered, her admiration for Kathleen's cleverness and power of self restraint growing deeper each minute, "you may set your mind at rest. You may rely upon my prudence. I grasp the situation. I couldn't have believed it, Kitty, but I'm very, very glad of it. What a wonderful girl you are! I declare you really almost take my breath awav

And indeed Mrs. Hesslegrave felt it was most meritorious in Kathleen to have discovered the young man's rank so early, as of course she must have done, and to have succeeded in keeping her own counsel have succeeded in keeping her own counser so well that even her mother never for a moment suspected the real rank of her lover, for that a lover he was Mrs. Hesslegrave took for granted at once, now she of Lords, and they were more likely to do an earl. She would hardly have given her Kathleen credit before for so much gumption. As for Kathleen, she was so fully ben upon preserving Arnold Willoughby's secret that she never even noticed her mother's misapprehension. Her one desire not was to keep the matter entirely from Can on Valentine and if possible to prevent their accidentally meeting. And that, she foresaw, would be no easy task, for of late, in

CONFLICTING POLICIES.

Manifestoes of the Unionist. the Liberal and the Irish

Parties.

Justin McCarthy Advocates Alliance Between the Home Rulers and the Liberals.

LONDON, June 26 .- The National Liberal Federation manifesto says that Home Rule is the first and foremost of measures to be pushed, and there are also mentioned the employers' liability bill, the Welsh church disestablishment bill, the Irish land bill, the one man and one vote bill, the local vetobill (local option), the factories and workshop bill, and sweeping reforms for dwellers in towns and country are demanded in the interest of the whole nation. Perhaps the most important feature of all in the maniesto is the insistence that the policy formalated in the Leeds programme thall be pre-served until it is established beyond all question that when the houses of parliament

come into conflict the will of the representative chamber shall prevail. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, the Conser-vative member of parliament who made a

vative member of parliament who made a special criticism on the government seal fisheries bill, while riding along Rotten Row to day, met Lord Rosebery, to whom he remarked that this bill had passed. "Yes," replied Lord Rosebery, laughing, "and there's been a good deal of fishing for the real of office this make". the seals of office this week."

Both parties profess to be ready for a general election in July, and the outgoing ministry do not appear greatly disheartened. Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt are particularly jaunty and jovial, and make it plain that their release from office at this time was the thing most to be deired.

The Irish people are taking great interest n the present situation. Justin McCarthy has issued a manifesto to the people of Ireand, stating that the defeat of the government has placed Ireland's bitterest enemies in office "for a brief space before the election." The manifesto says: "Downing street and Dublin castle will be occupied by men pledged to the policy of coercion in Ire-land. This defeat was encompassed by the factionists who still divide Ireland, and by the votes of the Chamberlains, the Russells and other false friends of land reform. Advocating the continuance of the alliance with the Liberal party is Ireland's only hope of redress." The manifesto appeals earnestly to Irishmen at home and abroad for funds with which to fight their enemies in the ooming election campaigne In an interview John Redmend said it

seemed probable that the election would re-sult in the defeat of the Liberal party. The Parnellites had advised the government to dissolve parliament when the Liberal party was united. Mr. Gladstone gave the same was united. Mr. Gladetone gave the same advice, and Redmend was in a position to assert positively that Mr. Gladetone re-signed because the cabinet rejected his ser-vices. If the government had dissolved

vices. If the government had the over a seried the country on the Home Rule policy. They now go to the country without a policy, without a leader, discredited and disheartened. He did not anticipate

own private property from a social point of view and rather resented than otherwise the impertinent suggestion that any one else in the world could have anything to do with them. "Yes, we've reduced it to a practical certainty," he went on, leaning back in his place in the gondola and staring hard at the water. "The crux of the case consisted, of course, in the difficulty of proving that the man Douglas who shipped from the port of Overton. London in the Saucy Sally-that was the name of the vessel, if I recollect arightfor Melbourne, was really the same man as Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Lord Axminster. And it was precious hard to prove satisfactorily, I can tell you, but Maria has proved it proved it up to the hilt. Maria's a very clever woman of the world, and she knows how to work these things like a private detective. Her law-yer said to her in my hearing, 'Nobody but you, Lady Axminster, would ever have succeeded in pulling it through, but thanks to your ability and energy and acumen not even the house of lords can have the shadow of a doubt about it.' And the house of lords, you may take your affidavit, will doubt anything any mortal on earth could doubt to keep a claimant out of a peerage if only they can manage it.

'But you think it's quite safe now?' Mrs. Hesslegrave asked, with interest. Anything that referred to a peer of the realm had for her mind a perfectly enthralling attraction.

'Oh, dear, yes, quite safe. Not a doubt in the world of it. You see, we've estab-lished, in the first place, the fact that the man Douglas Overton really was Bertie Redburn, which is always something. And we've established, in the second place, the complementary fact that the Saucy Sally, from London for Melbourne, went ashore on some wretched island nobody ever heard of in the Indian ocean, and that all souls on board perished, including, of course, the man Douglas Overton, who is Bertie Redburn, who is the late Lord Axminster. A child can see it, let alone the privilege committee. "I'm glad it's going to be settled," Mrs.

Hesslegrave remarked, with unction. "It's such a dreadful thing for poor Mr. Algernon Redburn to be kept so long, through no fault of his own, out of the money and title.

"Oh. dreadful." the canon assented "dreadful, dreadful, dreadful! But there ! poor Bertie never had any conscience. It was quite painful, the distressing views he used to hold on such subjects for a man in his postion. I always set it down to the gypsy blood in him. I've heard him say more than once he longed to be doing what he called something useful for the mass of the community. Long before he gave way to these abnormal longings and neglected his natural duties and ran away to sea he's told me time and again he felt a sailor's life was a life of undoubted value and usefulness to the country. A sailor was employed in carrying commodities from one place where they were produced to another place where they were wanted or eaten or something-consumed, I think he called it-and nobody could deny that was a good and useful thing for the people that consumed them. 'Very well, Bertie,' said I, half in joke, don't you know. "Then why shouldn't you go yourself and carry coals to Newcastle on ever else may be the crying want in that line of the moment?' never dreaming, of course, the poor silly boy would go and follow my advice, as he did to the letter. But there, these things come out all right in the long run. 'There's a divinity that

the canon repeated as Lord Arminister's sayings was indeed close enough, but it might be accidental. No human being is ever really unique. Every thought and feeling we can have somebody else has had in almost the same form, we may be sure, fore us. And perhaps they had both taken word and thought alike from some previous thinker, as often happens with all of us. For aught she knew to the contrary, it might be some commonplace of Emerson's or Thoreau's. At any rate, Kathleen attached no serious importance to this flash of identification, at least after the first moment. Still she went on indulging the day dream, as one often will. for many minutes together out of mere fanciful delight in it. It gave her some slight relief from the cling, cling, cling, of the canon's perpetual chatter about the sayings and doings of his great folk in London. While he went droning on t Mrs. Hesslegrave about Lady This and Lady That, their virtues and their delinouencies. Kathleen leaned back in her seat in the broad Italian sunshine and shut her ears to it all mentally, while she enlarged to herself upon this Axminster day dream and saw herself as Arnold Willoughby'

bride pacing entranced through the full leaf of June at Membury castle. At last she shut her eyes for a moment as they were nearing a bridge at one familiar corner, where a romanesque staircase of exquisite workmanship ran spiral ly up outside a round tower in the background. It helped her day dream some what to shut her eyes. She could see the great oaks of an English park, she could see the fallow deer on dappied spots of shade under the spreading chestnuts. A sharp cry from the canon made her open them again suddenly. Glancing up in alarm, she looked in the direction where her visitor's eyes were fixed and saw, leaning on the parapet of the high pitched bridge that spanned their canal close bywho else but Arnold Willoughby! The canon's last words, unhe

poke them, now rang clear in her ea



eaning on the parapet of the high pitche bridge.

He' dead, that's certain. We've got ful particulars. All hands were lost, and he nust have been lost among them. But this moment, at sight of Arnold Willoughby's bent head, with one finger twisted carelessly in the lock behind his

ear, the canon sat staring wildly in front of him with wide open eyes. "Why, look there!" he cried, taken aback, in a voice something very little short of horror. "Look there! Who's that? The man on the bridge just in front of us?" man on the origge just in point of us: "What's the matter with him?" Mrs. Hesslegrave exclaimed, following blankly the direction of the canon's eyes. She had

ed, in fact, in watching and mentally photographing for artistic purposes the graceful movements of a pas ing barge as he swung slowly through the bridge over whose balustrade he was hanging. While Mrs. Hesslegrave spoke he turned and went on without ever observing them Next instant he was lost in the crowd that surged and swayed through the narrow calle. The danger was averted. He had never so much as observed the canon. As for that astute old gentleman, now

he had recovered his breath, he saw hi mistake at once and faced it boldly. When Mrs. Hesslegrave said, "So you think that's Lord Axminster?" he answered immediately with perfect self control:

"No, I don't. I was mistaken. It was -a passing fancy. For a second I imag-ined-merely imagined, don't you knowthe man looked something like him. I suppose it was the sailor getup which just at first deceived me. Poor Axminster used o dress like a sailor when he yachted. Amelia, my dear, that was not Bertie, was it? You could see the man distinctly " "Oh, dear, no, Fred," Mrs. Valentine echoed in a voice of profound conviction. Not the least bit like him!"

The canon frowned slightly. Amelia had pettered her instructions unbidden. He was the least bit like him, else why should he canon have mistaken him at first sight for his kinsman Bertie? But not very like. "A mere superficial resemblance," he vent on, hedging violently. "Just at the first glance, to be sure, having my head full of the subject and seeing the sailor dress, I mistook him for Bertie. But when I came to look again the fellow was altogether different. Same build perhaps, but eatures gone, shorter and thicker and flatter. A man may dye his hair and cut his beard, and so forth, but hang it all, Mrs. Hesslegrave, he can't go and get rid of his wn born features."

He talked all the rest of the way home of nothing on earth except singular resem-blances and mistaken identities. There were Perkin Warbeck and Edmund Wyld. nd the Tichborne claimant. There was Sidney Carton in the "Tale of Two Cities." And he came back always to the fundamental point that the features of a face at east-the features must always remain. You might dress, and you might paint, but there was no possibility of getting over the features. He overelaborated this issue, in fact. Kathleen could see from everv phrase he was sure in his own heart had seen Bertie Bedburn and was trying to argue himself and, still more, his earers out of that positive conviction. Even Mrs. Hesslegrave saw it indeed and murmured aside to Kathleen as they stood n the steps of the Molo:

"That is Lord Axminster, Kitty, and the lear canon knew it, but for Algernon Redburn's sake he didn't like to acknowledge

Kathleen gazed at her seriously

"Mother, mother," she cried in a low voice, "for heaven's sake don't say so, Don't say anything about it. You won't understand yet, but when we get home I'll tell you. Please say nothing more now.

If you do, you may upset everything!" A vague idea crossed Mrs. Hesslegrave's mind at that moment that Kathleen might perhaps have known this all along, and that that might account for her being so much taken up with this dreadful sailorman, who wasn't really a dreadful sailorman at all, as it turned out, but the real, Lord Axminster. If so, how delightfull However, she waited for more light on these matters in Kathleen's own good time, only murmuring meanwhile half un-

der her breath to her daughter:

at her, "how awfully clever of you! My darling, I'm so glad! And I've been seeing all along how much attention he was paying you." Kathleen flushed up to her eyes again.

It was a way she had when deeply moved. And she knew her mother was very much pleased with her indeed, for only when very much pleased did Mrs. Hesslegrave ever address her by her pet name of Kitty: "But that's not all, mother," she wen on eagerly. "I want you to promise me. oh, ever so faithfully, you won't tell anybody who he is or anything else about him. He wouldn't like it if you did. mise me, dearest, promise mel'

Mrs. Hesslegrave drew back for a se and, lost in mazes of thought. She could not quite undertsand this queer Axminster mystery. Then, being a romantic old lady, as many old ladies are, she wove for

lady, as many old ladies are, she wove for herself on the spot a little private romance of how it had all happened. Lord Axmin-ster, it appeared, distrusting all woman-kind after his bitter experience with Lady Sark, had come abroad in disguise as a common sallor in order to look out for

some girl he could really love, some girl who could really love him as a man wishes to be loved-for himself, not for his estate, his rank or his title. But Kathleen like a clever girl that she was, had discov-ered by intuition his real position in life ered by intuition his real position in life under those humble surroundings and had fallen in love with him and made him fall in love with her. Mrs. Hesslegrave could understand now, what she had never un-derstood before, how a well conducted girl life her Kitty could have permitted her-self to form a romantic attachment for a man apparently so far beneath her. It was just like Kitty to have unmasked the real earl. In her joy and pride, to think her own daughter should have captured a peer of the realm under such adverse conditions

spite of Mrs. Hesslegrave's marked cold-ness, Arnold had frequently called round on one errand or another, with sketches or books, at the lodgings by the Piazza. Just as she was wondering how best to avert the misfortune of an unexpected

read at once the reasons for his strange be-

havior. Something of the sort, indeed had occurred to her as possible even befor when she contrasted the man's talk and vide range of information with his supposed position in life, but now she knew who he was it all burst at once upon her

And she had loved him as the common sailor. That she had never concealed from her own heart for many days since the trip to the Lido. He could never say of her in future it was his rank and his artificial po-

sition in the world that had captivated her fancy. She loved him for himself. She enew it—she was certain of it! Had she not written it down in plain black and white in her diary? Yet if he were to find out now that she had discovered his true ame-Kathleen trembled to herself as she thought of the possible result, for she was very much in love-he might never ask her. She wished in her heart he was really Arnold Willoughby, the sailor painter, or that she had never discovered the truth

as to his artificial position. But something must be done at once to prevent this catastrophe which Mrs. Hes-slegrave so innocently proposed to bring about. Kathleen seized her mother's arm with a nervous clutch.

"Mother," she cried, much agitated, 'for worlds you mustn't write! For worlds you mustn't ask him! Oh, promise me you won't ask him! You don't know how much depends on it. For heaven's sake, say you won't-say you'll do as I beg of

Mrs. Hesslegrave, much puzzled as to what all this mystification and agitation bould mean, yet drew back at once and answered in perfect good faith: "Oh, certainly, certainly, I'll do as you

wish, dear, though I'm sure I don't know why. Such plot and counterplot is a great deal too deep for a poor, simple old wom-

Kathleen's heart sank at the words. They were only too true. She felt sure she bould trust her mother's good intentions aplicitly, but she was by no means so rtain she could trust her discretion.

"Though I've always said," Mrs. Hesegrave remarked in conclusion, "he was ally in his way a most charming per-

TO BE CONTINUED]

WINNIPEG, June 26 -D. C. Kinsey, the collapse of a moving be

so quickly and to provide money for the purchase of land than the Liberals. He was not sure that home rule would not be eventually dealt with by the Conservatives. The political prisoners could not be worse off under a Tory government than they were under Mr. Asquith, the retiring home secre-

there har. Asquin, the returns nome secre-tary. Replying to Mr. Henry Labouchers in the House of Commons to-day, Hon. Akers-Douglas, the Conservative whip, said his party was anxious for a dissolution of par-liament as the earliest possible moment. He hoped to be able to make a statement on the subject on Monday next. The election addresses of Right Honor-able Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain on accenting office. represent the government

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pany, reside lady, is Mi society cided Dr. G duties their 1 and M ists in work. too we comm weeks Sitks Britisi season make York, being

Just as she was wondering how best to avert the misfortune of an unexpected rencontre, howevery Mrs. Hesslegrave ob-served with her blandest smile: "We haven't seen much of Mr. Willsugh-by lately. I really think, Kathleen, I'll write this very day and invite him to come on's with us." Kathleen stood aghast with horror. She quite understood Arnold Willoughby's mo-tives now; with a flash of intuition the minute she learned who he really was she read at once the reasons for his strange be-read at once the reasons for his strange be-

of the empire." The Times says that Lord Salisbury to Mr. Goschen, but he preferred the Admiralty office.

Four Irish sympathizers have guaranteed £20,000 to the anti-Parnellites for an election fund.

The Standard says that Baron Halsbarry has been appointed Lord Chancellor in suc-cession to Lord Herschell, and that Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's son will probably be a ior Lord of the Treasury.

MANITOBA BUTTER.

To THE EDITOR :-- Would you kindly give To THE EDITOR :-- Would you kindly give space in your valuable paper for a slight correction. In the issue of Sunday, 23rd, under "News of the Province," I am re-presented as having said I was in favor of butter being in scaled tims. I am not in favor of that mode of packing butter, for the reason that there is no demand for it in that kind of package. I am in favor of any pockage that suits the trade, but I certainly do not recommend anything that is not wanted." wanted.

I may add my trip to the province is purely a business one, solely to learn the re-quirement of the British Columbia markets for dairy produce from Manitoba. I havefor dairy produce from manitons. I have found everyone interested alive to business and ready and willing to give me all the in-formation required, and such information as will be very beneficial to the Manitoba dairymen.

I may also say that there have been established in Manitoba, by the aid of the Provincial government, a large-number of oreameries and cheese factories. number of oreameries and cheese factories. These factories are all first-olass buildings and thoroughly equipped with all the latest improved machinery, and are in every-respect equal to the best constructed fac-tories in the Eastern provinces. In come-quence of this British Columbia may rest assured of getting the finest butter and cheese from Manitoba that can be produced in this Dominion. Manitobane are alive to the fact that this province is naturally adapted for dairy-ing, and they are determined to put forth, every effort to develop the dairy industry, as in that a goodly portion of the future-wealth of the province lies. C C. MACDONARD, Dairy Superintendent.

Dairy Superint

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