

time come to be regarded as a most desperate disclosure. Strong in her resolution, Gertie went through her day's work cheerfully and briskly; but, alas! when the evening drew near circumstances seemed to conspire against her carrying out what she had so bravely determined upon. The evening paper was delivered about five, and glancing over its columns, the first thing that met her eye was an immense scare heading stretched across two columns, "Robbery by a Barnardo Boy!" and underneath was an account of the theft by a boy of a setting of duck's eggs from a farmer's barn in the West. The principal leading article in the paper commented upon the event, and referred to Barnardo boys and girls generally as the diseased off-scouring of humanity, gathered from the slums of Whitechapel, crowding the goals and penitentiaries of Canada, and so forth. Poor Gertie's spirits sank to zero and were not in the least revived by the whole-souled indignation that, during the whole of the evening meal, Mr. Morgan poured forth upon the writer and compiler of the offensive article and despatch, and whom he wished to see tarred and feathered, horse-whipped and otherwise chastised for their misdeeds. Gertie knew that Walter took the same paper and, of course, would have read the article, and now, with this fresh in his mind, she must tell him that she was one of the class of whom he, no doubt, would believe all the editor said of them. It seemed terribly hard, and just before they left the house for Massey Hall Gertie had to run upstairs for a minute and ask that she might be given the strength to do what she knew to be right, and not shrink from it when the time came. On the way to the Hall, another unpleasant incident happened that upset Gertie not a little. They were riding in a Queen Street car when, on the corner of Bathurst Street, there bundled in Mr. Owen and a small boy with a valise, evidently on his way to the Union Station.

At any other time she would have been pleased to see him and they would have chatted all the way down, but to-night it was so awkward, and what would Walter think, and would he know who Mr. Owen was, and suspect things? She had quite made up her mind what she would say to Walter and had, in fact, rehearsed many times over a nice little speech in which the news would be broken in the easiest and least objectionable manner possible; but now this untoward appearance of Mr. Owen seemed likely to upset all these calculations. She quite lost her self-possession, and was only conscious that Mr. Owen gave a nod in the direction of Walter and herself, and settled himself down at the other end of the car, and was looking straight before him with an amused sort of expression on his face. She then realized that Walter was looking at her with a very uncomfortable, annoyed expression that she could not in the least understand. Surely he did not suspect her of flirting with a stranger, but what made him look so vexed? Mr. Owen certainly looked the last sort of person to be exchanging smiles with a young woman in a car. He was looking rather more shabby and ill-dressed than usual, and disarmed suspicion by burying himself in a heavy-looking English paper that he read vigorously until the car stopped at Simcoe Street, when he got off with the boy without looking again in her direction. Still, what could be the meaning of the very queer look that Walter gave her? When they transferred at Yonge Street and left the second car, they were in the middle of a large crowd and had little opportunity of speaking; but all through the concert she fancied Walter seemed troubled and abstracted, and when she reflected upon what she was to tell him afterwards, a very big lump seemed to rise to her throat. The concert seemed long, and she was glad when it was over and they were on their way home. Walter proposed that they should