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## Change of Address

Agents, advertisers and subscribers will notice that our address is now

26-28 Adelaide St. West  
TORONTO, ONT.

"I've been just dying for years to see and know London."

"But you have been here before?"

"Never to stay. I've driven from Paddington to Charing Cross and from Charing Cross to Paddington again and again in going and returning from school, but that is all. Oh, I'm aching to see all there is to be seen."

I hope you are not too awfully busy, Geoff," she concluded.

"I shall give to you as much time as possible, you may be quite sure," he said, stealing his arm timidly round her waist.

She made no response to his attempted embrace. She hardly seemed conscious of it. Her attention was absorbed by other things.

"I don't want to be a burden to you, of course, but I should like to see as much as possible."

"My brother Watty will be able to chaperon you when I am not available," he laughed a little uneasily.

"Oh, that will be splendid!"

"You won't mind?"

"Of course I won't mind."

He felt a little piqued. He had a vague feeling that she ought to mind.

A week later he began unconsciously to analyse his impressions and emotions. Eve had quite captivated the younger children; Watty declared that she was "ripping." Mrs. Lincoln took her to her heart at once; her disposition was as sweet as her face was fair. The doctor appeared satisfied with his son's choice. He did not say very much, but all that he did say was in Eve's favor. Geoff alone was conscious of something lacking. In some curiously elusive way or other, Eve in London was different from Eve in Oxford. Her beauty seemed less striking, the charm of her personality less rare. In Oxford she stood alone, as it were; there was no one to compete with her. In London she seemed dwarfed by the crowd; there were so many beautiful women, so many well-dressed women.

It was satisfactory, however, to find that a closer acquaintance demonstrated the sweetness and kindness of her disposition. London was a new world to her; its streets, its parks, its public buildings, its museums, its picture galleries, its whirling, rushing multitudinous life interested her beyond expression. She returned every evening—sometimes with Geoff, sometimes with Watty, sometimes with the doctor—with eager face and kindling eyes, and it invariably transpired that she had seen so much more than the others had seen. The days passed for her all too quickly. She was having the most delightful time of her life. She was in love with all the Lincoln family, and not a little pleased that in due time she would be related to them.

She came up for a week, and stayed a fortnight, and then returned quite cheerfully. She had had her fill of sight-seeing, and was getting a little tired; also, she wanted to see her father, and her canary, and her collie, and her flowers; and, of course, she was almost bursting to tell all she had seen during her visit.

Geoff parted from her with a curious sense of disappointment and regret. He was still conscious of something lacking—lacking in himself as well as in her. They had had a fortnight together, and yet there had been practically no sweetheating. Eve allowed him to kiss her whenever he liked, as a matter of course, and she had returned his kisses in the most charming manner, but without emotion. Geoff had no right to complain, he knew. He was not a passionate lover himself; he had not proposed to her because he could not live without her; it was not passion but chivalry that led him to offer his hand, hence it was not reasonable to expect from her what he did not give himself. And yet he had expected—or at least he had hoped—that she would supply his lack, that her wealth of affection would fill all the void, and that propinquity would change his admiration into passive love.

He was loitering at the bookstall for a few minutes after the train had left the station, when suddenly he looked up to encounter the stare of David Wiggs. He was so astonished that for a moment he could not speak, and yet in that moment he had received an impression of malignant hate such as he had never before conceived possible. He tried to smile; he would have offered his hand in spite of the passion that blazed in his eyes, but David gave him no opportunity; with a muttered execration, he turned swiftly on his heel, and strode into the booking hall.

Geoff's eyes followed him as though fascinated. The very evil in the man's face threw over him a kind of spell. He knew that David was a surly fellow—he had borne that reputation in Oxford—but a look of such deadly and concentrated evil he had never seen in a man's eyes before.

As a matter of fact, David's affection for Eve had become a kind of mania; it obsessed him to such a degree that he could think of nothing else; it colored

everything he saw, and made him indifferent to every other interest in life.

He went down from the 'Varsity an embittered and disappointed man. He would not have minded failing in "Schools" if he had succeeded in love; but to have failed in both was a humiliation too great to be endured, and he owed this humiliation entirely to Geoff Lincoln. How was a man to concentrate his attention on his books when his heart was torn with hatred and jealousy? So his hatred of Geoff steadily increased. The more he brooded over his wrongs the more bitter his feelings grew.

His father's mill was still in full swing, under the charge of a competent manager, but David hated the sight of it, hated the roar of the looms and the rattle of the spinning frames, and loathed the smell of the size. His mother wanted him, now that his education was finished, to take an interest in business and in affairs of the town. He might run as a candidate at the next municipal elections; in time he might become Mayor of Croston, as his father had done before him.

David curled his lip with scorn at the suggestion.

"Oh, father was all right," he answered, "but every man in his own order. Father was brought up to the mill; I wasn't."

"But thou shouldn't sneer at the mill. It's thy best friend still. It earns th' brass for thee."

"I'm not denying that. But what's the use of my meddling? Steve Duerden is managing it all right, isn't he?"

"Oh, ay. Duerden's a good man o' business, but it's well thou should understand the run o' things in case of accidents."

"It's too late in the day, mother, even if I had the inclination, which I haven't."

"Then what art thou goin' to do? Thou art not goin' back to college again?"

"No; I've done with college, as you call it. But there are plenty of ways in which gentlemen can spend their time. I intend to see what London is like, and perhaps Paris and Berlin."

(To be continued.)

## Marriage Ceremonies

(Continued from page 34)

on the bride's finger, the maid of honor or bridesmaid steps forward, takes her bouquet and helps her remove her glove (many brides slit the finger of the glove to facilitate matters). When the ceremony is over the bridesmaid helps the bride unveil her face. (Sometimes the veil in front is short and parted down the middle) and the bridal party start down the aisle. If there is a flower girl she goes first scattering flowers. Then follow the newly wedded couple, next the maid-of-honor and best man, then the bridesmaids and ushers in pairs. Guests do not leave until after the bridal party is gone.

On arriving at the house the guests are given an opportunity to congratulate the newly-weds before refreshments are served.

These are usually light, unless where guests have come a long distance to attend. Sandwiches, salads, cakes, coffee, lemonade, and ice cream, and, of course, wedding cake. If a more elaborate wedding breakfast is wanted, the first course may be either fruit prettily served or bouillon, according to the season. This is followed by a meat course, hot or cold, and this by a dessert such as mousse, charlotte or ice. Last of all coffee and bonbons.

The bride must, at dessert, put the knife into the wedding cake which is then removed to be cut away from the table and served.

All expense of the wedding rests with the bride's family, except the carriage for groom and best man, carriage for the newly-weds to the station, fees to minister and flowers and gifts to the and her attendants.

After all this attention to the detail of wedding etiquette may we just turn for a moment to the romantic side of a little custom? It concerns the custom of placing the wedding ring on the third finger.

One explanation is that an old superstition connected the third finger with the heart by an artery. It may be that it is better explained by an old custom in England of setting the wedding ring on the tip of the thumb while the clergyman recited, "In the name of the Father," then the ring went to the index finger at "of the Son," then to the middle finger at "the Holy Ghost," and with the "Amen" it was placed on the third finger where the blessing was completed.

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