

for better. His Ex. went, and Major Hope of the N. W. M. P. helped Latrobe through beautifully. Latrobe fell on his feet off in the Fort Macleod country. He has a big chunk in a coal mine, an interest in a branch railroad from the C. P. R., and banks fifty thousand with his frau. Happy Latrobe! He has offered me a berth on the railroad. Think I'll go. . . . Forgot to say that Mrs. Haldimand Earle was at the wedding. You remember she used rather to "prefer" Latrobe. As old Dizzy said once, when he met a woman to whom he'd been an *attaché* years before: "This is as good as a play." Well, by Jove, it was! Mrs. Earle smiled sweetly through the whole business. Ellen of the Lyceum wouldn't be in it with her acting. She's got all her old looks back, and something more—rather *spirituelle* (is that right? I never feel safe with you literary fellows). As for her brains, they are all they ever were, and that doesn't need explanation. But she's painfully "true to Poll." Earle looks disgustingly happy all the time. . . . Wallack ought to have come in somewhere above in the Earle-King-Latrobe affair. He married a fine girl from across the Line six months ago; but perhaps you know that. . . . Would I were with thee for just an hour in Piccadilly! The thought of it necessitates a salutation. So, here's a deep draught to the reformation of the world!

Yours, as of old and always,

ED. REGARD.

FINIS.