

"Say, sir," replied that ever-thirsty, earner, with extreme presence of mind, "say, sir," he repeated solemnly, "I say that we must drink his health."

Even Jennie, albeit she thought it was getting high time to interpose with the "nor-westers," could not be present to this toast. She had listened with sparkling eyes to Tim Weaver's story, so confirmatory as it was of her own estimate of Dainty Ellenore. "Here," cried Elerton's health!" and the Captain, much given to matches of Dibdin in his mirthful moments, trolled out:

"Holders!" cried the Irishman, in unphantly.

"Say, sir," replied that ever-thirsty mariner, "with extreme presence of mind, 'Say, sir,' he repeated solemnly, 'say that we must drink his health.'"

Even Jennie, albeit she thought it was a high time to interfere with the "northerners," could not dissent to this toast. She had listened to the story of the "Dainty Elvengrove," so confirmatory of her own estimate of Dainty Deirdre, and she was not averse to drink to her. And then the Captain, much given to snatches of Diddin in his mirthful moments, sang:

Twins in the good ship Rover  
I sailed the world around,  
And for a year and over  
I've touched Britain's ground.  
At length in England landed  
I left my roving  
Found relations stranger  
And went to my home.

The Captain had never been known to sing a song through, but when pleased he was continually breaking out into snatches of Diddin and sometimes under very mal apropos circumstances.

[illegible]

**CHAPTER VI**  
**Symptoms of Trouble**

Dainty Ellerton is riding a series of most inconvenient mounts at the Bibury Club, and feeling that the worst of the terrors, not troubling his mind, shameful to narrate, one iota about the subject of his riding, is the fact that he is not a member of the club. Dainty says, laughingly, that it has seldom fallen to the lot of a gentleman to ride on such a succession of litters of losing money, by yielding to the temptation of taking the long odds on the turf, and that he has been so himself, as have been his this day. But Dainty has hurt himself little in the way of money, and is smoking a pipe the steps of the Bibury Club Stand, and looking at the list of names of the friends who, having purchased a daily paper, are reading out an account of the suspension of the club, Grant, and Chillingham. Dainty feels but little interest in the list, and is glad to see fallen Chling, Grant, and Chillingham. He meditates more upon how disappointed he is, and how he would like to

get that kicking brute of Corrance nearer than second, and so failed to do so. He was, however, in accordance with agreement, held in custody by the police, and he was carried out into his brother's private room in King William street, where he would be kept until the morning of Clinch, Grant, and Chillingham with considerably more sympathy than he would have met with elsewhere. His head buried in his hands, O'Rourke occasionally he raises a pallid countenance to gaze at the wall with despair. He has locked himself in, so that no man may witness his humiliating condition. He has been so afflicted by a dream of this; now the crash has come, and he literally cowers under the weight of his own sin. He has no hope for the ruin in which he has involved those nearest and dearest to him. He has no hope of escape, and he has no longer juggle with himself; he knows that what he has steadfastly vowed to do, he will do. He has seen Rose Pielding is dearer to him than his life—that he loves with the love of a man for his first love, the love of whom, compared with that

## CHAPTER VI

would perhaps view the misfortune of Clinch Grant, and Chillingham with a certain sympathy.

Maurice Ellerton sits at his desk, his head buried in his hands. He is bearing testimony to his agony—his despair. He has locked himself in, so that no man may see his agony, and no woman may see his despair. For weeks he has been haunted by a dread of this; now the crash has come, and he is left alone to bear the blow. It is not for himself—it is for the ruin in which he has plunged. In this moment of supreme agony he cannot think of himself, he cannot even know that what he has steadfastly defended for the last year is true—that he has been deceived. He has a life—that he loves with all the fiercest passion of a man in his prime, the life of a young man, the life of a man of youth, is as fiery burgundy sparkling champagne.

Even as he sits, his eyes yawning all around him—black abysses yawning all around him—on every side, of a profundity and depth and darkness that make the stricken mortal they concern—

[illegible]

Then he meditates whether it will not best to fly from all this disquiet while it is yet time. To do him justice, he is thinking far more of spiritual feelings of the consequences likely to accrue to himself when all becomes known than of the consequences likely to accrue to them. Should he go, white as opportunity is yet vouchsafed him? But should he stay, the door breathes the threat of his musings. He rises, opens it, and admits Roll Laroom.

(To be continued.)

**Favor Retention**  
**since So Al**  
**W**

Residents of Oakland out en masse last night to the meeting in honor of the election of the local I. O. O. F. ticket. All evinced interest in the political and social views of their state government. The speaker, Mr. McBride and the generous applause marks in support of the ticket. They departed with the "good night" government with the "good night" contesting the interests. Premier Thomson, H. F. Frederick, A. C. McCall, and A. C. McCall. A commensal refreshment, sandwiches and cake and beverages in the gathering hot coffee. The gathering converted to a social function, and with every assurance support on the 2nd.

**No Reason**

Watson Clarke, Jr. the chair, remarked that the election was the most important that had ever

the past twenty years that he was pre-eminently thought the most deserving of the name of "big man," that in his strong influence of the province at the conference at Ottawa, circumstances suggested that he was any chance was prosperous, aiding in to develop resources. He addressed straight to the heart of the three Liberal candidates who appeared plain, unvarnished, marked F. Davey, himself a farmer and head of a family, and desk arena without pretension, who headed, "like Saul of old, above his fellows," an administrative able strength of character in British Columbia of bankruptcy, a common standard in his fight for

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**Local Grit Can**  
**Small Meas**

It took the four exactly an hour

to give their word to 18 electors at school last evening explain why they placed in power southerners. He called for a change more than half a century ago, and at that time, and a weary wait of 40 candidates summed up to appeal to small audiences, he reluctantly accepted meeting and took W. G. Cameron and in his open did not think it was made a mistake of himself entirely. Labor question the Liberals had than any other party would be much better. Labor party had the Liberals.

Referring to nomination in the think it was right in two constituencies.

R. Hall was then an excuse for the stating that it was people thought that going to be elected the prime minister. He understood why the government was called a personal government, reason why he was a personal government. They might into settle the difficult border and the cities. Regarding the terms, Premier M. Tawfik said that the demands refused political action should have gone and agreed to by the convention by his government. He said that the premier. According to Conservatives was and they should men who could be placed in power. He said that the

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