

George and herself. She had various reasons for this, one of which was a sort of feeling of compassion, a faint tenderness even (if such a thing as tenderness existed in her cold heart) for Philip Hayward.

Yes, she had a sort of liking for the tutor, for the honest, grey, manly eyes that followed her movements with such simple chivalrous devotion. Isabel liked to know her power, and this young man had risked his life to please her. She caught herself wishing sometimes that Hayward was the master of Massam, and not the gloomy man, whose successful love-suit had by no means cleared away the cloud from his brow.

But she did not intend to draw back. She loved the world and the world's good things too well to lose the prize that she had won. She meant to marry Sir George Hamilton, but the company of her future husband was often not a little wearisome to her.

Thus things went on for a day or two; Isabel in the meanwhile playing with Hayward's heart, as if she were actually studying how, when he learnt the truth, to cost him the most pain. Yet she did not mean this. It was the innate coquetry of her nature that induced her to trifle with this young man's feelings, and not from any wish to hurt him. She liked him too well for that. But she could not resist the pleasure of seeing him devoted to her; of knowing that these two men were jealous of her slightest word.

But Sir George was too proud to show this now, though he hinted to her with some gravity of manner that it was unwise of her to spend so much of her time with Hayward.

"What do you mean?" asked Isabel, smiling.

Then Sir George ventured to explain. The young man might naturally suppose that she was greatly interested in him, he told Isabel.

"Well, I am interested in him," she answered.

"But is it kind to show this?" urged Sir George. "Hayward is young, perhaps he might even think—"

"That I am in love with him, perhaps?" said Isabel, with a mocking laugh. "No, he is not presumptuous enough for that."

This conversation left a painful impression on Sir George's mind. There was a heartless carelessness in Isabel's words that found no echo in his heart. Yet he was jealous of her still, though he did not appear so, and under the influence of this feeling, one evening after dinner, he asked Hayward to stroll out on the terrace with him. Then, when they were there, as they smoked their cigars, he inquired of the tutor if he yet had come to any decision regarding his future profession.

Hayward was surprised for a moment at the question. Sir George had invited him to pay a long visit to Massam, and he had been there little more than a week when Sir George asked it. But before he could reply, the Baronet added—

"The reason I ask you is, that Hannaway told me yesterday that a living, that I have in my gift, will probably soon be vacant. Do you think that you would like to go into the Church?"

Hayward coloured for a moment as Sir George said this, and then answered—

"It is my mother's dearest wish that I should do so, but I cannot reconcile myself to the idea."

"Why?" asked Sir George.

"Sir George," said Hayward, with an earnest ring in his voice, "should a man undertake what he cannot conscientiously fulfil? I cannot satisfy my own mind about what I should then be called upon to teach and preach to others."

"About hereafter?" said Sir George, slowly.

"Yes—to me so many great questions are unsolved, that I am utterly unfit for the office of a teacher."

Sir George gave a heavy sigh.

"And you have a mother?" he said.

"Yes," answered Hayward, and a faint flush came into his face, and a soft light into his eyes, "a dear little mother. You don't know, perhaps," he added smiling, "that I am her only child and she is a widow?"

Sir George sighed again.

"I, too, was an only child," he said, "and my mother was a widow. But we will not talk of it," he went on abruptly. "Do you know, Hayward, what I think the greatest curse on earth?" he added.

"No—among the various evils that flesh is heir to, which do you consider the greatest, then, Sir George?"

"Memory," answered Sir George, darkly and briefly.

"Memory?" repeated Hayward, as if surprised, "I do not think that, Sir George. What would life be if we had only the present? The past and future from their very dimness always seem to me to have peculiar charms. About the past I try to remember only what was pleasant, and for the future I have always hope."

"It is well—you have a happy disposition, then?" said Sir George.

"Perhaps I have," answered Hayward, and he smiled. Both these men were thinking at that moment of the same woman. Hayward with chivalrous, passionate devotion; Sir George with vague, passionate distrust and disappointment. He had won her, but she did not satisfy him. He felt there was something wanting even then in the bright beauty that had enslaved him. But he was enslaved still. Enslaved, though his heart was unquiet within him; though he told himself that there were many things unlovable about Isabel Trevor.

Presently he began talking to Hayward again

about his future prospects, urging him to accept such a lavish allowance from his hands for the present that Hayward declined it, with modest pride.

"You count my life so cheap, then, Hayward," answered Sir George, half bitterly, half sadly, "that you will not allow me in any way to attempt to recompense you for saving it?"

"Do not say that, Sir George," said Hayward, in his pleasant voice. "I shall gratefully accept help from you, but only sufficient to supply my moderate wants. And even this," he added, "you must allow me at some future time to repay."

"It is false pride of you to say this, Hayward," said Sir George, almost harshly.

"Is it?" answered Hayward, gently. "Then forgive me, Sir George. But one recompense for my slight service I shall ask," he continued, in his winning manner, "which is to be allowed to call myself your friend."

"That is a poor recompense indeed," said Sir George, moodily, turning away his head. "God knows my friendship is of little worth."

As Sir George said this they were passing near some of the windows of the house, and as they did so there came a little tapping on one of the panes. Both turned their heads at this sound, and then they saw Isabel standing inside the lighted room beyond, and endeavouring to unfasten one of the windows that opened upon the terrace. Sir George at once advanced to her assistance and undid the fastening.

"You must come in," she said, addressing him smilingly, "a visitor has arrived—Mr. Hannaway."

"Oh—" said Sir George, indifferently. "But he wishes particularly to see you," went on Isabel. "Oh, here he is to answer for himself." And as she spoke, the tall form and good-looking face of the lawyer appeared behind Isabel.

"Can I have a word with you, Sir George?" he said, "I have a letter here," he added, "that I think it is important that you should see."

"I will come with you," answered Sir George. "Excuse me," and he looked at Isabel.

"Certainly," she answered, as Sir George followed Mr. Hannaway. "That is a man," she went on speaking to Hayward, and giving a little nod of her head to indicate the lawyer, "who has a remarkably high opinion of Mr. Hannaway."

"Well, why should he not?" answered Hayward, with a little laugh. "He is good-looking, agreeable, and rich."

"Good-looking, agreeable, and rich," replied Isabel, "and yet to me he has no charm."

Hayward's heart beat fast at these words, and at the subtle insinuation they contained.

"And what qualities have charms for you then, Isabel?" he faltered.

The moon came from behind the drifting clouds, and flickered for a moment on their two faces as Hayward asked this—flickered on hers so beautiful, on his so earnest and full of hope.

Isabel cast down her eyes. "Why do you ask?" she said. "Everyone knows when they charm."

In her waist-band was a faded rose, and as these words fell from her lips, Hayward saw it.

"Give me that rose, Isabel!" he said, "I am jealous of a flower."

"What folly," she answered, still without looking up; but she unfastened the rose. "It is dead," she said, holding it towards him.

"It has died where I too would die," murmured Hayward.

"Poor rose!" said Isabel. "Poor Hayward!" she thought, and one of those momentary pangs of regret crossed her heart, as she glanced coyly up once more in the young man's earnest face.

"We had better go inside," she said. "We must not forget that propriety in the shape of Papa and Miss Marston are watching us."

Indeed, at this moment the Squire himself appeared advancing towards the window near where Isabel and Hayward were standing.

"My dear Isabel," he said, "are you not afraid of the chill night air? You are causing a most serious draught in the room." And the Squire shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear papa," answered Isabel, shrugging hers also, "I hope it won't give you rheumatism!"

"Shall I shut the window, Mr. Trevor?" asked Hayward.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Trevor, stiffly; and while Hayward was thus employed, Sir George Hamilton came again into the room, and walked straight up to Isabel.

"Isabel," he said in a low tone, "will you excuse me if I run up to town for one day?"

"It depends on whom you run with," replied Isabel, looking smilingly at her lover.

"I wish to go with Hannaway," answered Sir George, who looked pale and disturbed. "A letter, an important letter, that he has just shown me, calls me away. But I shall return to-morrow night."

"Very well," said Isabel, still smiling.

"And—will you look after everyone for me?" asked Sir George, hesitatingly, and as if he were thinking of something else.

"Yes, I will make an excellent chatelaine, or hostess, or whatever is the right thing," answered Isabel, still lightly.

"And—Isabel—will you come out with me for one moment?" then asked Sir George, this time fixing his eyes on her face.

"Yes," said Isabel, after an instant's hesitation, and she followed him from the room to the corridor outside.

When they were there, Sir George, after

glancing round to see that they were alone, put his arm round her.

"Give me one kiss, Isabel," he said, "before we say good-bye?"

Isabel, too, looked round, and then lifted her rosy lips to his.

"Good-bye," she said, but Sir George would not let her go. He held her there to his breast, pale and agitated. Isabel, on the contrary, was quite unmoved. She was a little uncomfortable, perhaps, in Sir George's embrace, but that was all.

Through the half-closed door, however, of the small drawing-room that they had just quitted, she could see the side of the cabinet of uncut gems that she had often coveted. This reminded her of what Sir George was—the master of all this wealth, and so again she held her lips up for his kiss.

"Good-bye," she said once more, and Sir George kissed her, pressed her closer in his arms, and then with a murmured word or two, bid her farewell. After he was gone, Isabel returned to the drawing-room, and advanced, smilingly, to where her father, Hilda Marston, and Philip Hayward were standing.

"Our host has left me in charge of you all," she said, "so I hope you mean to make yourselves very agreeable."

The next day was Sunday—a wet Sunday. In the morning the whole party drove to the parish church, and heard Mr. Woodford's very mild and inoffensive discourse. Mrs. Woodford, with her insignificant features and faded complexion, was yawning during its delivery on one side of the pulpit, and the beadle on the other.

The Featherstone girls were there, but they never yawned. Antony Featherstone, their father, however, slept through the whole of the parson's discourse. The Squire of Sanda rigidly kept himself awake, "as an example," but his pale eyes winked and blinked unceasingly with abortive efforts not to close.

"We were the only two awake, I believe, Mr. Hayward," said Isabel, laughingly, as they drove home.

"My dear Isabel, do not make such foolish assertions," said the Squire. "I will not deny that Mr. Woodford's sermon was not striking, but I never thought of going to sleep."

"You thought you would not," answered Isabel, maliciously.

"I was not asleep," said Hilda Marston.

"Were you not?" replied Isabel, as if it were a matter of no consequence, and then the subject dropped.

In the afternoon the weather grew worse. The blinding rain came beating against the windows of the house, and the wind swept moaning through the trees. They lingered as long as they could over the luncheon table, and then first Hilda retired. After she was gone the Squire went to the reading room of the library, took up Saturday's *Times*, and sank back in an easy chair before a blazing fire. Isabel and Hayward were thus left to amuse themselves as best they could.

Isabel having looked out of the window at the storm, and regretted that as she supposed they could not play billiards (at which suggestion Hayward smilingly shook his head), she proposed that they should go over the house, and look at the pictures.

So they went together up the broad staircase, where many valuable ones were hung. The great masters, whose hands have made the canvas live, were nearly all represented at Massam. Catalogue in hand, Isabel went up and down the long gallery, pointing out this gem or that, to the tutor. She had been here with Sir George, and knew where the Rembrandt hung, and where the Poussin. But she lingered longest before the smiling beauties, that Sir Peter Lely's art had portrayed.

Amongst these were some of the ancestresses of Hamilton's. Fair women who had played their part in the comedies and tragedies of their time, and then had vanished from the scene. Isabel kept speculating about them to the tutor, and wondering if a certain necklace, clasped round the plump throat of one fair dame, was yet among the treasures of the house.

"I always envy jewels," said Isabel. "My good lady," she went on mockingly, addressing the pictured lady smiling on the wall, "will you give me your necklace?"

Hayward made no reply. He was looking at Isabel. At the wonderful tints of her lovely face, at the glimmer of her golden hair, shining even in the dark gallery, with the darkening clouds overhead. She was fairer than all these dead women hanging round, who have been painted, and passed away. "Too fair," Hayward thought, almost with a groan at that moment.

"Why are you silent?" said Isabel, turning round suddenly, and looking at him.

Then, carried away by the impetuous feelings surging in his heart, Hayward caught both her white and supple hands in his.

"I was thinking," he said, "thinking of Isabel—of you."

Isabel was started for an instant by the passionate ring of his voice, by the light in his eyes, and by his unexpected touch. Then she recovered herself.

"A very stupid occupation, Mr. Hayward," she said, trying to pull her hands from his.

"Oh! do not jest any more, Isabel," went on Hayward. "I must speak—I cannot be silent now."

"But—" said Isabel, embarrassed.

"You have known it long; I know you have known it long," continued Hayward, interrupting her, "but, lately I have dared to think, Isabel—"

"What?" she asked, and she looked into his face.

"That you care for me—that I am not indifferent to you," faltered Hayward. And then, with honest, manly pride and love ringing in his voice and shining in his face, he went on, "You know what I am. A poor man, who has yet to win his way. But, Isabel, I will win it," he continued, in his fond tenderness. "Whisper one word, say one word—tell me what shall be my reward!"

As Hayward paused, Isabel's eyes fell from his face.

"I—I—do like you," she said, hesitatingly; "but you must know—"

"What?" it was now Hayward's turn to ask, as he quickly looked up.

"That in our relative positions," went on Isabel with some discomfort in her voice, "that is—if you mean anything serious."

"I am not jesting," said Hayward, with sudden sternness.

"I mean if you think anything about marrying," continued Isabel.

"Of what else could I think?" said Hayward. "Isabel—surely, you have not been playing with me?"

"It is impossible," said Isabel, "you know it is impossible."

"Then why," asked Hayward indignantly, "have you trifled with me? If marriage is impossible between us, why have you seemed as if you wished me to love you?"

"Perhaps I have acted wrongly," said Isabel. "But, Mr. Hayward—I wish to be your friend."

And she held out her hand to him.

"Friend!" echoed Hayward bitterly. "No, Miss Trevor, that can never be! I—I—love you—love you as a man loves the woman he asks to be his wife—nothing else will satisfy me now!"

"Then I repeat," said Isabel, "it is impossible."

"And you have been fooling me all this time?" went on Hayward, yet more bitterly. "What was your motive, Miss Trevor? What honour or glory could you gain by deceiving a man so contemptible in your eyes as I am?"

"You are not contemptible," said Isabel. "I—I—as I said before, I like you, and wish to be your friend. Everything else is impossible between us—because—I may as well tell you the truth—I am engaged to Sir George Hamilton."

Even Isabel's cold heart felt ashamed and stricken, when she saw the grey look of despair that passed over the tutor's face at this announcement. But he uttered no word. He only pressed his teeth tightly over his under lip, and his face turned white, and then a cold, sickly grey.

"I—I am sorry if this pains you," faltered Isabel, "but it is better that you should know the truth."

"Yes, much better," said Hayward. "And now I will go away." And he turned to leave her.

"Nay, stay; let us talk it over," said Isabel. But he never looked back. He passed straight and silently down the long gallery; and straight and silently, and with a heart bursting with intolerable pain, he went out into the rain-soaked, storm-beaten park.

(To be continued.)

## FASHION NOTES.

GRAY camel's hair cloth caps trimmed with bands of fur or feathers are novelties in children's wear.

SCOTCH plaid circulars lined with red opera flannel or red silk are stylish garments for school girls' wear.

ACCORDING to Emmeline Raymond, crinoline of very small proportions is beginning to make its appearance.

COSMETIC masks are revived as beautifying articles of the toilet, and are in demand among fashionable women.

BONNET strings are no longer crossed in the back over the hair or in the nape of the neck by fashionable women.

LARGE Alsatian bows of wide black velvet ribbon are worn as evening head-dresses with "at home" reception toilets.

WHITE satin dresses, trimmed with medæval laces, yellow with age, are the most stylish evening toilets of the season.

A NOVELTY in gentlemen's ulsters is made reversible, one side to be worn to business, the other for calls and the opera.

THE fashion correspondent of *Harper's Bazaar* says that bonnets are much larger than they have been for some years past.

CLOTH circulars have heavy cords and tassels fastening the garments in front, knotted loosely and then thrown over the shoulders.

BIAS bands of many-coloured, striped and plaided cloths are used in trimming costumes de fatigue and simple house dresses of solid colours.

BLACK silk dresses for house and evening wear are usually combinations of several materials made into a full-flowing trained skirt, and tight basque attached to the same.

THE Directory bonnet is a leading Parisian novelty. It is high above the forehead, narrow on the sides, the strings cover the ears, tying under the chin, and the trimmings are a mixture of feathers, fur, ribbon, and ornaments. The whole affair is frightfully ugly, but is the rage at the moment in the French capital.

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