

he is engaged, but in his state of health absolute quiet and privacy is necessary. Still we want a witness to the ceremony. Will you come?"

"Why, of course I will, though as the poor chap is ill it seems a pity not to put off the wedding."

"He is anxious to get abroad, and says he must have her with him as his wife."

"I see. And where is the wedding to take place?"

"You will no doubt be surprised when I tell you at the Eddystone lighthouse."

"Are they mad?" asked Haselfoot.

"No, not madder than other people," replied Ronald, drily. "But he landed at the Eddystone, and has been ill there. You must understand the whole business must be kept an absolute secret. We don't want to get the lighthouse men into trouble for having harboured him; and they have been very good to him; there are also family reasons."

"All right; I shan't say a word. How and when does the wedding take place?"

"When will you be next off the Eddystone?"

"To-morrow night."

"To-morrow night it shall be. They have a special license and can be married when and where they please."

"It is a very strange place to be pleased with."

"It is. I think you have met the young lady some time ago."

"What is her name?"

"It would not reveal anything to you. I don't think you ever heard it."

"Ah! I meet so many girls and forget all about them afterwards."

"Just so," said Ronald, earnestly hoping that he had forgotten his rencontre with Miss Iredale. He would not have said anything about having met her to Haselfoot, had he not in the first instance thought that no one could forget Enid's face if he had once seen it. And there he was right, for when the time of meeting came, Haselfoot recollected her instantly. Arrangements as to time were then made, after which the naval man announced that time was up, and he must go on board.

"To-morrow night, then," were Ronald's parting words; you will not fail me."

"To-morrow night—Admiralty always permitting. Though why," he added, sotto voce, as he went down the road, "why my presence as a witness should be so desirable, and why the lighthouse men couldn't have been witnesses is more than I know. I suppose it's because they want it to be kept a secret. Rum start anyhow, an invalid in an out-of-the-way lighthouse! but it's no business of mine."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Lonely Bride.

RONALD wrote to Enid that night, making an appointment with her to meet him the next morning in a quiet road out of Plymouth. He thought it impossible that he could be watched now, and, as a matter of fact, on this occasion he was not.

Enid felt sadly lowered in her own eyes as she made her way by a circuitous route to the appointed rendezvous. Was this secrecy never to end? Was she always to go through life ashamed to look anyone in the face? But a voice within her answered that the secrecy would not be for long. As she looked at the throngs of people in the streets she wondered if any one was happy, if everyone did not beneath a calm countenance bear as much care as she was bearing. And then the words that have comforted laden souls for the last two thousand years comforted her also, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There was no such thing as worldly happiness, she thought, but heavenly happiness was still attainable. Was it possible, she asked herself, that she was the same girl who at Court balls and entertainments innumerable had laughed and danced through life, knowing little of the intolerable anguish of the aching hearts around her. God help them!

God help them every one!" she ejaculated fervently.

It was in the bend of a quiet country lane that she perceived Ronald, who was awaiting her anxiously.

"I had to see you," he exclaimed, "for so much has to be done before to-night," and he told her of his interview with Haselfoot, and what had been arranged.

"Is it to be to-night?" she asked, and turned very white.

"To-night, if you will. It seems too good an opportunity to be lost," and he added a few more words than he had said to Haselfoot.

"I shall be ready at the appointed time. Will Mr. Haselfoot be silent as he does not understand the necessity for silence?"

"He will be silent."

There was a long pause.

"Enid," said Ronald, speaking in tones of intense emotion, and using this name for the first time, "are you sure that you will go through with this? There is time even now to draw back."

BUT she came of a race that would never draw back and would die game; the harder the task the more resolute would she be to fulfil it.

"I will go through with it," she replied, firmly.

"May God be with you," he said, earnestly, and, after a few more words, left her.

She returned to her rooms feeling thoroughly exhausted. She had not one idea of joy or happiness in what was to befall her, nothing but profound compassion for Cornwallis in her heart.

She threw herself on her knees and prayed for guidance. She would subdue her love for Ronald if possible. In marrying Cornwallis she would be sacrificing her own wishes and devices; was not self sacrifice always right?

"He needs me," she thought; "Ronald is strong and does not need me." She remembered when she was first engaged to Cornwallis how eagerly she had looked forward to being married. First there would be the joy of being with him, then the delight of wedding presents, a superb trousseau, all those things which are dear to the heart of a girl. What had she now? What would her mother think if she could only know?

"Do wishes attained always turn to bitterness and sorrow?" she asked herself. "I wanted to marry Horace before anything else in life, and now I am going to marry him, and I am miserable."

But she felt ashamed of herself and her weakness, besides there was much to be done, she resolved not to give way again.

She informed her landlady that she was going away that evening, unexpectedly.

"So soon, Miss?" asked the woman, with suspicion.

"I have to go to a sick friend," she replied, hating herself for these evasions, which, though the truth, were not the whole truth.

Then she began to wonder what she would wear. What bride's circumstances could be more mournful? Was not black the fitting garb? It was; she felt she could not put on a coloured dress. So, instead of being surrounded with admiring relations and bridesmaids, instead of putting on costly array, she prepared herself alone.

She wore her one black dress, but she put on a fichu of filmy beautiful lace, a remnant of former finery, and, knowing Cornwallis's eyes for detail, placed a few white flowers in her bosom.

(To be continued.)

Wise Pittsburg.—Pittsburg chose a minstrel show in preference to W. J. Bryan as an attraction at a charitable entertainment. We have to admit that Pittsburg is fast regaining a reputation for good sense.

It Seems So.—To President Woodrow Wilson, life is just one note after another.



Why not a trip "Way Down East" to the Famous Atlantic Resorts

Which stretch from Boston north to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia? This strip of coast is dotted with places of historic and literary interest. The scenery is varied and delightful throughout, and every kind of summer recreation is afforded. Comfortable hotels and boarding houses are available, with a range of prices to suit every purse.

Old Orchard [Maine] Kennebunkport [Maine] St. Andrews [New Brunswick]

and a hundred seaside resorts in Nova Scotia [Evangeline Land]

are waiting for you. Travel there by the

Canadian Pacific Railway

Full particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



Take Your Vacation at Muskoka Lakes



Come to this region of congenial summer hotels and cottages, excellent camping spots, splendid fishing, picturesque canoe routes—winding streams and many delightful islands. Make your summer home in this ideal resort district. Beautiful small islands and choice locations for sale.

TAKE THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. to the finest recreation districts in Canada, including: Lake St. John District, Muskoka Lakes, Rideau Lakes, Lake Edward, Que., Georgian Bay and Parry Sound as well as many others.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THESE BOOKS—"Where to Fish and Hunt", "Hotel Lake St. Joseph, Quebec", "Muskoka's Lake Shore Line", "Summer Resorts Along the Road by the Sea", "Outdoors in Canada".

Enjoy a real recreation and rest for tired nerves in the picturesque lakes, streams and wooded isles of Muskoka Lakes District.

For further particulars as to rates and service apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or General Passenger Department, 68 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.



OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier