

"She will go to him to-morrow, the first thing,—this may be my last night of peace. She shall have it all her own way,—she has conquered me! Besides, I could not go up with her. And fancy poor quiet Sydney in his study, with two angry women scolding and upbraiding each other in his presence!" And she smiled a little dreary smile at the very idea.

But at that moment a sudden thought struck her; she ceased speaking, and a quick faint gleam brightened the eyes which had been gazing abroad so forlornly. She took out her watch—only half-past nine.

"Plenty of time," she murmured. In an instant she had rung the bell.

"Owens," as her maid entered, speaking hurriedly, with burning cheeks, and eyes still full of tears, "something has occurred which makes it absolutely necessary I should see your master to-night, so I am going by the 10.30 train to town, and I want you to come with me to the station. Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"Certainly, ma'am; but will you not drive?"

"No, no," with nervous impatience; "I want to go quietly," a red streak dyed her cheeks, "so you must not let any one know I have gone,—you understand?"

"Certainly, ma'am," Owens said again; and she being old and discreet, and having been Lois Grey's maid in the old days before she came to Kelver, Lois Dering felt she might trust her; and turning to her with sudden impetuosity, "So much depends on it, Owens," she said,—"all my happiness," her eyes growing misty again. "Don't let Mrs. Moreton know I have gone."

"It is all right, miss, though I should say 'ma'am,' but having known you before it sometimes slips out,—but they all think you have gone to bed; and how should they know different?"

The London train was just dashing into the station as Lois and Owens found themselves on the platform to meet it. Lois had not spoken all the way; she would not even think of what she was going to do; the words she was going to say.

All she could think of was, that the same roof no longer sheltered herself and Florence Moreton, and that she felt she could not have borne.

She had crept into old Mrs. Dering's room before leaving, and had kissed that elderly lady, somewhat to her surprise, for Lois was not a demonstrative woman as a rule.

"Good-night, mother," she said gently,—she had got in the habit of calling Mrs. Dering by that name, for the sake of gathering about her, if possible, the relationships, at least in name, that she had missed so long out of her life. "Good-night, mother. If—Ah, mother! is Sydney ever unkind?"

"No, no," said the old lady, looking up half astonished at the question, and the fervour with which it was asked. "No, no; he is too just for that."

"But it is more than justice I want," she murmured as she turned away. And it was those words which had been ringing in her ears ever since.

All through that hour's railway, all through the long drive in the rattling cab afterwards, and now as she stood before the dreary dark London house, through the silent street they seemed to be echoing: "Ah, but I want more than justice!"

Who that counts upon that here is likely to be satisfied?

She had rung, how many times was it? The cabman was growing impatient, her own heart was sinking lower, lower. She had never thought of this. Suppose he were not here; that the empty house had seemed too dreary, and he had gone to his club. It was only too probable; and what she should do, alone in London, at this hour of the night! and with feverish strength she rung again—such a peal, that it seemed as if its echoes would never die away; but when they did, lo! there was the sound of shuffling feet, the door was opened by a dirty, slipshod charwoman, and one great difficulty was surmounted,—she was safe inside her own house.

"Where is he—Mr. Dering?" she asked; and at length, when Mrs. Jones had sufficiently recovered her temper and her senses to answer, she pointed to the study door, under which the light was visible; and the good woman speedily retired, visions of mutton-chops having to be cooked at this unsavoury hour of the night, in addition to being awake out of her first sleep, seizing her—and with somewhat hasty steps she disappeared. But not before Lois' nervous hand had turned the handle of the library door, and she stood in the presence of her husband. He was hard at work; the sounds in the house had not even disturbed him,—he was aware of nothing until the door opened, and a low, trembling voice cried, "Sydney, I have come to you!" And looking up, he saw a vision of his wife, but not the happy, contented girl he had left four days ago, but a woman with dark-shadowed, tearful eyes, and pathetically drooping mouth, that told easily enough their own tale of woe.

"What is it?" he questioned, steadying his voice as best he could, and holding out his hand. But she never heeded it.

"Sydney," she said, crossing the room, and standing on the opposite side of the table, looking down at him with wild, terrified eyes,—"Sydney," speaking in quick, nervous tones, "she is coming to tell you that I married you for your money; and, Sydney—"

He held up his hand as if he would stay her words, but she went on, regardless of the sign.

"And she says that I love Robert Moreton,—and that when it comes to believing either her words or mine, that you will not believe mine, because I have deceived you. Oh, Sydney," clasping her slender hands together, "you must believe me!"

"And what must I believe?" he asked, slowly.

He had risen now, and was standing looking down at her white face and frightened eyes.

"Believe!" she repeated, her voice sinking into an earnest whisper. "Why, whatever she says, you must believe I love you. It may be hard," she went on, steadying her voice with difficulty, "because she says such dreadful things, and they all sound so true; but you must put no faith in them; you must try and think, however hard it may be, 'She tried to do right.' It is not justice," a little incoherently, those words coming back to her remembrance—"I want much more than justice."

"And what, then, do you want?"

"Love," she cried, unsteadily.

"Have I ever refused it?" he asked. And then: "My dear," he said, gently, "have I not watched you?—is not that better than any guess-work? The world may guess, may accuse even, but I know." He stretched out his arms as he spoke. "Dear wife," he said, "did you really doubt me? Did you suppose that any one could step between us? Did you really believe I would take any one's word against yours? Ah, dear wife, that shows that I have not quite conquered, even yet!"

His arms were about her now, her head was on his shoulder, her beating heart was growing quieter under the influence of his presence, but she raised her eyes at his words, and asked what he meant.

"It was coming—the love I mean," he replied, tenderly. "Very slowly, but none the less surely, it was taking root in my wife's heart. That day—the day I came up here—it was nearly full grown, was it not?"

"It was there, Syd," she said, the tears falling hot and fast upon the coat-sleeve, "but I did not know it. I never found out what it was till you were gone. Now," clasping her arms about his neck—"now, with all my heart, I can say, 'Dear Sydney, I love you.'"

#### ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The following interesting conversation is taken from the Ottawa Citizen:

Immediately after last night's lecture, a Citizen reporter called on Mr. Archibald Forbes, behind the scenes, and after being formally introduced to Mr. Forbes, through the courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel Morse, U.S.A., supplemented the introduction by mentioning the fact that he, too, had contributed his quota to the war correspondence of the *Daily News*, in the shape of a letter during the Franco-German war. Mr. Forbes remembered the letter, and warmly grasped the hand of his interviewer, who at once felt at home.

Captain Chater, A.D.C., here invited Mr. Forbes into the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General to receive his congratulations, after which Mr. Forbes and His Worship the Mayor drove off to the Rideau Club. On their way thither, Lieut. Coleman, of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, having stepped to the side of the carriage to speak to the Mayor, Mr. Forbes remarked to him, "You have a fine lot of slashing men, sir," a compliment the Dragoons will no doubt appreciate, coming as it did from one who has seen so many soldiers.

At the club the reporter laid siege to the war correspondent, when the following conversation ensued:

Reporter, jokingly.—When I heard you were "stuck" in Pembroke, I thought perhaps you might ride down and enjoy a Canadian ride!

Mr. Forbes.—It never occurred to me. That would have been wanton riding; a man must take care of his stamina and his skin, and I never ride wantonly.

R.—On your way down, did you notice anything particular?

Mr. F.—No; but I have noticed one thing in this country. All the hotel clocks are either a quarter of an hour too slow or a quarter of an hour too fast. Hence my bad luck in missing the train I should have caught, and arriving so late.

R.—What are your general impressions about Canada, so far as you have seen it on the present occasion?

Mr. F.—The Lower Provinces struck me very strongly on account of the cheapness and fertility of the land, and it is the place for the English farmer to come to, as he cannot thrive in England to-day. I would advise him to extract the rump of his capital and bring it out here. I would say to him, "If your life were as long as that of Methuselah go further, and after a considerable time you will find civilization there. As, however, your life is only of the ordinarily allotted span, go where there is society, schools, civilization, in fact."

R.—You have not seen much of this Province yet?

Mr. F.—No.

R.—Which of your two lectures most engrosses your audiences?

Mr. F.—Undoubtedly the one I delivered to-night, and this because it deals with living human events, and adventure, ever dear to the human mind. It is pleasant, too, for me to deliver, but harder, as I have to try to avoid egotism, from which I endeavour to keep.

R.—I have heard it disputed as to whether

Plevna, as written, or Ploona, was the correct pronunciation?

Mr. F.—It is a Bulgarian word, and both Bulgarians and Russians pronounce it as written. The Turks may have some altogether different name for it.

R.—As you saw a sham fight at Halifax, please tell me what you thought of the Canadian volunteers, in juxtaposition with the British regulars?

Mr. F. (emphatically).—Generally speaking, the men in the Lower Provinces are the finest I have seen in the world, especially the men of Prince Edward Island. They are the grandest specimens of physical humanity I ever saw. I was a front rank man in the "heavies," and I would be a rear rank man amidst them. Their weight is, man by man, one-third heavier than that of the regulars. But then, physical superiority counts for nothing in present warfare; the bigger the man the bigger the target; nor is he the best stayer because he is big. It was a sham fight, very sham, indeed, and no criterion as to drill, as the ground was bad, and the General had to resort to antiquated tactics. That matters little, as a man who has seen much fighting, Sir Garnet Wolseley, has already said that the worst drilled militia has drill enough for all fighting purposes. The day of bayonet charges is over, and physique is subsidiary, except as a symbol of endurance. The Spanish soldiers who are small men, but five feet five inches, are the best marching men in the world; they march in sandals, and will march forever.

R.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the press that you once applied for a situation as a reporter on the *Globe*, as you were "hard up?"

Mr. F.—It is purely a myth. I never was "hard up." I never had an idea of journalism out here. I knew some one connected with a paper in Quebec, and spoke to some one also in Hamilton, and to some on the Toronto *Leader*, a paper, I believe, now dead, about the prospects of Canadian journalism, but I never applied for a situation as a reporter. I never had an idea of journalism at that time. I never went near the *Globe*.

R.—I suppose you find a great change in the cities in Canada since your return?

Mr. F.—Little, except in Montreal, which is a live town, and has some charmingly hospitable people. Quebec seems to me to be retrograding; but then, when I was there the military were there, and I had a great deal to do with them. I suppose their absence causes the difference.

R.—Were some great war to break out, would you at once start?

Mr. F.—Certainly. It would be absurd for a war correspondent to continue a lecturing tour. His place is where there is war.

R.—You have said that the Zulus, of all nations, show the greatest contempt for death. How about the Basutos, who are now getting to be troublesome?

Mr. F.—They are equally brave, far craftier and better armed. They will be a more dangerous foe, and the fact stares us in the face that we have brought on their hostility by constant aggravation. They are loyal, courageous fellows. They used to sing hymns all night, and kill Zulus all day. They are the only natives in South Africa on whom we have made any impression of semi-civilization.

R.—How many foreign languages can you speak?

Mr. F.—I can speak no foreign language decently; but I can jabber a dozen.

R.—What do you think of the French soldiers in the late war? Did they ever lose the *furia Francese*?

Mr. F.—The French never lost their dash, but they were all "mopped" up.

R.—Have you been in France lately, and have you noticed any improvements in the French army?

Mr. F.—Yes; I was on the battle-field of Sedan last year on the day of the 10th anniversary of the battle; all traces of it are obliterated. I was present at the autumn manoeuvres of the French army; the men are smarter, under better discipline, and work more intelligently. They have greatly improved since the war.

With this the interview was brought to a close, as many of our citizens were waiting to be introduced to Mr. Forbes; so, having thanked him, the reporter withdrew.

#### LITERARY HUMBUGS.

Things are not always what they seem; and never was this saying truer than when applied to literary productions.

There are more pedants than scholars in this world, and more pretenders than legitimate owners of genius.

The other day, a lady who had passed through a good deal of hard study, and who has done some very clever writing in her way, leaned wearily back in her chair, after a day's reading, with a gesture and exclamation of despair.

"Of what use is it," said she, "that I read and read and try to remember. I seem always at the threshold. Here I was congratulating myself that I knew considerable of literature, and yet I find in my study to-day no less than twenty authors alluded to, of whom I never heard before in all my life."

"Reflect a moment," said a friend. "Perhaps the writers never heard of them before either."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it is the fashion of a certain class of writers to appear learned by seeming to be familiar with ancient, obscure philosophers,

poets, etc., of whose identity the great world is ignorant. They do not quote from them with any sign to indicate that they are generally unknown, but mention them as they would Dante or Milton, or, indeed, Longfellow and Emerson. Yet they may, and probably have, stumbled upon the names as you have stumbled upon them to-day."

"Tell me," said the iconoclast, continuing and turning over the leaves of the books the lady had been reading, "could you not write an article filled with allusions to men of whom you never heard until now? Thus: Here are two books of widely different styles. One I see is a novel, the other a semi-scientific work. Suppose you write an essay and glibly lug in their names and quotations as if they were every-day affairs with you; do you not suppose that plenty of persons would read the article and clasp their hands and sigh as you have done?"

"But what a fraud that would be," said Miss Innocent.

"Exactly, and it is fraud here as well, not because the writers are quoted, but because they are quoted familiarly, as if they were standard authors. No man or woman can keep up with current literature, be well up in the classics and the innumerable books of history, poetry, science, etc., of the last 300 years, as this writer pretends to be, and at the same time delve so industriously into antiquated and obscure books as to be on familiar terms with them. Here are a dozen writers mentioned of whom nine-tenths of the tolerably well-read world never heard. This man has stumbled upon these names as you have stumbled upon them, and it would probably be no more improper for you to assume intimate acquaintance with them than it is for him. There are those, of course, who make a sort of business of this literary research, and spend their time disinterring long-forgotten names; but such persons do not write stories any more than the antiquarian deals in modern dry goods. Therefore, I say, do not despair, only be frank to the writer who has deceived you."

This comment was not unjust to a very large body of writers. There is a false craze to be thought learned, and the less a man really knows the more profound is his air and the longer his words.

With many young people and with those of limited thought and study, culture often means grandiloquence, and lofty words signify wisdom. They are like the woman who entertained Tom Corwin, and, to show that she, too, was a scholar, asked him if he took "condiments" in his tea. "Pepper and salt, madam," said the great statesman and humorist, "but no vinegar."

How long will it be before people will understand that the greatest are the simplest, and that it is only the shallow who try to hide their poverty of thought under the cloak of pompous phrase?

Writers are few, however learned, who are familiar with the lesser authors of the last 300 years, and when a man begins quoting from Plesitarius, and Dache, and Wandesferde, and Walcy, and Trevlithack, put him down for a humbug or a pretender, unless indeed the subject be such as to call for research in the particular field where these men have laboured, or unless the extracts be given as rare specimens which have been picked up as one accidentally discovers pearls by the sea.

#### VARIETIES.

THE VALUE OF A WIFE.—Tammas—"Guid mornin', Jeemes. I was glad tae see your guid-wife stapping aboot again yestreen. Eggs, the new doctor mann be a clever chief." Jeemes—"Clever! Just look at that" (showing doctor's account.) Tammas—"Guid sake! Four pound seven and saxeence for maki' your wife better! Man, ye could hae got a coffin for a pound."

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any of these ways and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child.

ORIGIN OF THE UNION JACK.—Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united under James I., the flag carried by English ships was white, with the red cross of St. George emblazoned on it; and that hoisted on board the ships of Scotland was blue with the cross of St. Andrew on it; the red lines of the first being perpendicular and horizontal, those of the latter diagonal. Some differences having arisen between the ships of the two countries, His Majesty, to prevent this in future, and to teach his people that they formed one nation, ordained that a new flag should be adopted, having the cross of St. George interlaced with that of St. Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry it at the main-masthead, but the English ships were to display the St. George's red cross at their sterns, and the Scottish that of St. Andrew. On April 12, 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea, but it was not till the Parliamentary union of the two countries in 1707 that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain. Both services, therefore, now use it as the national banner.