

"Dear Mother Cecilia, how glad I am to see your kind face once more. It seems an age since I bade you good-bye at Ottawa."

"I am so glad, Peggy dear, that you could come, for I do not know what Ruth would do without you; it is always 'Peggy' with her in everything. Where is your uncle? surely he is coming."

"No, dear mother, he sends his regards and regrets; but you know these men have so much to attend to, even if they go away for pleasure, that they think they must always stop in a hotel, fearing they may be a nuisance in a private family."

"Nonsense, Peggy!"

"Well, dear, he is getting a little childish, and we have to humor him. He says he will come around this afternoon, and you may be sure of seeing a great deal of him, for he loves young company, and Ruth tells me she has two of her girl friends stopping with her."

"Well, Peggy, how have you been all these weeks? Were you very much used up after that long trip? I almost feared you would be, for you went into everything so strongly."

"Oh, no; not in the least. The only discomfort I had was with my throat, and that laid me up for a few days. Uncle says I got wound up on the scenery