

ference. The aide-de-camp said of her : "Lost her snap and go. Doesn't seem to care a straw whether she dances with me or the little figure-totter of the H. B. C." —(H. B. C. meaning Hudson's Bay Company). And this was apparently true. Something latent in her character had developed ; something heretofore active was suppressed. She who had been admired and liked by some women before, was loved by many now : so gentle was she, yet so strong and thoughtful ; so full of tact and judgment ; so admirable a host, so considerate and unselfish a friend. And when, another summer, there came a little stranger to make the family at "The Pines" three, Haldimand Earle swore a big oath, that he was the happiest man in the universe.

Here this story ended when it was written three years ago. There was nothing more, then, to tell. Fortunately for its completeness, it was not published. But a letter from the aide-de-camp, of October, 1890, contains the announcement—but let the letter tell the story to the end ; that is, such of it as is here published: There is some of it concerning late hours, Corby-and-splits, "No good" mining on the Souris, hunting and shooting in the Duck Hills, and entertaining travelling theatrical troupes, which need not be shown :

WINNIPEG, *October 12th, 1890.*

DEAR OLD COMRADE : It is Sunday night. You know the old saying, "The better the day the better the deed :"—so you are going to get a long one. Have had a regular rush this week ; all sorts of functions and no end of feeds—and pretty ragged, too, some of the feeds were. . . . Here is the biggest thing among the headachy memories of the week : Molly King met Adolph Latrobe at the altar of Saint Stephen's last Wednesday and took him for better or for worse—and from what I know of them both I think it's