

memory against harsh judgment. Sir Robert might have shaken the very dust from his feet on leaving Halcombe; he might have elected—nay it was too likely that he did so—to become henceforth a stranger to his own belongings, for the sake of this worthless scoundrel who had so fooled him, and it might be that he had made such dispositions in his will that all who were really worthy of his remembrance, or had a natural claim to it, were left out in the cold, to the ad-

vantage of this scheming villain. If that should be the case—and notwithstanding that, if it were so, Gresham's once smiling future would be dark and cheerless indeed—the young fellow now made up his mind that no feeling of bitterness should take root within him. He would think of Sir Robert as he had been in the good old time, and he would set down any harshness or injustice, not to his hand at all, but to the alien fingers that had guided it.

*(To be continued.)*

## ROUND THE TABLE.

### ECCENTRICITIES OF LOYALTY.

NOW that the exuberance of civic festivities is over, and the people of Western Ontario are generally cooling off to a temperature a little below boiling point, the philosophical observer may find much to amuse and instruct in the records of the late progress. In the first place I want it noticed that the object of all these processions, speechifyings, and cheerings is persistently ignored; or rather, it is deliberately misrepresented. To listen to these loyal address factors you would believe this was all got up to please the Governor-General and his wife. Nothing of the kind! Beyond the fact that they afford some slight evidence of personal popularity and of general content (which could be and is supplied in half-a-dozen better ways) I can see no reason why this eternal round should not have proved an unmitigated piece of boredom to the Marquis. There would be a novelty about the first few receptions, which would soon wear off, to be succeeded by a deadening feeling of monotony; so many more yards of red drugget walked over, so many more reams of

addresses, authorised and unauthorised, in bad prose and limping verse, listened to,—so many mayors, aldermen, presidents of societies and even school children 'personally introduced,'—so many more stacks of heads to bow to, widely-gaping throats to be cheered at by, heavy lumber arches decked with evergreen and Chinese lanterns to be passed under. Clearly enough the pleasure aimed at was that of the crowd. Each town wanted a holiday, an excuse for illuminations and decorations—what matters it if the Vice-Regal guests had seen better at Montreal or Toronto? the good folk of ——— hadn't seen anything of the sort and were not going to have their colossal arch of welcome's nose put out of joint by any such injurious comparison. The guests were the excuse and part of the attraction, but the concomitant glories were intended more to please their hosts than them.

Sometimes an attempt to break the ordinary routine, appears to have had a singular effect. Undoubtedly there was novelty in the idea that set off 'thirty or forty locomotive engines' whistling a simultaneous welcome in Stratford railway-yard! The good