

pleasant-looking sister who presided over the clergyman's home.

While the Sabbath hours passed thus at Austwicke, our acquaintance the packman was ruminating in a little lodging he had hired at a beer-shop at Millbrook, near Southampton. He was busy, seemingly, with pencil and paper, making calculations, sighing often as he did so, as if his reckoning would not come right; and repeating in a muttering voice one sentence over and over, "A dead loss, I doubt—a matter of thirty or forty pound a year—gone—clean gone."

His meal was as frugal as ever tavern furnished—bread and cheese and a draught of milk. The people of the house seemed to know him, for they let him have his refreshments in a little gable bedroom, out of the way of all intruders. He looked at his watch, a large tortoise-shell antiquity in careful preservation, anxiously, and then out of the window to mark the day's decline. The company of his own thoughts seemed pleasant rather than otherwise, for he refused a light, saying to the servant girl, with a grin that relaxed the tight puckers of his mouth, "One of the richest men in London, my lassie, said there was no need o' candle to talk by; and if he an' his friend could do their talking in the dark, I'm weel able to do my thinking likewise."

They stared at him in profound awe—for, poorly as he was clad, and fared, the people of the house entertained a belief that Old Leathery was very rich; and to that there was added a hope that, as he was eccentric, he might befriend them ultimately. The wily old man's talk, when he came to take up his abode, had led them to some such conclusion. He had told them several tales that they were fond of retailing to their customers, to give zest to their ale: How once a benevolent London lady had given a dinner on Sundays to a crossing-sweeper; and how when the sweeper died he left all his savings, some hundreds, to the lady. How Peter Blundell, the famous Tiverton carrier of olden times, made a great fortune, and in his will remembered every innkeeper that had ever, in his frequent journeys, been kind to him; so that, constructing their own theory about the real circumstances of their annual guest, notwithstanding his constant plea of poverty, and having plenty of that selfishness which so often blinds its possessor, they allowed Old Leathery to take his ease in the inn, much to his own satisfaction, and, as they hoped, to their future benefit.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

AN English farmer, asked to tell the secret of his luck with land, remarked that "he fed his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul."

Under the King's Bastion

A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC

Serial Story written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL By "HAROLD SAXON"

CHAPTER XIX.



ARLETON had spent six lonely days confined to a chair placed in the window, so that if by some lucky chance Aline might pass, he should see her. On the day he telephoned to Clifford, he received a letter from his step-mother, full of reproaches, which did not brighten his spirits. After sitting still all through another day, thinking of Aline, and wishing every time a step passed his door, that someone would come in with a message from her, he at last had quite an attack of the blues, rather an unusual thing for him, for he had the equable temperament of a perfectly healthy mental and physical condition. He had not heard a word from Clifford or any of them, and some vague misgiving seized him on Sunday evening, perhaps an electric current in sympathetic communication between himself and Aline. He chafed at the loss of the beautiful which meant so much to him, and then he suddenly recollected Mrs. Fortescue had spoken of going home on the fifteenth of September, and this was the tenth. Perhaps something had happened to hasten their going, they might have already left! And he tied helpless in his room! Surely they would not have gone without a word of farewell! And at this point he managed to work himself up to quite a pitch of nervousness.

Then the idea struck him to write to her, and straightway he composed three or four letters, which he impatiently consigned to

the waste-paper basket. Finally he dispatched the one we have read, and then thought it very ill-expressed when too late. It was with heartfelt delight, therefore, that he had met his godfather on Monday morning, and poured out his heart for an hour about Aline. Mrs. Fortescue had begged Mr. Stanton not to mention Clifford's duplicity, at least not for the present, and the old man would have cut his hand off sooner than betray Aline, but still he managed to give Carleton an immense amount of comfort, and left him whistling variations of operatic airs, mingled with sundry hymn tunes.

Tuesday morning he could limp about his room a little, and after a second visit from his godfather, who brought him a book from Aline, and a little scented note in which she said she had not known of his accident, and hoped so much he was better, he felt almost able to dance a hornpipe. The note he read and re-read, and finally put carefully away in the pocket nearest to his heart.

To return to Clifford's half-hearted interest in Aline. He could not bring himself to believe she was the heiress, but at the same time he could not tear himself away from the vicinity of the attractive five thousand, and temptation lured him to the Frontenac on Monday and Tuesday evenings, but he found none of the party "at home" (which was the strict truth). And he left the hotel, using, I am sorry to say, distinctly bad language.

On Wednesday morning the girls were busy packing their numerous photographs and sketches, besides all the souvenirs they had picked up here and there. Only two days more remained to them, and these were to be spent in a last walk in the city, which, to one of them, had become very dear. Coming home late in the afternoon, Aline lingered a moment to watch the sun set over the misty hills, putting on the beautiful purple of early autumn, and was much annoyed when Clifford joined her. He could not help noticing her cold greeting, but having a never-failing fund of assurance, he insisted upon pressing her hand tenderly, and looked at her so expressively that she thought with irritation, "surely he is not trying to make love to me now," and was in such haste to leave him that she scarcely heard him say he was coming to see her later in the evening.

Soon after dinner Sinclair arrived, using a stick, but disdaining to be considered an invalid. He met Aline in the presence of the others, of course, and if he held her hand longer than necessary, no one appeared to notice it, and no one had a right to enquire what their eyes said.

Several acquaintances from home had arrived that evening at the Chateau, on their way to fishing grounds on the Lake St. John District, and for some time the group remained unbroken.

Carleton was at his best, and Aline heard him for the first time, talking among other men, and saw with a feeling of pride how respectfully his opinions were listened to by much older men, and with what clearness and fluency he expressed them. The conversation turned at last on Queen Victoria.

"Your Queen is an extremely fine woman," said one man, "but she is only a figure-head."



MADAME ALBANI, THE WORLD-CELEBRATED CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA. BORN IN QUEBEC.