

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

Garvie took with him a bundle of letters and telegrams which had been accumulating during the last two days.

Meantime, with a blessed sense of relief from unshared cares, Julia slept away the afternoon hours like a tired child, while down in the garden by the river, Sylvia and Thorpe planned a happy future at home in Boston, when Sylvia's book should be brought out, and Thorpe would go in for portrait painting.

They did not yet know of the letter from a lawyer, even then on its way across the Atlantic, announcing the death, of an old lady cousin of Sylvia's, and a substantial legacy that was to make their start in life so much easier.

It was after dinner when Garvie returned, looking somewhat thoughtful.

"Come for a stroll," he said to Julia, and of one accord they turned towards the quay and the pine-crowned knoll.

"There is no doubt that it has been a hard blow to him," Garvie said, as they sat there above the river. "But if I'm not mistaken I took him his cure in those telegrams."

"Why, what were they?" she asked curiously.

"They told of trouble in mining stock, a slump in the market that he should have had his eye on. If he had been in touch with things it would have been all right, but as it is he may have heavy losses. Do not be frightened dearest," he reassured her, "if he does lose something, it's go-