

comes fluttering out and down stairs, pink roses in her cheeks and starry brilliance in her eyes—a rose and a star herself, as so it seems to Captain John Macdonald, who catches a glimpse of this sunny vision and comes in.

'By Jove!' he says, and stands and looks at her, 'if Inno had not done for me before you came—well, it's of no use talking now of the might-have-been's. You look like a rosebud yourself, Snowball—queen lily and rose in one, and will outshine me Inno herself, if you don't take care. Nothing else in St. Gildas, of course, will have a ghost of a chance near you.'

'What a charming courtier you are, Johnny,' retorts 'madame,' derisively. 'Such delicate flattery, such subtle compliment! If you cannot acquit yourself more creditably than this, sir, you had better leave it to those who understand the business. Outshine your Inno, indeed! You know very well if the Venus Aphrodite rose from the surf there this moment, you would consider the goddess rather a plain-looking young woman compared to your Inno. Stand off a little and let me look at you.'

John Macdonald does as he is bid, and laughingly 'stands at ease,' and folds his arms and holds himself erect for inspection. His 'dashing white sergeant' eyes him narrowly from top to toe, from the crown of his brown curly head, to the sole of his new, and painfully tight, and brilliantly polished boots. Then, still gravely, she nods.

'You will do,' she says; 'worse looking men than you get married every day in the week, Johnny.'

In her secret heart she is thinking, in a glow of sisterly admiration and pride, that he is beautiful enough to be a demi god. He looks like a viking—like a bright-haired, blue-eyed Norse king, so bronzed, so handsome, so strong, so stately.

'I really do not think Inno need be ashamed of you much this morning,' she says, 'only I hope you won't flounder about and be awkward, Johnny, and drop the ring and turn a bright crimson at the wrong time, and make a guy of yourself generally, when we get to church. Pere Louis will be sure to laugh at you if you do—you know his dreadfully keen sense of the ridiculous always; and with the sisterly motherly regard I have for you, my dear boy, it would pain me to see the finger of risibility pointed at you on your wedding-day. You will try and conduct yourself rationally—now won't you?' implores Dolores pathetically.

'Yes, I'll try,' says Captain Macdonald, and laughs; 'with your maternal eye upon me, how can I fail? Ten o'clock, Snowball,

pulling out the perpetual watch; 'look sharp, will you, like a dear girl? Have you had anything in the way of breakfast, or will you wait for the breakfast? It takes place, you know, at eleven.'

'I know. I will not be late. I will take a cup of tea, please, Ma'am Weesy—noting more. We cannot keep this fiery lover any longer from his bride. It's awfully good of you to come after me yourself, this morning, Johnny; I fully expected old Tim to be my cavalier servente. Did you?'—she asks this carelessly, her face averted while sipping her tea—'did you receive the letters you looked for last night after I left—from M. Paul, I mean?'

'Ole from M. Paul—Sir George Valentine rather—none from Rene. It was a disappointment, let me tell you. Hang it all! he might have dropped a scroed, no matter how busy he is, even supposing he didn't care to come. He is so taken up with his marble goddesses, I suppose, that he has no time for flesh and blood. Sir George's letter is all right—what might be expected from such a thorough good fellow. He will come—will be here by the afternoon train (D.V.) to wish us felicity and all that. But it will be no end of a bore if Rene fails to put in an appearance.'

'You still hope then, that he may come?'

'Well you see, while there's life there's hope, as they say, and the very fact of his not having written encourages me in the belief that he may be on his way. I haven't seen the dear old boy for years; it will spoil even my wedding-day if he fails me now. Ready? come on then.'

They go. As they enter the boat, Captain Macdonald takes from his pocket a letter, and hands it to her.

'Valentine's' he says, 'read it as we cross. It is a capital letter, from the prince of good fellows, and there is a message for you.'

For M. Paul Farrar is Sir George Valentine at last, in sight of all the world, and reigning Seigneur of Manor Valentine. The great fortune, the old name, lost once for a woman, have been regained. His claim was sufficiently easy to prove; many still remained in Toronto, who remembered George Valentine perfectly. A host of witnesses—Mrs. Tinker at their head, came forward to swear to his identity with the George Valentine, so long supposed to be drowned. Mrs. Tinker is installed as housekeeper at the Manor, poorly, upright, vigorous still, in her green old age, vice Miss Dorothy retired to Rintbarrow. Miss Camilla Routh is also socially extinct for all time in the lonely and