

with us on a visit, Clive?" asked his wife one morning, as they stood together in the hall, awaiting the sleigh which was to convey Mr. Weston to his place of business.

"I can scarcely guess, for the name of our friends and acquaintances is legion."

"Then I will tell you. My, or rather our, old friend Letty Maberly. You remember, she returned to Kingston, where she lives, shortly after our marriage, and has been starring it there ever since."

"She is really a beautiful little creature," was Weston's reply, "but empty-headed. Never thinks of anything beyond dress and pleasure."

"For the matter of that, sir, neither do I."

"But then, my wife," and he laid his hand gently on her graceful young head, "is capable of better, nobler things, which I do not think Letty Maberly is."

"All very well to say so now, Mr. Weston, but you cannot deny that you once made love to her."

"It may seem sadly foppish to say such a thing, but it really was she who made love to me."

"All men say such things of women, Clive."

"Would that I could say it of my wife!" and he bent towards her with a look of earnest appeal in his dark eyes. "Ah, Virginia, you have never made love to me yet."

"Nor do I intend to either, so a truce to such sentimental nonsense." She laughed lightly, throwing off the hand that still tenderly rested on her head.

A look of pain contracted her husband's features, but it instantly passed, and in a quick, matter-of-fact tone he said:

"Here is James at last. My time is more profitably spent down at the office than in love-making here. Don't you think so, Virginia?"

Now she thought nothing of the sort, but pride would not allow her to make the admission, and with a gay laugh she rejoined: "Of course it is."

So husband and wife parted, each with a feeling of dissatisfaction, Virginia resolving for the first time to be less jealously guarded in concealing her affection for her husband. Her reception of him on his return to dinner was probably influenced by this resolve, for as they sat together before the grate fire in their pleasant sitting-room, the proud, fond look of the morning again rested on Weston's face. Very lovely Virginia looked in the dark violet dress she wore, and which, despite the absurd frillings and furbelows covering it, could not conceal the grace of her slight figure. Seated in a low chair, she gaily laughed and chatted, alternately teasing and caressing the while a tiny spaniel that lay on her lap.

"Is he not a beauty?" she questioned, during a pause in the conversation. "Two of my former admirers wanted to shoot him, they were so jealous of my curly darling. You can afford to tolerate him, Clive, as he is your only rival."

"Promise me that it will always be so, and I will love the little fluffy, glossy heap as well as you do yourself," and he tenderly bent towards her as he spoke.

At that moment Miss Maberly, looking fresh and pretty as a rose, entered the room. The meeting between the two friends was very cordial, and quite demonstrative on the new-comer's part, so much so that when the latter turned to Mr. Weston, the smile it had awakened yet lingered on his lip. Of course conversation flowed freely, for both ladies were adepts in the conversational art. Quebec and Montreal gossip were animatedly discussed, and when, after a time, Weston under some plausible pretext withdrew, his absence seemed unnoted. Suddenly Miss Maberly paused in the flow of her light chit-chat and abruptly questioned.

"Tell me, Virginia, are you quite happy?"

"Yes, very."

"I thought as much. You cannot imagine what a charmingly complete picture of connubial felicity you both afforded when