

THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

The Weekly-Mail.

ures, fire, ceiling, anything but the sher Mr. Richard Matthew Mortiboy, bhief mourner, stands with his back to ireplace. He sighs occurionally w reditable emphasis. H tions to be taken for ex-ney really tell of wearing ish that it was all over by which he can get into his sum-in, can ever get out squin. But those who know old Ready-mone But wered that he is one of tho She is his next-of kin now Susan hi sister, is dead, and old Mor ionaire. Honest John Heathcote, her husbe next her. The farmer is the only

winn long, harrow windows, wire blinds, norsebair chairs sofa, red moreen urtains, and a round table with a red cover-aching to the floor. A decanter of sherry and eight glasses are on it. The company assembled have not had any if the sherry, but sit looking at it. If one aches another's see, the one instantly pre-ends to be intensely occupied with the eiling the upitmes the first the struct

ew, anything but the sherry. spelf, the one's eyes dwell a ecanter, are caught in the act, ith guilty speed to the street

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is usual care"-then, in one