

ed or paled as her youthful interest in passing events, or her kind sympathy were aroused.

Educated and accomplished—easy and self-possessed—she could be stately enough if she choose, but her eager, rosy little lips and pearly teeth in general found a smile more natural—as it was sweeter—and her society was very attractive.

She was sensible, too ; and if she liked poetry, she could also make a cake, dust the piano and play it afterwards ; paint a landscape or raise young turkeys. Yet her pretty taper fingers showed that these dissimilar occupations could not affect their whiteness or symmetry. Like all young ladies, she thoroughly appreciated the gaieties of a town life—the homage and attention she attracted—yet she did **not** allow these allurements to blind her to the endearing charms of home and its pleasant duties.

She was the very apple of her father's eye—the pride of his heart. And, indeed, for that matter, there were many younger gentlemen—not related—who would only have been too happy to be allowed to look upon her as the apple of their eye also.

As she sits on the cool verandah in her pretty white summer dress—her charming figure framed against the leafy back ground of the vines—her bright eyes dancing with pleasantness, for she is in company very agreeable to her, she forms a very pretty picture, and her companions cannot help but think—one especially, whose eyes are looking unutterable things—that Ethel Mordaunt is, as indeed she is, a very nice girl.

The young gentleman seated near her, and who unconsciously yet very plainly showed his devotion, is Edwin Clereton Vance, barrister-at-law, with very little practice, but wealthy enough to be independent of the profession, and to follow his own ideas regarding it.

The son of a considerable real estate owner of the City of Toronto, he had been well brought up and carefully educated. Shortly, however, after he had taken his degree with high honors