

'I have just heard something that has surprised me,' he said very quietly. 'Is it a fact that you are married?'

James Bulbous started, changed colour, and dropped his eyes for a moment. Then he looked frankly in his father's face. 'I ought to have told you, father. I am ashamed both before Gertrude and you not to have done so. Yes, sir; I am married.'

Matthew examined the pattern of the carpet for a few seconds. 'Have your mother and sister been aware of this?'

'No, sir.'

'Very well. You have taken your course. You have no further claim upon me.'

That was all. The young man reddened and inclined his head. Matthew Bulbous walked from the room, pausing to inspect an engraving on the wall, and drove away to his office.

It was over, as far as the son was concerned. But the blow struck Matthew Bulbous harder in another quarter. Lord Polonius would have to be informed of the downfall of the marriage project. His lordship would doubtless be disappointed; but Matthew realised with bitterness of heart the polite equanimity with which Polonius would bear it. He had ten thousand pounds of Matthew's money to console him, and the ten thousand maledictions now accompanying the money would disturb his lordship very little. This was the keenest agony of it; the wily old Earl had beaten him.

Jem was married. The curses, deep and silent, breathed by Matthew Bulbous on their wedded life, were tempered only by the vindictive satisfaction with which he reflected on what the woman was. The more reason the son had daily to repent of the marriage the greater would be the father's gratification. Matthew knew the kind of creature she was—knew the life she would lead her husband now that the liberal money supplies were cut off. He laughed aloud, thinking of it. It was his only comfort.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

So much has been said and written about this favoured district on the Pacific coast, that there is little fear on hearing its name to-day that any one will say, as happened a few years ago: 'Oh, let me see—that is in South America, is it not?' Still, I think, unless one has had some personal experience of the place, it is difficult to realise how much, and yet how little, life in British Columbia resembles that in England. As it fell to my lot to spend some months on a ranch, many of the points of dissimilarity were perhaps made more noticeable at first than the likeness between this colony and the mother-country.

My husband and I sailed from Liverpool on the 11th of May, and after an easy and comfortable journey of sixteen days' duration, we arrived at our destination, New Westminster, where it was necessary to stay a few days before proceeding to our own home. Here we found my brother waiting to meet us, and with him we went at once to the lodgings he had taken for us, in a quaint but

pretty wooden house, built, as is so much the custom in this country, with the dining-room opening out of the kitchen, and acting as a sort of passage-room—an uncomfortable arrangement in many ways, but useful in saving footsteps in a place where it is almost impossible to obtain domestic help. After a luncheon of Fraser River sturgeon, which was fried like veal cutlets, and tasted delicious, I was taken to see the beauties of the place. New Westminster on that occasion looked charming, for all the fruit-trees were in full blossom, the sky of a deep intense blue, while the snow-clad summits of the Cascade Range were reflected in the depths of the Fraser River, at this point nearly a mile broad.

We passed a pleasant afternoon laying in stores, and buying some chairs and other necessary pieces of furniture; but were both only too glad to feel ourselves sleeping again in beds which were stationary, and to know there was no likelihood of being disturbed at intervals by requests to show our tickets, as had been the case for the last seven nights. The remaining few days we spent in seeing everything of possible interest in the neighbourhood, including a salmon cannery; though just then but little work was being done, for the great salmon 'run' does not come until some weeks later, when from each cannery are packed up and sent away thousands of tins of fish, to be distributed all over the world. During the busy season, both Indians and Chinese are in great request, the former being principally employed as fishermen, and the latter boiling and packing up the salmon.

Having come to the end of all our business, we started about seven o'clock one morning on the steamer *William Irving* to make the best of our way to our home. The trip up the river was very lovely, still the same bright clear atmosphere and wonderful freshness in the air which I noticed on the first day of our arrival. A great drawback to the beauty of the scenery, however, were the blackened fir stumps, which stood up in all directions, and showed only too plainly the ravages of many large forest fires. When we reached Langley, a genuine bush settlement, and originally a fort of the Hudson Bay traders, Jack (my husband), Will, and I set off to see if we could find a conveyance to take us up to Alder Grove. After more than one unsuccessful attempt, we were told it was possible we might get a 'buggy' at the minister's, rather farther along the road. So we toiled on, almost grinded, for it was tremendously hot, and were very fortunate in finding Mrs T— at home. She welcomed us kindly and hospitably, but, sad to say, did not think their horse a safe one for strangers to drive over such a bad country. Off the boys started again on another search expedition, this time coming back with better luck, for a lady from Alder Grove was spending the day in Langley, and would be returning almost immediately. She had a tiny baby with her, and a man to drive; but if I would not mind a seat on a box at the back of her 'backboard,' she would be very pleased. Needless to say I was only too glad to accept her offer; and we were soon ready to start.

No one who has not been over partially cleared roads through a Western forest can have any conception of that drive. Jolt up, jolt down; now the right wheel in mud up to the axle, and