



THEY WERE GONE.

SHE—"There's Lady M. You'd hardly think it, but she's the kindest creature living. She would give the clothes off her back to one in need."

HE—"I wonder what needy individual laid claim on her charity this evening?"

#### THE DIARY OF MISS FLORA FEATHERWAITE.

OCTOBER 1st.—I never kept a diary before, but I'm going to keep one now, from this out. I'm driven to it. I find that when I talk to people, they either dispute my points, or doubt my word, or argue that my conclusions aren't correct, or call me censorious and double-faced, and uncharitable—or like Nett, my own sister—who always winds up with that peevish "Oh, Flo, do shut up."

Now, I've no intention of being shut up. I *must* speak, or write, what I think and feel—else something has got to give way. This diary is for no eye but my own, and I'm just going to say exactly what I want to say, and think out loud without any one to say "shut up." Shut up—indeed! I've heard of a society lady in the old country who had a most terrific temper—electric storms weren't in it when she exploded—but she had such perfect control over herself when in company, that she would smile as sweet as angels do until she got upstairs to her bedroom, when she locked herself in and just sank her teeth in the bedpost. Adorable creature

—wasn't she—oh yes! and, never fear, had scores of the best of men just dying for her.

All the same, it's a very good wrinkle that—and I shall profit by it. Instead of being offended or put out and flaring up, I shall play the angel, rush up stairs to my room, lock the door, and gnash my teeth right here in my diary. So that's all for to-day.

October 3rd.—My costume came home last night—it is just a tailor-made dream—so stylish, so *chic*. My hat, too, is just lovely. The bill was frightful; but it will be dirt cheap, when I see Mrs. Allsail turning green at the sight of it. I'd pay any money to get even with that woman. I loathe the very sight of her. But Mr. Allsail himself is always so nice and gentlemanly, so suave—and so ready to see one home. They say he is fast, but I don't believe it. I can't think why people are so prone to judging the worst of a man. I like to think the best when he acts nicely to myself.

Oh! I am so glad my new costume suits me. I bought it with a special eye to calling on that ugly little toad across the street. How such women get such delightful men to marry them is a mystery to me. I positively hate that woman. Won't she writhe when I call in this stunning costume. I always compliment her on her taste, you know; her *taste*!—ye gods! She hasn't the first notion of taste—all that slouchy English dressmaking, you know.

The McAdams now are fairly decent people—only they are so aggressively religious. The old boy actually asked me about the state of my soul one day. I thought I should have expired, but of course I stood in an attitude becoming the situation, and made him believe I took the matter seriously.

You see Jack McAdams and I are jolly good chums, and I want to keep on the soft side of the old man. He has lots of money, and Jack being his only son—you see? You ought to hear Jack on the pious governor!

The Smythe's, too, are somewhat religious, but in a different way. They're all church again—*dreadfully* church—they think church—and talk church all the time, and of course I talk church to them. They have a prig of a son, and he's church too.

But they're nothing to some people our Nettie took me to call on the other day—Christian Scientists she called them—people you never hear of in society. That girl, with her independent ideas, is going to ruin her own prospects. She'll get the cold shoulder from all the *elite* if she don't put a stopper on those idiotic fads of hers. Christian Science, indeed! My opinion is that they are on a par with those women's rights, temperance, single tax, and heaven only knows what kind of riff-raff.

October 9th.—Oh, you poor—poor neglected diary! But really and truly I couldn't get a moment to myself until now. I went to University Convocation in my new