

As the thoughts, actions and events which shall brighten or overshadow the lives of these three people have much to do with this narration, it is but right that they be introduced in proper form.

'*Place aux dames*;' and sweet Ethel Mordaunt—upon whose bright hair the lingering sun's last ray has fallen in golden embrace through the wavy leaves—shall first turn her laughing eyes and delicious face to the reader's glance.

Miss Ethel Mordaunt was very nice; as nice a young lady as could be found in all broad Ontario, and that is saying a good deal. When, too, a young lady is nice, the application of the word to her is very nice also. She was tall and slight, and she was gracefully formed. She was all grace and soft, easy movement. Her long, white neck was exquisitely set, giving a peculiarly delightful and graceful poise to her beautiful little head. She was handsome, refined and intellectual looking, yet replete with the vivacity and quick delighted interest that her twenty youthful summers gave her.

Her violet blue eyes—blue and soft as the sunset skies—looked out on the world with an expression so frank and so open, with so kind a spirit shining in their clear depths, that it was easy to read the innate goodness and amiability that dwelt beneath. The generous and sympathetic nature—manifest in every word and action—exulting in the noble and excellent, sorrowing for the evil, rejoicing with the happy and grieving with the wretched—but heightened her attractions with that ineffable and undefinable beauty which is as much the external signature of goodness, as are the bitter lines—marring many an otherwise charming face—the markings of the poor and cold-hearted spirit.

Her features were regular enough to maintain her present beauty, yet without the cold immobility of the classic models. Her complexion, like her mother's, was delicate, fair and transparent; bright tintings varying with each flitting emotion: warm-