

## The Maid Indomitable

(Continued from page 8.)

## CANADIAN NORTHERN

## NEW NIGHT TRAIN

BETWEEN

## TORONTO and OTTAWA

(DAILY)

Lv. Toronto 11.00 p.m. Ar. Ottawa 7.40 a.m.  
(Union Station) (Central Station)

Lv. Ottawa 10.50 p.m. Ar. Toronto 7.30 a.m.

## Intermediate Stops:

Orono, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, Napanee, Yarker, Harrowsmith, Sydenham, Brockville Jct., and Smith's Falls.

## New Equipment

Standard Sleeping Cars Electric Lighted Coaches

## Day Train

Lv. Toronto	8.20 a.m.	Lv. Ottawa	12.15 noon
Ar. Ottawa	5.20 p.m.	Ar. Toronto	9.15 p.m.

(Daily except Sunday)

For Rail and Steamship Tickets, Parlor and Sleeping Car Reservations, and all Information, Apply to City Ticket Office, 52 King St. E., M. 5179, or Union Station, Adel. 3488.

CANADIAN PACIFIC  
WINTER TOURS

TO THE LAND OF

Sunshine and Summer Days  
CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, LOUISIANA, Etc.

Limited trains leave Toronto daily, making direct connection at Detroit and Buffalo for the Southern States, and at Chicago for California, etc.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature should consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, who will be pleased to quote rates, arrange reservations and attend to all details in connection with your trip; or write

M. G. MURPHY - District Passenger Agent - TORONTO

THE  
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS  
FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000  
TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

Temple Building - TORONTO

much younger than me—she was bright and considered pretty. She married against my desire—an Army man, Captain Dudley. I never laid eyes on the chap, and when, years ago, Clementina told me of her engagement to Captain Dudley, I said to her that she might do exactly as she pleased, but that, as far as I was concerned, I washed my hands of her. Well, she had spirit—that girl. She married Dudley and from that hour, over twenty-three years ago, we have not exchanged one line. Not even when that rogue Dudley was killed in battle, having previously received the V. C. and the D. S. O. and all kinds of silly distinctions. No, not even then did I write to Clem, nor did I have a letter from her. Well, my dear, good practical ladies, you may be shocked, but I was really very happy without Clem, for she was extravagant, while I was saving. She was thought handsome, while I am and was, and know the fact to be true, a thin, plain man. Clem loved dress—I loathe the subject. My invariable rule was and still is to make a suit of garments last me for seven years. Now to come to the point. Clem and I had parted, I hoped for ever. In one sense I was right. We have parted for ever. But, ladies, little could I guess the blow that would be aimed at me this morning. Clementina Dudley is dead and I have had a letter from her lawyer telling me that I am appointed without my permission guardian to her five girls. Think, dear ladies, of the horror!

"I could of course refuse this heavy burden, but I have mentioned to you that although I have no sense of affection, duty, as duty, appeals to me. Luckily they are only girls, or I could not and would not stand it. A young chap about the house would drive me raving mad. But still, think of it, kind friends. Think of my position! Five girls, varying in age from twenty-two to seventeen—all practically grown up—all, I have no doubt, horribly handsome—all, I have not the least doubt, passionately eager for dress—all, of course, arrant flirts. Clem died penniless, and left these creatures to me. When I say the girls are penniless, they have each, as Dudley's children, a minute pension from the Government. I vow that on that they shall dress, but I must feed them, I must entertain them, and if possible marry the whole five off as fast as possible. Dear ladies, I see how you feel for me. Shall I tell you their names. The eldest is Eve—doubtless in character like our wicked first mother—a tempter of men. Then there comes Freda, then Effie, then Joan, and last, but by no means least, Antigone. The very name makes me sick, yes, I nauseate at the sound, and the lawyer goes on to say that Antigone is a beauty, exactly like a young Greek. Oh! I shall have trouble with Antigone. That I clearly foresee. Dear ladies, pity the old man with a herd of five penniless girls thrust on him. Eve, Freda, Effie, Joan, and Antigone—I am nearly mad. Miss Pen, Miss Tabitha, Miss Sukey, there is only one way out. I must, in order to save myself, ruin you. I must start a rival boarding-house at Number 1. I know, of course, that it will destroy your last chance, for I assure you I mean to do the thing in style and will charge well, heavily, for what I give. Eve, Freda, Effie, Joan, and Antigone must run the house and attend to my paying guests. I shall have one or two ladies to give an air of propriety, and all the rest men. Nice men, young men, eligible men, for my ulterior, my sole object, is to marry off that terrible five as soon as possible."

MR. JASPER JOHN ceased speaking and fixed his small eyes on the three little ladies.

"You will indeed ruin us," said Miss Tabitha, in her soft, sad voice.

"But, sister dear, you must remember," said gentle Miss Pen, "that our neighbour has a right to do what he wills with his own."

Mr. Jasper John gazed very fixedly at Miss Pen as she spoke.

"Upon my word," he said, "you have a kind heart, dear lady. You, too, see the path of duty."

"I do," said Miss Pen.

"And so do I," said Miss Tabitha.

"And I am told," said Miss Sukey, "that the arrangements in the work-houses of the present day are not altogether uncomfortable."

"Good gracious!" cried Jasper John.

"Do you suppose, kind ladies, that my path of duty is to drive honourable, sensible women like yourselves into the workhouse? Far indeed be that from me. I now come to the real object of this visit. Do you suppose that I intend to stay at home all day with these five romps? Do you imagine that they can really manage a large and expensive boarding-house or that I, Jasper John, know anything whatsoever about the business? Dear Miss Penelope, dear Miss Tabitha, kind Miss Sukey, I want you to give up Number 15; I want you to come and live at Number 1. You can bring any furniture you fancy and, in short, run the show. You have what, I perceive, is called taste, so you will redecorate my entire mansion. It is a great deal larger than yours, I may inform you. You will be paid for your services, you will have food of the best, rooms the most comfortable; and in addition I propose to give you three ladies seventy pounds a year each to look after the boarders and to keep those awful young scamps in order.

Meanwhile I'll receive the money from my paying guests and all necessary expenses which you are forced to incur for the scamps will be entered in an account book by you and will be paid back to you weekly by me. Tell me, dear ladies, is not this better than the workhouse? In fact, I owe it to you, for depriving you of your living. Do you agree to my proposal? If so, I can still pursue my own necessary work in the City and need not see the scamps or the paying guests oftener than is absolutely necessary. Dear Miss Pen, say yes—say yes, kind Miss Tabitha—say yes, Miss Sukey—and relieve the mind of an old man."

## CHAPTER II.

THERE was a little, rather decrepit and very old man of the name of Peter Denton, who, day after day, saw Jasper John in his City offices. He was invariably called Peter. He was known by the clerks in the said offices, which were large and spacious, by the same name.

What he had to do with Jasper John no one could quite tell, but there is no doubt that he was in his confidence. Now he knew just as well as Jasper John why the paying guests left the good Misses Croft. He knew though he never spoke of it.

On the day after Jasper John's conversation with these good ladies, he had a longer conversation than usual with Peter Denton. During this conversation he informed Peter that in future his work would be altered and that he need no longer occupy certain hours of every night in a mysterious manner in Hope Square.

"You will have other things to do in future, Peter," said John. "You have been my friend for long years. You are in my deepest and darkest secret. You will be perhaps glad to learn that in the future Miss Penelope Croft—nice woman, Miss Penelope—Miss Tabitha and Miss Sukey—will come to live with me at Number 1. They have agreed. You are also perhaps aware—of course, you old scamp, you are—that the entire of Hope Square, that region so unfashionable and yet so easily made fashionable, belongs to me. I own the entire square."

"Yes, master," said Peter. "I know, master."

"You have observed, Peter," continued Jasper John, "that in the past for reasons which we both know my one aim and object has been to keep the square empty, but now, all things are changed. I have, I may say, ac-