

endeavor, achievement, fruition. They had emerged out of the realm of experiment into that of accomplishment. Ontario had a past, with its noble halls of learning, its wooing of the muses, attracting from other lands youth who worshipped at its shrine of culture and intellect. Above all the conflict of partizan zeal, Ontario's statute books revealed broad, enlightened laws, and through the whole provincial fabric stirred the breath of liberty, keeping within bounds the turbulent elements, ever tossing in restless strife on the shoals of selfish politics. He had always been patriotic, but never more enamored of his country than when he returned from his trip to the Atlantic, and afterwards from the Pacific. Canada was boundless in territory, in resources, in future. Who could pass from sea to sea on the iron bands, tangibly linking the provinces into a glorious confederation, without appreciating the greatness of what was truly a Dominion, whose latent resources would be metamorphosed into wealth untold at the magic touch of industry.

He had returned in the fall. The foliage was in all its glory of autumn tint, with that variegated sheen of glistening silver, bronze and gold, unknown in the far West. On the Pacific slope, the air is too humid to allow of the lingering death of a dryer atmosphere. The waxy leaves of maple, beech and chestnut are veneered into the dyes of sunset skies. There is a carnival of color. Emerald streaked with crimson and dashed with maroon, shading into amber and tipped with the blush pigment of pink and rose; rusty red, edged with saffron and striped with liquid lines of silver; nut-brown and bay; terra cotta and chocolate. Ontario's autumn is a transformation scene of transcendent beauty and grandeur.

As Archer slowly rambled through the woods, he crushed the brittle, fallen leaves and snapping twigs, feeling that the death robes of Nature lead to higher, more ethereal thoughts than the fresh, verdant garb of spring. The latter brings hope—the former, faith.

The feathered songsters had flown to warmer climes. There was a hush; a stillness. What a contrast to British Columbia! The one with its roar of turgid torrent, agitated into foam with forceful assault on rocky barrier; the other, tranquility itself, and with Nature's hymn attuned to a *dolce* pitch. The one, with its lordly magnificence, sounding sonorous pedal chords, and with swelling chorus calling for energy, activity; the other, with lower lute-like notes, inducing quieter passive moods of meditation, reaching out into mystery and sublimity.

Archer's thoughts began to flow in a

threnetic vein, as he continued his walk through stilly woodland lanes. "All things die," he soliloquized. "What an inscrutable mystery, this death in life—this life in death? Nature stands the fires of scorching suns, the fury of the elements, and, at last, worn out with the fierce struggle, calmly awaits the fleecy shroud of wintry snow. The sleep of flower and tree has one consolation—there is an awakening. Is our death only a long sleep—a winter in the numberless seasons of our soul's evolution into higher realms of spirituality? Will there be another spring of awakening for us? And, happiest thought of all, will that spring bring to us hand-clasps and loving embraces, with nigh-forgotten forms, and long, joyous gazes into eyes that will return the affectionate glances of yore? If heaven be a myth, according to preaching of latter-day sages, if restoration to the departed be a legend, let the myth, the legend be cherished, if only as a sweet dream to bring solace to the afflicted, when they resign their loved ones to the damp horrors of the grave."

Archer's melancholy musings naturally brought up memories of White and Seymour. White had been brought home, and his remains accorded the pageantry of a military funeral. A grateful country talked of rearing a monument to its heroic dead. Archer had also received the glad news that Seymour was recovering. The surgeon had given him "one chance in a thousand," and after months of suffering and careful nursing at his father's home in a country town, he was on the fair way to recovery.

Since the night that he had banded Jacques, the mail courier, Seymour's letter to Ethel, he had striven to banish every thought of her. It was over a year since he had spoken those impulsive words of love at Pine Bay. He had welcomed the rebellion and the western trip. They would serve to drive all memory of her out of his mind, he had comfortingly assured himself. Recognizing that a crisis had taken place in his life, he, who had sneered at the idea of any man being hopelessly infatuated, was now reluctantly compelled to admit that for months he could do nothing but dream and weave fancies in which Ethel was the beginning and end. The difference in wealth and social status had not dampened the ardour of his attachment. At first he had fought against the mysterious influence with fierce resentment. "There were other girls, prettier and more captivating. Why, then, should she always figure in his thoughts?" he had petulantly questioned. This defiant mood, however, vanished, and he had shuddered at the possibility of a future oppressed with a burden of hopeless longings.

(To be continued.)

Of all the summer beverages for Table or general use, Cider is the most healthful, and SAVORY'S is the BEST, being made from home grown apples and perfectly pure. A splendid thing for picnics is a case of Savory's Champagne Cider. All the leading grocers keep it in stock. If your grocer should not have it, order direct from the maker.

W. J. SAVORY,

VICTORIA, B. C.

Telephone No. 32.

P. O. Box No. 18.

QUEEN'S MARKET,

Cor. Government and Johnson sts., Victoria.

Lawrence Goodacre,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHER
Contractor by appointment to Her Majesty's Royal Navy, the Dominion Government, etc
Shipping supplied at lowest rates.

W. G. FURNIVAL UPHOLSTERER.

Carpets cleaned, altered and relaid.

Lace Curtains and Blankets a specialty.

88 JOHNSON ST., near Broad.

TEL 540

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

"Motion best means of cure."—Hoffman.

Massage.

DONALD F. MACDONALD,

Certified Medical and Surgical Masseuse, London, Eng., visits or receives patients at the

LEANDER SWIMMING AND ELECTRIC BATHS.

No. 32½ Fort Street.

CHAS. HAYWARD
ESTAB. 1867

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND EMBALMER**

52. GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA B.C.

Just Arrived!

Our new line of Vicunas, Worsted, Scotch Tweeds, Trouserings, etc., direct from Glasgow. Prices are right. Call and inspect the new arrivals.

T. W. WALKER & CO.

22 Trounce Avenue.

Gents' clothes cleaned and repaired in first class style.

GEO. A. SHADE, Boot & Shoe Maker.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE

99 DOUGLAS STREET.