

the wheel of fortune to turn up profitably to their own interests, and every morning eagerly peering over the "*want advertisements*" of the *Globe* and *Witness*, perhaps for months, until their means became considerably exhausted; and eventually taking a hurried departure to the *States*, or perchance returning home, utterly disgusted with Canada and everything connected with it, and carrying in their minds pictures of the country delineated in the darkest colors.

We now return to our story. Frederick on his return from Tiverton went immediately to see Clara and the child. When he had made known his design she felt awfully chagrined at the idea of his intended "foolish adventure," as she termed it, and also sadly disappointed when she discovered that all those airy fabrications she had been building up during the winter were beginning to fall.

"Why, Frederick, what do you really mean by all this?" she exclaimed. "Do you intend leaving me unmarried and unprovided for, with my child, to fret out a lonely, miserable existence in your absence?"

"Oh! I shall return in a few months to take you and the child to a happy home in Canada."

"Ah, Frederick; why again tantalize me with your promises, and false prospects. Where, I ask you, is the happy home you promised me at Tiverton? Where is the matrimonial title you