

## CHAPTER XX.

AH, that was a merry Christmas! and yet I don't know that it was any happier than our last, for we had Tom and Gerrie and the baby—yes, they have a baby now—from Toronto, and the Latours, *père* and *mère* and *sœur*, and Alec, who still drags the chain of his enthrallment after Josie. They have had a stormy courtship during the past year, and no one can foretell how that love affair is going to turn out.

Perhaps at some future day, when things have arranged themselves as all things in this world eventually must—I may write “The fate of the Flirt,” as a warning to all young men who begin life by a series of flirtations.

Tom and Gerrie were married soon after New Year. On their wedding tour they went to see Uncle Thomas, whose heart was so won by the bonny bride that he settled a handsome annuity on them at once; and accompanied them on their return to Canada. He made us a visit, during which a pretty widowed friend of ours “set her cap at him” so perseveringly, that we began to fear that Tom's interests were again in danger. I think Uncle himself thought his only safety would be in