

vast edifice was bent either in criticism, curiosity or admiration, on herself, her superb serenity never varied. No nervous tremor ran through her slight frame—no tinge of colour flushed the creamy white of her cheek, and when she at length walked slowly down the crowded aisle, she looked indeed a marvel of womanly stateliness and grace.

As the bridal procession drove off, many and varied were the comments passed on the newly married couple. "Superb!" lisped a faultlessly attired exquisite, as he adjusted his eye-glass to obtain a fuller view of the departing carriages.

"Never saw anything like it since Ristori."

"Weston is a fortunate man!" sighed another fop whose dark eyes and hair, and slightly foreign accent, bespoke him a French Canadian.

"'Tis very well for you two gentlemen, who were, as every body knows, thoroughly bewitched by her, to prate about Weston's luck," interrupted a third, "but I, for one, pity him from my heart. Why she will not let him call his soul his own!"

"Tut, Stone, you are jealous, man!" interposed another. One act of Virginia Bentley's goes far to prove that her heart is not unworthy of her face. She delayed her marriage till she had attained her majority, that she might place her large fortune, unrestricted by any conditions, in her husband's hands, a thing strenuously opposed by her guardians."

"Ah! had I not reason to say Weston was a lucky man?" reiterated a former speaker.

"Who is she?" queried a fair haired, sleepy eyed man in military garb, who had been leaning listlessly against the church door during the preceding dialogue.

"Our leading belle and beauty, and an heiress to boot," replied one of the group, secretly wondering how the last speaker could possibly be ignorant on so interesting

a topic. Captain Dacre, however, had only arrived in Montreal two days previous, to join his regiment, and whilst strolling past the church had been induced to enter by the crowd already gathered in front of its portal.

"Ah, Dacre, how do you do?" cried a frank, ringing voice, and another military man joined the little knot. "You were just in time to catch a first and last glance of the most bewitching beauty and accomplished coquette I have ever met."

"Rather young, I should think, to have fairly earned as yet the latter title," rejoined Dacre, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"I do not know that. If you had been exposed to the artillery of her charms as we have been for some time past, you would have a higher opinion of their power."

Again Captain Dacre raised his eyebrows, more sarcastically this time than before.

"Beauty, belle, and heiress—how did you all permit so rare a prize to escape you?"

"Because Miss Bentley, like most of such feminine paragons, has a will and mind of her own. Besides, she and her husband have been engaged for many months past."

"But what qualities does this invincible bridegroom possess that he succeeded where so many failed?"

"Nothing out of the common. Honourable, moral, steady, and all that sort of thing; money-making, cleverish too, I believe."

"Well, I do not exactly look on myself as a prophet, but I would venture to predict," and here the speaker, Colford Stone, smiled disagreeably, "that this time next year Clive Weston will not look as triumphant as he does to-day."

After a few more words of idle talk the group separated, and the space in front of the church was left vacant.

Meanwhile the wedding breakfast went gaily enough. There was a magnificent display of silver and rare china; all the delicacies of the season; everything that fashion