

that a railway had cut the lawn across and altered the avenue and entrance gate, and the new owner had constructed a piece of ornamental water where the trout-stream used to run; likewise built a wing to the mansion in the Tudor style, with a turret at the end. Which items of news, by completely changing the aspect of the dear old home, as they remembered Dunore, had done much towards curing the troublesome yearning after it.

Now the squire walked through the broad sloping street of pretty and clean detached cottages (white, with bright green shutters outside), fronting fields whence the forest had been pushed back considerably. Orchards of young trees bloomed about them; the sawmill was noisily eating its way through planks on the edge of the stream; groups of 'sugar-bush' maples stood about; over all the declining sun, hastening to immerse itself in the measureless woods westward. 'Pleasant places,' said Mr. Wynn to himself, quoting old words; 'my lot has fallen in pleasant places.'

Sitting in the summer parlour of the butternut's shade, he read his newspaper—a weekly Greenock print, the advertisement side half-filled with quack medicines, after the manner of such journals in Canada. Presently an entry in the 'Deaths' arrested his attention.

'Died, at his house in Montreal, on the 11th inst., Captain Reginald Armytage, late of H.M.'s 115th foot. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation.'

Robert sprang to his feet. 'Let me see it, father.'

Now was the twentieth day of the month. 'I wonder she has not written to some of us—to Linda even,' said he, returning the paper. Then going over