

replied, and Sir Derek relapsed into silence.

Arrived at the station, he saw Lady Jacqueline into an empty carriage, and, having assured himself that her maid and luggage were safely disposed of in another part of the train, he turned to bid her good-bye.

"But we shall meet again here, next month," she said.

Sir Derek shook his head. "I am not sure if I shall come;" then, seeing the look of undisguised disappointment on

her face, he threw all his wise resolutions to the winds—"Unless you will say that you want me to," he added, desperately.

She did not answer at once, and the train began to move out of the station.

"Lady Jacqueline" cried Sir Derek, imploringly, as he followed it down the platform.

Then she leant out of the window, her eyes shining: "Not Lady Jacqueline," she murmured, softly, "but Jack."

—*Woman's Life.*



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HOW she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness;  
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff;  
 How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,  
 Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving.

—*Longfellow.*