ride and Prejudice CA TOROTTO

THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

ing with love, I would not marry him."

"There are not many girls who think as you do," said Lord Ryvers, gloomily.

"They have not been so well taught," she replied, with all the rashness of youth and inexperience. "Long years ago, far back in the olden times, when 'aristocracy' meant chivalry, it was a different matter. Aristocrats are not 'knights' in these days. They do not understand what true knighthood

"In what do they fall short?" asked Lord Ryvers, looking with admiration at the flushed face and shining eyes.

"The present race are effeminate, luxury-loving, effete, self-indulgent—"
"Stop, Mias Beaton," he said; "assertion is no proof."

is no proof."

"Proof is not wanting," she replied. "My Aunt says that honour is deadamongst them—that nothing of it lives but the name, and that that is an empty sound. She says—I wonder if I can remember one-half?—that names once blazoned high on the roll of the battlefield now serve as examples among cardsharpers. She says that in olden times, when a man of noble birth and ancient title injured the honour of his fellow-man, they were the says that in the same title injured the honour of his fellow-man. when a man of noble birth and ancient title injured the honour of his fellow-man, they by her uncompromising eyes and her stern face, a question they both felt must be annow they compensate injured honour with y compensate injured honour with Aunt Alice says they have lost the ect and loyalty toward women which goes ar in making a man a chevalier and a saint. One now steals another man's wife; a few thousand pounds puts the matter right. The honour of the old days was best, when a man

honour of the old days was best, when a man avenged his injuries in the heart's blood of his rival, instead of taking money for them."

"How prejudiced you are," he said,

"I do not think so. I am emphatically a daughter of the people; I see the wrongs of the people. I asked my Aunt Alice one day if I might read the newspapers. She said, 'No; they are unfit for any modest girl to read; they are full of divorce cases and scandals in high life.' I thought the duty of the aristogracy was to set a good example to the aristocracy was to set a good example to the people below them. Do they? Are the men such models of honour, integrity, courage, and truth? Are the women to be reverenced

You must remember," he interrupte "that your Aunt Alice is not infallible. It does not follow that because she says a thing it must be true. Now hear me—that is, if you have patience, Miss Beaton. Yours was such a serce onslaught. Will you listen

'Certainly," she said. "I should like to hear your opinion on the subject."
"Well, then, I believe that the finest body of men and the best women in the world are to be found amongst the English aristocracy. The men are high-bred, courageous, and hon-ourable; the women, good refined, and chari-table. Who says that honour is dead in the breasts of English gentlemen? I say it lives, and will live forever, just as loyalty, purity. and goodness live in the hearts of the women."
"You know no more of the habits and lives of the aristocracy than I do," she said. "You are a true artist; but you have many very

"You think so? Well, I think yours are equally incorrect. You seem to me to be prejudiced, Miss Beston. In every class of society you will find black sheet. Do you think it is fair to be harder on the aristocrat who cheats at cards or forges his neighbour's

As for Miss Athe
too great for words.

sins."
You shall defend the aristocracy, if you like," she said, with a smile; "but I shall not like you any the better for it. I hope

"I hope you will not," was the young lord's thought. Aloud he said: "Then, if a scion of nobility came wooing you, Miss Beaton, it would be all in vain?"
"It would, indeed," she replied. "Not that any stray duke or earl is likely to make

onest, industrious man of my own class."
"What do you call your own class, Miss

"Professional," she replied, carelessly.
"My father was a doctor." "I am exceedingly glad that I am a pro-fessional," he rejoined, feeling very much ashamed of his evasion; but he would not risk, by telling her his name and title, the risk; by teiling her his name and title, the small hope he had of winning the liking of this girl. She would never speak to him again if she knew it. "All is fair in love and war." he said to himself, resolving to win

her if he could. The morning had broken bright and fair, dewy and fragrant. Lord Ryvers was early at the trysting place. He was uncertain whether she would come or not: but the day would be well spent in waiting for her, should she only pass by. It was nearly noon when she came. She looked at his picture and admired it.
"You are clever," she said to him, briefly.

"You will make your way."
"You will make your way."
"Do you think so?" he asked, his face
with delight. "Your words give flushing with delight. "Your words give me encouragement: I should be a true artist if I were much with you."

Lord Ryvers was leaning against the trunk of a silver beech; Violet sat on a moss-covered stone; and the time was flying, as it always did when they were together. She blushed when he spoke of the nightingale.

"I am sure," she said, "t but that was a great improdence on my part. I could not be spoked.

great imprudence on my part. I ought not to have gone out. I shall have a fit of honesty some day and tell Aunt Alice; then I shall receive the reprimand I feel I de-

serve."
"I wish I could get to know your aunt,"
he said. "How could it be managed?"
"Not at all," she answered. "My aunt
would rather make friends with a whole tribe of Zulus than with a young Englishman, even though he were an artist." "Could I ask her to let me sketch the cot-

"She would never consent. Besides, why

"She would never consent. Besides, why should you wish to know her?"

"Can you ask me that question?"

"Certainly I can. I have a great natural affection for Aunt Alice, because she has been so good to me; but I cannot see why a stranger should wish to know her."

"I will tell you, Miss Beaton, why I wish to know her. I wish to see more of you. If I knew your aunt, I could call at Acacia Cottage every day."

"Even then you would be obliged to leave the neighbourhood when your picture was finished."

He thought to himself that he would not go

He thought to himself that he would not go alone, if prayers and persuasions could induce her to go with him. Randolph, Lord Ryvers, if Ryverswell, had fixed his whole heart on the winning of this girl; he had failen passionately in love with her. The happiness of his life depended on her; and she not only fisliked anistocrats, but gave no sign of being in love with him at all. He could not rouse in her any consciousness of love; her heart thept the calm sleep of childhood, and he could not awaken it. He told her the most pathetic of love stories; she only laughed lightly and brightly.

"Then you would not marry an aristocrat, Miss Beaton?" asked the young artist.
"I? No—a thousand times no! I am not sure that I should care to marry at all; but an aristocrat—never! If I loved some young lord so dearly that my heart was breaking with love, I would not marry him."

"There are not many girls who think as you do," said Lord Ryvers, gloomily.
"They have not been so well taught," she replied, with all the rashness of youth and inexperience. "Long years ago, far back in the second of the grand old Border ballads for her, she was pleased; she liked the ring and the measure. If he wished to please her, let him leave love alone. So the days passed on, and the glowing loveliness of June glided into the mature beauty of July. By this time they had become fast friends—that is, Dord Ryvers was so deeply in love with Violet that he could hardly live out of her presence; while she, without being in the least in love with him, looked to him foe the happiness and brightness of her life.

looked to him foe the happiness and brightness of her life.

So matters might have continued to run on, but that constant security had made the young lord and Violet careless; and, rambling one morning through St. Byno's woods, talking and laughing quite at their case. Miss Atherton came suddenly upon them. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The three stood still. Miss Atherton's stern face grew more stern; beautiful, laughing Violet looked inclined to cry. Lord Ryvers did not lose his courage, although he was for a few moments quite at a loss what to say. Miss Atherton drew her tall figure to its utmost height.

There was no escape; they could not pass her by, they could not recede. Why should they? Miss Atherton looked at the girl with the rose flush on her face, then at the tall, broad-shouldered, stalwart young fellow by her side.

swered.

Lord Ryvers was equal to the situation; he would have gone through fire for the girl by his side. He removed his hat, with a low by his side. He removed his hat, wish a low bow, and, seeing him there with the sunlight on his handsome head and face, his whole bearing indicative of nobility, a woman's heart might have relented to him. Not so Miss Atherton's.

"Who are you?" the stern eyes repeated. He howel again

"Who are you?" the stern eyes repeated
He bowed again.
"I have the pleasure," he said, 'of speaking to Miss Atherton. I have been several times on the point of calling to ask permission to sketch your beautiful cottage."
"Certainly not, sir," she returned.
But Lord Ryvers was not daunted.
"I think it is the most beautiful spot I have seen." he added.

ave seen," he added.
"May I ask who you are, sir?" she in-"I am an artist, madame. I have been sketching in the woods of St. Byno's, I was fortunate enough to meet your niece, and she has kindly shown me one or two of the most

octuresque spots."
"My niece," interrupted the lady, "has done wrong. She had no right to speak to you, a stranger."
"I had a vague idea that it was not quite fight," said Violet, with a beautiful blush; but it was so pleasant to talk to some one young; some one nearly my own age,

CHAPTER V. When Miss Atherton and her niece reached

Acacia Cottage, the elder lady atood by while her niece entered. Then slowly and majestically she turned the key in the lock. Violet looked at her. "Aunt Alice," she said, "you cannot mean what you have said? You cannot seriously

"Then, if a scion of nobility came wooing you, Miss Beaton, it would be all in vain?"
"It would, indeed," she reflied. "Not that any stray duke or earl is likely to make his way to St. Byno's."
"Or even a stray baronet?" he added.
"No; St. Byno's is hardly the place to attract such people. If ever I marry—which is very doubtful—I should like to marry an honest, industrious man of my own class."

What you have said? You cannot seriously intend to lock me in the house?"
"I mean it, Violet, For the future, when you go out, I go with you."
Farewell, then, to the fresh, sweet dewy mornings and pleasant rambles by moonlight to hear the nightingale! Farewell to all the simple pleasures of her young life, if that stern down were constantly to be her companion! She stood still and looked into Miss. Atherton's face. Atherton's face.

Atherton's face.

"Aunt," she said. simply, "why should you punish me? I have done no wrong, though it is true that I have met this young artist several times. I did not tell you, because I know you dislike young men. But it was pleasant to talk to some one of my own

was pleasant to talk to some one of my own age."

"Your own age," replied Miss Atherton,
"is the age of folly."

"I do not deny it; but folly is sometimes sweeter than wisdom. And you are really going to lock me up because I have exchanged a few pleasant words with a pleasant acquaintance, one who will in all probability go away in a few days, never to return."

"You know my opinion with regard to

"You kn w my opinion with regard to young men; and, mind, it is my duty, Violet"—and Miss Atherton looked a little confused. "You do not leave this house again while that person is in the neighbourhood, unless I accompany you."
"Aunt Alice," said the girl calmly, "you

"Aunt Alice, said the girl calmly, "you may think it your duty to act as you are doing; but it is one of the unkindest things you ever did in your life,"

"I am the best judge of that, Violet." rejoined Miss Atherton, coldly. "You have full liberty to walk in the garden and the orchard, but nowhere else without my permission."

mission."

And Miss Atherton, with the virtuous consciousness of one who has done right, retired to her room, leaving her niece to her thought. They were not very cheerful ones. Violet almost lived out of doors. What home, parents, friends, were to other girls the fields and flowers were to her; and the prospect of having Miss Atherton as her constant companion was not a pleasant one.

panion was not a pleasant one.

If Miss Atherton had not met the young couple, and had not considered it her duty to punish her niece, Violet would not have thought half so much about the young artist. As it was, her thoughts constantly reverted to him. She went over, all their discussions and arguments in her mind again and again. She realized that she would never again be happy without a friend of her own age. It She realized that she would never again be happy without a friend of her own age. It was so pleasant to laugh and to talk, to exchange ideas with some one on terms of equality. The intercourse she held with her aunt was too one-sided to be agreeable. Miss Atherton uttared sentiments, and Violet renay her! change ideas with some one on terms of equality. The intercourse she held with her aunt was too one-sided to be agreeable. Miss Atherton uttered sentiments, and Violet listened to them without even the desire to contradict. But with the young artist it had been quite different. There had been a delightful freedom and gaiety about their conversation. She had had a glimpse of joy and delight, of youth and happiness; but now it was past, and she would, in all probability, never look on that handsome young face again. Her heartached at the thought; yet only yesterday the knowledge that their intimacy must end would not have distressed her in the smallest degree.

"I understand now," said Violet Beaton to herself, "what is meant by "moral force." For my aunt to lock the door is all nonsense! I could break it open; I could get out

For my aunt to lock the door is all nonsense to I could break it open; I could get out at the windows or by the sude door, which is not locked; but I feel the moral control; and, because my aunt has forbidden me, I feel I cannot leave the house."

So, having no other distractions, her thoughts were constantly on the young artist. She had not given many minutes' consideration to his personal appearance before her friendship with him was tabooed. Now she dwelt on it continually. How handsome he was!

herself. "I do not believe there is a peer in the world with more perfect and noble features."

She remembered the shapely head and neck, the dark eyes so full if fire and poetry, the mouth half hidden by the moutache her anut detested; and she wondered that she had not cared more to look at the face when ahe was near is. She thought of it in her waking hours, and she dreamed of it in her sleep.

Aunt and nice remained on very dignified terms. Miss Athetton, toward the end of the evening, suggested that they should walk on the Warwick road. Violet declined, and no more was said on the subject.

"I never realized before what was wanting in my life," said Miss Beaton to herself. Her mind seemed suddenly to open to all life's possibilities, to all disadvantages of her possibilities, to all d

her?

It happened that that evening Miss Atherton had to go to a neighbouring farm on a little matter of business. She did not ask Violet to accompany her; she thought a little punishment would not, be amiss for her

punishment would not, be amiss for her niece.

"I do not ask you to go with me to Redhill Farm, Violet," she said, "as you have declined to accompany me for a walk, While you repair these things"—pointing to a pile of linen which lay on a side-table—"I should like you to reflect on your conduct."

"There can be no harm in my taking my work into the garden," Violet said to herself when Miss Atherton had departed, and thither she accordingly bent her footsteps.

She had not been there many minutes before a soft ball of Guelder roses fell at her feet. Looking up to see whence it came, she was not a little startled and astonished to see the young artist standing on the other side of the rose covered hedge. She blushed and smiled when her eyes met his.

"May I come in?" he said. "I want to

speak to you."
She shook her head.
"No, indeed. This is Aunt Alice's garden. She does not admit strangers—young men, especially—"
"Will you come to me, then? Ah, Miss Reaton, have some compassion! I have been Beaton, have some compassion! I have been since the morning longing to catch one glimpse of you. I saw Miss Atherton go over to the farm, and then I knew my opportunity had arrived."

"Have you not been home," she asked, onderingly.
"No, 'he answered. "You have waited here all this time, just

"Young!" repeated Miss Atherton, with great contempt. "What is youth but folly? I wish you good morning, sir. No, I decline to have my cottage sketched. I shall keep mind that I would not go away without another glimpse of you. I have been hating my niece indoors for the future."

At these words Violet winced. Lord Ryvers saw that at this present juncture of affairs, it would be useless to speak. He trusted to the future. He would fain have touched Violet's hand before parting; but with those stern eyes fixed upon him, it was impossible.

"I can only hope," murmured Violet, "I seem just beginning to awake. One month ago I was quite content—I was not ra turously happy, but I was far from miserable—now I am dissatisfied. I want to know what the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot, and it is your fault that I have never thought of before. I want to know what the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot, and it is your sand it is your fault that I have never thought of before. I want to know what the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot, and it is your part that have never thought of before. I want to know what the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot, and it is your part that have never thought of before. I want to know what the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot, and it is your part that have never thought of before, and it is your part that have never thought of before, and it is your part that have never thought of before, and it is your part to know what the wind to blow, the stars to shine, or the flower's to grow, as have forbidden the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot, and it is your part to know what the part that have never thought of before, and it is your part that have never thought of the first had leved her day.

Her great anxiety now well married. She had several eligible heiresesse in view; but her like, had lived her day.

Her great anxiety now well married. She had several eligible heir done on the part wa

spot; and it is your fault that I have conceived these vain desires."

"Mine!" he replied, with a flush of delight and pride. "I am delighted to hear

"I am not sure," she said, "whether you have acted very wisely. Now that I am awake to the realities and possibilities of life, it seems to me I shall never be satisfied with my present state of existence again. The question is whether it would not have been better for me to remain dormant."

"It is far better for you to be cognizant of all that is going on around you," he cried, with passionate vehemence. "Why should your bright beauty be buried here?"

"There is my aunt." cried Violet.

"Promise that you will see me again," he cried, with all the energy of despair—"here, to-morrow evening, when the moon shines, and that terrible aunt of yours has gone to aleep. Will you, Miss Beaton—Violet—will

And she had just time to whisper "Yes." CHAPTER VI.

Lord Ryvers thought more seriously that night than he had ever thought before. He was madly in love with this beautiful girl. He told himself that he must win her for his wife, or he should never know happiness

more.

He looked the position in the face. He was Baron Ryvers of Ryverswell, the sole heir of an ancient race, lord of Mount Avon in Hampshire, owner of one of the prettiest estates in the Isle of Wight, and a fine oid castle and a moor in the Highlands, one of the most eligible and wealthy barons in England; and he was madly in love with a young girl who detested the aristocracy, and had told him she would never marry one of then.

him she would never marry one of then.

Love had come to him as a terrible fever. It had taken possession of his whole being. As he walked home under the shade of the spreading trees, he vowed to himself that he would win her.

The beautiful face of the girl was ever before him. How he loved her! He had never thought it possible that he could care for anyone like this. How beautiful she looked on the other side of the rose covered hedge! Why had he not leaped over it, caught her in his arms, and carried her away? His heart was on fire. No matter what ob-His heart was on fire. No matter what obstacles were in the way, he would marry her, stacles were in the way, he would marry her, if she would have him; but he felt quite sure she would neither love nor marry him if she knew his position and title. He must win her as an artist, if he won her at all; and afterward, when he had made her his wife, when he had taught her to love him so dearly that she could not live without him, he would tell her the whole truth; she would not be angry then.

angry then.

His fate, after all, would be happier than

dute different. He would be married for himself alone—for pure love. How he would repay her!

It was no easy task that lay betore him. On the one hand, he had resolved to marry a girl who hated the aristocracy; on the ether hand, he would have to persuade his mother, who was certainly as proud a woman as any fn England, to consent to his marriage with a penniless girl.

"She must consent," he cried to himself; "she will consent! If the difficulties were a thousand times greater than they are, I would fight my way through them."

Hitherto he had been scarcely more than a boy—kindly, noble, but a dreamer; he was a man now, with a man's purpose,

Once more his thoughts went back to Ryverswell, where his mother dwelt in luxning from her permission to go on this sketching tour—permission she granted sorely against her will—she said, when bidding him fare-

faults of young men; no son of mine shall ever commit those. You are not likely to fall in love with a dairymaid, or to marry a curate's daughter; but, after this, I trust you will give up your notions of painting, and think seriously of settling in life. There

are two or three girls," continued her lady-ship, "whom I should have liked you to meet. They are Gwendoline Marr and Lotta Jocelyn, both beauties and both heiresses. But it is of no use speaking of that just

English method of spelling the name. They had not lost the Norman atyle of feature, the dark hair, and the dark eyes of the Norman race; but they were English enough in other respects. The family had passed through many vicissitudes; they had been sometimes rich, sometimes poor, but always loyal. A Lyvers stood by the side of Edward the First when he showed his infant son to the assembled chieftains; the Ryverses fought boldly in the Crusades; a Ryvers saved tha king's life in the War of the Roses. If they did not accumulate money, they acquired fame and honour.

It was the Merry Monarch who gave the grand old estate of Ryverswell to the head of

It was the Merry Monarch who gave the grand old estate of Ryverswell to the head of the family, together with his barony.

The old race was fast becoming extinct now. When Philip, Lord Ryvers, died, he left three children, two daughters and one son. The son, being then only five years old, had a long minority before him. The elder daughter, Marguerite, a beautiful brunette, married the Earl of Lester. The second daughter, Monica, was still unmarried, and lived with Lady Ryvers. Personal beauty was one of the characteristics of the Ryvers family. Their daughters always married well, for they were among the most beautiful women in the land, and their gift of beauty had brought them into relationship with some of the oldest families in the country. That Monica was still unmarried was her own fault. She had admirers in plenty, but none that pleased her.

fault. She had admirers in plenty, but none that pleased her.

During the minority of the young Baron the family had resided at Ryverswell. When the young her came of age he would live there; and, in the event of his marrying, his mother would retire to the Dower House, a pretty, picturesque dwelling standing near Mount Avon. Lady Ryvers was quite agreeable to this arrangement. She had enjoyed her life, had fived her day.

Her great anxiety now was to see her son well married. She had several eligible heiresses in view; but there was nothing to be done until he was cared of his art craze. It was a great blow to Lady Rivers when, one day, her son turned to her and said:

"Mother, I wish I had been born to be an artist."

heir to paint. He was an artist born. He had the keen perceptions, the passion for colour, the fine, true sense that show the artist. He began in the nursery, where his sketches were the admiration of nurses and servants. Lady Ryvers repressed his talent; she never praised it, never alluded to it, and artists in the most contemptuous fashion; but she could not change the boy or alter his tem-

she could not change the boy or alter his temperament.

A fine, brave, handsome young Englishman, Randolph, Lord Ryvers, was the pride and delight of the whole household. His mother almost worshipped him, his sisters loved and were proud of him. Now he had grown to the age of twenty, and this sketching tour was to be one of the last indulgences of youth. His childhood and youth had been irreproachable; even Lady Ryvers herself admitted that his love of art had kept him from "anything worse." Mother and sisters were looking forward now to the time when he should take home a wrife to Ryversdale—one worthy to reign there and sustain the one worthy to reign there and sustain the prestige of the grand old race.

And this was the young fellow who was going mad for love of Violet Beaton at St. Byno's.

CHAPTER VII.

There was no moon on the night Lord Ryvers had looked forward to with such anxiety; but the night scarcely dies out of the sky on a fair July night. From the bonny woods of St. Byro's a faint, sweet sound, like the echo of an Æolian harp, reached Violet's ears: from the river came a soft musical

murmur. It was not till after a hard struggle with It was not till after a hard struggle with her conscience that Violet went to keep her appointment. She consoled herself, however, with a false line of argument. Miss Atherton had forbidden her to leave the garden, and she was not going to leave it. She would be within the rose-covered hedge; and she would not have gone at all but that she really felt so sorry for the young artist. He had looked so handsome, so imploring, the promise to see him again had almost unconsciously been wrung from her.

mise to see him again had almost unconsciously been wrung from her.

It was all her aunt's fault. If she had allowed them to say good-bye openly and quietly, there would have been no need for this twilight interview. After all, she did not quite like it. Her sense of propriety was opposed to it; but she could not let him go without one word; he had been so pleasant and kind to her. The girl's heart rebelled against her aunt. Why had she not asked the young artist in, and allowed them to spend an hour or two together? Then he would have said good-bye, and would have gone out of their lives probably forever. Now she was going to do that which she would rather not have done.

"Go to your room at once," Miss Atherton had said, when the usual family devotions were over. "You will not want a candle. It is quite light enough. Good night."

And then Miss Atherton had retired to rest, happily unconscious of her niece's meditated plans.

Meanwhile a handsome, ardent young lover moved softly through the deep shadows of St. Byno's wood, looking with anxious eyes that pierced them at the picturesque cottage. He went slowly down the riverside, crossed the corner of the wood, passed the little gate where the white acacias grew, down by the rose-covered hedge, and then he stood still. Never had his heart beaten so before. There was no stir in the o ttage; the white blinds were down. Would she come?

The Ryverses were not famous for patience, but the young lord had never been in such a fever or auspense before. Would she come?

Ah, there was a stir, something surely was moving over the long grass that shook the white clover, and sent the acacia leaves fluttering to the ground. But it was only the summer night breeze. Would she never come? A little bird in the far distance twittered. He heard the deep baying of a hound across the river.

"Oh, ny love, my darling," he cried, "if you would but come!"

he had pictured her, she came out in her long blue dress; over her head she had thrown a black lace veil. It was darker than she thought it would be. She stopped for one moment under the chestnut trees to reconnoitre before she passed on to the place of rendezvous. In another minute they were standing face to face, the handsome young lover and the fair haired beautiful girl.
"How good of your to come?" he said. "I

"How good of you to come!" he said. "I hardly dared hope you would do so." "I ought not to have come," she said.
"Do not praise me for doing what I know to be wrong; but you have been so kind to me, and I have enjoyed our intimacy so much, I did not like to think I should not see you again."

He was looking at the hedge.
"I am standing," he said, "outside the gates of Paradise. Will you open them for

"I cannot," she answered.
"You can if you will. Tell me that I may leap over this hedge."
"I ought not to do so," she said.
"I cannot see you here, and I want to see your face again." he urged.
She was silent for a few moments. Them she thought to herself that are he was those

she thought to herself that, as he was there,

he might just as well be on one side of the hedge as the other.

"') on may come," she said, softly. "But mind you do not fall.

"I could clear a hedge twice as formidable "I could clear a hedge twice as formidable as that," he replied, with a langh; and the next moment he was standing by her side.

"How strong and agile you are!" she said to him, with a smile, looking admiringly at him, as women do look at brave, manly men.

"Show me any hing that I would not do to have the happiness of standing by your side for one minute. You said something to me about good bye. Do you think I could leave you?" His voice trembled with passion.

"I have never thought about it," she said.
"I suppose you will go when your picture is finished?"

"I am quite sure I shall not. I do not care whether the picture is ever finished or not. I care for nothing—do you not see?— I care for nothing in the wide world but

you."
"But me," she repeated, wonderingly-"Yes, you. You can send me away from you if you will; but think, for the mercy of heaven think before you do it. I love you, and I cannot leave you. I love you, and I wou d r ther lie dead here at your sect than

leave you. Do you understand, my beautiful, fair-haired darling? Is it madness to say I love you? Then I am of all men the most mad."

"You love me?" she repeated, gravely. Why, you have only seen me three or four

"Why, you have only seen me three or four-times!"
"It needed only for me to see you once to know that I had met my fate," he cried.
"Love comes to us in varied guise. I saw you, and my heart went out to you at once. Something that had never lived in my soul before awoke into vigorous life. If I had known you fifty years I could not love you better. You are the fairest and most beau-tiul woman that ever gladdened a man's eyes, that ever wiled a man's heart from his eyes, that ever wiled a man's neart from his breast: and I love you. If I had a thousand tongues they would all cry out, "I love you, I love you!"

"Hush!" she said, holding up one little

"Hush!" she said, holding up one little hand. "You—you frighten me!"

"I frighten you!" exclaimed Lord Ryvers.
"Ah, how unit I am even to taik to one so beautiful, so gentle as you! Forgive me, and I will be gentle as yourself. I only want to impress on you the fact that I love you, that while I live I can never again be happy away from you, that I would give my line and all it holds for you. Oh, sweet, if you could know how beautiful you look standing there, you would not wonder that I love you so! You have never had an admirer, have you?"

"An admirer!" she repeated, half trembling, half delighted. "I hardly know what you mean."

you mean."

"Look at me," he cried—"I am your admirer—your lover. It means a man mad for the time, who sees, hears, knows, thinks of nothing but the one beloved."

"That must be tiresome," she answered, naively. "I should not like to have all my

oughts and ideas concentrated on one peron."

"You would, ii you loved him; that makes all the difference, you see."

"Love and admiration have been a sealed book to me," she said. "Indeed, I have never thought of them."

"Yet love is the very life of a woman," he cried, incredulously."

cried, incredulously.

"It has not been mine," she said. "Hark!
What is that?"—for there was a sudden commotion in one of the tall lime trees near

"Probably a little bird has fallen from its nest," Lord Ryvers answered, smiling, for she was alarmed, and clung to him.

He caught the little white hands in his own and held them fast. "I thought it was my aunt," she said, half laughing half trembling.
"Never mind if it were. I would go to her, if you would let me, and would tell her

that her niece was the loveliest creature I had ever seen, that I loved her with my whole beart, and longed to make her my wife."
"I should be locked up in the darkest cellar the house beasts, and never allowed to come out again," Violet declared, a little hysterically.

"I wonder," he said, gently, still holding the two little white hands in his own—"! wonder if you would be very angry if I called you Violet?"
"It would not be of much use to be angry about anything now," she said.

"Then I may. Oh, beautiful Violet, listen to me! I love you with all my heart; will you try to love me a little in return?"

She was silent. It was all so novel for her. Then she looked up at him with frank, childlike eves.

like eyes. "You have taken me so by surprise," she "Have you not thought of me at all?" he

asked.

"Yes; but only as a nice, pleasant friend, different from everyone else here in being of my own age."

He was silent for a few minutes; then he said, with a thrill of passion in his voice:

"You must do more than that now, Violet. I must be more than the pleasant friend whom you like because he is of your own age. Think of me, sweet, as the lover who loves you with such passionate devotion that he wild die for you, the lover who has no joy, no happines, but with you."

w ald die for you, the lover who has no joy, no happines, but with you."

"It sounds quite poetical," she said.

"It is true!" he cried, vehemently. "Oh, Violet, how hard is it to make you understand! My darling, I knew when you spoke to me in the woods that day that you were simple as a child. You reminds me of a beautiful wild bird, so bright and free; and now I want to catch the wild bird and keep it as my own forever."

now I want to catch the wild bird and keep it as my own forever."

"I suppose that, really, if the truth were told, I did wrong in answering your questions," she said, half reefuily.

"You could not do anything wrong, I am sure," he declared. "Tell me," he continued, after a pause, "if I had gone away without seeing you again, without saying good-bye, would you have cared, would you have remember. have been, unhappy, would you have remem-To be Continued.

where the white acacias grew, down by the rose-covered hedge, and then he stood still. Never had his heart beaten so before. There was no stir in the cettage; the white blinds were down. Would she come?

The Ryverses were not famous for patience, but the young lord had never been in such a fever of suspense before. Would she come? Ah, there was a stir, something surely was moving over the long grass that shook the white clover, and sent the acacia leaves fluttering to the ground. But it was only the summer night breeze. Would she never come? A little bird in the far distance twittered. He heard the deep baying of a hound across the river.

"Oh, my love, my darling," he cried, "if you would but come?"

And just then the pale, beautiful face of the young girl looked anxiously down through the shadows. She could not see him, and she did not know if he was there. Just as the county of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage white may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortined with pure blood and a properly nousished frame."—Civii Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins (§ 1h. and 1b) by Grocers, labelled—"James Erres & Co. Homeopathic Chemists, London." 26

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

A Mother's Love.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace;
When others cail you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hands and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All others, is a mother's love,

Mong strangers in far distant lands.
In your new home beyond the seas,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knees—
Oh, then, as at your side they grow.
How I have loved you, you may know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with the tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their ahadows I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughters voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall.
Then you will smile in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will cail
In that dear, unforgotten prayer.
Which we at evening used to share. Some day,
A flower, a sone, a word, may be
A link between us strong and sweet
Ah, then, dear child, remember me,
And let your heart to mother beat,
My love is with you every where—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest it can not be long,
I shall with giad impatience wait
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the golden gate,
After earth's paring and earth's pain
Never to part. Neveragain.

Fashion Notes.

The round waist is conspicuous among The Langtry knot is still the fashionable iffure for street wear. colour blind, while the male of the species 1 Sapphire blue is a favourite colour for the dresses of growing girls.

Silver ornaments are fashionable for th

Spring dresses in velvet combinations will requently have pompon garnitures.
So:tailk with India designs is employed in the spring wraps of Recamier pattern. Girls now wear bunches of ribbon on the

corsage when they cannot get flowers. Heather in bloom will be a favourite garni-ture for the new Milan straws in championn. Nearly all English and American bonnets have ample crowns to hold the coils of th

hair.
Embroidered black grenadines are made over black aik for indoor toilets of elderly Silver and gold soutache will be used on the spring greens both in the dress and the

bonnet.

Tufts of white chenille in the form of dots, balls, tassels, and blocks occur on many of the new veilings.

The newest handkerchiefs have just the faintest suggestion of a hem, and are made of plain white linen. Very narrow velvet ribbon, as narrow as

soutache braid, is used in large quantities or imported bonnets. Spring wraps are as ornamental as posble, frequently being combinations of thre different materials.

Coquelicot red bonnets with trimmings of red maple wings will be worn by pale ladies of fair complexion. Spring wools in the new brown-gray tints and also those in vert-de-gras predominate in fresh importations.

Panels of rich black lace, embroidered with

et, are used as a trimming on many black The beautiful and durable taffets is again the favoured silk for all-silk toilets, and silk and velvet combinations.

Lace waistcoats, or rather satin waistcoats,

covered with pleatings of lace, are very fashionable in toilets of black silk. Pleated pelerines of the material of the dress come as the fashionable wrap, with Parisian dresses for very young ladies.

Married life should be a sweet, harmonious song, and like one of Mendelssohn's "without words." It was a Detroit girl that married at fifteen so as to-have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

Rhoda Howard, of Owingsville, Ky., hadda howard, or Owingsville, Ky., is one hundred and sixteen years of age. She has smoked tobacco for one hundred years.

A Chicago woman remarried her husband from whom she had been divorced, and then got mad because he wouldn't take her on a bridal tour.

A sketch in setory paper is called "A Woman's Smile," It is evidently founded on a glass of soda water. A man's "smile" would make a stronger foundation for a story. It is easier for a caramel to go into the mouth of an idol than for a woman to avoid looking behind her to notice the "horrid set" of the dress of the woman she had just passed. German women take off their bonnets at the theatre; consequently the churches are always well attended. It is the only oppor-tunity the German women have to exhibit

A bookbinder said to his wife at their wedding: "It seems that now we are bound to gether, two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests, "on

"Yes," observed one of the guests, "one side highly ornamental Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

She read: "A complete piece of music for five cents." "There," said she, "for the money you pay for one drink of whiskey you could buy me three nice pieces of music. It's perfectly outrageous." "I think so soo," was the rejoinder; "they'd better a plagued eight lower the price of whiskey and double the price of music, and then a man could get the price of music, and then a man could get some quiet and comfort out of life,"

To Restore Rubber Rings for Caus. The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from truit cans sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: one part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes; but trequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

To Temper Lamp Chimneys, A Leipsic journal gives a me hod which, it asserts, will prevent lamp chimneys from cracking. The treatment will not only render lamp chimneys, tumblers, and like articles more durable, but may be applied with advantage to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc. The chimneys, tumblers, etc., are put into a pot filled with cold water, to which some common table salt has been added, the some common table salt has been added; the water is well boiled over a fire and then allowed to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed they will be found to resist, afterward, any sudden changes of

Fashionable Mantle All the fashionable mantles of the sea All the fashionable mantles of the season have this particular trait about them which we must note—that, however long they may be, their back and ironts are comparatively narrow; it is the sleeve which completes the width required to give ease to the movements; it, however, gives it only as far as is ments; it, however, gives it only as far as is strictly necessary, so as to fit to the figure even those mantles which are not tight-fitting. They are all more or less in the shape of the Grande visite, high-necked, with a thick ruching as a finish. Several of these mantles are made of two different materials, and, what is more, very often of two different colours—the back and front of plain material, the sleeves of brocaded or figured tissue.

consolidate a firm and regular system of character, that which tends to form a friend, character, that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education not that which is made up of shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes tastes, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, and trains to self-denial—that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions to the love and fear of God.

It Is No Great Wonder. No wonder so many bright, pretty girls develop into faded, worn out, nervous women. A woman cannot be a mother, a kitchen drudge, laundress, seamstress, dairy-maid, and all other kinds of maid, and retain her good looks and happy disposition very ong, even if she had a good supply to start with, and I never see a vinegary-laced, fretful woman, with a faded-out expression, that I do not come to the conclusion instantly that she has been overworked. And I do not wonder that so many tired out creatures long to "pull the cover et of green grass and daisies" over them, and take their last, long rest.

Progressive Women, Woman, lovely woman, established the first daily paper in the world in Load in, 1702. Members of the fair sex have also filled the office of bank pres dent with dign ty and discretion. The Western States annually present for respectful admiration the fragile, beautiful young girl, who unaided, save by a patient and bony mule, has planted and cultivated a stupendous area of land, and eventually harvested the crops with celerity and vigour. The woman of to-day is ambitious. She would invade the sa red interior of the pilot-house, and, seizing the spokes with firm grasp, guide the wayward Mississippi steamboat in its tortuous path. She would also be a conductor on the horse cars, and yearns for a similar po ition on steam roads. It must be confessed that for the last named occupation she possesses advantages Woman, lovely woman, established the named occupation she possesses advantages which should not be ignored. She is not

notoriously very much so.

Wonderful, if True. Ladies who are credulous enough to be lieve that it is possible to stay the march of time, and who cannot consent to grow old with good grace, will perhaps provide themselves with the latest invention for the tollette table, namely, the "youth and beauty-giving mirror," advertised by a Parisian speculator in female folly. He has, of course, "consulted ancient documents," which have revealed to him a secret which he has turned to account in the interest of the fair sex. Purchasers of his marvellous mirrors, prepared according to the secret process revealed by those mysterious documents he has been studying, are assured that, by the simple act of looking at their faces in them, they will grow more youthful in ap earance and more beautiful. How long the glass which works such wonders need be consulted every day is not stated; but the advertiser affirms that he "exaggerates nothing" as to the results ob-tained by constant use, stipulating only that brunettes order the beautifying mirror specially designed for dark women, and blondes that intended for fair women. Very likely he will find a sale for his goods, and perhaps, all things considered, since there are ladies who, by their credulity, aid and abet in im postures of this nature, it is preferable and less harmful to sit for a few hours looking in a mirror than to cover the skin with cosme tics and perpetual-youth c mpounds that are frequently, if not always, injurious.

High Heeled Boots.

The Londou Lancet, which is a high medical and anatomical authority, has this to say in regard to the evil effects of wearing high heeled boots:—

The evils of the high heeled boots or shoes are due to the fact that it is an essentially badly fitting article. It is made in defiance of the relation which it ought to bear to the anatomy of the foot, and to the direction in which the pressure of the body weight falls upon the latter. Hence the peculiarly cramped walk of ladies of the present day. Any

ed walk of ladies of the present day. Any one may observe the consequences of the "advanced position," nearly under the instep, and the increased height of heel, in the substitution of a forward inclination of the body, and a trip suggestive in a measure of the stumbling gait for the upright carriage and the free and graceful swinging movement natural to the leg in walking. The boot or shoe, in order that it may not shift on the foot, which has lost much of its usual purchase of direct downward pressure, must hold has lost much of its usual pur-chase of direct downward pressure, must hold it firmly and even tightly, and in particular it is necessarily constructed so as to hold with undue firmness just above the back of the heel. With some persons, perhaps, no inconvenience results, with others who have fine skins chafing is readily produced. This is in itself a trifle, but it may nevertheless be the short beginning. is in itself a trifle, but it may nevertheless be the slight beginning of graver trouble. Probably there is no practitioner fairly long ac-quainted with town practice who cannot recall a case or cases in which extensive inflammation of the leg with abscess formation has follow-ed even such a slight abrasion, and the exciting cause when looked for was discovered in the patient's shoe. There have been even instances, fortunately rare, but still occasional, where the abcesses arising round some neglected trifle of this kind have ended fatally. These are facts which cannot be denied, and

should not be overlooked. What is the etiquette, or is it considered an impropriety for a married lady to accept gifts of flowers from, 1st, a bachelor male acquaintance; 2nd, from a married man; ard, from a widower, whether intimate friends or mere acquaintances? How would the same questions apply as respects accepting an offer of a sleigh drive, a ride on horse-

back, or complimentary or other tickets to p aces of public entertainment, such as con-certs, theatres, &c. ?—W

[No inflexible rule can be laid down as ap-[No inflexible rule can be laid down as applying to the above cases. The propriety or impropriety would depend upon the degree of acquaintance or friendship existing not alone between the wife and her friend, but between the husband and the friend. With the permission of the husband there would be no impropriety on the part of the wife in accepting a gift of flowers or accepting a sleigh ride. Without such permission an act, however innocent in itself, becomes at once an impropriety.]

A vote of the members and adherents of Knox church, Galt, will be taken on the organ



SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fur, Marigold, Clover Blossom, Etc.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Tasta and Hearing, Count, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing.

IS THE CET of A perfect banishes Pain. A perfect battery combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents, It-annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strongthens Tired Muscles, preparable in the perfect banks of the perfect banks of

AGRICULT

We will always be pleased of enquiry from farmers on ing agricultural interests, a given as soon as practicable POULTRY EXHIBIT

Mr. W. F. James, of

writes to the Poultry Review the treatment he received a N. Y. Madison Square exh his statement there is every that the birds forwarded by bition were unfairly dealt says he shipped a pair of h Rocks to New York, and as turned is promptly as he municated by telegraph wit the association. Notwith three separate telegrams ceived until the expiration he was informed by letter i eral had died in a fit, and t sent to some other party.
contained the information died on the first day of even then before the jud As the birds sent for exh ones, and likely to be clo high honours, probably su hibited, the natural infere James is that the cockerel is to be hoped the New will cause a strict investi into this matter, for if some to establish confidence in it tors will be forced, in self the tempting batts of fine run the risk of losing their l

CHEESE AND BUTTE

The Dominion House C

migration and Colonization and examined Prof. L. B. known dairy specialist, ject of Canadian dairyi nation brought out of valuable information the present condition of c manufacture and the prospe the prices obtained, and the American and Canadian dai Liverpool markets. He st years Canadian cheese has r that of the United States, petition with them for generally been the winner imate too, while somewh ter for the production of a confeculent feed and pure summer season than tha States. He believed that t of the country furnished the with proper care and feed, most money was to be mad ing butter and skim milk A hearty vote of thanks Arnold at the close of the the valuable information h

committee. "HAIRY" H

Mr. Grenny, of Brantfo the item in last week's in subject furnishes, the foll He says "hairy" hens is a but the birds meant are or Japanese Silkies, and hav neighbourhood for several smail, white fowls with mu odd and grotesque. They are excellent setters. Their hair. For pet chickens they

CROSSES IN PO

Last week were given made by " Queenston Heig in ormation regarding the fowls, and the advisabili authority on poultry matt lowing :-In your answer to "Que agree in the main, but the c (Brahma on Houdan, and Brahma,) are of no benefit production. In fact no cro yet of any benefit, except quality of the fowl for table Spanish are too tender in

winter layers. It is as eashed fowls as mixed ones, tainly kept with greater pr tion to the owner than who make the most success not keep many kinds. Or are always handled with r more kinds. If a person w best reputation, the most the finest fowls iet him be [The last sentence may from a breeder's point of fowls are kept for eggs as certainly incline to the opi

be necessary to keep more

PLYMOUTH R In our issue of February asked for the distinguishin lence of P. R. fowls, which able to give to our own sat doubts on certain points. of the Indiana Farmer th peared on the subject :-"The head of the Plyma be of medium size; beak bri and curved at point; comt single; wattles and ear hackle abundant, and free or black feathers; back is broad and full; thighs co feathers; shorks being the property of the feathers; shanks bright vall over bluish-grey crossed blue. Among the disquali thered legs or legs of off ce any colour but red, white sp back, and red or brass colo

addle or neck." REPRODUCTIVE POWE DUNNVILLE.—I have a stalli old. When he was two years and one testicle had to be re still be all right for producing be of as much service as if he

No. He may possibly get POULTRY WA MORPETH—Will you please of some persons who have purangshans, Black Spanish and oblige.

F. J. Grenny, Brantford, pedigreed fowls of some of mention. Correspond with

BOG SPAVI

PRINCE EDWARD,—I have a old, that has pulls on the from an the gambrel joints, which never lame or stiffen its legs. If you can, what causes, and them? The cause of spavins are

analy they result from hard work, &c., and someting. Apply a cantharadine puffy enlargements, and a act allow the colt to run on harnyand or the colt to run on harnyand or the colt to run on harnyand or the colt to run on arnyard or a large box stal LAMINITI

GOWRIE.—I have a mare I toreloot. Standing quiet she tranced eight or ten inches, it the toe resting on the ground in the foot, but pressing in the sauses pain. There is no work that a hammer the quarter of side of the frog. Will you ple side of the frog. Your mare is suffering