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E.S," Mrs. Rintoul, "the Bishop will be here on the 10th and as the missionary meeting opens at 8 o'clock we must begin tea at six precisely. Now I do hope you and Colonel Rintoul will

Mrs. Rintoul answered not quite to the point as she advanced to greet a new comer.

"Oh certainly, we shall be delighted. How do you do, Mrs. Prendergast? Oh must you go, Mrs. Stinchcombe? Well *good bye*," and she tried to drown a tone of relief by an accent of intense cordiality.

A hearty farewell commonly sounds suspicious but Mrs. Stinchcombe was so occupied in maintaining a dignified unconsciousness of Mrs. Prendergast's presence that she got up enough of the feeling to include everything else until safely outside the front door.

"Dear me, Mrs. Prendergast," said her hostess as she relapsed into her easy chair, "I fear Mrs. Stinchcombe's sight is failing fast. How stupid of people not to wear glasses when they know their advancing years make no excuse necessary." "Yes, indeed;" assented Mrs. Prendergast, "through really Mrs. Stinchcombe's eyes look particularly sharp. However, I just ran over to tell you, Mrs. Rintoul, that Mr. Wilkinson asked me this morning to put the Bishop up when he makes his Visitation next week. And I thought it

not disappoint me, as our party will be small, but very select you know, Mrs. Rintoul, very select, as is only proper considering the occasion." Mrs. Stinchcombe emphasized the latter part of her sentence by drawing her lips rather tighter than usual and focussing her breath upon sibilants till her speech sounded like an exercise for lispers. As while uttering the words she rose to go, a slight turn of her shoulder from the direction of the doorway seemed to hint that the extra distinctness was not wholly unintentional.