

Mr. Holt had only a few minutes wherewith to visit a friend in one of the obscure streets of the city in a mean-looking house, made known to him by the coming out of children bearing school satchels. A gentleman with semi-military air, wearing his hat somewhat jauntily on top of a bloated face and figure, met them as he emerged from a side street, and, paternally patting their heads, called them 'little dears;' and, from his seedy dress and unoccupied manner, it was not hard to perceive that he must still be unsuccessful in his search after the employment to suit him.

Whether Edith's suited her or not was a question her friend would fain have asked, when he saw the tired look and dull eye after her morning's work. Captain Armytage observed that he had frequently wished her to take holidays—in fact, had done everything short of exercising his paternal authority; which perhaps he ought to have used on the occasion. In fact, he had thoughts of removal to Toronto; the air of Montreal evidently did not agree with either of the girls, eh? It is to be noticed that Jay stood by, having suddenly shot into a slender shy girl, very efficient over the smallest pupils.

Mr. Holt was cordially pleased when Captain Armytage made many apologies for not remaining longer; the fact was, he had a business appointment; and herewith he whispered to his daughter, who gave him something from her pocket. Mr. Holt fancied it was money.

She knew of the approaching marriage of his sister Bell, to attend which he had hastened home; and knew, also, that some of the Cedar Creek household would be there. Sinewy athlete as Sam Holt was, he could not frame his lips to ask whether Linda might