QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

Anna, too, was all eagerness to "get out of the vile thing and be somebody," as she expressed it, and so the bargain was closed, and Mrs. Lydia was to retire at once into the privacy and respectability of private life; the obnoxious sign was to be taken from the front window, and Miss Anna was to be merely the daughter of a grocer, which she considered quite an ascent in the social scale. Mrs. Lydia did not wish to sell her house, nor Queenie to buy it, for though it was rather modern in style and well enough looking, there was nothing about it to indicate either taste or culture in its inmates. The grass was coarse and full of weeds, the yard was small and void of shade, except for the elm tree which grew outside the gate, and there were scarcely any flowers to be seen, except a clump of poppies and some four-o'clocks, which flourished in spite of neglect. Mrs. Lydia was too busy to bother with flowers or yards, her husband had no taste for it, and Anna was too much afraid of soiling her hands.

"Needle pricks were bad enough, and she was not going to blacken and roughen her hands with dirt," she said, and so the yard was utterly neglected, and, as Queenie thought, had in it no poetry, no sentiment—nothing like Margery, who was better suited to a charming little cottage on Maple Avenue, which she heard was for sale, and whose owner she swooped down upon like a little hurricane, asking what his terms were, and if he would vacate at once.

"You see, I want to get him out immediately, for I mean to make it just like a palace for Margery," she said to her grandmother, who tried to restrain the reckless girl, telling her she was going on at a ruinous rate, and that of herself she could not transact business until she was of age.

"But Mr. Beresford can transact it for me, and I shall be of age in the spring, and I shall have it," she said; and she took Mr. Beresford by storm, and compelled him to make an arrangement whereby the cottage and her aunt's business came into her possession.

Then she wrote to her friend:

"You Dear old Darling Margery:—I do know just how surprised and glad you were to hear that I was in America, for wasn't I just as glad to know that my cousins' Margery was mine—my old precious, whom I love best of anybody in the world, now papa is dead. It is just like a story, isn't it—our being together in America? And, Margie, my grandmother is not that English duchess I used to talk so much about, but a real, live Yankee woman, of the very Yankiest kind, red, and fat, and good, and calls me Rennet, and wears purple gloves—or she did until I coaxed her into some black ones, which she thinks are not very dressy. And you will like her ever so much, and you are coming to Merrivale to live at once, now, right away. So, pack up your things as soon as you read this. I have bought that business for you of Mrs. Ferguson, who is my aunt, or rather the wife of my mother's brother; and she has a daughter Anna, who is my cousin, and very stunning and swell. That last is slang, which I have learned in America of Phil, who is another cousin, and a Ferguson, too; or rather, his mother is, which is the same thing. There are a great many Fergusons, you see; but then there are Fergusons, and Fergusons. But you will learn all this when you come. I have a pretty little cottage engaged, with a bit of fresh greensward in front, and the loveliest, old-fashioned garden at the side, with June pinks, and roses, and tiger-lilies, and a nice bed of tansy. I like tansy, don't you? There was a patch of it at dear old Chateau des Fleurs. Then there are two front rooms for the work, and a sitting and dining room back, with the kitchen, and three chambers communicating with each other. One of these I shall fit up with blue for you; it will just suit your lovely complexion and eyes; the other is scarlet, for your mother, who is dark; and the third—well, that is to be mine when I stay with you nights, as I intend doing often. But I can't have the same color as your mother, so I shall take pink, which will make me look just like a—a—nigger. That's another word I caught from Phil. I wish he would come back. Tell him so please.

"And now, Margery, won't you come as soon as you can? And don't go to acting silly about my getting the cottage and business for you. It is only a little bit of payment on the big sum I owe you for that sacrifice you were ready to make for me. How well I remember that day, and how plainly I can see your face as white as paper, and your eyes so pitiful and appealing as they looked at me, and yet so full of love. And I, the coward, shut my eyes, and clenched my fists, and said to myself just as fast as I could, 'Nasty beast! nasty beast!' till the first blow fell, which hurt me more than it did you, for it cut right into my conscience, and there has been a little smart there ever since, while your dear hand is just as white and fair as if that vile old man's ferrule had never reddened and wounded it. Splendid old Margery! I want to hug you this minute!

"And now—oh, Margie, don't think I have forgotten papa, because I have not said more of him; for I haven't, and there is a thought of him and a little moan in my heart for him all the time. No matter what I'm doing, or how gay I seem, I never forget that he is dead, and that there is nobody to love me now but you, who seem so near to me, because you knew the old life at home now gone forever. Answer at once, and say when I may expect you."

To this letter Margery replied within a few days, thanking Queenie for her generous interest, but saying she could not accept so much from her; she should come to Merrivale with her mother as soon as they could arrange matters where they were, but she should insist upon paying rent for the cottage, and also upon paying for the business.

"I can do that in a short time," she wrote, "if I have work, and I shall be happier to be independent even of you, my darling. Besides, I do not think the Rossiters and Fergusons would like you to do so much for a stranger. I am nothing to them, you know, except their dressmaker——'.

"I think her a very sensible girl. I could not respect her if she were willing to receive so much from you," Mr. Beresford said, when Queenie read him Margery's letter; whereupon Queenie flew into a passion, and said he did not understand—did not appreciate the nature of the friendship between herself and Margery; adding that she should never tell Margery how much she paid her Aunt Lydia, and that she would never take any rent—never! and she should furnish the house herself.

And she did, and, with Phil to help her after he came, she accomplished more at the cottage and at Hetherton place than any ten ordinary women could have accomplished in the same length of time. Every day she managed to spend two or three hours at the cottage, which, with plenty of money and perfect taste, was soon transformed into a little gem of a house. It is true there was nothing expensive in the way of furniture, except the upright Steinway, which Queenie insisted upon; but everything was so well chosen and so artistically arranged, that the whole effect was like a lovely picture, and the villagers went to see it, and commented upon it, and wondered what this Margery could be that Miss Hetherton was doing so much for her.

"She is only a dressmaker, after all," Miss Anna said, with a toss of her golden head, as she sat in what had been her mother's work room entertaining a visitor and discussing the expected Margery.

Anna had lost no time in removing the sign from the window, and had even carried out her threat of splitting and burning it up, thinking thus to wipe out a past which she foolishly thought had been a disgrace, because of her mother's honest labor. The workroom, too, had been dismantled of everything pertaining to the obnoxious dressmaking, and Mrs. Lydia, deprived of her occupation, found the time hanging heavily upon her hands, for she had no taste for housekeeping, and could not at once interest herself in it Besides, she missed the excitement of the people coming in and going out, and missed the gossip they brought, and almost every hour of her life repented that to gratify her daughter she had been persuaded to give up her business and set up for a lady.

Anna, on the contrary, enjoyed it immensely, and held her head a good deal higher, and frizzed her hair more than ever, and wore her best dresses every day, and spoke slightingly of Margery La Rue as only a dressmaker, and told half a dozen of the neighbors, confidentially, that she thought her cousin Reinette fast and queer, though she supposed it was the French of her, to go on as she did, with Phil and Mr. Beresford, both of whom were making fools of themselves. For her part she could see nothing attractive in her whatever, except that she was bright, and witty, and small, and tall men, as a rule, liked little women. To Queenie herself, however, she was sweetness itself, and as the latter never heard of her ill-natured remarks, there was a show of friendship between the two girls, and Anna was frequently at Hetherton Place, where the envy of her nature found ample food to feed upon, as she co trasted Reinette's surroundings with her own.

"Oh, if I were only rich, how I would pay people off," she thought, and then she redoubled her attentions to Mr. Beresford, who, though he had never been within her reach, drifted further and further away as he became more and more interested in the little lady of Hetherton.

CHAPTER XX.

ARRIVALS IN MERRIVALE.

For three or four years Merrivale had boasted of a weekly paper, and in the column of "Personals" the citizens read one Thursday morning that the Rossiters were coming home on Friday, and that Mrs. and Miss La Rue, the French ladies who were to succeed Mrs. Ferguson in her business, were also expected on that day. Everybody was glad the Rossiters were coming, for Merrivale was always gayer and brighter when they were home, as they were hospitable people, and entertained a great deal of company. Usually they brought guests with them, but this time no one was coming, Phil said, except a cousin of his father's—an old bachelor, who rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Lord Seymour Rossiter, though to do him justice he usually signed himself Major L. S. Rossiter, as he had once been in the army. He was very rich, Phil said, and rather good-looking, and he laughingly bade Queenie be prepared to surrender at once to his charms. But Queenie cared little for Lord Rossiter, or any other lord just then. All her thoughts and interests were centered in the one fact that Margery was coming, and she spent the whole of Friday morning at the cottage seeing that everything was in readiness, and literally filling it with flowers from her garden and greenhouse.

"I wish her to have a good first impression," she said to Phil, who was with her as she inspected the rooms for the last time before going home to the early dinner she had ordered that day, so as to be at the station in time.

The train was due at six o'clock, and a few minutes before the hour, the Rossiter carriage with Phil in it, and the Hetherton carriage with Reinette in it, drew up side by side at the rear of the depot.

Reinette was full of excitement and expectation, and made a most lovely picture in her black dress of some soft, gauzy material, with knots of double-faced scarlet and cream ribbons twisted in with the bows and loops of satin—a scarlet tip on her black hat, and a mass of white illusion wound round it and fastened beneath her chin with a cluster of beautiful pansies.

Phil thought her perfectly charming as she walked restlessly up and down the platform waiting for the first sound which should herald the approaching train. It came at last—a low whistle in the distance, growing gradually louder and shriller until the train shot under the bridge, and the great engine puffed and groaned a moment at the station and then went on its way, leaving two distinct groups of people to be stared at by the lookers-on. One, the Rossiters and the middle-aged, band-boxy-looking man, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with eye-glasses on his nose and a little slender cane in his hand, which he twisted nervously, while, with the other members of his party, he looked curiously at the second group farther down the platform—the three French ladies, who spoke their native tongue so volubly and were so demonstrative and expressive in their gestures and tones. Mrs. La Rue was in black, with a strange expression on her face and in her glittering eyes as she watched the two young girls.

The moment Margery alighted, Reinette had precipitated herself into her arms, exclaiming:

"You dear old precious Margie! you have come at last," while kiss after kiss was showered upon the fair faced girl, whose golden hair gleamed brightly in the sunlight, and whose blue eyes were full of tears as she returned the greeting.

Suddenly remembering Mrs. La Rue, Queenie turned toward her, and, offering her ..., very cordially, utterly ignored the fact she had ever seen her before by saying:

"I think you are Mrs. La Rue, and I am happy to meet you, because you bring me Margie."

"Thanks. You are very kind," Mrs. La Rue replied, with a tone which a stranger might have thought cold and constrained but for the face, which had something eager and almost hungry in its expression, as the great black eyes were riveted upon Queenie, whose hand the woman held in a tight, close clasp until it was wrenched away, as the girl turned next to the Rossiters.

"Wait, Margie," she said, in passing. "Our carriage is here, and I am going to take you to your new home."

Then hurrying on, she came up to her aunt, and cousins, and the major, who had been watching her curiously, and mentally commenting upon her.

"Quite too much sentiment and gush for me. I like more manner; more dignity," he thought, while Mrs. Rossiter saw only her sister's child, and Ethel and Grace felt a little disappointed with regard to the beauty, of which they had heard so much.

But when she came toward them, her head erect, her cheeks flushed, and eyes shining like diamonds, and seeming almost to speak as they danced, and laughed and sparkled, they changed their minds, and when the great tears came with a rush as she threw herself into Mrs. Rossiter's arms, exclaiming, "Oh, auntie, I am going to love you so much and you must love me with all my faults, for I've neither father nor mother now," they espoused her cause at once, and never for a moment wavered in their allegiance to her. Giving each of them a hand, and kissing them warmly, she said, laughingly:

"You are all alike, aren't you? tall and fair, and blue-eyed—so different from me, who am nothing but a little black midget."

"That's the Ferguson of us," Phil said, with a meaning smile, which brought a flush to his sisters' cheeks, and made Queenie laugh, as she retorted:

"I wish I were a Ferguson then, if that would make me white."

"A deuced pretty girl, after all," the major thought, as she beamed on him her brightest smile when Phil introduced her, and then the parties separated, and returning to Margery, Queenie lead her in triumph to the carriage, while Mrs. La Rue followed after them.

"Do you remember the first time you ever rode with me?" she said to Margery as the carriage went slowly up the long hill which lead from the station to the town.

"I surely can never forget it, for all the happiness I have ever known dates from that ride," Margery said, and Reinette continued:

"How little we thought then that we should one day meet in America, and that I should be as glad to see you as if you were my sister;" and she reached forward and gave Margery's hand a loving squeeze, by way of emphasis.

Mrs. La Rue's black gauze vail was drawn closely over her face, but both girls caught a sound like a suppressed sigh, and turning to her, Margery said:

"I believe mother is homesick, and pining for France; she seems so low spirited."

"Oh, I hope not. America is a great deal better than France, and Merrivale is best of all," Queenie said, glancing at Mrs. La Rue, and noting for the first time how pale and tired she looked, noticing, too, that she was all in black, though not exactly in mourning.

"She has lost some friend, perhaps," she thought, and then chatted on with Margery, unmindful of the woman who leaned wearily back among the soft cushions of the luxurious carriage—Frederick Hetherton's carriage, in which she was riding with his daughter and her.

Of what was she thinking?—the tired, sad woman, as the carriage wound up the hill, across the common, past the church where Margaret Ferguson used to say her prayers, and past the yellowish-brown house which Queenie pointed out as her Aunt Lydia's, and where, on the door-step, arrayed in blue and white muslin, with a knot of black lace at her throat, Anna sat fanning herself, rejoicing that she was now a grocer's daughter. It would be hard to fathom her thoughts, which were straying far back over the broad, dark gulf which lay between the present and the days of her girlhood. And yet nothing escaped her, from Anna Ferguson on the door-step to the handsome house and grounds at the knoll, which Queenie said was her Aunt Rossiter's house; but when at last the cottage was reached, and she alighted from the carriage, she was so weak and faint that Margery led her into the house, and even Queenie was alarmed at the death-like pallor of her face, and stood by her while Margery hunted through the bags for some restorative.

"You are very tired, aren't you?" Queenie said, kindly, to her, at the same time laying her hand gently upon her head, for her bonnet had been removed.

At the touch of those cool, slender fingers and the sound of the pitying voice, Mrs. La Rue gave way entirely, and grasping both Queenie's hands, covered them with tears and kisses; then, slipping from her chair and kneeling before the astonished girl, she grasped her dress, and said:

"Forgive me, Queenie, and let me call you once by that pet name; let me kneel before you, and—and thank you for all you have done for us—for Margery and me. God bless you, Queenie! God bless you!"

"Mother, mother, pray get up; you frighten Miss Hetherton!" Margery said, coming quickly forward, and guessing, from the expression of Queenie's face, that so much demonstration was distasteful to her. "You are tired and nervous; let me take you up stairs," she continued, as she led the unresisting woman to her room, where she made her lie down upon the couch, and then went back to Queenie, who was standing in the door-way and beating her little foot impatiently, as she thought:

"I wonder what makes that woman act so? The first time I ever saw her she stared at me as if she would eat me up; and just now there was positively something frightful in her eyes as she looked up at me; and she on her knees before me, too, as if she could not thank me standing, as Margery does. They are so unlike; and much as I love the daughter, I cannot love the mother."

Just here Margery appeared, apologizing for her mother, who, she said, was wholly overcome with all Queenie's kindness to them.

"Yes, I know. I do it for you," Queenie said a little petulantly, for she did not care at all if Margery knew of her aversion to her mother.

It was time now for her to go if she would see her cousins, and promising Margery to look in upon her in the morning and bring her a pile of dresses which needed repairing, she entered her carriage, and was driven to the Knoll, where the family were just sitting down to supper.

Taking a seat with them, Queenie talked, and laughed, and sparkled, and shone, until the room seemed full of her, and the bewildered major could have sworn there were twenty pairs of eyes flashing upon him instead of one while Ethel and Grace held their breath and watched her as the expression of her bright face changed with every new gesture of her hands and turn of her head.

"She is so bright and beautiful, and different from anything we ever saw," they thought, while Mrs. Rossiter, though no less fascinated than her daughters, was conscious of a feeling of disappointment because she could discover no resemblance to her sister in her sister's child. She was unmistakably a Hetherton, though with another, a foreign look in her dark face and wonderful eyes which puzzled Mrs. Rossiter as she sat watching her with constantly increasing interest, and listening to her gay badinage with Phil and the major, the latter of whom seemed half afraid of her, and was evidently ill at ease when her eyes alighted upon him.

Supper being over Reinette arose to go, saying to her aunts and cousins:

"I shall expect you to dine with me tomorrow at six o'clock. It is to be a family party, but Major Rossiter is included in the invitation. I am going now to ask grandma and Aunt Lydia. Will you go with me, Phil.

They found grandma Ferguson weeding her flower borders in front of her house, with her cap and collar off, and her spotted calico dress open at the throat.

"It was too hot to be harnessed up with fixin's," she said, and when Reinette, who did not like the looks of her neck, suggested that a collar or ruffle did not greatly add to one's discomfort in warm weather and gave a finish to one's dress, she replied: "Law, child, it don't matter an atom what I wear. Everybody knows Peggy Ferguson," Reinette gave a little deprecating shrug and then delivered her invitation, which was accepted at once, grandma saying, "she should come early so as to have a good visit before dinner, though she presumed Mary and the gals wouldn't be there till the last minit."

Reinette gave another expressive shrug, and declining her grandmother's offer of "spoons or any kind of garden sass she might want for dinner," drove next to her Aunt Lydia's, where she found that lady seated in the parlor with a tired look on her face as if doing nothing did not agree with her. "She'd enough sight rather work her fingers off and know she was earnin' money than to be sittin' round like this," she said a dozen times to Anna, who enjoyed the sitting round, and whom Reinette found drumming the old worn-out piano which, having been second-hand when it was bought, was something dreadful to hear.

"Oh, Phil, you here?" she said, turning on the music stool. "I was going by and by to see the girls. I hope they are well. Who was that daudyish looking old man with them, sitting up as straight as a ramrod, with eye-glasses on his nose? Have they picked up a beau somewhere?"

Phil explained that the dandyish-looking old man was his father's cousin, Major Lord Seymour Rossiter, from New York, where he had for twenty years occupied the same rooms at the same hotel.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of him; rich as a Jew, and an old bach," Anna said. "Yes, I'll come to dinner, Queenie, and mother, too, I suppose, but I've no idea you'll get father there—he doesn't like visiting much."

In her heart Reinette cared but little whether her uncle came or not. His presence would add nothing to her dinner; but something in Anna's manner awoke within her a spirit of opposition, and sent her to the grocery where her Uncle Tom sold codfish, and molasses, and eggs, and where she found him in his shirt-sleeves, seated upon a barrel outside the door, smoking a tobacco pipe. He did not get up, nor stop his smoking, except as he was obliged to take his pipe from his mouth while he talked to Reinette, who gave him the invitation, and urged his acceptance as warmly as if the success of her dinner depended upon it.

"He was much obliged to her," he said, "but he didn't think he should go. He wasn't used to the quality, and hadn't eaten a meal of victuals outside his own house in years, except at Thanksgivin' time, when he had to go to his mother's."

"And that's just the reason you'll come to-morrow," Queenie said, coaxingly. "It is my first family party, and you will not be so uncivil as to refuse. I shall expect you without fail," and with a smile and flash of her eyes, which stirred even staid Tom Ferguson a little, Reinette drove away, saying to Phil, who was going to ride home with her and then walk back to the Knoll. I hope he will come, for I could see that Anna did not wish him to. Such airs as she has taken on since she split up that sign and quit the business, as she terms it! Does she suppose it is what one does which makes the lady? Oh, Phil, why is there such a difference between people of the same blood? There's your mother, as cultivated and refined as if she had been born a princess, and there's Anna, and grandma, and Uncle Tom——— Is it American democracy? If so, I'm afraid I don't like it;" and, leaning back in the carriage, Reinette looked very sober, while Phil said, good-humoredly.

"In rebellion against the Fergusons again, I see. It will never do to go against your family; blood is blood, and there's no getting rid of it, or of us."

"I have no wish to be rid of you, but I may as well confess it, I do wish mother had been somebody besides a Ferguson," Reinette replied; then added laughingly: "Don't think me a monster—I can't help the feeling; it was born in me, and father fostered it; but I am trying to overcome it, you see, for haven't I invited them all to dinner? You must come early, Phil—very early, so as to help me through."

Phil promised, and as they had reached Hetherton Place by this time, and it was beginning to grow dark, he bade her good-night, and walked rapidly back to the Knoll.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DINNER.

True to her promise, Reinette drove round to see Margery the next morning, and carried a pile of dresses which scarcely needed a stitch, but which she insisted should be changed, as she knew Margery needed work. She found her friend well and delighted with the cottage, which suited her in every particular. Mrs. La Rue, too, was very calm and quiet, and only spoke to Reinette when spoken to, until the latter, in speaking of Hetherton Place and how lonely she was there at times, especially in the evening, when Phil was not with her, said:

"I am going to hunt up my old nurse, who was with mother when she died. She is alive, I am sure, and somewhere in England or France. I shall have her come to live with me."

Mrs. La Rue was standing with her back to Reinette, picking the dead leaves from a pot of carnations, but she turned suddenly, and facing the girl, said quickly:

"Better leave the nurse where she is; you will be happier without her."

"I don't know why you should say that," Reinette retorted, in a tone which showed her irritation that Mrs. La Rue should presume to dictate; "you certainly can know nothing of Christine Bodine."

"Of course not, but I know that old nurses do not often add to the happiness of young ladies like you, so leave her alone; do not try to find her," Mrs. La Rue replied, and there was a ring in her voice like a note of fear which Reinette would have detected had she been at all suspicious.

But she was only resentful and answered, proudly, "I shall certainly find her if I can," with a few directions to Margery with regard to the dresses, she drove away to order some necessary articles for her dinner, which she meant to make a success, if substantials and delicacies, and silver and cut glass, and flowers and the finest linen could make it so. As the new summer house on the plateau was not yet completed, the table was laid on the broad piazza overlooking the river and town beyond, and everything was in readiness by the time Grandma Ferguson arrived, for true to her promise, she came early, and in her sprigged muslin and lavendar ribbons, was fanning herself in the large rocking-chair just as the clock was striking four. She had tried, she said to bring Lydia Ann and Annie with her, but Annie had got some highfalutin' notions about not goin' till the last minit; said it wasn't etiquette, and so she presumed she wouldn't come till the last gun was fired, but if she's Reinette she wouldn't wait for her.

Miss Anna was really putting on a great many airs and talking etiquette to her mother and grandmother until both were nearly crazy. She had been to the Knoll that morning to call upon her cousins, both of whom were struck with the accession of dignity and stiffness in her manner, but never dreamed that the splitting up of the sign had anything to do with it; they attributed it rather to the new and pretty muslin the young lady wore and the presence of Major Rossiter, who was presented to her, and who, with a freak of fancy most unaccountable, surrendered to her at once. The major was fifty, and bald and gray, and near-sighted and peculiar, and though he admired pretty women, he had never been known to pay one more attention than was required of him as a gentleman. He had thought his cousins, Ethel and Grace, very attractive and lady-like and sweet, while Reinette had taken his breath away with her flash and sparkle, but neither of the three had ever moved him as he was moved by Anna's stately manner when she gave him the tip of her fingers and bowed so ceremoniously to him. The major liked a woman to be qoiet and dignified, and Anna's stiffness suited him, and he walked home with her and sat for half an hour in the parlor and talked with her of Europe, which she hoped one day to see, and sympathized with her when she deplored most eloquently the fate which tied her down to a little country place like Merrivale, when she was by nature fitted to enjoy so much. But poverty was a hard master and ruled its subjects with an iron rod, she said, and there were tears in the blue eyes which looked up at the major, who felt a great pity for and interest in this girl so gifted, so dignified and pretty, for he thought her all these, and said to her at parting that he hoped to see her later in the day at Hetherton Place, where he was going with the Rossiters.

After the major left her Anna sat down to think, and the result of the thinking was that though Major Rossiter was old, and tiresome, and fidgety, and not at all like Mr. Beresford or Phil, he was rich and evidently pleased with her, and she resolved that nothing should be lacking on her part to increase his interest in her and make him believe that whatever her surroundings were she was superior to them and worthy to stand on the high places of the land. She was ashamed of her father and mother, especially the former, and when at noon he asked what time the dinner was to come off, she felt a fear lest he might be intending to go as he was. Reinette's eyes and manner when she gave the invitation had done their work with him.

"I really b'lieve the girl wants me to come, odd and homespun as I am," he thought, and he made up his mind to do so, and Anna felt a cold sweat oozing out from her finger tips as she wondered what Major Lord Rossiter would think of him.

"Are you sure you will enjoy it?" she said. "You know how long it is since you have been any where, and Reinette is very particular how her guests comport themselves—foolishly so, perhaps. You cannot eat in your shirt sleeves there, no matter how warm you may be."

"Who in thunder said I wanted to eat in my shirt sleeves," Mr. Ferguson said, dogged, feeling intuitively that his daughter did not wish him to go, and feeling also determined that he would.

And so it happened that simultaneously with the major, in his elegant dinner costume, with his white neck tie and button-hole bouquet, came honest Tom Ferguson, in the suit he had worn to church for at least six years or more, and which was anything but stylish and fashionable. But Tom was not a fashionable man, and made no pretence of being other than he was, but he did not eat in his shirt sleeves or commit any marked blunders at the dinner table, where six or seven courses were served, with Pierre as chief waiter and engineer. Reinette was an admirable hostess, and so managed to make her incongruous guests feel at home, that the dinner was a great success, and the fastidious major, who was seated far away from both grandma and Tom, did not think the less of Anna because of any shortcomings in her father or mother, though he knew they were not like the people of his world. But the Rossiters were, and they were Anna's relations, and she was refined and cultivated, if her parents were not, he thought, for the glamor of love at first sight was over and around him, and Anna was very pretty in her white muslin dress, and very quiet and lady-like, he thought, and when, after the dinner was over, he walked with her upon one of the finished terraces and saw how well she carried herself and how small and delicately-shaped were her hands and feet—for he was one to notice all these things—he began vaguely to wonder how old she was, and what his bachelor friends at the club would say if he should present her to them as his wife. The major was unquestionably attacked with a disease, the slightest symptoms of which he had never before had in his life, and when at last it was time for the guests to leave, and the Hetherton carriage came round to take Grandma Ferguson and Mrs. Lydia and Anna home, he suggested to the latter that she walk with him, as there was a moon and the night was fine.

If there was anything Anna detested it was walking over a dusty dirt road in slippers, and she wore that day a dainty pair with heels so high that her ankles were in danger of turning over with every step. But slippers and dusty highways weighed nothing against a walk with Major Rossiter down the winding hill, between hedges of sweet briar and alder, and across the long causeway, where the beeches and maples met overhead, and the river wound like a silver thread through the green meadows to the westward. Such a walk would be very romantic, and Anna meant to take it if it spoiled a dozen pairs of slippers. So she acceded to the Major's proposition, and the two started together for home, while Phil looked curiously after them and said in an aside to Queenie, "The old chap is hard hit, and if I'm not mistaken Anna will be my Lady Rossiter, and then won't we second-class mortals catch it."

CHAPTER XXII.

MARGERY AND THE PEOPLE.

Margery was a success in Merrivale as a dressmaker, at least. Mrs. Lydia had done very well, it is true. Her work was always neatly finished and her prices satisfactory, but she never went farther from home than Springfield or Worcester, and copied mostly from Butterick and Ehrich, so that there was a sameness and stiffness in her styles wholly unlike the beautiful garments which came from Margery's skilful hands, no two of which were alike, and each one of which seemed prettier and newer than its predecessor, so that in less than two weeks her rooms were full of work, and her three girls busy from morning till night, and she had even proposed to Anna to help her a few hours each day during the busy season. But Anna spurned the proposition with contempt, saying she thanked goodness her day of working for people and being snubbed by them on account of it was over.

When Reinette heard of this she laughed merrily, and went herself into Margery's workshop and trimmed Hattie Granger's wedding-dress with her own hands, and promised to make every stitch of Anna's should she succeed in capturing the major, as she seemed likely to do; but Anna answered saucily that her wedding-dress, if she ever had one, would not be made in the country, and so that point was settled.

From the first Margery's great beauty attracted unusual attention and comment, but upon no one did it produce so great an effect as upon Grandma Ferguson, who first saw the girl the Sunday after her arrival in Merrivale. Reinette had told the sexton to give Miss and Mrs. La Rue a seat with her in the Hetherton pew, describing the ladies to him so there could be no mistaking them. But Margery came alone, and whether it was that the old sexton's mind was intent upon a short, elderly woman in black, or whether something about Margery herself carried him back to the Sundays of long ago, when a girlish figure, as graceful almost as Margery's, used to glide up the aisle to the door of John Ferguson's pew, he made a mistake, and Grandma Ferguson had just settled herself on her soft cushion and adjusted her wide skirts about her, when a rustling sound caught her ear, and turning her head she saw a face which made her start suddenly with a great throb of something like fear as a tall young girl, simply but elegantly attired in black silk and white chip bonnet, with a wreath of lilacs around it, and a scarf of soft illusion lace knotted under her chin, took a seat beside her. Reinette had said to Phil and Anna that Margery was like them, while Mrs. Rossiter had seen something in the French girl's face which puzzled and bewildered her. And grandma saw it, too, and defined it at once, and drew a long, gasping breath as she gazed at the face so like the face of her Mar... ... over the sea. The same delica... ...features, the same heavy eyebrows and long, curling lashes, and more than all the same liquid eyes of blue, as clear and bright as the eyes of children which have seen but a few summers. Who was she, this stranger with Margaret's face and Margaret's turn of the head, grandma asked herself, and forgot to say her prayers or listen to the sermon, as she wondered and watched. Others had seen only a likeness, but the mother who could never forget saw more than that; saw her dead child repeated in this beautiful young girl, who grew restless and nervous under the scrutiny of the eyes she knew were fastened so constantly upon her, and was glad when the sermon was over and she could thus escape them.

Reinette, who occupied the Hetherton pew, had turned once, and seeing where Margery was, had flashed a look of recognition upon her, and the moment church was over she came down the aisle, tossing her head airly and with the strange witchery and magnetism of her smile and wonderful eyes, throwing into the shade the fair blonde whose beauty had been noted and commented upon by the people as something remarkable. And how unlike they were to each other, golden-haired, blue-eyed, rose-tinted Margery, so tall, and quiet, and self-possessed, and dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-faced Reinette, petite and playful, and restless as a bird, with a flash in her brilliant eyes, before which even Margery's charms were for the time forgotten.

"Who is she, Rennet?" grandma whispered, catching her granddaughter's arm as she came near and pointed toward Margery. "Who is she, with a face so like your mother's that for a minute I thought it was my Margaret come back again."

"Like my mother? Oh, I am so glad, for now I shall love her more than ever," Reinette replied; then, touching Margery, she presented her to her grandmother, saying as she did so: "She thinks you look like my mother, and perhaps you do, for I am sure you are more like a Ferguson than I am."

The next day grandma went to the cottage ostensibly to make some inquiries with regard to a dress, but really to see again the girl who was so like her daughter, and who was very kind and gentle with her, and said to her so sweetly:

"I am glad if I am like Mrs. Hetherton, for she was Reinette's mother, and I am sure you will like me for it. I want people to like me."

And in this wish Margery was gratified, for from the first she became very popular and took her place among the best young ladies in town. For this she was in part indebted to Reinette, who insisted that she should be noticed, and who, if she saw any signs of rebellion or indifference on the part of the people, opened her batteries upon the delinquents and brought them to terms at once.

When the grounds were completed at Hetherton Place she gave a garden party, to which all the desirable people in Merrivale were bidden. It was in honor of Margery she said, and she treated the young girl as subject would treat a queen, and made so much of her and talked of her so much that Mr. Beresford said to her at once, as they were standing a little apart from the others, and she was asking if he ever saw any one as beautiful as Margery:

"Yes, Queenie, she is very pretty and graceful and all that, but she cannot have had the training which you did. Her early associates must have been very different from yours, and I am somewhat surprised at your violent fancy for her."

Then Reinette turned upon him hotly, and he never forgot the look of scorn in her blazing eyes, as she said:

"I know perfectly well what you mean, Mr. Beresford, and I despise you for it. Because Margery works—earns her own living—is a dressmaker—you, and people like you, look down upon her from your lofty platform of position and social standing, and I hate you for it; yes, I do, for how are you better than she, I'd like to know. Aren't you just as anxious for a case to work up as she is for a dress to make, and what's the difference, except that you are a man and she a woman, and so the more to be commended, because she is willing to take care of herself instead of folding her hands in idleness. I tell you, Mr. Beresford, you've got to do better, or I'll never speak to you again. There's Margery now, over there by the summer-house, talking with Major Rossiter, and looking awfully bored. Go and speak to her, and get her away, and dance with her. See, they are just forming a quadrille there in the summer-house;" and she pointed to the large, fanciful structure on the plateau, which, with its many-colored lights, was much like the gay restaurants on the Champs d'Elysees in Paris. Indeed the whole affair bore a strong resemblance to the outdoor fetes in France, and the grounds seemed like fairy-land, with the flowers, and flags, and arches, and colored lights, and groups of gayly-dressed people wandering up and down the broad walks and on the grassy terraces, or dancing in the summer-house, near which the band was stationed.

Mr. Beresford never danced; he was too dignified for that, but he carried Margery away from the major, and walked with her through the grounds, and wondered at her refinement and lady-like manners, which sat so naturally upon her. Mr. Beresford was an aristocrat of the deepest dye, and believed implicitly in family and blood, and, as Margery had neither, he was puzzled and bewildered, and greatly interested in her, and thought hers the most beautiful face he had ever seen, excepting Reinette's which stood out distinct among all the faces in the world.

Reinette was at her best that night, and like some bright bird flitted here and there among her guests, saying the right word to the right person, and doing the right thing in the right place, and so managing, that when at a late hour the festivities were at an end, and her guests came to say good-bye, it was no idle fiction or fashionable lie, but the truth they spoke when they assured her that the evening had been the most enjoyable of their lives, and one never to be forgotton.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PERFECTING THEMSELVES IN FRENCH.

That was what Mr. Beresford and Phil were said to be doing during the weeks when they went every day to Hetherton Place. Phil, who had nothing to do, riding over early every morning, and Mr. Beresford, who had a great deal to do, going in the evening, or as early in the afternoon as he could get away from his office. It was not unusual for the two to meet on the causeway, Phil coming from and Mr. Beresford going to the little lady, who bewitched and intoxicated them both, though in a very different way. With Phil, her cousin, she laughed and played, and flirted, and quarrelled—hot, bitter quarrels sometimes—in which she always had the better of Phil, inasmuch as her command of language was greater, and her rapid gestures added point to her sarcasm. But if her anger was the hottest and fiercest, she was always the first to make overtures for a reconciliation; the first to confess herself in error, and she did it so prettily and sweetly, and purred around Phil so like a loving kitten, that he thought the making up worth all the quarreling, and rather provoked the latter than tried to avoid it.

Sometimes, when she was more than usually unreasonable, and aggravating, Phil would absent himself from Hetherton Place for two or three days, knowing well that in the end Pierre would come to him with a note from Queenie begging him to return, and chiding him for his foolishness, in laying to heart anything she said.

"You know I don't mean a word of it, and it's just my awful temper which gets the mastery, and I think you hateful to bother me by staying away when you know how poky it is here without you," she would write, and within an hour Phil would be at her side again, basking in the sunlight of her charms, and growing every day more and more infatuated with the girl, whose eyes were just as bright, and whose smile was just as sweet and alluring when, later on, Mr. Beresford came, more in love, if possible, than Phil, but with a different way of showing it.

Queenie was morally certain that he was either in love with her or would be soon; and she was always a little shy of him, and never allowed the conversation to approach anything like love-making; and if he praised a particular dress and said it was becoming, as he sometimes did, she never wore it again for him, but when she knew he was coming, donned some old-fashioned gown in which she fancied herself hideous.

"If Mr. Beresford would be foolish, it should not be from any fault of hers," she thought, never dreaming that if she arrayed herself in a bag he would still have thought her charming, provided her eyes and mouth were visible.

Ostensibly Mr. Beresford's relations with her were of a purely business nature; for in managing so large an estate there was much to be talked about, and Queenie would know everything, especially with regard to foreign matters.

There were many letters from France, and these she read to Mr. Beresford, who with Phil's help might have made them out; but he brought them religiously to Queenie, who had insisted upon it with a persistence which surprised him, and insisted, too, upon receiving them from him with the seals unbroken and reading them first herself. She had not forgotten her father's dying injunction: "If letters come to me from France burn them unread."

No letters had come to him from any source, proving that he had no friends who cared to know of his welfare; but with a woman's subtle intuition, heightened by actual knowledge, Queenie knew there was something somewhere which she was to ward off if possible, and as it might come in some business letter, she made it a condition that all documents should be brought to her first. As yet, however, everything had been open and clear, and Queenie was beginning to think her fears groundless, when Mr. Beresford brought her one day a letter from Messrs. Polignac & Co., who, among other things, wrote that the money invested with them for the benefit of a certain Christine Bodine had been paid by them to her agent, who had been empowered by her to receive the same. The name of the agent was given and his receipt inclosed, and then M. Polignac wrote:

"I would not advise the young lady to continue her search or inquiries for this woman Bodine, for though we know nothing definite, we suspect much with regard to the nature of her relations with the late Mr. Hetherton. Such things are very common in France, but shocking to most Americans, and a knowledge of them would hurt the daughter cruelly. So we shall make no effort to find the woman, nor shall we answer Miss Hetherton's letter with regard to her, unless greatly pressed to do so."

Reinette was white to her lips as she read this, with Mr. Beresford sitting by and watching her, but she uttered no sound. She merely took a pencil from the table and on a slip of paper wrote the name and address of Christine's agent, which she put into her pocket; then, still keeping the letter from Mr. Beresford, she scratched out every word concerning Christine so effectually that it would be impossible for any one to decipher it much less Mr. Beresford, whose knowledge of the language was so imperfect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANADIAN NEWS.

HUMBERSTONE.

Forty-two teams crossed the canal by pontoon on Sunday in forty-five minutes, and a good business was done the whole day. Besides the regular religious services the Mennonites held their semi-annual meeting.

Messrs. R. Green and Snider have appealed against the passing of the drainage by-law which is under consideration, and have engaged Mr. VanNorman to look after their interests. The council will meet on Saturday, Oct. 2nd, to consider the matter.

The Fair will be held here on the 12th of next month, and will be celebrated with unusual eclat. The Stonebridge band propose inviting the 44th Batt. Band to visit them on that day.

BERLIN.

Stolen clothing, canned fruit, books, coin and a miscellaneous lot of goods have been found concealed in the garret of a Mennonite church near Breslau.

A couple of Berliners seem to be wide awake. Knowing that the fares last Thusday and Friday on the Grand Trunk to Toronto were $1 from Galt, $1.45 from Berlin and $1.50 from Waterloo, and knowing that a big crowd would be sure to go on Friday, they went to Galt and secured 100 tickets for $100, returned to Berlin and sold out at $1.25 to $1.30, thus netting a very neat thing by the speculation.

BRANTFORD.

Butler's sorghum factory will soon be in operation.

Forty thousand bushels of grain were bought by Brantford commission merchants last week.

The Hamilton District camp meeting will be held at Brantford, on the Agricultural grounds, on October 8th.

The Southern Fair was quite successful. Considering.

The show of horses at the Southern Fair was the best ever seen at Brantford.

GUELPH.

The venerable Rev. James Howie has resigned the pastorage of Zion church.

Plants on exhibition at the Central Fair were badly mutilated by people fond of cuttings.

The 1st Provisional Brigade of Artillery is in camp, and the boys are having a good time.

Describing a recent fashionable wedding, the *Herald* says of the bride: "Her wardrobe was magnificent, white tulle veil, wreath orange blossoms (plucked for the auspicious moment); dress composed of corn colored satin with bay windows, surmounted with mansard frillings and tuckings, double lined chain stitched, lap over trimmed with maltese fur, and puffed with crimson plush, upholstered with Japanese silk, and spun cloth, diagonal basket pattern."

HALTON COUNTY.

Mrs. J. W. Thomas, of Nelson, died suddenly last week, of dropsy.

An Acton tinsmith has gone to the United States. There was not protection enough in Canada for him.

W. H. Dorland, of Trafalgar, owns a hog which measures 6 feet 2 inches in girth. And he is a lean hog too.

Caleb Hopkins, ex-M. P., is seriously ill. He has seen 95 summers.

John Mathews, of Kilbride, died suddenly last week.

S. P. Morse, of the Lowville nurseries, is suffering from the effects of a fall down stairs.

The Milton assessment has been fixed at 16 mills, and the amount to be raised by taxation is $4,963.50.

Esquesing fall show at Georgetown October 1.

BRAMPTON.

T. G. Lyons exhibits a potato 9 inches long, and weighing two pounds.

John Snell's sons have shipped thirty five sheep to Kentucky, purchased for exhibition at the State fair of Indiana.

The waterworks proposition seems to be hanging fire.

PARIS.

Paris' assessment rate—11 mills.

Paris boys steal fruit. Extraordinary circumstance!

Rev. Mr. Grant is suffering from injuries received in a buggy accident.

The manufacture of knitting mill needles will be commenced in Paris shortly.

The Council of Brantford township recently offered a fee for each dog killed. One innocent old gentleman lately—far too pure for this world—slew a cur, and, instead of lopping off the tail, carried the carcase bodily before a magistrate and got his cheque. Then taking the body away again he cut off the tail, exhibited it, and got another cheque. Yet once more he tried the venture and this time it was to cut off and present the head—and he got still another cheque! Another spotless youth of ten summers drowned a litter of pups and got $2 apiece for their tails.

ST. THOMAS.

Eighteen or twenty cases of typhoid fever are reported prevalent in the eastern portion of the town, one or two having terminated fatally. Bad water and defective drainage are beginning to make themselves felt.

It is probable that a trial will be made to ass the Scott Act in Elgin county. Negopatious, with that object in view, are now in ti ogress.

prMrs. George Russell, of the 13th concession, Raleigh, noticed a hawk in her barnyard one day last week. She seized hold of a rifle and dispatched the bird at the first shot. The old lady is sixty-seven years of age, and has not had a rifle in her hands for twenty years.

The Rev. Mr. Benson, at the close of the Wednesday evening meeting in the First Methodist church, presented in the name of the congregation, to Mr. Hall, the sexton of the church, two fine chairs as a token of their appreciation of Mr. Hall's services. The resent is valued at $30 to $40.

MILTON.

D. McGibbon, of this town, has purchased the two lots on the east corner of Court and Main streets, from Joseph Martin, for the sum of $350. The price is reasonable, and it is probable that other sales will be effected shortly. Mr. McGibbon intends erecting a fine substantial brick residence, which will, no doubt, be an ornament to that part of the town.

Last Sunday evening a span of horses, belonging to Mr. Robert Mills, attached to a democrat, broke loose in the Knox Presbyterian church shed, and turned round so sharply that one of the wheels was completely smashed.

GUELPH.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss McWilliams, Puslinch, was relieved of a handsome morocco pocket book, containing a sum of money, at the Exhibition grounds. The thief has not been apprehended.

Barney McMahon, a brakeman, was seriously injured at the Grand Trunk freight house on Wednesday afternoon. He was making a coupling in the flour shed, when he was caught sideways between the cars and badly crushed. The train was stopped, and McMahon conveyed into the city as speedily as possible. Dr. Herod examined the sufferer at the passenger station, when it was found that his collar bone had been broken, and that other severe injuries were inflicted in the shape of bruises about the body. McMahon was taken to his home in Toronto on Wednesday evening.

John Moffatt, Nassagaweys, met with a severe accident on Saturday, 18th inst. He was returning from the blacksmith shop at Gomorrah, in that township, when he was thrown from his horse. One foot caught in the stirrup and Mr. Moffatt was dragged along the road for about twenty-five yards, the horse moving at a great speed. Finally, when he managed to disentangle his foot he fell under the horse, which stepped on his thigh, inflicting a severe wound about six inches in length. Soon after the accident the unfortunate man was discovered and conveyed to Dr. Winn's office, Gomorrah, where the injuries were attended to. Mr. Moffatt has since been confined to his bed, but is now progressing favorably.

BARRIE.

Mr. J. Adams, of Creemore, has been committed for trial on a charge of assaulting Conductor Storey, of the Northern Railway, on the 31st ult. Adams, it appears, had taken a seat in a railway parlor car though only having a ticket for one of the ordinary coaches, and refused to resign it, assaulting the conductor and brakesman when they attempted to put him out of the car.

It is in contemplation to re-organize a Philharmonic Society, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, with Mr. J. C. Morgan as director.

There are twenty-five teachers in training at the Barrie Model School.

A mysterious fire was put out in its incipiency at Mr. J. Sweeney's store on Dunlop street on Sunday morning. At 5.30 o'clock Mr. Sweeney's daughter smelt smoke, and on raising an alarm the cause of it was discovered to be some smouldering paper away inside the panelled shop window bottom. A few panels were kicked off and a pail or two of water thrown in, which served as an effectual extinguisher. How the paper accumulated in such a place, and what set fire to it, nobody seems able to at all understand.

TILSONBURG.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Brownsville, occupied the pulpit of the C. M. church on Sunday morning last.

Our drying factory is now employing about forty hands, some of whom are working night and day.

Another drying factory is in progress and will very soon be ready for business. It is the property of Messrs. S. Tilson and Webb.

Mayor Bain and his lady have recently returned from a trip to the Western States—chiefly Minnesota, in which State they spent some days enjoying the healtuful breezes of the West.

That part of the 11th con. of the township of Dereham in the town of Tilsonburg is now being graded and fitted up for travel. Heretofore it has been impassable, but since the erection of the Tilsonburg sugar factory on that street it has become necessary to make it a public road.

Miss Emma Cutler, who for some time has been employed in the Tilsonburg post office is leaving for a better situation in Hamilton. We trust that her estimable business qualities will enable her to secure a situation superior to the one she is leaving, and that the deep regret occasioned by her departure may soon be lessened by the tidings of her success in her new position. Miss Minnie Van Norman succeeds Miss Cutler in the post office.

GALT.

Mr. Wm. McArthur, Councillor of North Dumfries, left on Tuesday last on a trip to Iowa.

Reports were current last week that a serious form of rot had shown itself in the turnip fields of this section.

Mr. Peter Hay, who has been manager of the Galt Edge Tool Works for the past number of years, has resigned his situation. It is his intention to take the next few months to recuperate.

RAILROAD NOTES.

The Stratford *Beacon* says: The managers of the Grand Trunk are determined to get the lion's share of the carrying trade of the north. Following the acquisition of the Stratford & Huron Railway comes the news of the purchase of the Georgian Bay & Wellington Railway. The rails on the Stratford and Huron lines will probably be laid to Palmerston this week, and the line to Durham will be ready for opening within a couple of months afterwards. Arrangements are being made to celebrate these events by the usual demonstrations, first at Palmerston and afterwards at Durham. The Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway having lapsed into a very bad condition, both financially and otherwise, is also likely to be leased by the Grand Trunk, which will then have the carrying trade of the country lying to the north of Stratford in its control.

The Napanee *Beaver* says: The Mill Pointers are in real earnest about railway connection, and experience has shown that when they move in any matter of public enterprise they generally carry it forward to a speedy and successful issue. At a meeting of the village council on Monday it was unanimously resolved to submit a by law to the rate-payers for approval, granting a bonus of $5,000 for the construction of a railway, connecting the village with the Grand Trunk at some point to be mutually agreed upon. Railway connection has become a necessity to the business and future progress of the place. To enable Messrs. Rathbun & Son to successfully operate the grist mill lately completed, and compete with other millers, it is strictly necessary that they have the best shipping facilities, both winter and summer. The expense of carting wheat to the mill, and hauling the flour seven miles to be reshipped, is more than the margin on the business will allow; the other growing industries of the place all demand railway facilities, and the people are determined to have it, and we would be not at all surprised to see the branch under construction this winter, and the line completed early next season. The distance is only three or four miles to connect with the Grand Trunk at a convenient point.

The Toronto & Ottawa Railway Company ask the municipalities along the route for $1,000,0000 in bonuses to assist the enterprise.

Montreal, Sept. 23.—A deputation from the corporation of Ottawa, composed of the Mayor of the city and Ald. Lauzon, interviewed the Hon. Messr. Chapleau and Robertson to-day upon the question of leasing the Occidental Railway to a Toronto capitalist. In answer to their inquiries the Premier gave a precisely similar answer to that received by your correspondent here from a member of the Cabinet and telegraphed to the *Mail* some time ago, namely, that no proposition had been entertained by the Ministry from Mr. Gooderham, or anybody else, for a lease or sale of the line, and that nothing would be done in that direction without first consulting the Legislature. Some conversation ensued about the probability of the railway being absorbed by the Grand Trunk, but both Mr. Chapleau and the Treasurer expressed themselves unmistakably hostile to any such change. Mr. Robertson considered an extension of the Occidental from Ottawa to Toronto a matter of supreme importance to this Province, and hoped it would be carried out at no distant date. An interchange of views upon the central station question in Ottawa also occurred, the Ministers favoring the project.

The traffic on the Great Western Railway of Canada for the week ending 17th September, 1880, was as follows:

Passengers	$47,285 19
Freight and live stock	63,592 57
Mails and sundries	3,391 85
Total	$114,269 61
Corresponding week of last year	94,829 35
Increase	$19,440 26

The Grand Trunk Railway authorities are about to convert their present offices at Port St. Charles into a foundry for casting heavy metals. When the new offices, now in progress at their works are completed, the company will have one of the largest establishments in connection with a railway in this continent.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

—It was only a summer flirtation
That each had enjoyed, with the plan
That the matter should reach consummation
Exactly at where it began.
And yet it gives each of us sorrow
To think we apart hence must roam;
But her husband comes for her to-morrow,
And wife writes to me to come home.

—A young lady at a print store the other day, evidently proud of her erudition, raised her voice to say that the pictures were produced by the "heliotrope process." The smile that travelled over the sea of faces came near being shipwrecked into a vulgar guffaw when a quiet-looking gentleman remarked that the young woman was somewhat flowery in her language.

—An old lady in New Scotland hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

—Wherever Ingersoll lectures, cards inscribed with Scriptural texts are handed to the dispersing audience by agents of the local Young Men's Christian Association.

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We would say to those who wish to purchase any of these articles, to call and examine our material before purchasing elsewhere.

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COUNTY OF PERTH. — THE Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, Stratford. 36

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DR. J. A. BURGESS
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31 A. M. Morrow.

L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Regian street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS,
Master