

Her Lovers.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A FLEET.
(Aton.)

My first, my very first, his name was Will—
A handsome fellow; fair with curly hair
And lovely eyes. I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there:
At least I heard so. Ah, dear me—dear me.
How terribly in love he used to be!

The second, Robert—well, he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball—
A foolish boy. He carried of my glove,
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in a most outrageous way.
Ah, me! how mother would scold all next day!

The third woke up my heart. From night till morn.
From morn till night I dreamed of him:
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn;
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame
When I remember Paul—that was his name.

The fourth and fifth were brothers—twins at that;
Good fellows, kind, devoted, clever, too,
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat—
Both in one day—but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garretson!

He never cared for me—I found that out—
Despite the foolish clinging of my hope.
A few months proved it clear before a doubt.
I stole my heart; I would not pine or moan.
But masked myself in gayety, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent:

So those were all my loves. My husband? Oh,
I met him down in Florida one fall—
Rich, middle aged and gray, as you know:
He asked me I accepted; that is all.
A kind, good soul; he worships me; but then
I never counted him in with other men.

MR. CARTON'S WILL.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

PART II.

About a fortnight after the property of the late Mr. Carton had been transferred to Mrs. and Miss Grahame I was walking home one evening from University College Hospital. On my way I turned down through Torrington Place; but I had not got many yards out of Gower Street when I stopped short and stood for a minute literally spell-bound with astonishment. It was about twenty minutes to nine, rather dusky, but still quite light enough to see everybody in the street distinctly, and there, some fifteen or twenty yards before me, and walking very leisurely towards Gordon Square, was Louisa Grahame, leaning on the arm of a strange man, who looked, as far as I could make out, to be a tall, fair-haired man of about thirty. I had only left her at six o'clock, after we had had tea in Doughty Street. She had not said that she was going to see anybody, or that anybody was coming to see her. As far as I was aware—and I knew all her friends—she did not know a single man, except myself, with whom she was entitled to be walking at such a time, and in such a manner. For a moment I hoped that I might have made a mistake. But I knew too well her dress, and better than her dress, her slight and graceful figure; and, whoever the man might be, it was perfectly clear that the woman was Louisa Grahame, and none other.

Hastily retracing my steps, I got back into Gower Street, glancing furtively over my shoulder as I left Torrington Place to see if they had observed me, which they had not, for they seemed to be immersed in each other's society, and to be strolling along quite lovingly together. My resolution was formed at once. I could not, of course, go up to Miss Grahame and accost her; pride, if nothing else, would have prevented me from doing that. But I could easily get to Doughty Street before them. I would go home, then, and wait the course of events. Perhaps I should hear the explanation from Mrs. Grahame.

"Perhaps so," I thought; "but at present I don't quite see the answer to this charming conundrum." I was beginning to get angry, but I determined to keep my temper.

As I took a hansom from Kepple Street to the corner of Doughty Street, it did not take me many minutes to get back.

"I was in hopes you were Louisa when I heard you shut the hall-door," said Mrs. Grahame, who was sitting in the drawing-room, which she occupied now that Mr. Carton was gone. "What a time she is to be sure."

"Where has she gone?" I asked in careless tone.

"To the dressmaker's," said Mrs. Grahame; "but she would have had time to try twenty dresses on by this."

"But not to find fault with them," I replied with a laugh.

"That's true enough," observed Mrs. Grahame. "Girls are very particular nowadays, more so, I think, than we used to be. Still, I don't like her being out so late by herself."

"By herself?" Mrs. Grahame, then, knew nothing about the man she was with. What on earth could it mean?

My feeling of anger was changing into a feeling of grief and fear. The matter was becoming too serious for any mere jealousy. In Miss Grahame I had had the most implicit confidence, but here were facts which certainly required an explanation, and what the explanation might be I was utterly unable to surmise. So I waited for her return, almost praying that she would clear the mystery up when we heard footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Grahame went to the door to meet her.

"Goodness me, Lou!" she exclaimed, "where have you been?"

"Oh, I have had such a piece of work with Miss Simpson! I thought I'd never get back," she said, in a hurried and constrained manner, as she took off her hat

and jacket. Then, turning to me, she observed, "I can't scold you any more for being late."

"I am afraid I have generally a better excuse than yours," I remarked gravely. She blushed and looked confused for a moment, and then said, by way of answer, "You want your supper, I can see. I'll tell Jane to lay the things," saying which she left the room.

"Good heavens!" I thought, "what can it mean? Is this some old secret acquaintance of hers? Has she always been fooling me, or has she suddenly lost her wits because she has come in for a fortune?"

Still I could not find it in my heart to lose confidence altogether in her. Perhaps there was an explanation—a satisfactory one—which she would give me when we were alone. Surely, I thought, or rather hoped, the thing must in some way be innocent. At all events, I determined that, if possible, the explanation should come voluntarily from her, and not in answer to any questions of mine. She should have time and opportunity to justify her conduct of her own free will before I put to her a question which would necessarily be tantamount to an accusation.

After supper Mrs. Grahame went downstairs, where she remained for some time, and I sat still, pretending to read, but in reality waiting anxiously to hear what Miss Grahame would say now that we were alone. She was working at a piece of embroidery, and went on with her work without saying a word. So, after we had passed some minutes in silence, I closed my book, and made some casual remark in order to give her an opportunity of speaking. She began at once to speak of Margate—where we proposed going to the following week—and kept on talking about Margate and the sea air until Mrs. Grahame came back. It was clear then that she did not intend to take me into her confidence, at least, not for the present; and, as I was afraid that I should lose my temper if I stayed in the room any longer, I wished them good-night, and went up to my bedroom.

If I had yielded to my inclination, I should have gone back to call Miss Grahame out of the room, and ask her for an explanation. But I refrained from doing so because, for reasons which I have already intimated, I wished, if possible, that the explanation should be voluntarily tendered by her, and I was not yet without hope that this would be done. Besides this, I was curious to see what would happen if I let things take their own course. At all events, I thought to myself, I can do no harm by waiting for a day or two if necessary.

I was in about the house all Saturday—except for a couple of hours in the morning—but nothing occurred that was of any consequence. On Sunday morning we all went to church, and in the afternoon Miss Grahame and I went to the Zoological Gardens. It was just nine o'clock that evening, and we were sitting in the drawing-room before supper, when a messenger came to the house to ask if Mrs. Grahame would go to see a Mrs. Wilmott, who was very ill at Highgate. Mrs. Wilmott had been a school-fellow of Mrs. Grahame's. She was the only very intimate friend that Mrs. Grahame had, and so Mrs. Grahame sent at once for a cab, and went to see her. Before she departed she left orders that the house was to be shut up if she did not return by twelve o'clock, but that the hall-door was to be left unbolting, and a candle and matches left for her in the hall, so that she could let herself in, and go up to her bedroom when she returned. We waited for her until after one o'clock, when we went to our bedrooms. Miss Grahame's thoughts had evidently been preoccupied all Saturday and Sunday. It was quite clear that she was brooding about some-thing, and I now began to doubt my wisdom in not having spoken to her before this about the man I saw her with on Friday evening. I had gained nothing by waiting. If I had asked her with whom it was that she was walking, directly after I saw her, I should have acted in a perfectly natural manner. But if I questioned her on the subject now, the question might arise why I had been silent about the matter for such a length of time. Why did I not speak to her about it at once on the Friday night? It was an awkward question, and, as I meditated on the subject before going to sleep, I could see that it behoved me to act at once. Accordingly, I made up my mind that when I came back from the hospital next morning—for I had to be there at nine o'clock—I would tell her what I had seen, and ask her for an explanation.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning the servant brought a cup of coffee up to my bedroom, and at half-past eight I went out intending to have a more substantial breakfast on my return about half-past ten. The postman came to the door, just as I opened it, with a letter and a post card, both of which were from Miss Grahame. The post card was from Mrs. Grahame, saying that she had been detained at Mrs. Wilmott's, but that she would be back by three o'clock that day. The letter was addressed to Miss Grahame in a man's handwriting, and bore the Manchester post-mark. It was not from Mr. Beach, or Mr. Moffatt, or the manager of the bank—all of whose handwritings I knew. From whom then could it be? For I did not know of any other man, except myself, who had ever written to her—and whom could she

know in Manchester? At first I thought of sending the servant to her room to say that I wanted to see her at once. But it would be some time before she would be dressed, and I was in a hurry, so, being more determined than ever to have a clear understanding when I came back, I put the letter on the table in the hall, and sallied forth. My state of excitement and suspense was so great that I found it impossible to attend to anything at the hospital, and I left the place more than a half an hour earlier than I had intended. I had just crossed the lower end of Millman Street, on my return, being then about a quarter to ten o'clock, when a small, well-appointed brougham whisked round the corner of Doughty Street, and came towards me at a rapid pace. I looked at with some curiosity, as Doughty Street is not a thoroughfare, and private carriages are not very usual there. But my curiosity changed into a feeling which I cannot describe, when, as the equipage dashed past me, I saw Louisa Grahame sitting in it by the side of a fair-haired man with a heavy beard and moustache. My agitation was such that I dropped my stick, and stood for some seconds in a kind of dream, gazing blankly after the retreating vehicle. Then I whistled and shouted "Hi! hi!" and ran after it as fast as I could. But it had got a good hundred yards' start of me, and was going at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour.

"Detestable a hansom, sir," said a driver, whose cab was standing at the rank by the Foundling Hospital. I deliberated a moment, which is always a foolish thing to do when circumstances require immediate action. It would be impossible to overtake the brougham on foot, and the cabman's horse had his nose-bag on, so that Miss Grahame and her companion would be pretty well out of Guildford Street before we could start. Besides, why should I make all this fuss? Either the thing was innocent or it was not. If it were innocent there was no occasion for me to pursue Miss Grahame in this ridiculous manner, but if it were not I was certainly not going to run after a woman who would be unworthy to be my wife. I therefore declined the services of the cabman, and walked on to Doughty Street. On the way an idea nearest sunrise, ripened into almost a conviction before I reached the door of our house. Perhaps it was not Miss Grahame whom I saw in the brougham. Perhaps it was somebody else that was exactly like her. I had heard of such things. If I were mistaken about the woman in the carriage, I might have been mistaken about the woman I saw on Friday night. The hope was, perhaps, father to the thought, and, when I reached the door, I felt almost certain that I should find her in the house. Ridiculous as it may seem, I felt a genuine sense of disappointment that she was not in the hall to meet me. The hypothesis of my having made a mistake about the woman I saw in the brougham would, if it were correct, have explained everything so naturally, and easily, and satisfactorily that I had come, in a sense, to believe in it. But she was not in the hall, and she was not in the parlour, where the breakfast things were laid.

I sat down, and was trying to collect my thoughts, when the servant came into the room to ask if she should get my breakfast ready.

"Lor, sir," she said, "you do look unwell."

"Yes," I replied; "I am not very well this morning. Where is Miss Grahame?"

"She's just gone, sir, with a strange gentleman. He came not half an hour ago, and I took his card up to Miss Grahame, and she told me to show him up, and then the next thing was she came into the kitchen in a great hurry with her things on, and she said she'd be back in about an hour, and you wasn't to wait for her, and then they got into his carriage and drove away."

"Do you know the gentleman's name?"

"No, sir, he gave me his card, but I didn't mind the name. But Miss Grahame, she seemed to know him quite well, for directly she looked at the card she said, 'Oh, show him up at once, please, just as if she had known him all her life, and when he came up, she seemed to know him quite well, though I'm sure I never saw him before, and I've been here now for nearly six years.'"

The latter part of the sentence was uttered in a tone of remonstrance, as if she disapproved very much of what had happened.

"Very well, Jane, you may bring up the breakfast," I said, to get rid of her, for she was evidently disposed to be garrulous on the subject. When she left the room, I sat meditating for some time.

The stranger I saw Miss Grahame with on Friday had the appearance of being a military man, and, as far as I could judge, he resembled the man I had just seen her with in the brougham. Then there was the letter that morning, the fact of his coming for her at the one time in the day when he would be certain to find her alone (for of late Mrs. Grahame generally breakfasted in bed), and the information I had just received from the servant that she seemed to know him quite well. It was evident that she was expecting him. The letter she received that morning must have been from him, and the eloquent which I had just witnessed had been arranged in that letter. To the question why she had not left a line or a message for me to say where she had gone there was but one answer. She had

not done so because she did not want me to know. In other words, because she did not intend to come back. This was the conclusion that was forced upon my mind. I would soon be able to verify it.

"Let me see," I thought, "she left at say a quarter to ten, and was to be back in about an hour. I'd wager fifty pounds to a sovereign she's not here by one o'clock."

Still, I was bound to give her the benefit of the doubt as long as a doubt could exist. So, after making a pretence of breakfasting, I went up to my sitting-room and waited wearily, trying to read, but starting up to look out of the window every time there was the slightest noise in the street, until the bell of the clock on the mantel-piece chimed one. When the nervous system is in a high state of tension there is something peculiarly affecting in the tone of a bell and for some minutes the sharp, clear, uncompromising chime, which marked the advent of the hour that I had been waiting for, rang in my ears, filled me as it did so with a vague, sickening sense of grief and fear. Its sharp metallic tone seemed to tell the end of hope. For minutes after I had heard it I sat still, feeling only very sick, very tired, very sorry about something that I had not the strength to think clearly about, but with a horrid feeling that the sorrow would never end, and then—such is the inconsistency of our nature at such times—there dawned upon me a hope that Miss Grahame was on her way back to me. She must, I thought, have been detained longer than she expected, but she was certain to return. She might come at any moment. Surely she could not leave us in such a way. The suspense of waiting and listening to the noises in the street became so unbearable, now that this hope had, in an uncomfortable manner, possessed me, that I left the house, determining to walk to the Marble Arch and back. It would take, I said to myself, about an hour and a half to do so, and when I came back I should find her at home. At all events, I felt that whilst I was away the mental tension produced by the constant momentary expectation would be removed, as a fixed time must elapse before I could know anything. When I got there, I was so apprehensive lest I should come back before her and have to endure the suspense of waiting in the house again that I turned into Hyde Park, where I wandered about for more than an hour.

It was about a quarter past three o'clock when an idea occurred to me. I knew the paying cashier in the bank where she kept her account; I would go to the bank and ask if she had been there. Accordingly, I left the park, and hurried to the bank as quickly as I could. There were several people at the counter when I entered, and the clerk I wanted to see was very busy, but in a few minutes he came to the part of the counter where I was standing.

"I called," I said, "to ask if Miss Grahame has been here to-day."

He looked at me for a moment with a surprised expression, and then replied: "Yes, she was here at ten o'clock."

"It is very odd," I said, leaning over the counter and speaking to him in a whisper, "but she left Doughty Street at quarter to ten saying she'd be back in about an hour, and she had not returned when I left at half-past one. Mrs. Grahame is at Highgate, and I was not at home when Miss Grahame left the house."

(To be Continued.)

It is not at all uncommon to see people scratching the passages into the ears with pins, especially hairpins, toothpicks, ear-scoops, pencils, etc. The habit is a very dangerous one. Many cases of serious inflammation of the ear and permanent deafness have resulted from it. The advice, "Never put anything into your ear but the end of your elbow," ought to be heeded.

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THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

Below are enumerated some of the weekly features of the Gazette. It will not be possible to open up all the departments in the first issue but those omitted this week will appear next.

The Saturday Gazette will differ materially from existing publications in the lower provinces, and will endeavour to fill a field long vacant. It will be a paper for the family, and will be conducted with the aim to make it a welcome visitor in every home.

Stories, short and continued, will be provided in each issue and care will be taken, in making selections, to obtain the productions of authors already known to fame, and whose works all will appreciate.

Women and Women's Work, will be dealt with by contributors who understand what women like to know and most want to learn. The household, the fashions, and the progress of womanhood in the arts, professions and employments, besides the many different phases the woman question assumes will be discussed from week to week by intelligent writers. Society gossip from various points will be a weekly feature.

The Saturday Gazette will not be a newspaper, in the generally accepted sense, but this will not preclude the discussion of important local and general matters in its columns. Indeed the great aim of The Gazette will be to deal candidly with all questions, in which the people among whom it circulates are concerned. Neither fear of, nor favor for interested ones, will prevent the exposure of any sham, be it either in religious, social or political life. The greatest good to the greatest number, will always be our motto.

In dealing with Political Questions, The Gazette will have nothing to do with political parties. Believing that there are often times when both parties are right, while at others, from a national standpoint, both are wrong; and holding that the length to which party warfare is sometimes carried in Canada, by politicians and journalists, is detrimental to the best interests of the country The Gazette will endeavour to consider all important questions in the light of their effect on the country at large, rather than the ground usually taken, their effect on one or the other political party. Honest government at Ottawa, greater economy and less senseless bickering among Provincial legislators, the simplification and cheapening of Provincial legislation generally, and the union of the Maritime Provinces will be the chief planks of The Gazette's political platform.

Literary, Theatrical and Sporting Matters will be dealt with by competent writers, and the latest news and gossip under these heads will be found in every number. Members of the various Secret Societies will find items of especial interest to them in the columns of The Gazette, from time to time.

In short the Saturday Gazette will be a weekly journal for men and women containing the things they most want to know, written in a breezy, intelligent manner by the best writers on and off the press of the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Honest criticism of all things will be the Gazette's king post.

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points.

The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

JOHN A. BOWES,
Editor and Manager.