

"Have you never heard how rude it is to stare?" she says, drawing her fingers gently but with energy from his.

"Forgive me. I was not conscious of my rudeness," returns he, slowly: "I was only thinking. That is the dress you wore when first I saw you, is it not? And that is the hat. Am I right?"

"Quite right. Your memory on the occasion is very flattering. It is a favourite gown of mine, as gray, I think, becomes me."

"I suppose most things become you," says Dugdale, seriously.

"That is the sort of thing any one might say," returns she, with a slight but disdainful shrug of her shoulders.

What answer Dugdale might have made to this half-petulant speech can never now be known, as Brandy, entering the room at this instant in somewhat noisy fashion, puts an end to the discussion.

Seeing Gretchen, he executes a small war-dance on the threshold, to show his surprise at her presence on the scene and then gives way to speech.

"Well," he says, with feigned horror. "of all the desperate flirts I ever met with, you, Gretchen, are the worst. I am sadly disappointed in you. Not content with driving Scarlett to despair, and Dinmont to the verge of suicide, with reducing a dark and melancholy stranger, with only one eye,—who looked like Terry's 'arrangement in lampblack,'—to the verge of imbecility, you come in here now to try to destroy Dugdale's peace of mind. But I'll stand by you, Dugdale; so don't give in. I won't see you slaughtered without at least giving you a word of warning."

"Brandy, you've been dining," says Miss Gretchen, saucily, and, putting her brother aside, makes her escape from the room.

Not until Sir John, who returned with them, has made his tardy adieu and finally departed for the night, does Kitty take her mother into her confidence and relate to her the principal event of the day—to her. Mrs. Tremaine in her heart is glad of the news,—charmed; it has put an end to an anxiety that troubled and perplexed her; but, mindful of the lecture delivered on Kitty's refusal of old Lord Sugden, she refrains from too open a manifestation of pleasure. She kisses her daughter warmly, and says one or two correct things, with a suppressed sigh of pretended resignation.

"I am glad for your sake," she says, meekly. "But, dear Kitty, a title always counts."

"You mean Lord Sugden?" returns Kitty, readily. "Yes, of course you would regret that. But he was old, you know; and remember how ugly he was, and how good Jack is to look at."

"My dear child, carls are never ugly," says Mrs. Tremaine; but she smiles as she says it; and Kitty knows she is gratified more than she cares to confess with the news just brought her. How glad all women are to marry their daughters, how sorry to wed their sons! "Shall I tell your father, or should you prefer telling him yourself?"

"You can tell papa," says Kitty: "and say also that Jack is coming over to-morrow morning to speak to him. Good-night, mamma. I want to find Gretchen; I have not told her yet." She kisses her mother again, and, having received an injunction not to sit up too late, takes her departure.

(To be continued.)

KATIES ANSWER.

Och, Kate's a rogue, it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate, an' her ankles so nate,
She dazed and she bothered me, too—

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side
The darlint she sat, wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin, how it bate!
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
Wid cheeks like the roses an' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day ye'd have nothing to say
I'd have gone wid my cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld,
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Uv the love in my heart that would never depart
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said: "If I dared do so
I'd let go uv the baste an' I'd throw
Both arms round her waist an' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coixin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illegant red
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes looking down 'neath her lashes so brown,
"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

CANADIAN WOOD ENGRAVERS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Your correspondent "Art" appeals to me in your last number on behalf of a wood engraver residing in Montreal. I have not the pleasure of knowing the person mentioned, nor have I his address. If he or any other wood engraver desires to do work for our new publication, the obvious course is to send specimens or proofs to the publishers, who are only too anxious to find more good engravers in Canada.

Yours truly,

L. R. O'Brien.

Toronto, Dec. 6th, 1880.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Spec" very properly asks from those who should furnish such, as our well paid Government and public men in parliamentary life for statistics (the latest) as to the Pacific Trade and Pacific Railway revenue—official returns. It is strange, as "Spero" well says, that in such great argument no one, except poor Britannicus as a humble volunteer in such a task, has undertaken together the important facts throughout the whole ten years that this subject has been on the table of public discussion. It cost me some little labour to gather them—from blue book trade returns bulky and very promiscuously got up—for as to arrangement—especially the British Returns, there is it may be said, none. My work was purely self-imposed and for the argument then on hand in press. The figures have never been questioned. What has transpired in that direction—it is six years ago since I first gave the last, and over eleven years since first writing on the subject—has but confirmed, and in fact more than confirmed my predicates, viz., that by the year of grace 1880 the aggregate Pacific Trade including the Australian Colonies would amount to \$1,000,000,000 (one thousand million dollars)—work for half a dozen Pacific Railways!

I send you my last pamphlet, *The Problem of Canada* on the theme. But it is not to say this, I now address myself to you, but to offer, as a sequence of former prelections on the subject, a few words more immediately as to The Syndicate Contract now just laid before us. It is to be regretted that the public, so vitally concerned—should not long before this, have had it before them for examination, discussion, and expression of opinion, in press and public assembly, before what—for aught we know—may prove a snap vote on the subject—by the brute force of "The previous question"—"before the holidays."

I have just read, with care, the mystery as given us in a newspaper—a leading "government organ." If I may offer an opinion as to its construction, I would say that it is cleverly got up, and seemingly "wondrous fair," but like many things beautiful to the eye, is deadly to the touch.

1. It, in effect, sells, in a sense, Canada to the Syndicate.
2. That Syndicate is essentially foreign in its personnel.
3. The leading members of the Syndicate are members chiefly interested, and that to the extent of millions probably, in rival lines (foreign) of railway route.
4. The Charter would create a vast and crushing monopoly of the leading trade transport and travel of the country, for all time, at rates *unrestricted*, save by the capacity to suffer in this regard of the inhabitants on the field of transit, and, to the many beyond of Britain and the world in general interested in the route for transport and personal travel.
5. In the absence of any special provision for mail and military service difficulties might arise to public interest.
6. The money subsidy alone for the prairie section, viz., \$10,000 per mile (900 miles), would more than make the road in that section, as is now being made (as reported) on the prairie, viz., by simply putting the ties on the prairie level, without road-bed, which ought to be raised, to obviate snow difficulties.
7. The gift of the road, without clause for "redemption" at fixed rate, or advance on prime cost, would, in effect, be a surrender of the country for all time to an essentially foreign proprietary.
8. The said grant creates a dangerous dominancy.
9. What follows trade in those far inland meridians? Ergo, change of flag, sooner or later.
10. In this sense the surrender would be treason to the State; political annihilation to Canada.
11. The matter in its vital importance to our political existence should be submitted to the people—at the polls.

More anon.

Britannicus.

The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, is a sprightly, entertaining paper, deservedly popular, and is, without exception, the best of its kind published in America. It is filled to overflowing with the choicest original matter, of so diversified a character that it never fails to interest, instruct and amuse, and is welcomed in the household by young and old alike.