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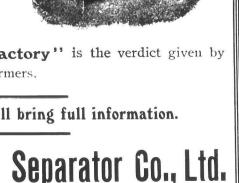
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fore their marriage. Here she lived quietly for a few years, and then died, leaving some debts and a little boy. The sale of the cottage paid the debts and apprenticed the boy to a cabinet-maker, who treated him well, and in maker, who treated him well, and in dying, left him a little property and his own name. The young man is now called David Bruce, and is, I believe, occasionally employed by yourself."

And Mr. Varens looked stealthily into his client's face, feeling that he could now afford to give the rebuke she had lately administered. Miss

she had lately administered. Miss Foljambe met the look serenely.

"That is singular, is it not?" said she, quietly. "I believe I need not detain you can larger ?" detain you any longer, Mr. Varens. Will you take any refreshment?"

"No, thank you. Miss Foljambe, if I may be allowed to say it, you are an honor to the sex."
"Which?" asked Miss Foljambe,

bowing him out of the room. Five minutes later she was sending an imperative message for Bruce. "Another old table, or a tumble-down side-board, I suppose," said the

young man, preparing to obey. He was shown in to the working-room as usual, and found Miss Foljambe awaiting him. She put the picture discovered in the secret drawer into his hand.

"Do you know that?" asked she. David Bruce flushed scarlet, then

turned white as death even to his lips.
"It is my mother," said he.
"You remember her, then?"
"I was ten years old when she died."
"See here, too," and Miss Foljambe

"Yes," said Winifred, looking at him

"Well, then, Miss Foljambe, I have been in love with you for years. I never thought to tell it, and never should but for this. Can you forgive

Miss Foljambe considered the matter, and said:
"Yes, I can forgive you."

"But that is not enough. Can you—oh, Miss Foljambe! it is your own kindness that makes me presumptuous —but can you, will you give me the faintest hope? Is it possible that you could ever endure to accept me as a husband?"

Again Miss Foljambe considered, and at last said, with a queer little

"I have often thought if you were a bronze or a marble I would buy you at any cost."

"I am not to be bought; and if you

"I am not to be bought; and if you were still rich and I poor I would not marry you even if you asked me," said David Bruce, proudly. "But now." "But now." interrupted Winifred, "you think to buy me. People—no, I do not care for people—you will think I work you to save my fortune."

I marry you to save my fortune."
"When I cherish an unworthy thought of you, Miss Foljambe, it will be when I forget all the goodness, and the kindness, and the nobleness I have so long admired in you," said Bruce.

So it was all settled in the end, and, as Mr. Varens remarked, it was a very comfortable arrangement all round, for goodness only knew how the property could have been divided.

Mrs. Bascombe still loves rococo,



Scene on Welf Creek, near Ellisboro, in Qu'Appelle Valley, Sask.

He read it and sat suddenly down in the nearest chair.
"Thank God!" muttered he, covering

his face with his trembling fingers, "And see here," pursued the lady. holding out the will, and then snatching it back. "No, don't stop to real it: I will tell you. Your father left all bis property to his wife, your mother, and after her to you. My grand, mother, his half-sister, did not know that he was married, and so she claimed the property, and got it. In dying, she left it to her children, and is trafinally all come to me I never knew until five minutes before I sent for you, You understand that clearly, I hope? "I knew that it was your grand-mother who had the lawsuit with ...

mother, but I thought she was in the right," said Bruce, I all the hands.
"You know, and start could come

handed him the marriage certificate. and the other day Reubens sold to her a wonderful inlaid cradle, said to be the very one in which Marie Antoinette rocked the unfortunate little Dau-

> May the Bascombe Dauphin prove more fortunate, as indeed he is likely to with such a father and such a mother.

> Premier Scott: But after all is said and done, the people of western Canada refuse to take their eyes off the Hudson Bay route. For twenty years they have been looking that way. In the election last fall, both parties in both Alberta and Saskathewan made distinct pronouncements on that subject, and in May the Saskatchewan Legislature adopted a strong memoria' urging the proiect on Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attention for immediate action.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head. The lugh pressure of a nerthe sout day are constrained to live sout day are constrained to live sometime that their health, and the most careful treations of the many of them will be visited in their than the visited of them will be visited in the standard to the standard treation of them be represent the stomach