



Persian Roseleaf by Lt. Col. Andrew Haggard.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.) "Well, thank heaven that settles it; it will be nothing," said Hugh.

"You had better get off, father, and sell all the 'Extendeds' and 'Almalgams' you can now."

The London season was approaching its close, and upon this same afternoon, a party of four, after strolling through the park, had been lunched in a comfortable house in Mayfair.

Lady Evelyn Merkle had accompanied her sister, Lady Adelaide Huntington, upstairs, while Colonel De Clinton remained below to smoke with Steiner Huntington.

As Lady Adelaide threw herself upon a lounge, her handsome, well-rounded face assumed a more pensive expression than was often to be seen upon the lady's weak but good-natured features.

For a minute she remained gazing at her sister, who was looking idly out of the window, while drumming upon the glass with her fingers.

"De Clinton's Pasha, Adelaide—why can't you learn people's proper titles? Don't you know that John has been a Pasha ever since last March. He is a Pasha and a Levant, both very high and distinguished ranks in the Egyptian army."

"I mean all this humbug with Colonel De Clinton, calling him your brother and so on; people won't stand it!"

"Which assistance, of course, you were not so ungallant as to refuse! I am sure I couldn't have had the heart to do so, well, let us hope poor Rothiemay has been supplied with food in the Bougreaux style of architecture; but, whatever he's got, I'll bet the poor fellow is having a devilish hard time of it, and his life must be in danger every day he lives."

"Yes, indeed," replied Effingham, "and think how awful his disappointment must have been! He didn't manage to escape! We can only hope that his intentions to do so were not found out, for, if they were, he's a goner for sure."

"Well, I only hope to God!" cut in another Anglo-Egyptian, who was sitting close by, "that Gladstone will see to it that we have another good command of the 9th Sudanese Battalion now, and we'll fill up their ranks with escaped slaves from the Sudan. If they don't, they're the devil's flesh creep in turn, in revenge for the past cruelties they themselves have undergone, my name's not Townsend, whether it's in the desert or the city."

The convivial dinner was nearing its close, and the Queen and Khedive's healths had been drunk, when a servant who was being brought in as a salver to De Clinton Pasha, who as the senior officer present, was in the chair, there was an immediate hush of anticipation among the company.

It was late on the night following the Egyptian army dinner, and Lady Evelyn was sitting alone in the comfortable drawing-room of her hotel suite. She had not seen De Clinton for some time, and she was desirous to witness a large review held by the Queen, and on his return being obliged, in response to a telegram, to leave his post at the Egyptian army."

"My best wishes to you at the dinner, and I wish that I were with you," (Cries of "Hear! hear!" and "Good old Wodehouse!") We are likely, however, to meet soon, as the Egyptian army, under the command of the Egyptian officer, with his native wife and her father, when he was attacked by the savages of the desert on the Nile."

"I have been a message from our commander, Wodehouse Pasha, which, with your permission, I will read aloud."

"Yes, read it, Colonel, read it!" "Every one cried out impatiently. "It is dated Halfa, July 17th, and is pretty long—he has not spared the wires. It runs as follows: "My best wishes to you at the dinner, and I wish that I were with you."

"Brother officers! Many of us have fought side by side, but there is one of us by whose side I have fought, and I do not know his name."

"Brother officers! Many of us have fought side by side, but there is one of us by whose side I have fought, and I do not know his name."

"I suppose you could have bought a supply cheap—just a few dollars to their father or mother?" "I had time to buy a misseron for a permanency, my boy. They cost me enough as it was, and were without a plaster in the world. As we had to set them in camp, I thought I'd have thought fit to abandon their lives and liberties of the countless thousands of the Sudan. But what, my comrades, do you think of me for the reward?"

"The Victoria Cross—the V. C.!" Rothiemay deserves the V. C.!" Such was the unanimous and deafening cry of the assembled warriors.

"Comrades!" continued De Clinton Pasha, when the excitement had subsided, "you're right; he deserves the Victoria Cross. But he's a deserter, something else—that most precious boon of all—liberty! That we here as a reward, he's a deserter, something else—that most precious boon of all—liberty!"

"Lord Salisbury was at the dinner, and said that your speech was the strongest that had been made in the government's office this session, and that it was a shame they had never tried to do anything to get poor Rothiemay out and John, I felt quite proud of you."

"Well, Evelyn, upon my word, I think you ought rather to say you feel proud of me, and I feel quite proud of you."

"Of course you will, John; besides which, nothing can ever keep you back. You'll always go on doing things and being talked about, and of course I'll back you up, and while we two are together—but oh! I forgot, I must say more."

"Why, my little sister, Evelyn Merkle, what is the matter?—have people been saying things?" "Yes, John, they have—nonsense, but I don't care. I don't care, I don't care, I don't care."

"The ambitious Mrs. Dombro D. had been at first at all events, scarcely satisfied with the rank of her sister's husband; but Bertha herself, who was neither ambitious nor particularly reticent, was eminently contented with her lot."

"My dear Bertha," whimsically replied Lady Evelyn, who was rather appalled by this proposed addition to her family, "you are awfully kind, and I am sure John ought to be in the seventh heaven at your proposed marriage, alone with a girl who is like the fish that in my life; in fact, I am always looked upon them as horrid, but you'll be a good deal more than a good deal, especially lobster—which I believe—and crabs, which one catches in boats and tumbles over backwards."

"But what, alas! for Lady Evelyn, she had just begun to realize that, of all the things that she was, there is one that people will not do, and that is to leave a man and a woman alone if they are unusually friendly and yet, for any earthly reason, not man and wife. In spite of herself, she was compelled to recognize the fact that, whether doing anything wrong or no, circumstances—that is people—were likely to prove too strong for her, and she would, for all her determination, be unable to much longer to kick against the pricks, but compelled to give up her brotherly relations with Rothiemay."

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ENOORMOUS MAILS. The largest mail ever received by one firm in the big city of Montreal was for the Family Herald and Weekly Star on the closing day of the year. It is said the subscriptions for the Family Herald and Weekly Star on that day alone would exceed all the subscriptions for any other paper in Canada for the whole month of December. A day and a night staff are at work all the time entering renewals and new subscriptions. The increase in the Family Herald's subscription business is phenomenal. It is said their picture this year and Ralph Connor's new story, "The Doctor," have won them thousands of new readers. Molennan, Secy. Board of Trustees. ST. ALONE at one dollar per year is big value, and its wonderful success is well deserved.

\$1.00 Per year in Canada. VOL 38. W. J. McGee, Self-Confessed Forgery and Embezzler, Arrested in Montreal—Toronto Fire. Montreal, Jan. 17.—William J. McGee, secretary of the People's Building Society, and widely known sporting circles, is a self-confessed forger and embezzler, and now arrested. What the defalcation amount to is not known, but the books are being examined. It will reach a large amount, thousands of dollars. McGee was carrying on for a long period, and upon as a model of honesty. It is said that the missing funds went into market speculations, which he has been carrying on for a long period, and the utmost secrecy. The building of which he was secretary, a large concern, and will be such a loss that it is doubtful if it will cover. When arrested McGee was in Toronto. Toronto, Jan. 16.—The Cudbury Company's warehouse was