

second anniversary of the Haymarket massacre in Chicago.

Her heart told her that it was the anniversary of that day in which she had succumbed to a stronger will power, and had tried to save Allan.

He had recognized her in that awful hour. Did he scorn her? If alive, would he ever come to Toronto? She had left word with Mrs. Van Tassel, humbling herself to do so, for, in spite of her apparent interest and kindness she hated the woman, still she had thought best to leave word with her, that she was going back to Toronto, hoping that if Allan lived he would get the message.

No sorrow remains in her heart for Robert, dead just two years, she is no hypocrite. She can remember with tender regret, the Robert who in his selfish way, once loved her and was kind to her. She had told herself over and over again, that she had not been a good wife to Robert in those old days, but she had tried to be, and failed utterly. Now, she could only devote herself to Robert's child. This she was telling herself as she stood in the garden, just at sunset, upon the 4th day of May, watching her father, as he came up the walk to give her a few early spring flowers.

"First of the kind I've found this spring, I thought maybe you'd like 'em. S'pose you know what day this is, Laura?" he remarked as she took the flowers and inhaling their perfume, thanked him between little satisfied sniffs that reminded him, as he watched her, of the Laura of long ago. He saw, too, an eager restlessness in her eyes, and it was that which prompted him to repeat his query.

"It's the 4th day of May: I'm not likely to forget it; I wish I could," she answered, still touching the