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"GEORGINA'S REASONS."

A NEW AND FASCINATING CONTINUED STORY.

BY HENRY ARMA

project in every way so unsuitable—had

quite blown over?

"After our marriage I saw him less

—I saw him a great deal less," Georgina

explained; but her explanation only

appeared to make the mystery more

dense.

"I don't see in that case what on earth

you married him for!"

"We had to be more careful—I

wished to appear to have given him up.

Of course we were really more intimate

—I saw him differently," Georgina said,

smiling.

"I should think so! I can't for the

life of me see why you weren't dis-

covered."

"All I can say is we weren't. No doubt

it's remarkable. We managed very well

—that is, I meant to keep it a secret

manage at all. And then, father and

mother are incredibly stupid!"

Mrs. Portico exhaled a comprehensive

moan, feeling glad, on the whole, that

she hadn't a daughter, while Georgina

went on to furnish a few more details.

Raymond Benyon, in the summer, had

been ordered from Brooklyn to Char-

lottesville, near Boston, where, as Mrs. Por-

tico perhaps knew, there was another

navy-yard, in which there was a tempo-

rary press of work requiring more over-

sight. He had remained there several

months, during which he had written to

her urgently to come to him, and during

which, as well, he had received notice

that he was to join his ship a little later.

Before doing so he came back to Brook-

lyn for a few weeks to wind up his work

there, and then she had seen him—well,

pretty often. That was the best time

of all the year that had elapsed since

their marriage. It was a wonder at

home that nothing had been guessed,

because she had really been reckless,

and Benyon had even tried to force on

a disclosure. But they were stupid,

that was very certain. He had besought

her again and again to put an end to

their false position, but she didn't want

it any more than she had wanted it be-

fore. They had rather a bad parting;

in fact, for a pair of lovers, it was a

queer parting, indeed. He didn't know,

now, the thing she had come to tell

Mrs. Portico. She had not written to

him. He was on a very long cruise.

It might be two years before he re-

turned to the United States. "I don't

care how long he stays away," Georgina

said, very simply.

"You haven't mentioned why you

married him. Perhaps you don't re-

member." Mrs. Portico broke out,

with her masculine air, "Why else?"

"Oh, yes; I loved him!"

"And you have got over that?"

Georgina hesitated a moment. "Why,

no, Mrs. Portico, of course I haven't;

Raymond's a splendid fellow."

"Then why don't you live with him?

You don't explain that."

"What would I do with him? He's

always away? How can one live with a

man that spends half his life in the

South Seas? If he wasn't in the navy

it would be different. But to go through

everything—I mean, the way it was

making our marriage known would expose

upon me—the scolding and the exposure,

and the ridicule, the scenes at home,

to go through it all just for his idea,

and yet be alone here, just as I was be-

fore, without my husband after all—

with none of the good of him," and here

Georgina looked at her hostess as if

with the certainty that such an enu-

meration of inconveniences would touch

her effectively. "Really, Mrs. Portico, I

am bound to say I don't think that would

be worth while. I haven't the courage

for it."

"I never thought you were a coward,"

said Mrs. Portico.

"Well, I'm not—if you will give me

time. I'm very patient."

"I never thought that either."

"Marrying changes one," said Geo-

gina, still smiling.

"It certainly seems to have had a very

odd effect upon you. Why don't you

make him leave the navy and arrange

your life comfortably, like every one

else?"

break a promise; he will go through

fire first."

"And what have you got him to pre-

mise?"

"Never to insist on a disclosure against

my will; never to claim me openly as

his wife till I think it is time; never to

let any one know what has passed be-

tween us if I choose to keep it still a

secret—to keep it for years, to keep it

forever. Never to do anything in the

matter himself, but to leave it to me.

For this he has given me his solemn

word of honor. And I know what that

means!"

Mrs. Portico, on the sofa, fairly

bounced.

"You do know what you are about

and Mr. Benyon strikes me as more fan-

tastic even than yourself. I never heard

of a man taking such a vow. What good

can it do him?"

"What good? The good it did him

was that it gratified me. At the time he

took it he would have made any promise

under the sun. It was a condition I ex-

acted just at the very last, before the

marriage took place. There was nothing

at that moment he would have refused

me, there wasn't thing I couldn't have

made him do. He was in love to that

degree—but I don't want to boast," said

Georgina, with quiet grandeur. "He

wanted—wished," she added, but then

she paused.

"He doesn't seem to have wanted

much!" Mrs. Portico cried, in a tone

which made Georgina turn to the win-

dow, as if it might have reached the

street. Her hostess noticed the move-

ment, and went on: "Oh, my dear, if I

ever do tell your story, I will tell it so

that people will hear it!"

"You never will tell it. What I mean

is that Raymond wanted the sanction—

of the affair as a church—because he

saw that I would never do without it.

Therefore, for him, the sooner we had it

the better, and to hurry it on, he was

ready to take any pledge."

"You have got it patently," said Mrs.

Portico, in homely phrase. "I don't know

what you mean by sanctions, or what

you wanted of 'em!"

Georgina got up, holding rather higher

than before that beautiful head, which,

in spite of the embarrassments of this

interview, had not perceptibly abated of

its elevation. "Would you have liked

me to—to not marry?"

Mrs. Portico rose also, and, flushed

with the agitation of unspoken know-

ledge—it was as if she had discovered a

skeleton in her favorite cupboard—faced

her young friend for a moment. Then

her conflicting sentiments, more human

as she uttered these words, caused them

to affect her hostess rather painfully

than anything she had yet said. She

took the girl's hand and looked into

her eyes, and said, "Some of the old

dear old friend, help me," Georgina con-

tinued in a low, pleading tone; and in a

moment Mrs. Portico said that the tears

were in her eyes.

"You're a queer mixture, my child,"

she exclaimed. "Go straight home to

your own mother and tell her everything;

that is your best help."

"You are kinder than my mother. You

mustn't judge her by yourself."

"What can she do for you? How can she

help you? We are not living in pagan

times," said Mrs. Portico, who was sel-

dom so hysterical. "Besides, you have

no reason to speak of your mother."

"Think of her, even so!" She would have

liked you to marry a man of some prop-

erty; but she has always been a good

mother to you."

At this rebuke Georgina suddenly

kindled again; she was, indeed, as Mrs.

Portico had said, a queer mixture. Con-

scious, evidently, that she could not

satisfactorily justify her present sit-

uation, she wheeled round upon a griev-

ance, which absolved her from self-

defence. "Why, then, did he make that

promise, if he loved me? No man who

really loved me would have made it—

and no man that was a man, as I under-

stand being a man! He might have seen

that I only did it to test him, to see if

he wanted to take advantage of being

left by himself. It is a proof that he

doesn't love me, not as he ought to have

loved me; and in such a case that a man

isn't bound to make sacrifices!"

Mrs. Portico was not a person of a

THE WEATHER FOR OCTOBER.

Observations by the Meteorological Ser-

vice During the Month.

The report of meteorological service of

the Dominion of Canada for the month

of October has been issued. During the

month the mean temperature was above

the average in Ontario, the excess being

greatest along the Lake Erie shore, where

it amounted to over two degrees. In Que-

bec and the maritime provinces the tem-

perature was