

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," answered dear old Jim. "But why do you think I want to go to Dorset?"

"Oh, I know very well," I replied, "and I wish you all luck, old man; she is just the girl I would like for you."

Mrs. Benson came out just then, and as we were about to throw away our cigars, she said: "Pray continue to smoke; I am quite used to it"; for which we were truly grateful. The daughters now appeared and Jim made the introduction while I got chairs for all.

"Our name is Yorke; I am Jim, and my brother is Harry; the hotel people can tell you about us, we come here often for a few days' idleness."

"I am Mrs. Benson," said that lady, "my daughters are Teresa, Mary and Daisy." Each smiled her acknowledgment, but my eyes rested longest on Mary.

"We are from Toronto," continued Mrs. Benson; "my husband is a doctor, and we expect him to join us soon in England. Our trip to the Continent this time will be very short. We came over a little in advance of Dr. Benson, intending to spend the time in London until he joins us, but the girls wanted to come to Venice, and here we are."

"We know a young doctor in Toronto," said Jim. "He was in London for four or five years, and only returned to Canada last year. Doctor Reynolds is his name."

"Oh, Doctor Reynolds! We know him very, very well!" they all exclaimed.