pleased. I might have twenty places of my own, but none of them would seem so much like home as Ravensmere.

And Sir Raoul laughed. Fatigued as he was, he seemed in no hurry to leave his kinsman.

"I am rather disappointed," he said, at last. "I had hoped that I should see my new kinswoman to-night."

Lord Caraven looked incredulously at him.
"I can hardly believe that you are serious," he exclaimed. "Do you

really desire so much to see my wife?"

"I do indeed," replied Sir Raoul earnestly.

"I do not understand it," said the earl, with an amused smile. "You are slightly curious about her personal appearance? Well, I am no' a judge, as I like fair people, and she is tall and dark. These are the only two points in her which have struck me. Yes, there is one thing more she sings with ravishing sweetness. I have never heard a finer voice. I

think, too, that she has a will and spirit of her own; but I repeat—though I do not intend to repeat it—that I do not like her."

"Tall and dark." Sir Raoul immediately pictured to himself a somewhat forbidding masculine looking girl, with a hard face and a hard manner. He was half disenchanted. No one but himself knew how he had longed all his life for sisters. The notion of a woman—a delicate refined ladywho would be kind to him was blissful to him; and, though this wife of the earl's was a money lender's daughter, she might be feminine and graceful.

He was disappointed. He fancied that Lord Caraven would never have spoken of her as he did if she had been what he had hoped to find her. Farewell to his idea of the sweet companionship of a delicate refined woman! Farewell to his idea of passing long pleasant hours with the earl's young wife! He remembered that as a boy Ulric had been devoted to the fair sex; he had often rallied him on it. He remembered a thousand and one scrapes into which the boy had fallen from his propensity to flirtation. He knew that his cousin had been called "The handsome earl," and the only satisfactory conclusion at which he could arrive was that this girl wife must be displeasing in appearance.

"Tall and dark"—certainly there was not much in that. Sir Raoul retired to his room, slightly disappointed and disenchanted. He could not sleep Bygone scenes in his own life rose up before him. It was long after midnight when he heard the roll of a carriage, and then the soft rustle of a

silken dress as light footsteps passed his door.

"That is the young countess," he said to himself—"my new cousintall and dark."

CHAPTER XXI.

The earl entered Sir Raoul's room early in the morning.

"Raoul," he said, "I have just come to say that everything must go on as usual. Do as you like, get up as you like; go out when you like; order dinner, luncheou, breakfast, at any time you will. You must not make any difference between this visit and those you used to pay. I am not much at home myself."

Sir Raoul laid his hand on the young man's arm

"How is that?" he asked earnestly "Ulric, is not home pleasant to 70u ?"

"To tell you the truth, it is not-not very pleasant. I may be fanciful, but to me there seems always a look of reproach on my wife's face. That is not the only reason; I scorn to make false excuses. I find more attraction away from home than in it Now you will be happy, Raoul?"
"Yes," he replied; and long after his cousin had left him Sir Raoul

lay thinking what he could do to make matters pleasanter between husband

and wife.

He little knew with what pride, indifference, contempt, and dislike he would have to do battle. He knew too, that, as a rule, all interference between husband and wife was worse than useless—that, if they quarreled themselves, they would allow no one else to interfere in the quarrel. lint this was not a mere quarrel—it was far worse
"I would give something," lie thought, "to restore harmony; but of
cours 'I depends on what she is like."

W. . was she like? After being at the opera she would not rise until late, he felt sure. He himself went down stairs early-Sir Raoul liked the fresh morning air.

The first sound that fell upon his ear was the singing of a bird, and the next the falling spray of a fountain. He looked around. He saw then what improvements had been made in Halby House. A conservatory had been built out from the breakfast-room, long and wide—a conservatory that was almost an aviary, so full was it of bright plumaged birds; a fountain stood in the midst, masses of brilliant bloom glowed upon the walls.

"This was a welcome for the bride," thought Sir Raoul. "Perhaps,

however, she has not much taste for flowers."

No one seemed to be about; the breakfast-table was prepared, but there was no one to preside. Sir Raoul looked round; he thought he would 30 through the conservatory, and perhaps by that time there would be some news of breakfast. He opened the glass-door and walked through a fairyland of sweet blossoms; the spray of the fountain fell with melodious music into the clear basin below.

"How beautiful!" thought the simple soldier.

He walked on until he saw a vision that suddenly struck him dumb. At the end of the conservatory was a large vine-wreathed door, the green leaves somued a perfect screen, and against them stood a sigure such as Sir Raoul had never seen before and never afterward forgot-a tall, graceful, girlish figure—a figure that was all symmetry, with a slender, graceful neck, white as snow, lovely shoulders, round, white arms, draped in elegant morning dress.

(To be continued.)



NOTICE.

MANITOBA. H. Martineau The Narrows, Lake Mannoba-F Ogletree Portage la Prairie.
A. M. Muckle St. Peter's.
R. J. N. Pither Fert Francis.
Gos MdPnerson ... Assabaskating
John McIntyres... Savanne
J. Render Grand Rapids.
A. MacKay...... Beten's River.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

AGENT.

A. Markle Birile.

J. J. Campbell. ... Moore Moautain.

A. McDonald ... Crooked Lakes.

W. S. Grant ... Assimilatine Reserve.

P. J. Williams ... File Hills

J. B. Lash Muscowpetung's Reserve.

H. Keith 'ouchwood Hille.

J. A. Mackay ... Battleford.

G. G. Mann ... Onion Lake.

J. A. Mitchell ... Victoria.

W. Ande son ... Edmouton.

S. B. Lacas ... Peace Hills.

W. Pocklington ... Blood Reserve.

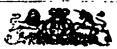
M. Pegg Blackford Crossing.

W. C. de Halinhard, Sarcee Reserve.

and that no attention with be paid to a sam ALEXI. ALENCY.

letter accompanying their tender, name the pages of the Schedule on which are the articles for which they have tendered. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. VANKOUGHNET.
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, Feby., 1867.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed in the undersigned, and actived "Tender for Indian Supplier," will be received at this office up to noon specific," will be received at this office up to noon specific to the control of the control of the tender of the specific to the control of the contro

