

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

The Campbells are coming, d'ye hear, d'ye hear?  
Canadians be ready to cheer, to cheer,  
And greet ye with gladness as larks the May morn—  
And welcome your Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

They're coming across the wide main, wide main,  
They're coming to govern our fair Domain;  
Canadians, with gladness as larks the May morn,  
Will welcome their Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

Arise and be ready, ye sons of the Gael,  
Tune your pipes ready, ye sons of the Gael,  
And play the grand Slogan, be foremost that morn  
To welcome your Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

The red men will march from their glades in the wood,  
The red men will march in their happiest mood;  
And bright coloured feathers their heads will adorn  
To welcome their Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

The rich and the poor will be joyous that day,  
The old folk so happy, the young ones so gay;  
For loyal Canadians disloyalty scorn—  
They'll welcome their Princess and Marquis of Lorne.  
Chatham, Ont. A. MACFIE.

## A ROMANCE OVER WHITEBAIT.

BY MRS. ADOLPHE SMITH.

"I've done it, Glyde!" cried Edmund Dudley, as he entered his friend Glyde's rooms in Bond street, on a brilliant June morning. "Do you mean to say that you have not had your breakfast yet?"

"Now, don't talk, but have a kidney while it's hot," responded Glyde, pushing a chair towards his friend, and indicating the dish containing the dainty he had mentioned.

"No, no, my dear fellow," said Dudley, sinking into a chair, "I can't eat."

"Can you drink?" asked Glyde laconically.

"Yes, I fancy so," replied Dudley moodily.

"Then all is not yet lost. Don't howl and rail at your fate, and so on, if you can still enjoy your weed and your peg," said Glyde.

He finished his breakfast tranquilly, and when he had lit his cigar he said,

"What is it that you have done, Dudley? Murdered your tailor because of a misfit?"

"I've proposed to the girl I mentioned to you," said Dudley, almost sullenly.

Glyde gave a loud whistle.

"Oh, I see," he muttered; "and you have been accepted?"

Dudley nodded, and went on smoking in silence.

"I don't see, however," said Glyde presently, "why you should not look at the matter more cheerfully. Of course matrimony is a nuisance, because it is a tie, and one loses the present sense of irresponsibility, which is the greatest charm of life, I think. But if you begin as you mean to go on, there is no reason why she should be too much of a tie upon you. And then, think of the neat sum of money she represents."

"I know, I know," said Dudley fretfully; "but just think of what all the fellows will go about and say of me everywhere—that I am mercenary, and that I am marrying in order to pay my debts."

"As to that, you know," said Glyde, "when men tell the truth there is nothing—"

"But the point is that men, and much less women, never do tell the truth, unless it be unpleasant," said Dudley. "There are plenty of truths about me that I should rather like to be circulated in society; but depend upon it, not a word will ever be breathed but about the one incident I would rather have kept quiet."

"When did you do it?" asked Glyde.

"Yesterday evening," said Dudley, his tone and aspect by no means those of an accepted lover. "We were at the Pomeroy's together; so I took her into the conservatory, and swore, till I was black in the face, that my very life depended upon her answer. I thought at first that she was laughing at me; but at all events she accepted me; so it does not much matter whether she were laughing or not laughing."

"But what do you suppose was her reason for accepting you?" said Glyde.

"I am sure I can't tell," said Dudley—"that's the most extraordinary part of it all."

Here Glyde burst into a hearty laugh.

"You're a convivial suitor, I must own," he exclaimed, "and I hope—"

But his aspirations were never revealed; for at that moment a third young man entered Glyde's room, crying,

"Glyde, I've got a little party on to-day at Greenwich. Will you join us?"

"Very sorry, dear boy," responded Glyde gravely; "but the calls of friendship are imperative, you know. I must stand by Dudley here in his affliction."

"I beg your pardon, Dudley, said the newcomer; "I didn't see you at first. How do you do? What's the matter—have you lost any one?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary," said Glyde; "he's won one—that's what is the matter with him. He has consented to try a remedy for his ills in the form of matrimony; and though the pill be gilded with sixty thousand pounds, it sticks in his throat. We had better take him down to Greenwich, Russell; he will soon regain his spirits with us."

In vain Dudley protested that he had promised to call on Miss Lovel that very afternoon. His friends would hear no excuse. They forced him to write a note to her, pleading a previous engagement, and they insisted on his joining the merry, if not strictly reputable, party to Greenwich.

Dudley was presently the gayest of the gay,

and forgot his new duties and responsibilities in the piquant conversational charm of certain of his friends.

The party consisted of four men and two women; and when they all reached the Trafalgar, and a private room was suggested, the feminine element strongly resisted the idea.

"We do not want to hide ourselves," cried Mdlle. Tata.

"Nor our cavaliers," said Mdlle. Toto.

So a table was taken in the public room by the wall and near the window. The ladies, having divested themselves of their wraps, seated themselves at the table, and prepared to have a "good time."

Russell, and his bosom friend Hobson, who were the hosts, ordered a considerable quantity of wine; and jokes were falling so thick and fast that the laughter of the party attracted general attention. At one moment there was a sudden influx of visitors; and Dudley, who was bending towards Mdlle. Tata with great *empressment*, did not notice the new arrivals as they entered. He was sitting with his back to the public, and consequently could see very little of that which was going on in the room.

"By Jove! what a handsome girl!" cried Russell, who was opposite Dudley, as he looked straight over Dudley's shoulder. The other men signifying their concurrence in the opinion, Dudley turned round.

His face fell considerably as he recognized in the object of his friend's admiration Beatrice Lovel, his betrothed! She was alone, with her father only a yard or two off; and as he realized this bewildering state of things his eyes met hers and she smiled and bowed, while he responded with an awkward nod, muttering to himself that he was the unluckiest dog alive.

From that moment all Dudley's vivacity and enjoyment were over. He exerted himself by fits and starts to talk and laugh. He tried to resume his jokes and absurdities, he was assiduous in passing the wine, he paid the most forced compliments to his pretty neighbour, he related the wildest anecdotes; but there was no real animation in it all, and the boisterous party soon began to joke him about his sudden depression.

"Dudley, you must have seen a ghost," said one.

"Or a creditor," said another.

"Or the pater," suggested a third.

"Perhaps Mr. Dudley thinks his wife is not far off," hazarded Mdlle. Toto, with a malicious smile.

"Impossible, I assure you," began Dudley.

"Because he's not married yet," added Glyde significantly.

"I see," said Mdlle. Tata; "then perhaps he has seen a vision of the chosen fair one. That would of course be very terrible, especially if Mr. Dudley were considering matrimony as a genteel form of bankruptcy."

There was a general laugh at Mdlle. Tata's speech, and Dudley muttered to himself that they were all deucedly ill-bred, and that he was deucedly sorry that he had ever consented to join the expedition. His game was of course entirely up; Miss Lovel would never forgive him—women were invariably severe on such matters—the sixty thousand pounds had disappeared, as far as he was concerned; and not only was he distressed about the money, but he felt as well a vague and lingering regret which he would have been puzzled to define. What could he do to mend matters? he asked himself again and again. He could not leave his party and join the Lovels; to begin with, it would be monstrously illbred on his part; also, Miss Lovel would certainly not receive him well; and he should only be laughed at generally. Yet it would be decidedly unpleasant to see her leave the room with her father, and to know that she had made up her mind to throw him over. He was utterly bewildered; and in order to get rid of the tiresome influence of these thoughts, he helped himself copiously to champagne, and certainly succeeded in making his troubles seem lighter.

In the mean time, the young lady at the neighbouring table had been by no means unobservant. She and her father had only been seated a few minutes when she leant across to him and asked,

"Do you see whom we have close to us, papa dear?"

Mr. Lovel, who was a good-hearted, easy-going man in everything disconnected with the business in which he made his fortune, had seen his future son-in-law immediately on entering the room, but would not have drawn his daughter's attention to the fact.

"Well, yes, my dear, I do see," he answered now.

"But what's to be done, papa?" inquired Miss Lovel.

"I can't hardly say," answered Mr. Lovel tentatively. "What do you think of it?"

"I think, then, we won't talk of it just now, papa dear," replied the young lady decisively. "You shall have your dinner in peace, and we shall return to the subject after the whitebait."

"So be it," said Mr. Lovel, nothing loth; and the father and daughter went very tranquilly through the lengthy list of dishes, disturbed only now and then by the boisterous merriment at the table beside them. When the four successive dishes of whitebait had been placed before them, and the exquisite fish in their different dresses had been duly tasted, Beatrice Lovel said quietly to her father,

"I hope you don't feel very angry with Mr. Dudley, papa, because of his being with that party—a very mixed party, is it not?"

"Well, my child, the party certainly is mixed—indeed, excessively mixed—and I'm afraid there is very little character to speak of at the table," replied Mr. Lovel, glancing discreetly at Dudley's companions as he spoke; "still, I am not so irate at Mr. Dudley's behaviour as some persons might be. You see, young men will be young men. But I wouldn't have you distress yourself on the subject. You know, young men are led into things without thinking."

"I know, papa," said Miss Lovel, "and that is why I am not inclined to be so severe. The thing is, that if we are judicious, we may save him from future harm."

"God bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Lovel, looking up at his daughter in amazement, "I never heard such a generous speech come from a woman before."

"But do you think I am wrong, papa?" asked Miss Lovel.

"Certainly not, my dear," replied her father. "I think that if women could more often be as liberal, young men would not be so unmanageable. Still, I don't quite understand what you see in young Dudley to induce you to overlook so much."

"My dear papa," said Miss Lovel, "I was interested in him when I first met him, because I thought there was something in him—something good in his nature—and I devised a little scheme by which I hope to do him a genuine service that will be of use throughout life. You have allowed me to do what I like—have you not?—and now I am going to surprise you."

Mr. Lovel shrugged his shoulders and shook his head and smiled indulgently at his daughter. She was an odd person, he was in the habit of saying, and had many whims and fancies.

Presently the moment came when Mr. Lovel and his daughter had finished their dinner.

"Now, my dear, what do you propose to do?" said Mr. Lovel. "Are you going to leave young Dudley here?"

"Why, yes, papa," said Beatrice. "You wouldn't have me go and fetch him. We must leave directly, and we can drive back to town before dark."

As she spoke she rose, and the party opposite had a full view of her tall slight figure and handsome head. Dudley's heart sank as he heard the comments of his temporary friends. For a moment or two he saw the waiters bowing and making way, he heard the rustle of silk, the indescribable *frou-frou* of a woman's skirts, and in desperation he looked up and met the dark eyes of his betrothed, fixed upon him with something of the expression that had puzzled him during his interview with her in Mrs. Pomeroy's conservatory. She smiled and bowed again, and passed out of the room, followed by her father.

Men are more friendly to each other than are women, and Glyde, by this time guessing the position of affairs, came to Dudley's rescue, exclaiming,

"I say, Dudley, are you not going to say a few words to your friends? You can catch them up at the door, and tell them the necessary conventional untruths. I am sure these ladies will excuse you for a moment rather than that you should appear rude."

Mademoiselle Tata having declared that it was useless trying to save appearances in that direction, and Mademoiselle Toto having signified her willingness to dispense with his company *in toto*, Dudley muttered a few apologetic words and made his escape. He felt exceedingly foolish when he reached the broad doorway. Miss Lovel and her father were standing there, waiting for the carriage to draw up, and he was conscious that his face was flushed and that he was not so clear-headed as he might have been. As Miss Lovel turned to greet him, he heartily wished himself back beside Mademoiselle Tata in the dining-room.

"I am glad you contrived to come and say a few words," she said, smiling brightly, and noting at the same time the young man's disturbed appearance. "You are a gay party, are you not?"

"Very gay indeed, I should say," muttered Mr. Lovel, who thought it was his duty to be somewhat severe. "Here is the carriage, Beatrice."

"I am ready, papa," she replied. "It's a pity we can't drive you back with us, Mr. Dudley. I hope you will get home safely," she added, with an expressive glance.

He muttered a few unintelligible words as he handed her into the carriage, and he heartily wished he could go back with her as she suggested. Then when she leant out of the carriage to give him her hand and to murmur in a low voice, "You will come to see me to-morrow, will you not, Edmund?" some strange feeling stirred within him and found expression on his face, and Miss Lovel saw she had produced the effect she desired.

When, the next afternoon, Glyde returned, after his drive, to his rooms in Bond street, in order to dress for dinner, he found Dudley sitting by the open window.

"Well, Dudley, what's the matter now?" he exclaimed. "Have you had too fierce a fire about your head respecting yesterday's joke? When a friend displays such assiduity in his visiting one always knows there is something wrong. What has happened? You can tell me while I dress; but you must not be too diffuse, for I must be in Cleveland square by eight o'clock. Now, then, have some brandy-and-soda, man—you look quite disturbed—and tell me your troubles, while I paint the lily; and don't say I am not a good friend."

"Oh, you're a good friend enough," muttered Dudley, leaning his head on his hand; "but I

wish I had not been induced to join you and your friends in your expedition to Greenwich yesterday; that little party has cost me all the prosperity that had come upon me."

"What, even the prosperity that dawned upon you in the conservatory the other evening?" laughed Glyde.

"It's no laughing matter, I can assure you," said Dudley. "I feel like a cur that has been whipped."

"Have you been hounded down by your creditors, then?" suggested Glyde, with another laugh.

"If you laugh in that absurd manner every moment," said Dudley, impatiently, "I shall throw something at your head."

"Keep cool, Dudley," said Glyde. "I am getting to the serious part of my toilette; tell me the climax of your dismal story while I am tying my white cravat. Seriously though, my dear fellow, what's wrong?"

"This is what has happened," said Dudley. "When I saw Miss Lovel into her carriage last night she asked me to call upon her to-day, and of course I went to the house after lunch to-day. She received me with the utmost kindness; she asked me several questions about my affairs, and at last she said that she knew quite well how I was situated; that I wanted a certain sum of money to pay my creditors, rather than a wife; that yesterday's incident showed her that I could not love her, which was not surprising, since I knew her so little; that she had accepted me the other night as a slight punishment for my recklessness; that she had never intended to marry me, but that she wished to keep me for her friend; and, finally, that she had put twenty thousand pounds in my bank to my credit, which she hoped I should devote to the paying of my debts instead of taking refuge in such a spirit in matrimony, and which I might return when I liked and as I liked."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Glyde, "that's a woman worth cultivating!"

"But what am I to do?" said Dudley despairingly.

"What are you to do, man?" said Glyde. "Why, you ought to be delighted now, since you have got the money, and it's not saddled with the wife. Twenty thousand is not of course so desirable as sixty thousand; still, if you had had to take the girl with the larger sum you would have had many extra expenses, and there would have been settlements; as it is, you have the twenty thousand clear; and I daresay she would lend you more if you really wanted it. I should not waste too many regrets over the forty thousand difference. Twenty thousand will help you along a little. For my part, I think you are very lucky to get out of it all so well."

"But, Glyde, you don't understand me," cried Dudley; "you don't understand that I feel humiliated to the lowest degree by this girl's generosity. She has put her money in my bank; how am I to restore it? She says I can pay it back to her when I like; but when shall I ever be able?"

"My dear fellow, I shouldn't quarrel with Fate, if I were you," said Glyde; "I should let the money remain at your bankers', to be used at your discretion. I should think of it and talk of it as a loan, and should think of and talk of and to the lady as if she were a friend, like a man. I don't see that the position is very trying, I must own."

"But, Glyde," cried Dudley again, with singular energy, "I should like to marry her without the money!"

Glyde turned to look at his friend gravely, and then said, shaking his head as he spoke,

"If you have fallen in love, as the common saying runs, Dudley, why I can't have you here any more. My chums may come and tell me what they like about their pecuniary difficulties, and I am always ready to sympathize with them, but I cannot put up with the ravings of lovers, their entire absorption and selfishness; so pray keep away, my dear fellow, until the attack is over. Are you severely hit, or do you think it is likely to be lingering?"

"You may laugh as much as you like," said Dudley; "but I tell you what it is—I have made up my mind to do all I can to win her."

"And get the remaining forty thousand?" said Glyde.

"And get Miss Lovel herself," said Dudley decisively—"a brave and generous woman—"

"And what is more to the purpose—a rich one," put in Glyde.

"Who deserves to be appreciated by the man who wins her; and by Heaven I will win her!"

"Now, Dudley, my dear fellow, you must go," said Glyde quietly. "I recognize the first stage of your disease, and shall send you away before it develops itself, and threatens to endanger the peace and prosperity of all your friends. I shall be very glad to see you when you are convalescent. Good-bye, dear boy; think of your future and keep cool."

And, with a laugh, Glyde went off into his bedroom; while Dudley went out of the house, half vexed and half amused.

"I will win her!" he muttered to himself, as he walked along, a new feeling in his heart, a new ambition in his brain.

And eventually he did win her; and they dined at Greenwich on each anniversary of their wedding.

It is stated in clerical circles that even without establishing official relations with England, the Vatican has decided to send an Apostolic Delegate or a Chargé d'Affaires to London, and that a proposal to this effect will shortly be submitted to the British Government.