

ship means, at any rate. Will you come in and sleep at our house?"

"No, the old gentleman hates to breakfast alone, and I hate to vex him, so I'll please both of us."

"Well, I think even conspirators are abed by this time, and I am dog-tired," returned Harry.

"And I, too; so good night, old fellow."

Thus the friends parted, not to meet again until each had proved what the friendship of the other was worth, by enduring trials whose severity arose out of it.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### BREAKING THE DREAD NEWS.

Harry entered his house softly, for fatigued in body and depressed in mind, he was under that nameless dread of evil impending which is born of nervous exhaustion, and he felt as though he could not reply to his mother's enquiry as to his well-being if he should happen to arouse her.

What then was his surprise on entering the sitting-room, to find a good fire blazing on the hearth and a light burning on the table, at which his mother sat reading.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed, "what has detained you from your rest until this hour?"

"Should I not rather ask what has detained my son from his home until this hour? Surely you are not growing reserved towards me, too, Harry. I do not fear your falling into evil courses, but I naturally expect some explanation when you depart from your usual habits as, I am sorry to say, you have done frequently of late." Then observing the worn-out look upon Harry's countenance, she added, "Are you ill, dear boy? What is it?"

"It is nothing but fatigue, I assure you, mother. Frank and I had a tremendous tramp after a deer before we shot one, and since then we have had a sort of adventure, of which I will tell you in the morning. Was William here this afternoon?"

"No," said his mother, sadly. "William did not come, but sent a note instead, saying business had called him up the country for a few days. What it may be I cannot imagine, since there is no farm business to call him away at this season. I have reason to fear it is something unworthy a son of Squire Hewit. Tell me candidly do you think William has allied himself with these agitators who look to MacKenzie as their exponent?"

Harry hesitated, he did not wish to inform on his brother even to his mother.

"Why do you not answer, Harry? You can certainly tell me what you think of it."

"Mother, dear," replied Harry, "I have good reason to think he has allowed that sister of Howis to lead him against his own judgment and opinion."

"It is, then, indeed, as I feared. And Miss Howis is with him, too."

"With him! Surely it is not a wedding. William would not be so wanting in what is due from a son to his parent, as to do such a thing without first asking your approbation."

"No, I do not fear such a want of respect as that, but I am in dread lest it be political business. Miss Howis is as much of a politician as her brother, and, if report be true, is far more successful in acquiring converts than he. No doubt she has something of the kind on hand now."

"And has persuaded William to be of use to her in order that she may retain her influence over him. He is, however, blinder than I like to think him if he do not see through her before he returns," said Harry.

"O, if I could only think so! I could then be reconciled to this action on his part, sure that my son would be restored to me again. Since Edwards returned—for I sent him over when I received William's note, hoping he could hear something more definite—I have been thinking it would be well for you to go after William in the morning, and persuade him to return home to me, for I have a terrible presentiment of evil. Heaven knows what may happen to him."

"Fear not that, mother! But now, pray, retire, and we will talk it over in the morning."

(To be continued.)

#### A SUMMER NOOK.

The car for Kew Gardens, or rather Lee Avenue, was waiting at the market, so we took our places and left without delay. It was a small, closed car, unfortunately,—though there is a good deal of passing to and fro on the line, especially in the afternoons, and quite a variety of people to be seen. In the morning and evening there are workmen with their cans dropping off at intervals along the road, and, a little later, gentlemen, residents of the suburbs, going to and returning from work in the city. Then there are women who have been shopping, generally with baskets and a few children, little boys with fishing rods, young fellows with guns going out for an afternoon's shooting, gentlemen bound for the "Woodbine," about a mile and a quarter past the Don River, picnickers in abundance, or, perhaps, a sketching party of young girls full of life, if not of art. I remember going out once with quite a remarkable looking young man. His face was lantern-jawed, with a powerful mouth and chin; the features regular and strongly cut, the complexion swarthy, the eyes under heavy black brows, of the kind of opaque dark that has no transparency in it but a piercing intensity that baffles you and looks you through. He suggested pirates at once or banditti. One could not help putting a picturesque cap on him and setting him down in a Greek or Italian forest listening for a party of travellers, or on shipdeck, with the black flag blowing out overhead, running down a merchant vessel; yet, probably, he was an ordinary young fellow enough, with no dangerous ideas about him; but the faces of the other men in the car looked weakly amiable beside his, with its suggestions of bad temper and masterful will. Then there were the old couple who puzzled me to know whether they were brother and sister or husband and wife. Too attentive to one another for the former I thought, and yet there was much the same outline of feature, the same complexion, and even something of the same smile. They were somewhere about sixty, and had evidently once lived in the neighbourhood and were returning to it after a long absence. How their heads went from one side of the car to the other! What pleasure anything familiar gave them, and how they wondered over the changes—the building up that had been going on everywhere, the opening of new streets, the removal of old landmarks. At last the husband or brother, which ever it was, left his place on the opposite side of the car and came over to his companion, leaning against the door, that they might look and enjoy together, and every now and then she would turn to him with an eager, excited little laugh, like that of a child. The last I saw of them was going down Lee Avenue to the beach. There were inequalities in the road and he had given her his arm to help her on. After crossing the Don, we passed through the little villages of Riverside and Leslieville, so close together that it was hard to tell where one ended and the other began. Then the houses began to scatter. There were nursery gardens, with their rows of tiny young trees; one or two orchards, very pretty in spring when the blossoms are out, and prosperous-looking now, with the fruit showing through the foliage. But, on the whole, this part of the road is not interesting. By and by the car stopped at the gate of the Woodbine Hotel, with the high fence of the race-course stretching beyond. Here several gentlemen got off—one or two taking the Kingston road that winds up the hill to Norway village. Then we went on again over what was up to this summer a pretty country road, with several dips and grassy sides. But the hollows have been filled up for the car track, and a plank sidewalk laid, giving it something of a street look. Now across the intervening ground we get glimpses of the blue lake to our right, and the fresh, cool breeze reached us. How the city is creeping out, grasping with greedy hand, as it were, more and more of the country—opening new streets, putting up board houses here, there, and everywhere, or posts with the inevitable "Lots for sale" in big black letters. Presently we rang the bell and got out, letting the car go on to its terminus, Lee Avenue. The entrance to Kew

Gardens was formerly over a stile, every step of which was suggestive of romance, of partings in the morning and meetings again at night, of watchings and waitings, of little children resting with flushed faces and their hands full of wildflowers, of older people helping one another over. But the stile has given way to a gate now, much more convenient, if not so pretty. Our way led now through the grassy side of a field, and then, stooping under a bar, we found ourselves in the prettiest part of Kew Gardens, a broad path winding through a wood of slender trees, with a thick undergrowth. In the centre was a hollow—suggestive of marshiness, of blue violets in the spring, and where one got glimpses of jewel-weed with its pretty pendant flowers. This path brought us to the picnic proper part of the gardens, a rather dreary spot with dilapidated wooden tables and benches, near the Farmhouse Hotel or Hotel Farmhouse of the owner of the property. Here come the conventional picnickers—the people who pack huge baskets and look for a place where they can eat comfortably and play games. A party were already in possession—young fellows and girls from one of the villages on the road probably—making an uproarious noise. We took the path leading down to the water, coming out of the wood at the rear of the cottages, and, passing between two of the latter, found ourselves in the little settlement on the lake shore. It is simply a long line of cottages on a narrow strip of beach, having the trees for a background, and the blue lake immediately in front. There are perhaps fifteen or twenty of them, of various patterns and painted differently; but all wooden, with verandas, and more or less suggestive of dolls' houses and playing at living. We walked along the double plank laid in front of them, coming so close to the tiny interiors at times that we felt inclined to stop and apologize, but nobody seemed to mind. The ladies, chatting or sewing on their verandas, eyed us indifferently as we passed, and the children playing in the sand scarcely noticed us. Two gentlemen in bathing suits ran out of one of the cottages, going down for a dip in the lake before tea. Life seemed to have thrown off a good deal of its conventionality out here and to be drawing a long free breath. Some of the cottages had tiny bits of sand railed in for gardens, and one or two even boasted rockeries, the flowers of the latter lending a touch of bright colour to the scene. When we reached Lee Avenue, we turned for another look at the place. The sun had sunken nearly to the level of the treetops, and was lengthening the shadows of the cottages and throwing its full light on the water beyond. Strangers from the gardens behind were strolling up and down the plank-walk. The people were clustered on their verandas waiting for the husband or son from the city, children and dogs were running about the sand, and a boat pushed off from the shore, with two young people in it, was tossing lightly with the motion of the water. There was a cheerful mingling of sounds, of the voices of children and older people, of laughing and calling, together with the quiet splash of the waves. Turning the other way there were still other cottages beyond, and after that the beach stretching on to Scarborough Heights, tall and well wooded in the distance, and lakeward we could see the little steamer from the city making its way into Victoria Park wharf. We went up Lee Avenue passing other cottages, that, disliking the publicity of the beach, had retired for privacy to this green lane-like road. We waited a few moments for the car at the corner of Queen street, and then, with a last look at the blue water behind, rumbled off to the city again.

J. E. SMITH.

The richest gowns for afternoon reception wear are trained and are made with polonaises, also trained, opening in front over rich petticoats of brocade, or over embroidered and lace-trimmed silk skirts.

Quite the newest thing in bonnet-strings is to have them of narrow ribbon velvet, fastened just back of the front coronet, carried thence to the back, crossed, and held there with a fancy pin, then brought under the chin and tied in a loopy bow beside the left ear.

If once you allow yourself to think about the origin and end of things, you will have to believe in a God and immortality.—*Martineau.*