

generally contrived to see people in their very best light, so that he was always prepared to like them until sufficient reason presented for disliking them, and it may be said in passing, that the young fellow could hate just as heartily as he could like a man.

"What a pretty little place this is!" he said, on the second morning after their arrival, as he and Reggie sauntered toward the farm.

"Awfully quiet, though; I would not like to live here month after month, like Standfield, for instance; and yet he seems not to mind it."

"Well, I think myself that two or three weeks of it would be sufficient for me at a time, not but that I could live a country life, and very contentedly too, if I were obliged to my boyhood was passed in a country place scarcely larger than this."

"Still, a fellow ought to have his ding in the world before he settles down in one quiet corner of it for the rest of his life, as you will probably do some day when you are Squire of Wortley," said Reggie, with a smile.

"I hope that day is a long way off, yet; the poor old governor may enjoy his possessions without a fear of my coveting them," said Jack, with a sort of tender pity in his voice; the present Squire of Wortley was an old man of sixty-four, he had been a stern, exacting father; but none knew better than Jack, that in his inmost heart the old man idolized his handsome son; and the young man in return gave a very sincere affection to his father.

"Nice fellow, that Standfield," remarked Reggie, presently.

"Yes, he is one of those men one cannot help feeling a respect for; I feel sure he is an unusually well-informed man, and yet there is nothing in the slightest degree boastful or pedantic about him."

"He is a gentleman," answered the younger man, simply.

"I am sure he is. It has been said that an English gentleman is unmistakable; he is unique; and I may say that a Canadian gentleman is a gentleman through and through, and a right good fellow into the bargain."

"Thank you; I suppose you came to Canada under the impression that the Canadians were a race of boors."

"Not at all," returned the other, laughing,—“but you know a man is always partial to his own countrymen, so that it is perhaps a surprise to him to find another nation equal in all respects to his own.”

"Thanks again, old fellow," replied Reggie, proudly.

"I can tell you, I am proud of being a Canadian, and of the same race as the English."

"As any man might be, for there is no greater nation in the world than old England," said Littleworth, exultingly. But now, after this brisk interchange of compliments, let us try and find our way back to the subject in hand. By the way, am I right in supposing that your cousin is engaged to Mr. Thorpe, that sulky-looking chap, you know?"

"Yes, quite right; I cannot imagine how they ever became engaged, for it is evident there is not much love lost between them; I suppose Thorpe has an eye on Augusta's money. I detest the fellow!"

"Miss Laurie is an heiress, then?"

"She has a pretty little fortune in her own right; and she will, I suppose, inherit Bonny Dale and her father's money."

"Indeed!"

"Judy cannot endure the man, either; I can see that. By the way, let us get the girls to show us the way to Bonny

Woods this morning; my sister says it is a lovely place."

"By all means; let us do so. Mr. Standfield was saying that there was pretty good fishing in the river; we must get out our rods and tackle to-morrow, and win old Mrs. Barber's heart by a present of some fresh trout for breakfast."

"They had now arrived at the garden gate, and throwing aside their cigars, entered, vociferously welcomed by Trap, whose joyous bark brought Judith to the window to see who was coming in.

She was engaged in dusting the ornaments in the sitting room, and wore a large blue gingham apron over her black muslin dress, while an old blue silk handkerchief arranged *laque-fashion*, protected her pretty hair from the dust. She looked wonderfully pretty and childish, standing there in the window, over and around which bloomed in abundant profusion the early June roses, filling the air with delicious fragrance.

"If I were an artist I would paint a picture of that girl, standing just as she is now," thought Jack, his beautiful blue eyes full of admiration.

Reginald also seemed struck with his sister's appearance, this morning.

"Why, Judy!" he cried, with brotherly outspokenness, "I never knew you were such a beauty before."

"Brothers are curiously unobservant mortals," laughed Jack, as he saluted the young girl and Mrs. Laurie, who had now appeared at the window—are they not, Mrs. Laurie?"

"Not always, Mr. Littleworth, not always, but young men nowadays seem to think it waste of time to compliment their own sisters," said the old lady, quaintly.

"Ah! it was different in my young days; I had one brother; he died twenty years ago, poor Jim! and he always did say that I was the prettiest girl in the village where we lived. You would not believe now, Reggie, that I was ever a pretty young girl like your sister; would you?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Laurie, I am quite sure you were for I have heard my father say many a time that you were a regular beauty when you married Mr. Laurie," answered Reggie, brightly, and won the old lady's heart entirely, for she dearly loved to hear people say that she had been a beauty in her far away youth. Poor old lady!

"We have come to beg you and Miss Laurie to accompany us to Bonny Woods; it is a beautiful morning for a walk," Jack was saying to Judith. He never dreamed that Augusta considered her time too precious to waste in idle morning rambles.

"I think Augusta is busy; but I will go, anyway; it will be delightful. I will go and tell Augusta that you are here."

"To Bonny Woods, indeed!" exclaimed that indefatigable young woman, when Judith informed her of Jack's request.

"I have a great deal too much to do, to go gadding about all forenoon; and for no earthly reason that I can see; Reggie and Mr. Littleworth could find their way to Bonny Woods by themselves well enough if they chose. Tell them I'll be in to see them in a minute," she added, as Judith turned to leave the dairy, much relieved by her cousin's decision to remain at home.

(To be Continued.)

"You must bathe regularly," said a physician, gravely, as he looked at the patient's tongue, and felt his pulse. "But, doctor, I do," returned the sick man; "I go in swimming regularly every First of July."