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E. N. HUNT, 180 Dundas Street

To Whom She Said "Yes."

As the well-satisfied audience at the Eastham school house separated after the entertainment, Miss Tibbets discussed with one another the tidings that had deprived them of Eden's promised songs, and amongst others who listened with interest to the news of Mrs. Aubrey's sudden indisposition was the brisk inspector of the Eastham police. John Hutton greatly esteemed the lady-like widow and her pretty, unaffected daughter; he never forgot how the one had taught his blind son to play the harmonium at the church, nor how ready the other had always been to do any little acts of kindness for her poorer neighbors.

Full of pity to the poor girl, to whom he knew that the shocks of such tidings must have been very great, Inspector Hutton stopped a minute to open the door of Mr. Stretby's carriage for the young ladies from The Beeches, to respectfully add his own surprise as to the cause of Mrs. Aubrey's sudden illness, and promised, unasked, that he would make his business to see the lady to the widow's early in the morning, and ascertain how she was progressing.

With Venitia calling back to him to be sure to send up to The Beeches and let them know it was her father adding that the messenger should have a good breakfast and a shilling for his pains, the carriage drove away. Inspector Hutton touched his hat to the person who had stopped to see the lights out and doors securely fastened; then, instead of going straight to his own cottage, some good-natured impulse urged him to take a more circuitous route, that would lead him past Mrs. Aubrey's.

"Miss Eden mightn't have anyone with her but that bit of a servant girl," he had reminded himself, in which case his mission should go and stay the night with her.

He quickened his steps when he drew near the gate of the little garden, for a female figure was leaning upon it. Perhaps it was Eden herself, waiting for the doctor; but the worthy inspector was literally dumfounded, when he saw that it was Mrs. Aubrey, and not her daughter, who stood there, and courteously bade him good evening as he stopped short in front of her.

"Then you're better, ma'am?" he blurted out.

"I have not been ill, thank you, Hutton," was the reply. "Is the concert over? Did you pass my daughter on her way home?"

Inspector Hutton took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"Is it Miss Lottie that's ill? Are you sure you sent no message to the school house this evening?" cried Mrs. Aubrey, beginning to be alarmed at his manner. "I sent no message. Where is Eden?"

"Most likely she is with them Miss Tibbets," said the bewildered John Hutton. "I'll go and make inquiries, ma'am, and let you know, so don't get worrying yourself till I come back."

"I will go with you," said Mrs. Aubrey, drawing her shawl over her head, "and you shall explain to me what it is that surprises and troubles you as we walk along. What has happened?"

"The frightened mother, though she would not confess it, was wrestling with a fear that Eden had gone to meet Capt. Lyssenden, instead of keeping her appointment with the spinners; but her alarm only took a fresh shape when Miss Olivia Tibbets confirmed John Hutton's tale of the summons that had come to Eden as she sat in the midst of the audience at the school house, and produced the scrap of paper dropped in the flight of the terrified daughter."

"Keep up, ma'am, for goodness sake keep up," cried the inspector, supporting Mrs. Aubrey, as she reeled, and would have fallen, if he had not been at hand. "You will want all your presence of mind, you know."

"There's been a silly—nay, a cruel trick played by somebody or other, and you must turn things over in your mind and try to tell me who is most likely to be the guilty parties."

"But Eden, where can she be? Ah! she would hurry to Mrs. Sandham's, where she knew she intended to spend the afternoon. What a night for the walk! alone, too, and terrified on my account!"

"But she would learn that you were all right as soon as she reached the farm, and Mrs. Sandham would keep her safe till morning. So be easy, ma'am, be easy. I'll put my horse into my neighbor's chaise-cart, and drive over at dawn, and fetch her, if you'll only promise to go to bed and make yourself comfortable till then."

Mrs. Aubrey consented, though she was still a prey to much uneasiness; and, cheerfully bidding her good night, John Hutton strolled away in the direction of the dwelling, his side in keeping the peace in Eastham came in sight.

No, they had neither seen or heard anything unusual. A light dog-cart had passed one of them some hours earlier,

but that was coming to, not going from. Eastham; and the four persons seated in it were all of the male sex. No one but the lad who had carried Eden's message and seen the trap stop outside the somewhat isolated schoolhouse, and he, when questioned on the morrow, could tell nothing concerning it, as Eden, the gentleman who gave him the note for her, and the vehicle from which he alighted, had all disappeared when he returned to his post at the door.

Mrs. Aubrey passed the night in wandering from room to room; for she found it impossible to take honest John Hutton's advice, and rest. Her quickened ear detected the sound of wheels long before he drove to her door in the gray light of the morning.

"You are going to take me with you to Mrs. Sandham's?" she exclaimed. "Thanks, it is very thoughtful of you. I will be ready in an instant."

bonnet, when she found John Hutton. She was running in doors for her beside her, grave concern depicted on his bluff face.

"It's no use, ma'am. I'm very sorry to have to tell you this; but I have been over to the farm already. I started two hours ago; for somehow my mind misgave me; and Miss Aubrey has not been there!"

CHAPTER XXIII.
On the outskirts of Hartmer Forest, on a patch of debatable ground, to which so many laid claim that it might be called common property, and was used accordingly, a gipsy family had set up their tent to rest awhile, ere they continued their journey to the market town, to which they were bound. It was such a secluded dell, and so remote from the more frequented tracks through the forest, as well as the high road intersecting it, that these wanderers knew they were not likely to be discovered and driven away before they were ready to depart; and daily, the wife, with her basket of tinware, and the husband, with his brooms and mats, found their way to the outlying villages and isolated farm-houses, where such wares were generally acceptable; and their takings were supplemented by many a job of chair-mending and fortune-telling.

Just after noon the wife parted company with her spouse, leaving him to purchase some necessities, and tramped back to her tent; for rough and ignorant though she was, she was a loving mother, and anxious about the baby left in charge of two elder boys. One of these lads was seated in front of the tent, busy at his work, the making of clothes-pegs; and the little one, rolled up in an old shawl, sat at his feet, munching a crust, and playing with the splinters of wood that lay around.

"Where's Rube?" questioned the mother, sharply, as she put aside her basket. "He hasn't done his share of work, I can see. Have he gone rabbiting? Didn't I tell ye both I wouldn't have no such risk run of bringing the keepers down upon us; your father can catch as many as we wants."

(To be Continued.)

OVER THE TEACUPS

A woman asks a woman questions to discover something. She asks a man questions to discover the man—Life.

The silence of Lent—of those long forty days—is over, and the face of society smiles forth again—but this time under her new Easter bonnet: one of those charming flower-covered creations, with their oceans of tulle and net, and, perhaps—oh, the romantic possibilities of the suggestion—under her dainty chin is a wonderful bow, fluffy and bewitching.

Tying her bonnet under her chin, she tied a young man's heart within.

shall be sung of her as of her grandmother. For society may wear a sun-bonnet on the golf field this year, I am told; and another quaint little device is to have her hat of the same material as her pretty gowns of dainty muslin or lawn. This is a decree of Paris, so pay attention.

One more chance at least to step out in our evening glory this winter (for who with the sound of sleigh bells in their ears can believe in spring?) for on Friday, April 7, the St. Andrew's Society will give a ball at the Grand Opera House. It promises to be a great success and the sight is sure to be a pretty and interesting one, for Mr. Dayton has been busy in leading some 24 or 25 enthusiastic pupils in the mysteries of the Scotch reel and the Highland schottische, and few whose Scotch blood comes out more plainly in this emergency are jiggling and reeling, in a most wonderful manner; but poor we, who can only boast of being more Canadians, Irish or English, can but look on in admiration and awe. One more practice to the inspiring strains of the bagpipes (how it will recall one morning early—too early by far—at Aberfoyle—away to the Trossachs) and then we shall be ready to face the envious glances of those who can only join in the everyday waltz and two-step.

Another Twilight Organ Recital, by Mr. W.H. Hewlett, at the Dundas Center Methodist Church was given Saturday, and the last of the series announced for Saturday next. They have been greatly enjoyed; and it is sincerely hoped that another series will be given at some future time, not too far distant. Mrs. Frank MacKeehan, of Hamilton, took part on Saturday, and during her visit to London was the guest of Mrs. Gates.

The familiar figure of our ever-popular city engineer has been sadly missed, both on our public thoroughfares and at those quiet and small society gatherings which have escaped the observation of the Clerk of Lent. He has been very ill, but flowers and books and messages, and now and then a tender and sympathetic face, have brightened his lonely hours. Probably this accounts for the fact that he is slowly regaining his health and strength. This intelligence will be most welcome to his many friends.

After some months in Dresden, Germany, Mrs. Marshall and her daughters are now visiting in Berlin. Miss Edna Gartshore is also in the same city.

The Arlington fancy dress ball, which is to be held on Monday, April 3, promises to be an unqualified success.

The Asylum, on April 12, is to be the scene of a play, which is being arranged by some of our clever girls. One of its features is to be a reception, at which various celebrities are to be "taken off." It will, no doubt, be original and amusing.

Two popular visitors, who are both to claim London as a former residence, are now visiting us. Miss Pauline Beddome, of Windsor, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Beddome, of

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the Bank of Montreal; and Mrs. Walter Nichol, prettier and more popular than ever, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Moore, Ridout street.

London is to be well represented at the musical ride at the Toronto Horse Show. Miss Lorna and Miss Heloise Gibbons are among those who will attend.

WOMAN'S FRANCHISE

An Able Paper Prepared by the Superintendent of Franchise in the W. C. T. U.

The following paper was prepared by the superintendent of franchise in the London W. C. T. U., in view of the near approach of the question of woman's franchise as a provincial issue:

THE FRANCHISE.

The word franchise is of French origin, derived from the work franc (freedom), meaning free. The word has its counterpart in the English word, frank. Franchise means, literally, freedom. In the simple days of our remote ancestors, every freeman attended the folk-moot, or parliament (French, parlement or speaking-place), and was there entitled to give his voice and his vote on all matters of public concern. None but a freeman might do so, and to speak or vote in these primitive parliaments was to exercise his franchise, that is, to use his freedom. Later, as the tribe grew into a nation, all could not attend, and the various communities, villages, or towns or districts, began to send single chosen individuals to represent all the freemen of such community. These representatives were chosen by the same class of people as formerly attended the parliament, in person, namely, the freemen. Their freedom entitled them to select, or, as we say, to elect some of their number to represent all. To vote on this again was their franchise, that is, their freedom, the fact that they were freemen.

THREE CLASSES OF BOND-SLAVES

There were three classes of adult people who were not free, and therefore could take no part in these elections—the serfs, the slaves, and the women. The serfs were slaves of the soil, and formed as it were part of the real estate, and, like the rabbits in the warrens, or the deer in the parks, passed with the land to every purchaser or inheritor of the land, but could not be sold off the land. The slaves were personal property, chattels personal, like cattle, sheep and horses, and could be sold from one person to another, and from one locality to another at the owner's will. Women formed the third class. They also were personal chat-

tels. Before marriage they were the property of their fathers, after marriage of their husbands. On marriage all her goods and lands became his, and all her actions and even her life were subject to his will. Later, when the nations adopted Christianity, she was conceded the right to have a soul of her own, so long as she did not boast of it.

But times changed. The serfs became free agricultural laborers and small farmers, and eventually acquired that last recognition of their natural equality, the right to take part in government, the electoral franchise. The slaves became hired servants, mechanics, artisans, and at last voters. The woman began to have control of her own destiny in marriage, and to have the control and disposition of her own property after marriage. The husband even lost the legal right which he formerly enjoyed of beating his wife with a rod no thicker than his thumb! But that last right which has been allowed to her former compeers, the serfs and slaves, is not yet hers, the right to take the humble voter's part in government.

AN IMPERFECT GOVERNMENT.

A government by aristocracy alone can never be a perfect government; neither can a government by land-owners, or by merchants. All these have been tried and have failed. And why? Because they represented only a fraction of the thought and life and

feeling of the people to be governed. Even so, a government by men only, no matter how carefully planned, and how honestly carried out, can never reach or even approach the ideal. Men and women are the counterpart of each other. No man is a complete human being, neither is a woman. When God said of husband and wife, "They twain shall be one flesh," he did not mean merely that they should blend or coalesce, and become as one, but that they should be one constant one, and that it took them both to be one complete specimen of the genus homo. That specimen was not to be designated as the vir or man any more than as the femina or woman, but as the homo, a specimen of the race. Every psychologist will tell you that the minds, we might even say the souls, of the man and woman are also counterparts, and each necessary to the completion of the other. How, then, can a government, constituted of and by one sex, alone hope to approach perfection.

I must leave to some future occasion the pursuance of this argument further. We trust to be able to show that it is not the lack of will, but the lack of power in man alone to solve these problems of government with which he has for centuries wrestled in vain, and that his failure has not been in the matter of detail, such as passing or failing to pass laws for this or that purpose, but in the one-sided principle in which a one-sexed government must inevitably try to work.

Thus, while the stomach is unable to digest the food, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do that work, and restore strength, when it is able to do its own duty.

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Their Dangerous Results—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a Sure and Thorough Cure—How They Act—Promptly, Positively, Perfectly and Permanently

In nine cases of Dyspepsia out of every ten, the trouble is aggravated by Constipation, and it cannot justly be claimed that the first-named has been cured till the Constipation has been banished also.

The dangerous results that attend the presence of a mass of partly-digested decaying food in the stomach, and a mass of foul refuse in the bowels, can easily be imagined.

The urgent need is for a medicine that will immediately digest the food in the stomach, make that organ do its own work, clean out the bowels, and cause them to do that work them-

selves, promptly, regularly and thoroughly.

Such a medicine is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, which are a perfect digestive. They moisten the hard, dry mass of food in the stomach, and reduce it to a thin milk-like liquid, which is then passed out of the stomach.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act also on the glands and coatings of the stomach, stimulating the former to secrete a full supply of gastric juice, and strengthening the latter.

Thus, while the stomach is unable to digest the food, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do that work, and restore strength, when it is able to do its own duty.

The small, brown tablets act on the bowels, clearing out of them all accumulated matter, and giving them strength to promptly and regularly perform their functions.

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