

and put in a winter of judicious clearing. Good-bye was said all round. Coristine was lifted into the second seat, between Mrs. Carruthers and his new made wife, who looked her loveliest. Mrs. and Mr. Errol sat by the Squire, and Mr. Bigglethorpe intruded himself as far as the bridge on Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Ben Toner, tired of being haughtily glared at by Mrs. Rigby, offered to drive the trunks in a separate vehicle, but, to the great delight of the junior Pilgrims, the Captain ordered Saul to perform that duty. Nevertheless, Ben accompanied Saul part of the way, and got off with Mr. Bigglethorpe. The patient was tired when Collingwood was reached, but recovered in the parlour car and arrived in Toronto in good condition, and able to introduce his bride to Mrs. Marsh. Mr. Douglas and he got together their portable effects, and Mrs. Douglas increased her travelling impedimenta. The party then left in time to see the glorious fall scenery of the Hudson in the morning, and reached New York in abundance of leisure. Coristine's imperious wife insisted that he should begin at once to spend her fortune, saying that was the only reason for her marrying him; but the invalid, otherwise so biddable, was very firm on this point, and represented that his bank account was far from exhausted. They were hardly on the steamer, when Mrs. Carruthers ran forward and fell into an old man's arms. It was Mr. Terry, who had bidden them an affectionate farewell at Bridesdale, and had then taken the stage in their wake to give them all a grand surprise. The weather was fine, the equinoctials all past, and the sea gently flowing. Rugs and pillows were laid on the deck, between camp chairs and stools, and, while the bearded lawyer lay propped on the former, with the most beautiful woman on board kneeling beside him, the rest of the company occupied the higher seats. The ladies worked away at airy nothings, and the gentlemen, Squire included, smoked cigars and pipes, all talking of the stirring events of the past, and forecasting the pleasures of the near future. Somehow they all seemed to miss little Marjorie, and wondered what sort of time she and the rest of them were having at Bridesdale.

Three months soon passed away. Mrs. Coristine's fortune was secured, and transformed into Canadian

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