Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

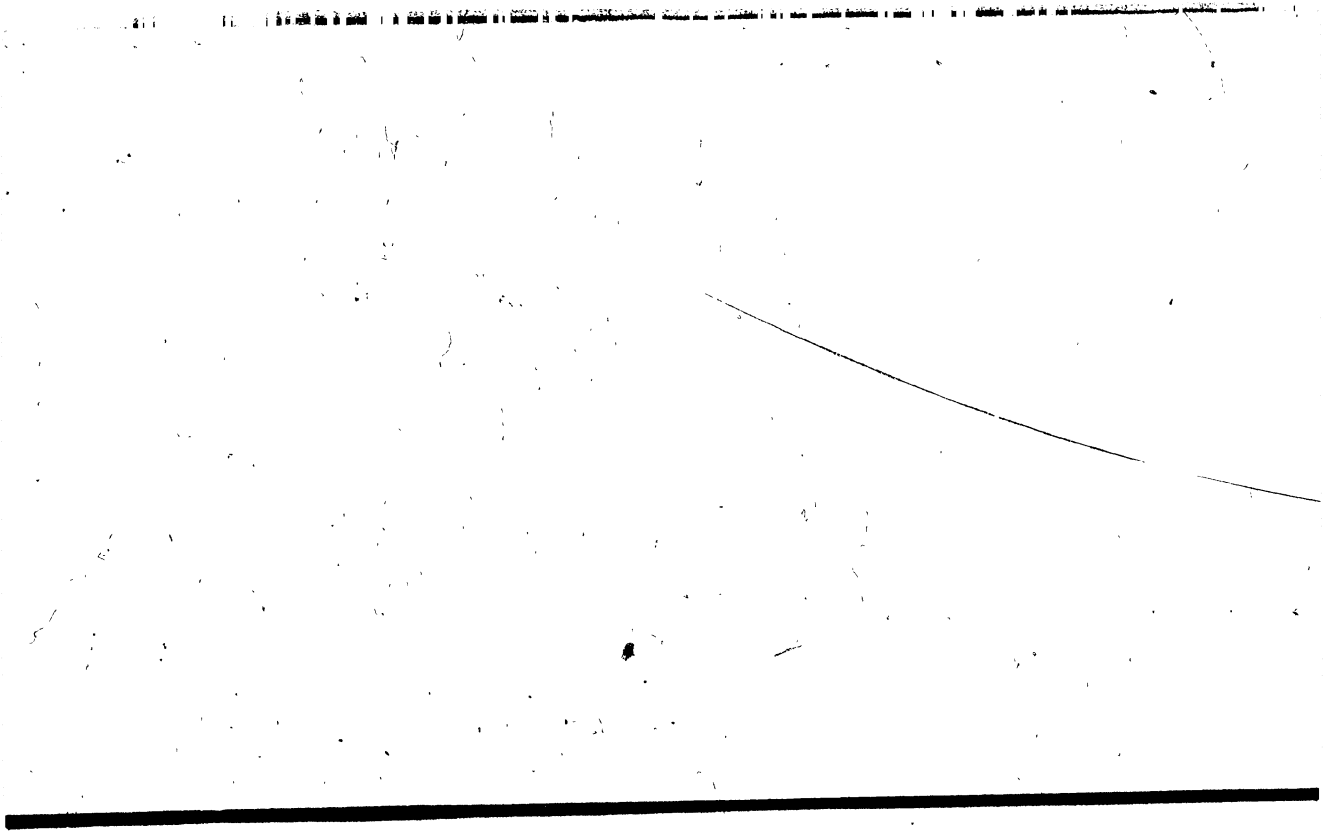
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☑ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☐ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

THE

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER:

A ROMANCE OF ENGLAND AND CANADA.

BY

C. H. THORBURN.

LONDON:
DIGBY AND LONG, PUBLISHERS,
18, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1890.

London:
Digby and Long, Publishers,
18, *Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.*

CONTENTS.

APPENDIX.

DEDICATED, BY KIND PERMISSION,

TO

THE HON. SIR CHAS. TUPPER, BART.,

G.C.M.G., C.B., &c.,

BY

THE AUTHOR, WHO IS AN ARDENT ADMIRER

OF THE BOLD AND LOYAL WAY IN WHICH

HE FIGHTS FOR THE INTERESTS

OF CANADA,

AND MAINTAINS THE DIGNITY AND INTEGRITY

OF THE DOMINION.

sat
refl
aga
Lor
set
kne
F

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

CHAPTER I.

"Sit in reverie, and watch
The changing colour of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind."

IT had been a heavy day at the bank. Vincent Raymond was feeling very discontented as he sat in an easy chair in front of the fire, reflecting upon the arguments for and against remaining in the service of the London and Wyburn Bank. It was the day set apart when the officers of this institution knew how the "rises" were to affect them. For weeks past each officer had indulged

in airing his theories upon the subject. "Juggins," the ledger-keeper, intended to get "full" if he did not get a "rise," in order to drown his grief. Should he be fortunate, however, he would go on the "spree," which meant much about the same thing.

The long looked-for day had come and gone, and with it the hopes and fears of the majority.

It had been a bad financial year; they were to expect better fortune next year.

The "Colonel" would throw up the business and go ostrich farming in Africa. Another would join the army; another go to Canada, farming; another to New Zealand or Australia, "squatting."

It was later than usual when the staff left the office to-day; for they had all been picturing themselves bristling with bowie-

knives and revolvers, guarding their lives and property in some far distant country. These kind of dreams are always to a more or less extent indulged in when the "rises" come out in an English bank. And many muttered determinations to resign may be heard for about a week after the eventful, most eventful, day in the year of the banking world.

Although 1 a.m., Vincent Raymond did not appear at all anxious to go to bed. He had but just returned home; for in accordance with the traditions of the branch office he was in, the staff, with the exception of the young juniors, had been round the Cri.," either to smother disappointment or celebrate good fortune.

Raymond drew the couch up to the fire; heaped on more coals; poured out a glass of port; drew the table close to where he

was sitting; turned the lamp low; stretched himself full length on the couch and sank into a dreamy repose, watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled lazily up until it joined a cloud that hovered in a soft, uncertain, undulating manner about two yards from the ceiling. Occasionally an independent body of smoke, becoming restless and tired of the supervision exercised over it by the rest, would break away; float gracefully downwards in the direction of the fire, as though about to caress it; but, on discovering how near danger it was, would, when within about two feet of the tempter, pause, as though wondering what to do, and hastily decide to take flight up the chimney.

Raymond lay there, enjoying the recollection of all the most pleasing episodes of his young life. As each recollection succeeded another, it mingled with the curls of smoke

and formed pictures, which in their turn would escape up the chimney to be replaced by others. There were many and varied scenes in which he had played a part: now two lovers walking slowly up a moonlit lane in a warm summer's evening; then a clear star-lit night, skating with friends over the smoothest of ice, illuminated with many coloured lights; now with a marching column or on the field in a sham fight with the volunteers; now waltzing with a partner, pretty, pensive, though jolly and just the same step, who promises to "sit out" a dance by-and-by in the dimly lighted conservatory; now strolling along the cliffs by the sea in summer time, or skimming over the water in a yacht, or perhaps diving off a pier or boat into the glorious sea; now lying under the shade of a tree on a grassy slope, with a river flowing by; now at the Albert Hall

on the night of a good concert, listening to Patti, Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Patey, Foli, and other musical lights; now reclining in a boat, smoking a cigarette and talking to a dear girl who is steering the boat as they float back with the tide from Richmond; and crowds of other recollections equally as pleasurable had taken possession of his thoughts. In the midst of all these reflections, he paused to listen to the rich and solemn sounds of Big Ben, whose message was wafted to this northern suburb by the southerly breeze. It was now 3 a.m. Raymond with an effort braced himself together to dispel these idle thoughts. Time waits for no man, and he must be at the office as usual by 9 a.m. He jumped up from the couch, turned the light up, and, walking over to the desk, took out a letter, which he read and re-read.

"I cannot leave," he said in a reproaching tone. "She has been and is a dear good girl. I shall go to bed now, and think no more about my plans until the morrow."

Raymond had determined to go abroad and seek his fortune unless he got a good "rise." He had declared this, with others in the office, and now that the conditions that were to determine his going abroad were fulfilled, he felt very reluctant to go.

It is one of the most marvellous dispensations of life, that of, when reviewing our past, conjuring up all the pleasing recollections. These recollections follow each other thick and fast, while the unpleasant ones—ones that at the time of their occurrence made us feel that never was the fate of any mortal being so utterly wretched and so devoid of hope—require a great deal of digging and drudgery before they are

unearthed. So it was with Raymond as he lay there looking into the past. All the pictures as they presented themselves to his view in those waves of smoke floating above him were pleasant ones.

He wanted to find a tangible reason for going abroad; yet no displeasing pictures, illustrating the mode or manner of life that he was now living, would appear to his vision.

I had often heard him say, "I am no better off than a slave; such a life is not worth living."

Quarter nights when the balance comes wrong, many bank clerks are apt to feel dissatisfied with their lot about 12 p.m. Two or three days afterwards they are quite happy again. All is forgotten until the fifteenth or last day of the month, when, if invited to play tennis with a

party of friends in the afternoon from 5 to 7 p.m., they imagine themselves again suffering under the yoke of a tyrannous, oppressive, grinding and crushing monopoly.

CHAPTER II.

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."

"Most sad, she sat, but oh! most beautiful; if sorrow stole
A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self
Might envy well the charm that sorrow lent
To every perfect feature."

THREE months had passed by and it was now April. The staff at the bank had settled down to another year of banking, and had attended the "Gilbart Lectures" at King's College.

The next subject that would engage the attention of hundreds of the London bank-clerks was the Easter volunteer review.

Raymond was reclining in the easy chair.

He was dressed in a rifle uniform, for he had been to drill to-night. He was thinking how, if out of England, he would miss this Easter review.

I am a volunteer myself, and when I recall the incidents of the Easter manœuvres it makes my pulse quicken and my blood to course through my veins with renewed activity. There is the mustering in the early morning of Good Friday; then the forming of brigades and marching columns; later on the glorious uncertainty of the whereabouts of the enemy; the bivouacking at night; perhaps a brush with the enemy's outposts, whom we valiantly disperse before settling for the night; the church parade; life in barracks, and then the field day. What a glow of health and vigour it all seems to impart! Then the "march past," each battalion anxious to gain but one

word of praise from the Commander-in-Chief.

And when the thought arises that we are all training for the purpose of teaching an insolent foe a lesson, should he unwisely be tempted to set foot upon our soil, our hearts swell with pride for the traditions, the might, the majesty and the beauty of England. "Dear, dear England, thy green glades, thy peaceful villages, thy thousand comforts, the scenes of youth, the friends, the parents."

Three hundred thousand unpaid soldiers ready to lay down their lives in defence of their country! These numbers would be doubled, aye, trebled on the approach of an enemy. The "British Grenadiers," the "Campbells are Coming," "St. Patrick's Day" and the "March of the men of Harlech" are the tunes that would mark

the time for the citizen soldiers of these sea-girt isles as they marched from all parts of the United Kingdom with a steady quick step, eager to meet the presumptuous invaders.

Raymond had picked up "Called Back" from off a side table, had lighted a cigar, and was preparing for a long comfortable read before going to bed. "A 'rat-tat' at the door! I hope it is no one for me," he thought. But it was, for there was a gentle rap at his door.

"Come in!" he cried.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," said Mrs. Lovett, the landlady, with an arch smile.

Raymond was in the hall in a second.

"Mr. Raymond, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, Vincent Raymond. May I enquire your name?"

"Pardon me, no! This I must ask you to refrain from doing."

"Won't you come in my room?" he said, pushing the door wide open; "it is very bohemian, but comfortable."

"Thank you," she said, passing him and entering the room.

It was not the conventional sitting room. A stranger would notice that the feminine proclivity for antimacassars, and a hard and fast rule for the position of every article of furniture, &c., was not adhered to here.

The few pictures that adorned the walls were military subjects, with the exception of one, which was the "Fairy Tale." There were fishing-rods, walking sticks, foils, tennis rackets, and a Martini-Henry, occupying places in the corners.

Two prize cups, a clock, three briar pipes and two photographs, one of Mrs. Langtry

and one of Florence St. John, completed the ornaments on the mantel-piece.

On a side table were novels by Ouida, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope and others; a Shakespeare, Byron, Milton and Tennyson.

The general aspect of the room seemed to arrest the stranger's attention; for she paused and glanced round the room once or twice before accepting the proffered retan-chair, Raymond had placed for her near the fire.

"You may close the door, Mr. Raymond," she said, sinking into the chair and placing her feet on the fender; "what I have to say is private."

Raymond was puzzled to know what this strange visit meant. He had never seen her before to his knowledge, although, at times, her voice and form seemed strangely familiar.

"She is not old, and has a most pleasing voice," he soliloquized.

"Won't you take off your hat and waterproof? Mrs. Lovett will assist you, if you like."

She was closely veiled, and Raymond had already had his interest aroused to such an extent that he was most anxious to see her face.

"No thank you; this I cannot do either," she replied, in a determined manner, as she leaned back in her chair facing Raymond.

"You are tired, perhaps. May I offer you some wine and cake? It is all I have here, except some black currant preserve and bread and butter," he said, placing two decanters, one of port, the other of sherry, on the table. "I can have anything brought me, though within, a few minutes, that is, anything that this suburb will afford."

"Let us have some bread and jam," she laughingly replied; "that, with a glass of port, I should enjoy."

"Now you must take off your veil, or it will be unpleasant eating bread and jam," Raymond said, as he busied himself, placing a table cloth that he had taken from the chiffonnier drawer upon the table. When he had borrowed a glass dish for the preserve, and some flowers from Mrs. Lovett, that she had had sent her from Devonshire to-day, the table had a most inviting appearance, at least so thought Raymond.

"I must beg of you to take off your veil."

"Then lock the door, for I must not allow myself to be recognised," she said, standing up with one hand behind her head undoing the veil. Suddenly pausing and letting her hand fall, she said, "Swear that

you will never divulge to anyone our meeting to-night."

"I do, most solemnly," he said.

"Now, I will take it off, and my waterproof too, for it will be more comfortable without it."

"Allow me," he said, assisting her to divest herself of the waterproof. "Shall I take your hat? Thanks, I will place them on a chair."

As they sat opposite each other, chatting freely, Raymond had decided that she was about twenty-one; that she had long eyelashes, fringing a pair of large dark hazel eyes, that wore a steady, sad, thoughtful, reflective look, even when in a laughing mood, that made Raymond yearn to learn her history.

"It must be she who jumped into the ——, yet, no, it cannot be. I will not suggest

such a thing to her," he thought, sitting and admiring her.

Wearing a perfectly plain dress of dark grey woollen cloth, through whose folds the graceful outlines of her figure appeared and disappeared with every motion, she seemed the Venus of Milo suddenly imbued with life and shrouded with a loose, soft, clinging material.

As he watched her, trying to recall her face, for at times he associated her with an incident of a sad nature that had occurred but a short time ago, he gradually felt convinced that he must be mistaken.

She had not attempted to speak of the reason of her visit, and Raymond refrained from inquiring, allowing himself rather to drink in the beauty of her voice, form, and face.

"If I push the table back, and pull the couch before the fire, will you consent to

sit on it with me?" Raymond said. "I fe
as in a dream, and would crave your indu
gence for a few minutes."

"Yes," she said, "I am very like a ca
I enjoy comfort. Shall we soften the lig
by putting this red shade on?" picking u
one from the side table, and adjusting
herself.

"Ah! that is better," he said, as they s
on the couch together.

"Seated here with you this cold wet nig
in a warm, dimly lighted room, shut out fr
the rest of London, and with the door lock
at your request, it gives me a sense of po
session that, to me, is entrancing. I feel th
we have known each other a long time, a
fear sometimes that you will perhaps thi
me a little less distant than our short frien
ship should warrant. You have but
command for me to obey."

She made no reply, and Raymond with s right hand reached over and held her left it lay resting in her lap. Then his left m unconsciously encircled her waist.

"Do you mind?" he said softly.

"No," was her response in a low, almost audible tone, as she gazed into the flickering re.

Then lifting her hand and bending his ead he impressed a kiss as he murmured, Darling!"

"Forgive me," he said, looking into her es; "I can't help it. I love you! Would e for you!"

And falling on his knees at her side seized both hands and smothered them th kisses.

"Do you feel that you could risk anything r me?" she said, looking down into his ce, and letting one hand rest on his head.

"I would risk my life in your service; would forfeit it any moment for you."

"Then I have indeed gained a friend," she said. "You do not know how grateful and happy I feel."

"Will you not buoy me up with the thought that you are not wholly indifferent to me—that you will sometimes regard me with interest, not as a merchant regards his clerks, but with a deeper intenser feeling? Say yes, and I shall feel that life is worth living. Not mechanically, mind, but with a ring of sincerity in it."

She stood up, Raymond still at her feet, and turning her head from him, said,

"I cannot."

"Cannot!" uttered Raymond in an agonized tone, jumping to his feet, and clasping her round the waist with both arms.

These words seemed to hiss and pierce right through him.

"Recall those words!" he cried; "say you did not mean it!"

He held her tightly in his embrace; he felt her heaving bosom against his breast as he struggled to look into her face, while he pleaded with her to turn her face to him. He let her hands drop.

"You are offended with me, and dislike me?" he said, pausing and looking at her appealingly in the face.

"No, 'tis not that," she said at last, bending her head and avoiding his searching glances; "but I dare not tell you all. You little know what you are asking," she said, turning her face to his and placing her hands on his shoulders.

"Say, then, that you only like me."

"Vincent, I like you."

He clasped her to him, and, in a paroxysm of joy, kissed her again and again.

Her arms were thrown round him now, and they were locked in each other's passionate embrace.

"Lost in this pleasing ecstacy,
I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
Which I so gladly did resign."

"One kiss more, sweet!
Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,
Or silkenest surge of thy purple-vein'd breast;
Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,
Drink up the honey and wine of my heart.

One kiss more, sweet!
Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold
Slips in a red rose's fragrantest fold,
Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up
At the fresh feel of life in its crimson cup.

One kiss more, sweet!
Full as the flush of the sea-waves grand,
Flooding the sheeny fire out of the sand;
On all the shores of my being let bliss
Break with its neap-tide sea in a kiss."

A loud rap at the door startled them both.

Vincent opened the door and walked into the hall, closing the door behind him.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Lovett, "but will you have bacon and eggs to-morrow morning for breakfast? I am going out shopping and would like to know what to get you."

Bacon and eggs! How could Raymond think of bacon and eggs?

"Anything you please, but don't bother me now, Mrs. Lovett. I will leave it entirely to your good judgment," he said, letting himself into his room again.

Raymond's strange visitor looked up into his face as he pushed the couch away and placed her a chair by the table.

"It is now half-past nine," she said, "and I must complete the object of my visit to you."

"I am all attention, and a sober man

again; but before commencing give me leave to address you by some name. What shall it be? I mean some Christian name."

"As you please; call me what you like."

"Then I shall call you Rowena. Pardon this interruption, Rowena; I am very curious to hear."

"It will not take long to tell. First, promise to obey implicitly all my instructions."

"I do most solemnly."

Taking from her pocket a sealed package, she handed it him, saying:—

"Guard that from every one's sight, and make the possession of it a secret. And this," giving him a sealed envelope, "open on the sixth of next May."

Raymond reached over the table, taking possession of these packages as in a dream. He seemed lost in reverie.

His head dropped as he gazed into the now almost extinguished fire with a long enquiring look.

"Trust me," he said, awaking from his reverie, and turning to her. "Rowena, I will—— Great Scott!" the seat was vacant.

"Rowena," he murmured, looking round the room.

"Great God! she's gone!" he exclaimed, rushing out through the passage into the street. "I will find her; I will find her!"

He had run down the road for about a quarter of a mile when he repeated the words, "Guard this from every one's sight, and make the possession of it a secret. And this open on the sixth of next May."

"My God!" he exclaimed, "I have left them on the table."

Turning, he ran back as swiftly as a deer and found them lying there.

Mrs. Lovett had not returned, so he felt that all his promises had been strictly kept.

It was too late to try and follow her now. She might be miles off.

Locking the packages up, he strolled out into the cold evening air to try and collect his now scattered and excited thoughts.

CHAPTER III.

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

A BANK clerk after six or seven years' training is able to put aside, as it were, matters of the most absorbing interest at his will; or the business of a bank would soon become very complicated, if the officers allowed their thoughts to stray from their duties.

Raymond had by this training been able to consign his thoughts of love and curiosity to times when he was alone, or at liberty to think. In church, for instance, he would resolve all manner of plans.

It was the fifth of May, and he had felt sometimes at the bank to-day almost owning that curiosity had taken possession of him.

Such requests as "a hundred sovs.," "fifty halves," "twenty of silver," "one of copper" and "five fives" would, however, remind him that he must refrain from losing himself in reflection.

The day wore slowly away for him, and in balancing his cash he came ten pounds short.

"Confound it! I expect someone is ten pounds ahead to-day. What a lucky thing it is not quarter-night, or the fifteenth, or the thirty first! I am sure I could not strike a balance to-night."

After ten minutes "ticking up" he discovered the mistake.

"To-day over safely, I don't fear," he said.

"Found it?" enquired the colonel. "You ought to 'set it up' to-night, Raymond. I believe you thought that 'ten' gone."

"Very well; colonel where shall we go?"

"How will Irving suit you, Raymond?"

"Not at all in my state of mind to-night. I don't feel like concentrating my thoughts on any particular subject. Will you go to the 'Pav.'?"

"Will I go to the 'Pav.'? Well, rather!" said the colonel.

"Then we will go west to dine to-night, for I feel that I am on the eve of a great change, and want to celebrate this night. I feel sure I shall have cause to remember it."

The two friends sallied forth from the bank, hailed a hansom, and drove to the "Cri." to dine.

Should this meet the eyes of some fair reader, having no brother who is willing, or is too proper to be capable of initiating her into the mysterious terms of London life, I will explain that "Cri." and "Pav." are the respective accepted abbreviations for the "Criterion," a theatre, restaurant and buffet, and the "London Pavilion Music Hall." In the same manner "'bra" means the "Alhambra."

It was 12.30 p.m. when Raymond returned to his rooms.

"By Jove! it is now the sixth," he said in a relieved tone, much as a shipwrecked man would welcome the sight of land after drifting about hopelessly for days in an open boat upon the mighty sea. The land was

within his reach, but it might only be the means of his meeting with a worse fate. Raymond opened his cash box, took out the envelope and examined the seal. There was no crest or monogram that would in any way solve the identity of the stranger. It was but a series of miniature squares The envelope was, however, of the finest quality, which suggested to him that she was, in all probability, living at comparative ease. These and many other points he raised and tried to settle, contemplating the envelope as he held it in his hand.

How like many others who examine the writing and postmarks, puzzling themselves in trying to decide from whom a letter comes, instead of at once tearing open the envelope, glancing at the signature, and reading the letter.

"Here goes," he said, at last giving up the

idea of solving the contents by examining the envelope. "Whatever can it contain?"

He pulled out two sheets of note paper closely written, and a smaller envelope similarly sealed as the other. The letter bore no signature, but was written in a feminine hand which seemed redolent of tenderness and love and read as follows:—

"DEAR MR. RAYMOND,

Although I may, perhaps, be quite unknown to you, yet I am conversant with many incidents of your life.

I know that you have been in the service of the London and Wyburn bank for several years; that you are in a position of trust.

In a manner that it is imperative that I should not make known to you, I have become acquainted with the characteristics of the private life you lead.

I need now, more than it is possible for

you to realise without your knowing the exact nature of my trouble, which I dare not divulge at present, the assistance of a friend—may I say friend?—who is thoroughly ignorant of my past, and, at present, uncertain future.

On you depends my only chance of eventually proving my innocence of a crime—a most atrocious crime of which I am accused.

Having heard that you have on several occasions expressed a desire to go abroad, I would point out that by your going to Canada it might facilitate the means of disproving the guilt that is now attached to me. May I appoint you my secretary? The small envelope contains a hundred pound Bank of England note, which please regard as the first instalment towards defraying your expenses.

I should like to see you once more, to learn when and whether you will accept the appointment.

I will be in the first class waiting room of Broad Street station (N. L. Ry.) on the evening of the eighth inst. at 8 p.m.

Burn this as soon as you have read it and let no hint of the nature of the contents of this letter escape you, for the sake of mercy."

Vincent read and re-read this strange letter. It interested, even fascinated him.

"Whatever it be, and who knows but that it may be a plot to entrap me? Yet, no! I will trust her. I told her that I would risk my life in her service, and I will. Shall resign my position at the bank to-morrow, getting off within a few days if possible."

CHAPTER IV.

"How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty,
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine."

IT was the evening of the eighth of May and Vincent was seated in the waiting room, scanning the many faces that were continually coming and going.

"Five past eight," he said to himself in a desponding tone; "and she not here." Perhaps I shall never hear or see her again."

While thus ruminating to himself, a lady, who had been sitting reading a book opposite

him, and whom he had noticed on entering, crossed over to where he was sitting, glanced at the clock, and instead of resuming the seat she had vacated took the one next to Raymond.

There were the noise and confusion consequent upon the starting of a train. The gong rang; the whistle blew; the people hurried out of the waiting room, leaving this lady and Raymond the sole occupants.

"Good evening, Mr. Raymond."

"Good evening. Why, I cannot be mistaken in that voice! It is——"

"It is Rowena," she answered; "I thought you did not recognise me."

"Why, what a disguise! You look so much stouter. Of course I can't see your face under that thick veil. Will you lift it up, please, just a little?"

"Not here, Vincent," she said. "I want to

speak to you somewhere, where we shall have no fear of being interrupted."

"Must you be back here to-night, or have you a journey before you?" he asked.

"No, but I ought to be here again about half past ten."

"I think the best thing, then, will be for us to go by train to Richmond and back. I will tip the guard and get a first class carriage to ourselves. Are you willing to do that, Rowena?"

Soon after, they were seated together, locked up in a first class compartment, on their way to Richmond.

Raymond had pulled the blinds down, and they enjoyed the privacy that only one's own house could otherwise afford.

"Lift your veil, Rowena; will you, please?" he said, lifting it at the same time himself.

"Yes, 'tis the same face. How it has haunted me ever since! Although I have but seen you once before, believe me, Rowena, I love you greater than I thought it possible to love anyone," he said, nestling near her, and pressing her gloved hand.

"Love must not occupy my thoughts at all, until I am free again. It makes me shudder to think of the dreadful crime hanging over me. What I want to know is whether you will accept the appointment as my private secretary or agent as you please to call it?"

"No, not your secretary, but your champion. Your cause shall be my cause. And, as to taking the hundred pounds, I could not give it the least thought. I don't wish to be paid for my services to you. The mere idea that what I am doing is for you would make me take a pleasure in surmounting the greatest

difficulties. Besides, I am in a position to pay any expenses I may incur."

"Pardon me, Vincent," she said, looking into his eyes with a look that enslaved and subdued him immediately; "I know all about the foolish promises one is apt to make when under a delusion—don't interrrupt, now! delusion, I say."

"But my love for you is not a delusion," broke in Raymond.

"Alas! you may think so only too soon, Vincent. Well, to resume, remember you have to obey my instructions implicitly. This you have promised to do, so don't begin to be rebellious already. Promise that you will leave England within a month; that on our return to Broad Street you will leave me at the gate of the platform of the train for Camden Town; and, above all, never breathe of our interviews to any one."

"It is but for you to command for me to obey, darling," he said, tightening the hold of her hand, which he had never left go all the time.

"I will not suggest your going to any particular part of Canada, but only that you go, and that you will send me a letter, letting me know your address, to 'G,' c/o H. A. Smith, Stationer, 46, Edgware Road, London, W., England. Oh! and you had better mark it 'to be left until called for.'"

"All you say shall be done. I suppose I shall see you again before starting? I feel now unhappy in the thought of leaving you behind me, Rowena."

"You have but a month before you, Vincent, and I am sure a thousand things will occupy your attention."

"How could they, when I am thinking of you all the time?"

"Remember your promise; obey my instructions. When you have secured your 'state room' on a steamer, write me the name of the vessel, and the date of sailing. Now, don't forget that, Vincent, for I shall be very anxious about you."

"Why, back at Broad Street, I declare! That was the guard unlocking the door. I must wish you good night and farewell until we meet again. And I live in hopes of that, Rowena."

Pulling her to him with one arm, and still holding her hand, their lips were sealed in a long, lingering, passionate kiss.

"*A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love.*"

The passengers had all left the platform ere this kiss had died away. All was quiet and still again. Raymond jumped up, opened the door, and, grasping both her hands, helped her out.

They had walked but a few yards when he caught hold of her hands again, held them to the full extent of his arms, and peered into her face, keeping quite still and silent for two or three minutes.

"Must this indeed be farewell, Rowena?"

"Yes, Vincent."

They both murmured some words, which were drowned by the ticket collector calling out in a stentorian voice :—

"Dalston, Highbury, Camden Town, Kentish Town, Gospel Oak, Hampstead, Finchley Road," and a host of other places, "train."

They ran to the platform. Rowena just managed to get through as the gate was being closed. Click it went, with Raymond on the other side.

He watched her step into a compartment, and the train rush out of the station.

It seemed that she was as far away from him now as though he had never met her. Just as one feels on seeing a girl pass along the gangway back again on to the shore from the ocean steamer, upon which you have taken a passage. You had been arrested by her face and form as she stood on the saloon deck. She had absorbed all your thoughts, set aside all your plans for the future. As you watched her you were picturing how even to sit at a table upon which her hand occasionally rested would fill you with a sensation of subtle enjoyment because of its association with her. Then there was the possibility of holding her hand, you thought, this very night, and and hearing her say, "Good night." "Good night" from her! How sweet the words would sound! But now the ship is about to start; friends of the passengers are returning ashore. The screw is revolving; kisses are

thrown from vessel to shore, and *vice versâ*; handkerchiefs, sticks, hands, umbrellas, hats, etc., are waved frantically. Some are pelting each other with flowers. Long lingering gazes are exchanged; a few have already the tears swelling in their eyes.

The ship is off.

"Stand back!"

"Haul in the gangway!"

"One more to get off. Hold!"

And she—your goddess—has landed, and is kissing her hand to some fellow on board.

Lucky fellow!

The cheers sound fainter. Faces seem as though in a mist, and now lost to sight. Your dream is ended.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever."

This is how Raymond felt as he stood watching the train that bore Rowena away from him. He watched the train start. At first it moved slowly; but gathering up speed, as though it had now made up its mind that she could not escape it, rushed out of the light into the dark, screeching, yelling, puffing and throwing up sparks of fire with excitement at the thought of the prize it had captured. Its red eyes behind were all Raymond could see now. They seemed to be mocking him and growing smaller. Every now and then they would close their eyelids as though winking; open them again, as much as to say, "I see you." It is growing tired of this fun, for it only occasionally opens its eyes, and has now closed them in ecstacy, and is tearing along through the darkness with her.

It seemed to him that the darkness was aiding this demon to take her from him.

"She may be imprisoned in some monster's castle and I shall never see her again," he said, turning away and getting into his train for home.

CHAPTER V.

"Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night."

HIGHGATE was wide awake, and had adorned itself in some of its most fresh and fancy costumes for this bright sunny May day. For some months past it had worn a very solemn, cold, reserved appearance. The stately trees had not deigned to be aroused from their long repose; and had maintained a severe determination to live

without any flimsy covering. But, lately, they had relented, and were now decked in the richest and freshest looking green garments.

The gardens of the houses were gay with flowers, that seemed to participate in the general rejoicing. The sun itself seemed laughing good naturedly as it watched the pleasure its presence afforded.

Raymond was walking up the hill. He thought it less steep than ever before; and the people were pleasanter and kinder than ever.

"What a delightful place this is!" he said, looking wistfully around him. "Perhaps I shall never see it again. But, pshaw! it's no use getting lost in admiration over the place generally. It's too late now. I have an unknown life before me to face."

He had been making farewell calls, and

found himself envying all these people because they were destined to be settled in this charming suburb for the rest of their lives. It now appeared to him just the place to live and die in. And as you were falling into that slumber from which you knew you would never wake, what a delightfully comforting, peaceable feeling would be infused into your very being, knowing that you would be tenderly laid down in those beautiful grounds at Highgate, set apart for such sleepers!

All the surroundings of Highgate breathe of peace and comfort. Or so it seemed to Raymond to-day.

He knew every spot and felt a great affection for these places that were all now as part of his life.

"I must have a last stroll down Mill-field lane and across the fields," he said, turning off the main road into the lane.

"By Jove! how beautiful it all looks!" Before him lay a stretch of hilly country, not what can be called grand, but most pleasing in its aspect. The hills are more as huge ocean swells that have lost their fierce character, but command respect for their unexerted might. As far as the eye could reach, the whole country was carpeted with soft refreshing green, only seen in England or Ireland.

Several people were walking about enjoying the scenery and the weather. Boys were sailing yachts over the pond immediately in front of him. These yachts were dancing in the sunlight; and the skylarks were soaring out of sight, warbling the sweetest of songs.

Everybody and everything seemed rejoicing. Raymond alone seemed sad; for he was leaving it all. He had left the bank and

was to sail for Canada on the twentieth of this month.

It was now the twelfth, and he was going to-morrow to Brighton to spend the rest of his time in England with his people, who were now residing there.

What a time it is, this going abroad—photographs, keepsakes, flowers, farewells, theatres, parties, walks, drives, and so much and such varied advice, hints and lectures!

To-night it was to be a supper with the staff of the bank. Eight o'clock p.m., Raymond was sitting round a table with the staff that he had been with every day for the last four years.

Supper over, the fun of the evening started. Champagne, Scotch, Irish, Sherry and Port all took part in making this a jolly gathering; let alone the assistance of pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Such recitations, toasts,

speeches, vows of eternal friendship and patriotic promises could not be beaten. The songs, too, were splendid. One played and sang "Home, sweet home"; but in doing so, became a target for bread, legs of fowl, tarts, biscuits, almonds, raisins, walnuts, and many other edible things, until he was persuaded to leave off.

"Don't play that," said the colonel; "you will make Raymond miserable."

"No, it is his future home I am singing of," was the reply. And that was the signal for them all to sing the song.

The Scotch, Irish and English volunteers were represented in this festive gathering. So there were some very military and patriotic toasts and speeches.

"The Royal Family," "The Army," "The Navy," "The Reserve Forces," were all toasted with due honours and great enthusiasm.

After awhile they vied with each other in suggesting subjects for toasts and for refilling the glasses. "The London and Wyburn Bank," "Her Majesty's Forces in Egypt," "Our Colonies," "The Friends of England," "The Civil Service," "The Banking World," "Our American Cousins," "Our hearths and homes," "English Girls," "Scotch Girls," "Irish Girls," "Colonial Girls," "Our Mothers," "Our Fathers," "The London Scottish," "The London Irish," "The London Rifle Brigade," "The Third Middlesex Rifles," "Her Majesty's Forces in India," "War Correspondents," "Journalists," "British Police Forces," "The House of Lords," "The House of Commons," "Our Diplomatists," "Captain Shaw and his plucky, brawny men," and so on throughout the evening.

"Juggins," in a speech, said, "I hope that if we go to war with Russia, that we, the

British Volunteers, shall be found fighting together, shoulder to shoulder with the Canadian volunteers in defence of the imperial interests of the greatest empire the world has ever seen."

The glasses rattled as they cheered and called upon Raymond for a speech, as representing the Canadian volunteers.

He pointed out that he had no idea about what he was called upon to speak of; but he could assure them, "as an old volunteer," that he would not let an opportunity of joining our Canadian volunteers go by. And he hoped, judging from the present outlook in the East, that he might be found side by side with them all before long in Afghanistan doing their duty, persuading the Russians that they had made a mistake. A mistake that it would take Russia years and years to recover from. Loud and prolonged cheering,

in the midst of which two of them went out of the room for a few minutes and returned with a large tin of tobacco, a handsome photographic album, a meerschaum pipe and a plush-covered tobacco pouch. These were all presented to Raymond on behalf of the staff by the "Admiral," the chief clerk, who made a very able speech, referring to the loss they would sustain by Raymond leaving them. That he hoped they would never forget one another. And that he trusted that Raymond would be surrounded by as true friends as he was sure that he had been with in England. More clinking of glasses, raps on the table and cheering and Raymond had to reply, which was a difficult task, as he had been quite overwhelmed by this, another marked proof of their lasting friendship.

The last speech over, and they sang, each

putting a foot on the table, "Auld Lang Syne."

"Half past twelve, gentlemen," said the proprietor, coming up-stairs and opening the door and looking in.

"All right, governor, come and join us."

The glasses were filled all round.

"To the British Empire!" Raymond cried.

"To the British Empire!" they all responded.

"One more song, governor."

"He's a jolly good fellow" was shouted and sung by all, and breaking into "God save the Queen" they found their way down stairs out into the street.

It was a bright moonlight night when they sallied forth out of their supper room into Oxford Street.

Grouped together on the pavement, consulting each other where to go and what to

do, they were continually having to assure cabmen and others that they were not wanted.

"I think we ought all to go round the 'Cri.' to-night and have a bit of fun, as Raymond won't get much of that rollicking life in Canada," said the "Admiral."

"Let us storm a baked-potato man," said the "Colonel," leading the way across the road and ordering baked potatoes for the crowd.

"Juggins" thought he ought to end up with a fight with a "cabby." After a deal of persuasion and holding back, he consented to spare the "cabby."

"I will restrain myself from revelling in the gore of a 'cabby' in deference to the remonstrances of my friends," he said.

"Bravo! Bravo! 'Juggins,'" they cried.

"What's the matter with 'Juggins'?"

"Why? he's all right."

But he was not; for he had not given up the idea of fighting, but had simply decided to fight a "bobby" instead.

He had thrown his hat off and was turning up his sleeves preparatory to the conflict with the policeman who was approaching them.

"What's the matter with the London police? Why, they are all right."

"What's all this noise about, gentlemen,?" said the guardian of the peace.

"Here's a man here, constable, who is determined to fight a 'bobby'; and as you are the first to court his challenge by daring to venture near him, he has decided to pulverise you; so you had better be off while you're whole," the "Colonel" said, while the others were holding back the sanguinary "Juggins."

"Move on, please," said the policeman, smiling to think how near death he was.

"Sure, and it's a light I want, 'bobby,'" said the "Colonel," pointing a cigar to the policeman.

The policeman opened his bull's-eye lantern, and the "Colonel" lighted his cigar.

"Juggins" was becoming more peacefully inclined, and allowed himself to be persuaded to walk off without carrying into effect his threat.

"Good night, 'bobby,'" they all cried.

"Good night, gentlemen."

Soon after they were all on their way to their respective quarters, sounding the praises of the police, a force not to be excelled for efficiency anywhere; and a body of men who are recognised by all strangers, especially Americans, as being the most civil, obliging, intelligent and lenient set of men.

London should be proud of its force.

Nowhere do the police command greater respect, or preserve law and order more effectually, than the two forces in London.

New York has a splendid police force, but I doubt if they are as effective as the London police.

I know they are harsher in their treatment to "hoodlums." But it would be difficult to find a bigger, jollier, or more contented looking set of fellows. They are all so fat.

The police parade that takes place in New York once a year—the last day of May, I think—is a sight well worth going many miles to see. I saw them in 1889. They marched past in column with the precision and steadiness of well drilled soldiers. The parade is held so as to allow the citizens to review them and see how they are equipped, and to

see the physique of the men they are paying. New York should be satisfied.

The London police could give a splendid turn out—one, I am sure, that London would feel proud of.

CHAPTER VI.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

IT was the afternoon of the twentieth of May. A fresh breeze was blowing, and the water in the harbour at Liverpool looked more like the sea. Raymond stood on the pier, waiting for the tender that was to take the passengers on board the "SS. Parisian."

Small boats were pushed about here and there, first one side, then the other; now up and then down, as though the waters were irritated with them; and would every now and then try to shake itself free of

this army of occupation that had camped upon the bosom of the waters.

The "SS. Parisian" looked down upon all the small craft with the utmost contempt, and refused to take any notice whatever of the smacks and pushes the water kept inflicting on her.

What excitement prevailed at the wharf just as the tender was about starting!

"Sure you have all your luggage?"

"Where is my box?"

"Good gracious! where is Alice?"

"I havn't said good-bye."

"Mind you let us know how you enjoyed the voyage."

And in the midst of all these and a thousand similar questions they moved off.

The "Parisian" is growing bigger, and looks more proud and indifferent than ever. But how noble she looks! Soon she will

be face to face with the waves of the broad Atlantic, championing our cause. And should the sea become angry, she will prove a staunch and valiant friend to those who have placed their trust in her.

The tender lay along side the "Parisian" in a restless condition, making a great deal of noise. But the "Parisian" ignored her, only suffering her to remain a short time while the passengers and baggage forsook their old guardian to fly to the superior protection of this majestic one.

Then a scene of the utmost confusion ensued. Luggage, passengers, crew, ropes, bells, &c., all seemed mixed up. Such anxiety and excitement on every one's face but the crew. None of the passengers thought they had a second to spare. They were bewildered. After about an hour this excitement had partially subsided, when the

warning bell for "all for shore" sounded. More excitement, grasps of the hand, kisses, tears, best wishes, important instructions to be remembered and promises. Promises—how some of these were destined to be stars illuminating paths that most of these people were about to tread for the first time!

The tender has left; and the *tender* farewells are over. The ship is advertised to start at 4 p.m. and it is within a few minutes of that hour, yet no signs of going.

The passengers have strained their eyes watching the receding forms of their friends, who have now landed and are no longer to be recognised.

The wind has abated and a general calm pervades the whole scene. The sun is losing its bright glaring light and is gradually withdrawing the strength and intensity of its rays;

even it seems calmer and inclined to sleep. The passengers are sitting down devoid of all hurry—some in groups, others by themselves, but nearly all wearing a quiet, resigned look.

Raymond has gone to his state-room, and found a bunch of forget-me-nots and a little package that he had not noticed before in the confusion.

"These were sent aboard for you this morning, Sir," said the steward, in reply to Raymond's enquiry.

With the forget-me-nots was a card marked, "Rowena, the stranger."

Breaking open the package, he found a perfectly plain gold locket and long gold chain, a note from "Rowena" giving him her best wishes and asking him to accept the enclosed, and wear it in remembrance of her.

"You once asked me to give you something that was closely associated with me, saying that you would like a piece of my hair, or a piece of my dress, or anything that you could feel was, through its close contact with me, almost like a piece of myself. I have ever remembered your request. I believe you were sincere when you made it."

"Sincere!" he exclaimed. "Oh! Rowena, darling; darling Rowena; dear, dear Rowena; my own; if you only knew how I loved you!" And holding the note to his lips for at least five minutes, kissed it and resumed reading:

"The chain I have worn round my neck under my dress for about three years, and the locket, since the night after I called upon you. I want you to wear these; and let them act as a finger post, always pointing

out the promise you have made me," she had written, signing herself "Rowena."

He gathered the chain and locket up in one hand and, passing it up and down his cheeks, resting his lips on it, holding it to his neck, gazing on it as if about to eat it, said, in a reverent, devotional tone,

"Wear it for your sake! Indeed I will, Rowena. How smooth it feels, as though by constant contact with her neck! The locket, too, is delightfully smooth, and seems to retain some of the warmth that it had borrowed from her—her—her—her—Rowena."

He sat down and contemplated the paper that her hand had rested on. He could see the dimpled, soft, velvety white hand holding the pen and resting on this note paper as she transferred her thoughts to it.

"I will never part with anything here that is connected with her. The string shall be

set aside for worship with the rest," he said, sitting down and losing himself in reverie. "I envy every word she utters; they play about her mouth and are then encircled by her lips to be shaped and moulded ere they are entrusted with her commission."

He was aroused from his musings by the loud ringing of a bell, the signal for dinner.

The saloon looked very pretty with its tables set for dinner. The names of the passengers were written on pieces of paper and placed on the tables, thus avoiding all confusion. Each person had a buttonhole of flowers placed in a little stand for them by the company, forming quite a bed of flowers. The mirrors all round the saloon, reflecting the coloured glasses and the flowers, had a most pleasing effect.

It was decided not to start until eight o'clock, so every one felt whatever future

meals might prove, this, at least, would be comfortable.

It does not take long to become friendly on ship-board.

When dinner was over—and a most enjoyable dinner it was—Raymond found himself going up on deck with quite a number of people, talking, laughing, and chatting as familiarly as if they had all known each other for years.

There is a peculiar sympathy—arising, I suppose, from the fact that they are all about to share the same perils, joys, calms and storms incidental to the voyage—among the passengers for each other on board a ship, that does away with all the formal barriers observed ashore.

Everyone seems to be anxious to know all about every one else and glad to tell each other their future plans, and to suggest

ways and means of making the time pass away pleasantly.

It did not take Raymond long to discover that there were three fellows going out in the service of a bank, that the majority of the young men were going out on "spec.," or to farms. Most of them were armed to the teeth —revolvers, bowie-knives, shot guns and box after box of clothes, boots, &c. There were a few Canadians, not in bushmen's costume, though much to the surprise and disappointment of some of the enthusiastic, untravelled young Britishers. These Canadians were dressed more like the club men one sees any fine summer's day strolling on the sunny side of Pall Mall.

The presence of so many pretty girls prompted several fellows to predict that "we shall have a most enjoyable time." The Canadians said "a good time."

The young lady voted the belle of the ship turned out to be a Canadian.

It was a source of great amusement to Raymond to watch how she had enlisted into her service, by her pleasing manner, pretty face, and graceful figure, the everlasting desire, on the part of about twenty young Britishers, to please her.

He was pleased to think that he was in no danger of becoming enslaved, as his thoughts were already too occupied to linger long on this charmer. He often used to feel what an escape it was, for he was sure that, instead of enjoying her society as he now did, she would have proved a constant source of pain to him. Fancy a fellow loving her and yet seeing all the time that she was surrounded by admirers equally sincere, and most of whom were more pleasing in looks and manners than himself.

It had settled down into a quiet calm evening. Everyone had a flower in the buttonhole of his coat. It was rather chilly, and the majority of the people were walking about, occasionally standing still to point out, or have pointed out to them, some object of interest that they might be seeing for the last time. They talked of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales as places they had once called their home. They could see the illuminations on the land, but of which they were now not a part.

The engines were throbbing and they were starting on their long voyage. Everyone wished to show how very nautical they were, and were discussing the different lights, more often than not calling them by their wrong names. No one let the opportunity of saying "port" or "starboard" escape them; few knew exactly which was which. But no

matter; we must be nautical when at sea. And what sounds more pretty than when a girl, in her sheer innocence, speaks of a paddle box in connection with a "screw;" calls the "bow" the "stern," the "chief steward" the "captain," the "purser" the "second mate," and eulogises the conduct of a sailor because he volunteered to go up aloft?

A most enjoyable time was spent the next day by some passengers when they landed at Moville while the steamer was waiting for the mail from Londonderry. The scenery is perfect, and on this bright sunny day it held those who had not seen it before spellbound, charming their senses and filling them with love and admiration for Ireland.

There is an old castle to which they drove in jaunting cars. Reader, have you ever ridden in a jaunting car? The sensation is, I can assure you, novel. You ought to try it *once.*

The car Vincent was in, they got the driver to tell them the history of the castle, which he assured them was correct.

On arriving at the castle they were conducted over it by a pretty, comely, modest, humorous, quick-at-repartee, dark Irish girl about nineteen, in a dress coming only to her knees. Her feet and legs—such pretty ones—were bare. She gave a very interesting account of it (the castle), but quite different to the other account that Raymond had heard from the driver. On comparing notes, they all found that the respective drivers had given a version peculiarly his own. One of the passengers, a Dublin fellow, asked her how it was that her story was so unlike all the others. She then told them, laughingly, that it was the first time she had shown visitors over; that her mother, who was ill at present, always did it before, so that she had never

had occasion to learn about it, and was obliged to make up a story as she went along. She was a pretty girl, so they forgave her. Back again to where they landed; they tried some of the stout Ireland is famous for, and drank "Success to Auld Ireland," listened to some songs, wished the little crowd "Good-bye" that had gathered on the beach to see these people that were off to America, and they were off, each with a piece of shamrock that they were going to plant abroad. But alas! for such hopes. Most of it—in fact I think all of it with the exception of a few leaves—found its way to the bottom of the Atlantic. It began to seem less important as time sped on; then the roots were dirty and it seemed a nuisance, as many of our self imposed tasks appear when we have settled down to other things.

The third day they were some hundreds

of miles away, right out on the broad Atlantic. They had settled down to ship life. The weather was fine and the sea calm. Only a few passengers felt unwell; these few generally felt too sleepy to eat, talk, or stir out of their cabins. It was not sea-sickness, oh, dear no! only a tired feeling. The day was passed in reading, reclining in steamer chairs, flirting, quoits, shuttle-board, exploring parties going over the ship and visiting the steerage, getting up a pool on the run of the vessel, and, above all, eating, drinking, and sleeping.

The evening was observed by many as the time for writing up their diaries. Every young lady, I believe, keeps a diary when on ship. The drawing room after dinner was always the scene of a regular party, music, songs, recitations, flirtations

and the like. The deck is never deserted. Some one or other is sure to be taking a walk. Moonlight nights, fellows would explain to girls, I suppose, the depth of the ocean in different parts of the world, and other such fitting subjects at sea, as they leaned over the railings, contemplating the mysterious ocean, lighted up in one place for miles and looking, as if it were, the path to the moon, while on either side of this broad path of pale, rippling, liquid light, would be darkness and impenetrable mystery. The path always led down to the vessel's side. They could not pass it, though going all the time about fifteen knots an hour. They all believed in that proverb about two being company and three a crowd. Is that the correct version, dear reader?

"How well,
The night is made for tenderness—so still
That the low whisper, scarcely audible,
Is heard like music—and so deeply pure,
That the fond thought is chasten'd as it springs,
And on the lip made holy."

Many a game of whist, too, was played after supper.

The fourth day at sea, with a "cap full" of wind blowing, was an unwelcome change to many. It was but a "cap full" of wind, as the sailors called it. Yet it was the occasion of a melancholy occurrence. One of the steerage passengers, a Norwegian woman, about sixty-five years of age, who was suffering very much from sea-sickness, died of exhaustion. She was in delicate health, and should not have attempted such a journey while so unwell. Life in the steerage is not conducive to the rapid recovery of a feeble invalid. Many of the

passengers were confined to their state-rooms, so it was comparatively unknown until the next day.

A funeral at sea is one of the most appealing and solemn occasions. We have lost our dear mother is the wail of many, but how doubly lost she seems when buried at sea! The bell tolls, a platform is lowered over the side of the vessel, the corpse is placed in a canvas sack, weighted with lead, and placed on the platform; the Union Jack is laid over it, while the burial service is read; and at a signal the sleeping one is lowered into the sea. It has gone. No, there it is again, a portion of it appearing above water for a minute or so.

The few on deck are watching as they leave it behind.

The son, poor fellow,—for he is on board—is watching with a look as though he

would like to jump over and reclaim his mother ere she is swallowed up by the relentless ocean. While they are all looking, it suddenly disappears and is lost for ever.

There is no stone to mark her last resting-place; for who is there that can name it? She is now penetrating the mysteries of the deep—that deep, the home of the whale, the shark, and other monsters.

There is no spot in a peaceful cemetery where those left behind can go and place her favourite flower, and contemplating the stone, feel that she is but asleep there under the shade of that willow tree. We know that she is there, and not lost altogether.

The next day the gloom occasioned by the funeral had passed away; and with those who were not immediately relations or friends of the deceased the incident was forgotten. The sea was calm, as though con-

tented and satisfied with the sacrifice it had demanded, the sun shining, and whales were continually showing themselves all round the vessel, gliding swiftly along and throwing up fountains. How majestic these monarchs of the deep look, traversing their wide domain!

"Look, there is another, going in an opposite direction to us. See it? about four miles off, isn't it, captain?"

"Yes, there it is. Wait, it will come up again and you will see the fountain. Now look; there it goes; see his, or part of his, enormous body. There's the fountain. Looks like one at Trafalgar square."

The glass had fallen to 32°, a sure sign that icebergs were not far off. Everyone kept placing up their glasses, and scanning the ocean for icebergs. Before the day had past, they had seen several; one, three

miles long, that in the distance looked like Westminster Abbey covered with snow. Then there was a fog off the banks, always a most anxious time with the captain and a very disagreeable one for everybody. That fog horn is enough to drive one mad. It is so persevering, too, won't leave off even at bedtime. All and everything is news for the ladies' diaries; so there is a welcome, if only a half-hearted one, accorded this or these two fiends.

A ship! a ship! What excitement it causes to pass a ship close by.

"What are they doing with those flags?" ladies enquire, watching the sailors hurriedly signalling. Handkerchiefs, sticks, books, hats, hands, caps, wave, as the people on each vessel cheer.

The sixth day off Rimouski, a tender from another world comes for the mail bag.

With what eagerness all these British people stare at this example of the new life before them. They are in the lovely St. Lawrence, the empress of rivers, the beauty of which, once seen, is never to be forgotten.

Raymond was talking to a Canadian, and leaning over the side of the vessel admiring the sublime mountain scenery.

"How weird and grand the mountains look," Raymond said. "I feel I should like to land 'right here' in their midst. I can imagine a fellow encountering the strangest adventures, and meeting with the most mysterious and unheard of caves and imps, demons and witches, as he wandered for years from mountain to mountain."

A gentleman who had been very quiet during the voyage came up to join them in their praise of the scenery. After expatiating upon the beauties of the St. Lawrence,

he very kindly gave them some advice that was to carry them through Canada with success.

"I tell you what it is," he said. "You must praise everything up in this country to the Canadians; they like it."

He had made an unhappy selection when coming to these two—one a Canadian.

Praise must be sincere, or it is not acceptable.

He was known as the diplomatic old Scotch gentleman after that.

It was a Saturday night; the rain was falling through a thick foggy atmosphere, a very rare occurrence in this part of Canada, so most of the passengers were in the drawing room, singing.

Renshaw, a young Englishman going out to farm, who had been prowling about the deck all the evening in top boots, wideawake

hat, flannel shirt, with a revolver and bush-man's friend strapped round his waist, and enveloped in a thick long overcoat, opened the door and cried amidst a storm of protests against his standing there with the door open.

"This is our landing place. Didn't you hear the rockets go off? We are at Quebec."

"Never mind, shut the door!" was shouted by all of them as two cushions were whizzing through the air in the direction of Renshaw's head.

Renshaw was too quick. The cushions banged up against the closed door and fell to the ground.

No one left the room, they were all sorry that the end had come, and were determined not to break up this pleasant gathering until obliged.

After a while the doctor came and informed them that they were at the landing stage,

but that it being so late and such an unpleasant night the passengers need not go ashore until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning. Many engagements were then made for early walks on deck. The next morning by seven, several were walking up and down admiring the lovely scenery and regarding with the greatest interest possible the whole of their novel surroundings.

"Perhaps we shall never meet again."

"This may be the last time we meet."

"I hope this is not out last meeting."

"I wish we were to be in this vessel for ever. I can't bear the idea of perhaps never seeing you again."

"Although in the same country, yet we shall be two thousand miles apart. Why, it almost drives me to despair."

"You won't forget me altogether, will you?"

"I hope you will think of me sometimes."

"May I write to you?"

"Will you write to me?"

"If you ever come to Ottawa, I shall be pleased to see you."

"I have enjoyed the voyage very much."

"So have I. I little thought, when I saw you in St. Paul's, that I should ever have the pleasure—the honour of addressing you. How strange we should have met!"

These and a thousand other little speeches, all prompted by the same source, might have been heard by a "little bird" this May morning on the S S. "Parisian."

By 9 a.m. the passengers had all left the good ship "Parisian" and set foot upon the soil of America: their home; for such it was to be for many of them.

The first excitement was to pass the custom house officers.

What a tumult there was! for nearly every

one was going West by the train that was to start within a quarter of an hour.

Now that these people, who had been as one family for the past eight days, had landed in this country—this country of "*magnificent distances*"—a country that has cities distant from each other over three thousand miles—they were within a few hours to be separated and scattered all over this glorious Dominion.

The "belle" of the ship was going to Ottawa. Five or six fellows were carrying her baggage to the depôt. She was to be lost sight of to most of them. On her arriving at Ottawa, I have no doubt but that she had waiting for her as many, if not more, willing slaves to obey her every gesture.

Raymond had decided to go to Montreal with Howell, who was joining the staff of a bank there.

It sounded very strange to these two Englishmen to hear the bells on the locomotives.

"It puts one in mind of Sunday to hear those bells going," said Howell.

They both went into a store to buy a paper before getting on the cars.

"Five cents for this little paper? Why, we can get a better one in England for a ha'penny."

"I guess the train's off; the bell's ringing," said the boss of the shanty.

They dashed out of the store and got on to the last car.

"Papers are very dear in this country," Raymond said, addressing Rompton, a Montrealer.

"Why?"

"Well, a paper like this would only be a ha'penny in the old country."

"Well, that's all it is here. A cent is the same value."

"Yes, but we paid five cents apiece," said Howell.

"The price is only a cent. I'll show you if you allow me," leaning forward and taking the paper; "thank you. There you are, 'one cent,'" pointing to the top right hand corner of the outside sheet.

This, their first business transaction in the land of independence, filled them with ideas that all their future ones were to be on a par.

Time was, however, destined to prove the fallaciousness of these impressions. The journey proved a very pleasant one. A dining car, a smoking car and every convenience of a large hotel are to be found while speeding through the country from thirty to sixty miles an hour. Then it is so pleasant to be able to

walk through the cars, sometimes going the whole length of the train to pay a visit.

How strangely different the country looks, with its snake fences, burnt stumps of trees and the brownish tint of the grass and trees! After England it wears a rather dried up appearance.

On arriving at Montreal, Raymond and Howell put up at the "Windsor," an hotel that any city in the "old world" would be proud of. Montreal is a grand old city with about 200,000 inhabitants. The view from Mount Royal is one never to be forgotten. Montreal lies below, covering about four miles in length and two in breadth. Trees abound everywhere, mingling with the houses, which are mostly of red brick, thus forming a most pleasing and picturesque addition to the magnificent view.

The next day they spent in admiring the

sights of the city. Passing through several squares, where fountains were playing, they came to "Notre Dame Cathedral."

"It is very beautiful," whispered Howell as they stood inside.

"I would prefer the word gorgeous," said Raymond, quietly; "it is very rich in colouring and decoration of all kinds, but too suggestive of the Alhambra, Leicester Square, for me to feel that reverence that I should when in an old cathedral like this. I am sure that if a service were going on, I should be thinking of ballets instead of the sacred precepts of the church."

"Same with me, Raymond. I always enjoy going to Westminster Abbey. The dim religious light, the sombre aspect of the building, mellowed by age, and the hallowed, solemn sanctity pervading it, forbid an irreverent thought arising."

As we are now in America, dear reader, I shall use words as they are used there. You will have noticed that on our arrival at Quebec words were used there incidental to the country.

They paid their quarters and stepping into the elevator went up to the belfry.

A lift in a church tower! It would seem incompatible in England with the sanctity of the building. But here they are more practical.

Standing in the belfry overlooking the city, they noticed a man running towards a gate leading into a square; a woman appeared chasing him. When the man had run half way across the square, she extended her arm. Shots were heard; she had fired five bullets at him from a revolver, and then fallen down fainting. The man still kept on running; the bullets had but passed through the tails of his coat.

This incident suggested a free use of fire-arms to these two Englishmen. They began to fear that they would have to live in Montreal without ever being able to indulge in the least frivolity with its belles.

Howell was appointed to a post in the bank the following day; so they wandered round the city in quest of rooms and found a comfortable boarding house on Victoria Street, off Sherbrook. Mr. Smith, the landlord, is an Englishman. The mere fact of his being English was a letter of recommendation to them.

No one but strangers in a country know how delightful it is to meet someone from their native place. Enemies at home become friends as soon as they meet in a strange country.

It is no use a man saying that he is English, if he is not, in America; you can always tell.

Howell did not like the custom of taking lunch to the office. Bank clerks in Canada do it though. A rather unpleasant change from the practice of going out to lunch in the old country.

They both made many friends; but before they had been in Montreal long, Raymond had learnt that the proverb "go West" was observed here.

Howell was already home sick. I suppose he must have been in love; for how could any fellow reconcile himself to living in a country thousands of miles away from the home and associations of his lady love?

Howell refused to be interested in anything in Montreal. He seemed unable to admire the beauties here—scenery or otherwise.

Montreal is an old city, and just as settled and regular in its daily life as other old cities. One day is much about the same as another

there. You go for a walk across the fields to-day, and a week after you can go across the same green fields.

Not so out West sometimes. There the field of to-day may be the city of next week.

Howell was very discontented; he was working hard at the bank and the system was altogether different. Besides, that lunch business!

He had hung a map of the British Isles on the wall at the foot of his bed.

Lying and contemplating it during most of his spare time, he would exclaim, "My only consolation! my only consolation! I know there is such a place."

Raymond used to spend most of his time up the "Mountain." A more delightful retreat from the excessive heat of the city it would be difficult to imagine.

There is but one obstacle up there that

mars the enjoyment of otherwise perfect repose, and that is the presence of mosquitoes in all the most secluded and shady nooks. They are a pest, especially to those just out from the old country.

CHAPTER VII.

"For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black'ning east,
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat."

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

FROM the 1st of January to the 31st of December of each year, life in Toronto has its ever-flowing fountain of enjoyment to drink at.

The winter has its dances, tobogganing, ice-boating, sleighing, snow-shoeing, curling, progressive euchre, drive whist, and the comfort every house possesses with its stoves.

The spring brings its walks and rides.

The summer is the boatman's friend. The lake then is alive with yachts, canoes, skiffs, passenger steamers, large two and three masted merchantmen, and every description of craft. It is the nurse of Hanlon and O'Connor. These two names are well known all over the world. There are many amateurs, too, here who could give a good account of themselves anywhere.

The autumn or fall, as it is called in this country, has its tints—tints not to be surpassed in any part of the world. A walk or a ride is then perfect. The Indian summer is peculiar to this quarter of the world, and generally lasts a few days in the fall, commencing about the beginning of November. There is a genial warmth in the atmosphere. The sky keeps a deep red colour, much as one sees at times during

an autumnal sun-set in England. One would imagine themselves to be living in a region where the harmony of the elements had never been broken. The very leaves seem to reflect the colour of the sky, and a red haziness prevails everywhere.

Raymond had, after being in Toronto a few weeks, obtained an appointment in a bank, and was living at Mrs. Ireland's boarding house, known in the directory as "Royal Mont Lodge," but more familiarly styled the "dude boarding house."

Mrs. Ireland was the very ideal landlady. She was a tall, commanding figure; independent, though always polite; fond of a joke and a game of whist; proud of Canada, especially Toronto; able to freeze a person with a look—this she could do with perfection, for in the midst of a laugh, occasioned by the wit of one boarder, she could draw

herself up with a queenly grace and at once discourage any attempt on the part of another boarder to create a laugh by indulging in some disparaging remarks about a place or people that might prove unpleasant for anyone in the room.

Music, dancing, reading, cards, flirtation, smoking and chatting—all had their votaries here. One never need be dull when at home.

It was very pleasant in the summer evenings to sit on the verandah or to recline in a hammock in the garden.

So many countries had their representatives, too: England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States, north and away south, and from various parts of Canada.

Not one of each, but several, thus affording each an opportunity to "talk their own part of the world" exclusively at times.

One has to live out of their native country

to know what a pleasure meeting and talking with a fellow-countryman means.

What a thrill of enjoyment is experienced each time one or other uses the old familiar terms or mentions the name of a place known to both!

"Do you know Hampstead Heath?"

"Why, I lived there two years."

"Did you? Then you know 'Jack Straw's Castle' and the 'Vale of Health'?"

"I should think so! and the 'Spaniards' too."

"Been to Hastings, Brighton, Scarborough, Margate, Ramsgate, Yarmouth, Broadstairs, Isle of Wight?"

The evening soon passes away as they compare notes in this city about places and people they both are acquainted with in a country over three thousand miles distant.

Raymond had drunk freely of all the

waters flowing from the fountains of enjoyment in Toronto. He began to feel that the incidents of his former life were but ancient history—history he liked to reflect over sometimes, as a sort of pastime, when in the solitude of his room; but always feeling that it referred to a part that could not possibly affect his present future.

He had been living in Toronto a year, and had not heard from Rowena. At first it pained him very much, but as time rolled on, bringing with it ever new and pleasant associations, he learned to partially forget his trouble.

An occasional cruise on the "Trivet" would help one to forget anything.

Could a jollier, more genial, gentlemanly set of fellows be found on any yacht?

It would fill a book to enumerate one half of the dry, witty sayings of Toffatt on

a single trip. He was the source of the funny sayings.

Drinks, all kinds of drinks, especially "Walker's Club"; the morning plunge, the cozy cabin with its pastime—all not to be beaten.

Drill, too, occupied a deal of spare time. The "2nd Battalion Queen's Own Rifles of Canada" is as efficient and smart a rifle volunteer battalion as one would meet with anywhere. The only other rifle volunteer corps I consider to be compared with them are the "London Rifle Brigade," the "London Scottish," the "Victorias" ("Vics."), of Montreal, "The Artists," the "3rd Middlesex," and the "2nd Volunteer battalion Royal Fusiliers." Raymond, of course, joined them, and felt proud to belong to so fine a battalion.

Time sped away only too quickly. Who that has lived in Toronto but can say the

same? How pleasant a walk on King or Yonge; or a ramble through Queen's Park! a magnificent park of natural beauty.

When the leaves are falling and the day is waning, and the lamplighter is going his rounds, how soothing a walk along College Avenue is!

To-day Raymond had been instructed to join the staff of London branch, where he would go to-morrow. He had heard from several bank-clerks, who had been stationed there, that it was a pretty place; but that there was little or no boating to speak of. There was an infantry battalion though, the "7th Fusiliers." This was a great source of satisfaction to him, for he would join the regiment. There were unsurpassed lawn tennis grounds, and a capital hotel, the "Tecumseh."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The more any one speaks of himself,
The less he likes to hear another talked of."

RAYMOND had settled down to London life, and found time go pleasantly.

London, the "Forest City," has its Thames, Westminster, South Kensington, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Blackfriars Bridge, Westminster Bridge, Lambeth, Hyde Park, Cheapside, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. This Westminster Abbey is strangely different to the venerable one in England. Here, in London, Ontario, our material, spiritual, and *beery* wants are satis-

fied at the abbey on the payment of a few cents. You need not take your hat off either on entering, and if "Scott Act" is not in force there, you can drink "Presbyterian wine"—I mean whisky—beer, &c., in any part of the building.

The streets are very wide, and trees and boulevards abound everywhere. "Queen's Avenue," "Dufferin Avenue" and "London South" have some exceedingly pretty houses.

An absence of fences and walls characterises the whole place.

As a great number of the houses stand in their own grounds, and these grounds are beautifully kept, a walk is rendered a pleasurable undertaking, even on the hottest day. The trees, nearly all maple—the beautiful maple, the emblem of Canada, as the brave oak is of England, the pretty shamrock of Ireland, and the sturdy thistle of Scotland—

afford shelter from the sun, while the grass and flowers delight the eye wherever it wanders.

There are three principal boarding houses in London, viz., "Haskett's," "Hell," and "Humpidge's"—the last two on Queen's Avenue.

The second named one was originally a church, then a skating rink, and now a boarding house.

A certain Very Rev. Dean is attributed with the responsibility of its present name.

The building is a large red brick structure, not the dark red usually met with in bricks, but a bright flaming red—a truly startling colour.

On its being opened as a boarding house several of London's bank clerks decided to reside there. This was sufficient to stamp it as a fashionable boarding house; and being

fashionable it was of course a subject of fashionable conversation.

The story goes that this Very Rev. Dean exclaimed as he sauntered along Queen's Avenue with a bank clerk, a resident of this new house:

"Well, what are you going to call your house? Blazes, I think, would be a good name. It is red enough."

At dinner that night it was decided to call it "Hades." So Hades it is called when referring to it in the presence of ladies, but simply plain, unvarnished "H——l" at other times.

Yet another tale of a bank clerk.

A fellow was ordered to London, and on his arriving there and enquiring for a boarding house, he was told to go to "H——l."

It so surprised him in meeting with the same reply from three London bank officers

in succession that he decided to write to a Toronto society paper and expose the ungentlemanly behaviour of the London men. The letter sealed and despatched was to be a far more severe punishment than any other he could possibly think of. What an exposure! How the London men would regret ever having forgotten themselves to such an extent! All Canada should know how ill-mannered and devoid of the least kindly feeling they were.

Ere it had been posted five minutes he had solved the reason of the replies, and was now anxious to stop the publication of his letter. Another long letter, stating how he had been mistaken; that if the house had been called by any other name such a mistake as he had made could not possibly have occurred, and excusing himself for his too hasty judgment.

The incident was published as a joke, something after this style:—

Gentlemen arriving in the "Forest City" and enquiring for boarding houses are politely told to go to "H——l," that being, we understand, one of the best places in London.

Raymond tells an anecdote that ought have been published as a joke. Here it is:-

It was Wednesday, the Argyle's day. A the beauty and chivalry of London we calling. Raymond had joined in a convers tion about skating. Miss Argyle, who kne the old country well, said that she ha skated there in the winter and enjoyed much.

"Have you ever seen them skating Hampstead or Highgate, Miss Argyle?" Raymond asked.

"Yes, I've skated there. But it is so crowded always."

"There is very enjoyable skating in Lord Mansfield's grounds at Highgate. The Cholmondeley boys and several families in Highgate go there. Policemen are stationed to keep the crowd out, so it keeps it select," Raymond said, conjuring up in his imagination the most pleasing recollections of Chinese lanterns, evnooth ice, and the absence of "Remember ane sweeper, sir."

ill Widdle, a young Englishman of about feeneteen summers, with an air of swelldom hat some few young Englishmen are apt to hssume in the colonies, asked,

"Have you—ah evah—r skated at the le Velsh Harp? It is so—ah very select, you hnow. One has to subscwibe about five cguineas—ah for the season, you know! I used to—ah skate there a gwate deal."

It was difficult for Raymond to look serious, remembering how every Tom, Dick and

Harry were entitled to join the crowd on the ice there by paying their shilling.

Widdle's exaggeration should be pardoned, for his recollections of skating at the Welsh Harp must date back from when he was about twelve years old, he having been in Canada, I believe, about six years when he told the *story*.

Have you ever, my dear reader, had the misfortune to meet a person such as I will describe?—a man who feels sure that whatever he does or says is of the utmost importance, and bound to interest the community at large.

There are always, as it were, heralds sent in advance to proclaim in the midst of a flourish of trumpets what it is the pleasure of this potentate to do. And when the populace are gathered together to watch this great man put on his boots, take a dose of

cod liver oil, or even look at his watch, or start out for a ten mile walk that will resolve itself into one of two miles, attention is called, and a command is sounded, calling upon every one present to divest themselves of all thoughts or business that are not immediately connected with him.

"I, John Jones, will eat a potato," he proclaims in a loud voice to the honoured people who are so far favoured to be in the same city with him. The rest of the world will of course know what he said in due course, for in these days of telegraphs there is no reason why the sayings and doings of so great a man should not be read by all nations the day after their occurrence. What a proud recollection for the bystanders in after life! Think of the pride with which the descendants of those honoured few who were privileged to see John—not King John,

but the great John—eat a potato, will relate, when talking of the proud memoirs of their ancestors, this historical and important event. Surely it will be handed down from generation to generation. Time cannot detract one iota of glory from such an event.

"Queen Victoria pinned the Victoria Cross on my father's breast," I fancy I hear some young man saying.

Several have related how honours have been accorded their respective families, but among this party of young men is a nephew of one of the select few who had been present when John, not King John, but the great John—John Jones ate a potato, or it might have been that he took a liver pill or some cough mixture.

This young man's uncle had not only seen him eat, but had on more than one occasion actually shaken hands and had a drink or

drinks with him. This was indeed a proud boast for the family.

Who and what is this great John? Well, I hardly know; but a few people in London, Ontario, would remember, I fancy.

CHAPTER IX.

"Not all the sights your boasted garden yields
Are half so lovely as my father's fields,
Where large increase has blessed the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the swelling grain,
Whose heavy ears, toward the earth reclined,
Wave not and tremble to the whisking wind."

"YOU had a new man at your place to-day," Raymond said, addressing Jackson, a clerk in the Bank of Commerce.

"What's his name, and where does he come from?" said a B.B.N.A. man.

"One of these fellows who came out to farm."

"Poor devil! Been long at it?"

"About a year. Complains that there was no sport, and that his only recreation was to go to the Methodist church."

"It's real fun to hear him tell about the first farm, the second, and right up to the sixth he was on."

"I suppose he came well armed," said King laughingly, remembering what a wild life he had pictured he would lead out here, when he left the old country to farm in Canada. He was now in a bank.

"Yes; why, he had enough weapons to supply a small army. He has sold most of them."

"His name?" inquired Raymond.

"Renshaw!"

"Renshaw! By Jove! I crossed over with him. Bring him here by all means."

"Yes, bring him here to the 'Saints' Rest.' I warrant the first dinner will surprise him,"

Row said—a tall, jolly Canadian, who had been nearly all over the Dominion and was now in a bank.

"We'll take him down to Jerry's and give him some of that extra special and oysters," said Thomas, another Canadian, who could be as noisy and jolly as it is possible to be, at times, while sometimes he was as grave and sober as a judge.

"I guess you've been there already, Thom," said Jackson, winking across the table.

"Yes, you bet!" chorused the rest of the boys.

"How many bottles of that Carling's old stout have you had, Thomas, this afternoon?"

Thomas, assuming the air of a semi-drunken man, declared that he had drunk three quarts.

"More likely just smelt a cork," Ray said, knowing Thomas' inclination to exaggerate his feats of drinking.

"I guess that's about it," the rest said, laughing and speaking simultaneously.

"Are you going to the Tyler's to-night, Raymond," asked Ray, who, like Vincent, was fond of going out.

"Yes, you bet! It's to be one of the biggest parties this year. British, you're going, I suppose?" said Vincent.

"Yes, I wouldn't miss it. Mrs. Tyler is such a charming hostess, and there are sure to be so many there that it would be a sin not to go."

"You fellows ought to go to-night," said Ray, addressing two who had received invitations, but who never cared to meet people, and thought dancing a fraud; "there will be a splendid supper, the best rye, the

finest cigars, apollinaris *ad libitum*, and rooms devoted to cards."

"You'd better go," added Raymond.

"No, it's too fine a night to miss. The tobogganing will be perfect. We shall call on their day, and regret that we were unable to come last Thursday night."

CHAPTER X.

"The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes,
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—
Art and Nature."

BY 9 p.m. the reception room at Mrs. Tyler's, this Thursday night, towards the end of the London, Ontario, season, was crowded with guests, who were continually arriving. Nearly all London

were there. Most of the guests had met before, so the pleasurable task of filling the programmes was easily accomplished. A few ladies, friends from one or two other cities, were unknown to some of the London men; but Mrs. Tyler soon made these, until then comparatively unfortunate men, happy by introductions.

Renshaw, who was now quite a society man, and who had changed his pre-conceived ideas about Canadian life very much since his landing in this country, was in his element.

He is one of those fellows who, when in the society of ladies, feels supremely happy. He considers them all charming; and when waltzing with one, or in the conservatory with another, or having supper with another, he feels, for the time being, a delicious sense of love—love that would make him ready

to lay down his life, if in so doing it would help to smooth the path, even if only for a minute, for the charmer whom he happens to be with. This is not a source of discomfort to him, for he ever remains faithful and loyal to the last one. As he generally meets several ladies in a day, he accustoms himself to indulge in this sense of love much as some indulge in repeated doses of opium.

It was a chivalrous esteem, though a dreamy love; a devotion such as others only feel when kneeling at the shrine of a holy saint, that he had for the sex. A tear in a girl's eye, or a word or deed calculated to pain or annoy her, said or done in his presence by a man or boy, would arouse such an interest within him that he would burn to avenge the insult or discover the way to remove the cause of the tear.

I have wandered away in thought from

the party. But it is the party that causes Renshaw to be in love at least twenty times to-night.

Raymond had wandered into the conservatory and was sitting on a couch, screened from view by the leaves of palm trees and other tropical plants, with Miss Hully.

It was about twelve o'clock, and although twenty below zero outside, yet it felt very warm in the dancing room. Here it was cool, not cold, but just cool enough to be pleasant A lady could sit here all the evening without being compelled to put on her wrap.

The soft coloured light, too, was such a relief after the glare of the dancing room.

"What a delightful dance! I think it one of the best this year."

"Yes, there was only one other to compare with it, and that was the Lyman's," said

Vincent, half turning his head and looking into her face. "But they didn't have a place like this to rest in. I think this place *now* positively enchanting."

"Do you like Canada now, Mr. Raymond?"

"Yes, very much."

"You are not so anxious to go home now as you were?"

"No, I should feel very sorry to leave."

"Do you like our climate?"

"Yes, although I think the summer too hot. But the winter to me seems perfect. A cloudless sky; the bright sun making the snow sparkle like diamonds; a crisp, clear, bracing atmosphere that puts new life into you at every breath; the snow creaks, and planks snap in a quick, invigorating manner in response to every footfall; the sleigh bells jingle, and the tuques and blanket cloaks of the ladies add picturesqueness to this winter

scene. As a rule, winter in the old country is very wintry indeed. The trees are bare; the sky leaden, and all nature seems dead. But here everything appears to me to suggest life. Nature wears a thick robe of sparkling diamonds; everyone you meet has a glow of health on their cheeks, and walks with a quick step. The boys and girls are running after and jumping on to sleighs, while others are coasting or being rushed over the snow on sleds drawn by dogs. All is animation. Pardon, I fear I must be tiring you."

"Not at all. I like to hear you speak so enthusiastically of our country. Do you like Canada better than England?"

"I like Canada immensely; but I have a love for England, especially now that I am out of it, that, of course, I could never have for any other country, no matter how fine a

place. You, no doubt, would always prefer Canada, it being your native place."

"Yes, I guess I'd rather live here. The houses are more comfortable. Your bed rooms are always so cold, and so are the halls and staircases. Then the people are stiff and don't go in for such 'good times' as we do. But the peaceful villages, the old churches, the green fields, the hedges, the traditions, and the historical buildings, ruins, &c., of England are what I miss here."

"Canada has traditions to be proud of; but, of course, the traditions, the buildings and everything else here are of so recent a date," Raymond said, warming to the subject. "I remember reading somewhere in a book—I forget the name of the book—but it was an interesting one about Canada:—'Here are no historical associations, no legendary tales of those who came before us.

Fancy would starve for lack of marvellous food to keep her alive in the backwoods. We have neither fay nor fairy, ghost nor bogle, satyr nor wood nymph; our very forests disdain to shelter dryad or hamadryad. No naiad haunts the rushy margin of our lakes, or hallows with her presence our forest-rills. No Druid claims our oaks, and instead of hovering with mysterious awe among our curious limestone rocks, that are often singularly grouped together, we refer them to the geologist to exercise his skill in accounting for their appearance; instead of investing them with the solemn characters of ancient temples or heathen altars, we look upon them with the curious eye of natural philosophy alone. There is no scope for the imagination; here all is new—the very soil seems newly formed; there is no hoary ancient grandeur in these woods; no recollection of former

deeds connected with the country. The Indians appeal to the imagination, but they lack the warlike character and intelligence that I had pictured to myself they would possess.'"

"That must have been written by someone from the old country. But it is very true, and I have often heard old country people speak in a similar strain upon this want of *data* to feast the imagination upon. When are you coming to see us, Mr. Raymond? Any Wednesday evening, you know."

"Thanks very much; I'll come next Wednesday. I was coming last week, but had to stay at the bank for 'return.' I hope you will reserve as much of the evening as you possibly can to me. It is very greedy of me; but you have told me so little of your trip to Europe that I feel, unless I get you to promise me this, that I shall never

hear about it. Why, the second dance over! Here comes Mr. Renshaw, he's your partner for the next, lucky fellow! Will you promise to let me take you down the slide Tuesday night, Miss Hully, say twice?" Raymond pleaded, getting up to relinquish her to Renshaw.

"Yes, if you promise not to upset me."

"I promise."

CHAPTER XI.

"Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,
It might have calm'd the gay amidst their mirth,
And given the wretched a delight in tears."

THE moon is a bright bluish pale yellow, shedding a soft, peaceful, silvery light o'er the snow-clad city and the surrounding country.

The many electric lights, that at other times look so bright, appear dull and dim to-night in the presence of the dazzling beauty of the moon. They feel ashamed of themselves on account of the sarcastic disparaging way in which people are talking, ridiculing, and laughing at their lustre as

compared to the imperial, serene, enchanting grandeur of the placid, all-pervading lustre of the moon. They look awkward, silly, and apologetical to-night, and keep blinking under the satirical gaze of the citizens. For fear of losing the goodwill of these people altogether, they keep renewing their efforts to compete with the moon. They hiss and hiss to call attention to what they can do, and, exerting all their energy, suddenly burst forth into a transient effulgency. The effort has been too great—they can't keep it up; they quiver with nervous prostration, and blink and blink, and gradually subside again. But they are determined not to let the moon have the night all to herself, so keep renewing their futile efforts until midnight, when they retire from the field ignominiously defeated, but fully determined to contest the supremacy to-morrow night.

The stars twinkle with a radiancy unchecked by the least sign of vapour. The sky is a clear dark blue, devoid of any signs of clouds. The earth, as far as the eye can reach, is white and sparkling with crystalline refulgency. Sound travels very rapidly through the clear, crisp air, the temperature of which is twenty below zero.

Men are dragging toboggans behind them, as they wander slowly along, talking to ladies, towards the top of the slide. A noise, as of trains in the distance running over bridges, is heard all the time, as the toboggans with their human freight keep rushing down the chute. The people are all dressed in blanket suits, tuques, moccasins, and mits.

It is a winter's night in London, Ontario, and nearly all London are merrily tobogganing.

The platform at the top of the slide is filled with a crowd of people, all intent upon placing their toboggans upon the chute to be flashed half a mile in about twenty seconds down a steep decline, illuminated by an avenue of coloured lamps, then over the snow-clad earth, bump! bump! bump! and across the river until checked by the snow. What fun! what sport! what merriment! when they leave the chute and jump over the rises in the ground until they reach the river, or perhaps capsize into a snowdrift, or attempt to climb a tree that is near their course. Then commences the walk back. A lingering kind of walk as a rule, nearly all up hill. There is a little decline; throw the toboggan forward, jump on, and down you go. All the tobogganists are warm, and the walk back is more like a summer ramble, lasting from fifteen to

thirty minutes. The climb up the steps and the flash through the air keeps the circulation going.

The many coloured suits have a most pleasing effect. The whole forms a scene that stamps the nationality of Canada.

I consider a Canadian costume the prettiest national costume in the world. Tobogganing in most other countries could only be artificial. Here it is real, and lasts three or four months. Men, sixty years old, enjoy the sport. It is no novelty, but a recognised, healthy, enjoyable exercise.

"Good evening, Miss Hully; may I have the pleasure?" Raymond says.

"Thank you, next time. I am going down with Captain Vere this time."

"I'll wait here," he said, standing on the roof of the toboggan house, which forms the first landing on the steps. Raymond

watched them fly by, and then, after about a minute, wander slowly back.

"Thank you, Captain Vere," she said, when they had reached the roof of the toboggan house, and Raymond had come to claim her.

"How far did you go that time?" Raymond asked.

"Past the buttress, over the bump, and near the breakwater. It was a splendid run. You must steer to the left a little as soon as you reach the river, and we shall go as far, Mr. Raymond. It is the farthest to-night."

"Thanks, I'll take your advice. Quite sure there are no holes that way. You heard about the fun last night, I suppose. Several went through. Mrs. Wheeler was wading in the river up to her neck."

"Yes, Ethel told me; she was on the

bridge and saw them go in. It was nothing to laugh at though. Five or six were shot in. It was too bad. Some people on the bridge laughed every time as the toboggans came dashing into the hole that the first one had made."

"Which side do you prefer, Miss Hully?" Raymond asked, holding the toboggan up, and waiting to let it down on the chute.

"I think the west is the smoother."

"So do I," he said, placing the toboggan on. "Do you hold the strap or cord?"

"The cord, thanks."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Raymond jumped on, and they are now going at the rate of about sixty miles an hour.

"Just about the same place, Mr. Raymond," she said; "there's the mark of Captain Vere's toboggan."

"We escape that big bump by steering to the left. It was a glorious run," Raymond said, assisting Lilian to her feet.

Then came the walk back. A stream of men and women, some very young, others young, and some old; but all merry and glowing with health and enjoyment

There goes Mr. Jarvis, a bank manager: he's about sixty years old. How he enjoys the sport! Watch him jump on, and steer those ladies down the slide. Then look at that stout, genial-looking gentleman; there he goes dragging his toboggan up the steps: that is Mr M'Donald, the druggist. I guess he's about fifty-seven. There's Maud Jarvis, she's about thirteen; she'll go down backwards, or steer, in fact any way as long as she's on a toboggan. The moccasined feet tread silently over the snow-clad ground, ever onwards, towards the precipice, from the

summit of which, when reached, they literally throw themselves off.

Some, as they meander along, exchange remarks that will provoke rippling laughter, which floats through the air and lends enchantment to this purely Canadian scene. Others talk so softly and silently that a laugh or an audible—except to the person addressed—answer would appear sacrilege. Whispers and looks of love, I feel sure, occur at times.

Even in England—the cold, unapproachable English(?)—I have heard that down by the sea shore, in the early morning or during twilight, this kind of thing may possibly happen. Some go so far as to say that the waving corn of the country, the hedges of the lanes, the balmy summer breezes, the rays of the moon, the floating strains of a waltz, and the music of skates,

as they skim over ice, all conduce to make the young people in England whisper sweet soft words of love when so-and-so's brother is with the other fellow's sister. How extremely interesting it would prove if the corn, the hedges, the summer breezes, the moon, the strains of waltzes and the music of running skates were compelled to reveal all the secrets they have been entrusted with!

"Can I hope to take you down again this evening?" Vincent asked, as they reached the foot of the steps the second time.

"Well, no, I'm afraid not, thank you," Lilian said, "for our chaperon says that we must go after going down twice more. I have promised Mr. Renshaw and Mr. Collar."

Archibald Collar is a clerk in the Bank of Montreal. To be that in London, Ont.,

is an honour that few young men, out of that institution, have any idea of the high and exalted position it means. The B. of M. fellows know, however. It is a passport to all the best houses. And when the officers of that institution are pleased to condescend to interest themselves in any movement in the city, it is almost sure to prove a social success.

This phenomenon is peculiar to London, Ont. It would be very painful to witness the outraged feelings of one of these social lions, when he was removed to any other part of Canada or the world, at finding himself compelled to sink into comparative oblivion.

Bank clerks in Canada generally occupy a good social position. But that is not all with some few bank clerks in London, Ont. They imagine themselves gods.

Raymond tells me that, taking the bank clerks of London, Ont., as a set, it would be difficult to find a better. They are a jolly, gentlemanly, sociable, although self-conscious lot of fellows.

Raymond may be prejudiced in their favour, having been one himself.

The brief time I had the pleasure of mixing in their society is fraught with pleasant memories. They nearly all go in for cricket, tennis and dancing. The majority can play "ball"—base ball; a great number ride, a few in the hunt; many are fair oarsmen; and where is the bank clerk in London, Ont., who does not know where to get a drink after 7 p.m. on Saturday if he wants it? or on a Sunday, although all the places are shut? I say, where is he?

Some can do one thing, some another, to

perfection. I know one that can make punch. And it was at H——l where I first tasted his. What a jolly night we had, to be sure! It was a Good Friday the day after, so one of the fellows fasted.

CHAPTER XII.

"Give me good proofs of what you have alleged:
'Tis not enough to say—in such a bush
There lies a thief—in such a cave a beast;
But you must show him to me ere I shoot,
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep."

RENSHAW and Raymond got back to their boarding house at half past ten from the slide.

"What, not in bed yet!" exclaimed Renshaw, going up to May, the landlady's little daughter, and stroking her face. "Why, a little girl like you ought to go to bed at nine."

"Oh, Rats!"

"Don't get cross, darling," Raymond said,

approaching her and stretching out his hand to catch her. But she was too quick, for running round the table and throwing an apple at his head, she ran into the kitchen.

"May! May! I've got some candies for you," Raymond cried; "come in and I'll give you some."

"Well, don't bother me," she said, opening the door and stepping in.

"Here you are, May; help yourself. I've another box upstairs, just the same."

"Now, quit that!" she cried, as Renshaw commenced to pull her hair; don't fool around like that."

"Say, May! I've got a conundrum to ask you," Raymond said.

"Sit down right there, then," she said, pointing to an arm-chair at the other end of the room.

"No, I shall sit down right here," he

said, taking her by her arm and making her sit down in a chair beside him.

"Hurry up!" she cried impetuously, slipping a small piece of ice down his back and jumping up to get away.

"No you don't—I must ask you this," Raymond said, laughing and holding her in her chair. "Why is an umbrella like a pancake?"

"'Chestnuts'—it's the second time I've been asked that 'chestnut' to-day," May said, with an attempt to look indignant.

"I don't know," said Renshaw; "what's the answer?"

"Rats!" cried May.

"No; let me tell him, May."

"Let him chase himself 'around a block,'" she said, jumping up and throwing some flour into both their faces, as she rushed out of the room, saying "good night, *dearies*."

"What a little terror! She's a regular 'Mliss,' Renshaw said, laughing immoderately as he watched Raymond trying to keep the flour from falling on to his blanket coat.

Then they both shouted with laughter.

"What's the answer to that conundrum, by-the-bye?" asked Renshaw, partly sobering down.

"Why are umbrellas like pancakes?"

"Because they are seldom seen after lent."

"Bravo! capital! and how true!" Renshaw said, smacking his knee.

"Bring your pipes and come and have a smoke before going to 'roost,' you fellows," shouted Ray, who was sitting by the stove in the hall.

"Where are the other boys?" asked Renshaw, as he and Raymond were making themselves comfortable round the stove.

"Don't know. Wouldn't like to say. Guess

Thomas will come home 'paralysed' on three glasses of beer. They started out to 'paint the city red.'"

"This is something one never sees in the old country," Renshaw said, leaning back at full length and resting his feet on the stove.

"No; I guess you'd miss this sort of thing if you lived in the old country, Ray," Raymond said. "Dickens raved and stormed a great deal about them, but what should we do here in Canada in the winter if we only had grates like they have at home."

"What can be more comfortable," asked Renshaw, "than a good big fire in an open grate, a pipe and a book; or to sit in the twilight and look at pictures in the fire? That's what you can do at home."

"Well, when first I came to this country I thought that the stoves were very ugly, that the pipes running through the rooms in some

of the houses made the rooms look like engine houses, that the atmosphere was so hot and dry that I felt I must choke.

But now I consider a house in Canada during the winter the acme of comfort. All over the house the temperature is uniform; the red cheery light of the fires as it glows through the mica seems to welcome you to every part of the house. Going to bed in the winter is a pleasure, instead of being, as in most houses in England, a sort of a compulsory dose of medicine that we must periodically swallow preliminary to our obtaining ease. Ditto in the morning. What an effort in the old country to throw the bed clothes off in the cold, chilly morning! Here it is only laziness that keeps us fellows from getting up early."

"Well done, you're the stuff, Raymond," laughed Ray. "Of course I don't know any-

thing about your houses in the old country, except from hearsay; but most Canadians, when in England, complain about being so cold in their bed rooms, and getting one side of their face scorched in the sitting rooms. Dickens, too, was given to exaggeration.

"Good night, boys," Ray said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and leaning back, extending his arms, yawning, and allowing his chair to come forward again with a jerk as he jumped up, yawned again and went upstairs to bed.

"Good night, Ray."

"Good night, Ray."

The fire glowed, and the two men sat silently smoking their pipes, watching every little flicker.

Raymond was the first to break the silence, which had lasted about five minutes.

"How do you like this country?"

"Very much now; it was strange at first."

"Especially farming?"

"Yes; a fellow going in for farming in this country ought to be a country fellow, one used to farming life. I think it is a mistake for a town man to go farming. The life is so different that he grows tired of it, although a few fellows get to like it after awhile."

"You grew tired of it, anyhow, Renshaw."

"Yes, you bet! The pupil on a farm in the next concession to me, the other side of Woodstock, got tired of it too. He threw it up—left a week before I did. Went to California; found his way to 'Frisco; got into a general store; stayed there about four months; caught typhoid fever; ran up a big bill in the hospital; no money to pay; wrote

home to his people for tin; cleared out of the hospital; engaged as a waiter in an hotel; went to Australia; had a good time there; came back to Canada; bad luck again; wiped engines in Winnipeg last winter; went home last fall; had a 'pile' left him, and is out again and going to buy a farm at Woodstock."

"Where did you used to live?" asked Raymond.

"London—Brondesbury. I was born in Africa, but came to England when a year old. My mater died on the voyage home, and my pater was killed in the Zulu war. I lived with an old general, a friend of pater's, who is my guardian. He is a wealthy old boy, had speculated a good deal, but a regular tyrant. He does not know where I am. My sister is the only one who knows I am in Canada; but she does not

know when I left England or what my present address is. I left home a month before sailing—was afraid of being brought back."

"Do you ever correspond with your sister?"

"No, not now; have lost track of her altogether. Wrote one letter, but it came back marked 'not known at this address.' I suppose they have left without giving any address. My friends say that she and my guardian have cut them all."

"Does it not worry you, not hearing from her?"

"Not much, now; I have grown used to it. Perhaps she has cut me as well as everybody else. She used to be fond of me once. I wrote home to friends when I failed to hear from her, but they don't appear to know anything about her.

As to my guardian, I never trouble about him."

"It is wonderful how time heals. Then, of course, there is now someone else who occupies all your sentimental thoughts."

"Well, yes, to a certain extent she does, Raymond. She is the dearest, sweetest, jolliest, most sensible, most lovable girl in all the world."

"There goes the gong—who can it be at this time of night?" Raymond said, looking inquiringly at Renshaw.

"I'll swear it is not those two fellows—not enough noise for them. They would be inclined to kick or bang the door with their sticks, after paying calls at Hawthorn's, Jimmy Smith's, The Tecumseh, The Western, The Grigg, Jerry's, and sundry other places all in one evening."

"I can hear two voices," said Renshaw, getting up and opening the door.

"Mr. Raymond lives here; can I speak to him?" asked a man in a decidedly cockney accent, proclaiming him to have but lately come from London, England.

"By all means," Raymond said, springing up and going up to the enquirer; "won't you come in, and your friend? I am Mr. Raymond."

"I would like to speak to you in private, Mr. Raymond."

"Certainly; your friend can take a seat here, and we can go into the drawing-room."

"I have nothing private from my friend."

"All right, then the three of us can go in. Excuse me, Ren.," Raymond said, leading the way into the drawing-room. "Pray, gentlemen, to what can I ascribe the honour of this visit from two Englishmen, newly

arrived, I feel sure? Before you tell me, permit me to offer you some beer. Englishmen as a rule like beer. I haven't any 'Bass,' but I can offer you some 'La Batte's' or 'Carlings.' If you have never tasted either, there is a treat in store for you. Excuse me a second—I'll bring some in."

"Pray don't trouble. We shall only be here a few minutes," the younger man replied.

"Your business then, gentlemen?"

"I've no doubt but that you have guessed that," the elder man replied with a grim smile.

"No, how should I?"

"Here is my card."

Raymond took it and read:—

"Detective Sergeant Holland, Scotland Yard."

"And mine," the young man said, hand-

ing his card to Raymond. He leaned back and surveyed Raymond with a look full of reproach, anger and revenge.

"Detective Sergeant Holland and Mr. A. Fitzgerald," Raymond said, with a puzzled look, "what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"To come away with us quietly if you don't wish to have the whole of this city know who you are," Sergeant Holland said, complacently eyeing Raymond.

"Who I am!" exclaimed Raymond. "I don't mind the whole world knowing who I am."

"Come, be sensible, and don't begin that business," the detective said, smiling at the dramatic attitude Raymond had assumed of virtuous indignation.

"I will be sensible, and call upon you to be the same. I've no doubt but that I

can prove to you how mistaken you are. First of all, what am I accused of?"

"Murder and robbery!"

"Murder and robbery! My God! Well, that is beyond a joke."

"You are a good actor," Fitzgerald said, "but justice is sure to overtake a criminal like you at last."

Raymond started to his feet, and rushing at Fitzgerald in a fit of passion, aroused by such an assertion, felled him to the ground by a well-directed blow in the chest. The table, the lamp and the chair came toppling over to make way for Fitzgerald.

Renshaw hearing the scuffling came in, exclaiming, "What's the matter, Raymond?"

"What's the matter! Everything is the matter! I am accused of murder and robbery!"

"That man," shouted Fitzgerald, who

was being held back by the detective, "murdered my father!"

"Calm down, Raymond," Renshaw said. "It can, I've no doubt, be all explained away satisfactorily. What is your reason, sergeant, for accusing Mr. Raymond?"

Meanwhile, Raymond and Fitzgerald had taken seats and were eyeing each other with very threatening looks.

The sergeant commenced: "Mr. Fitzgerald, this gentleman's father," pointing to the gentleman who had just disentangled himself from the furniture, "was found murdered on the morning of the second of April, 1886. He lay on the floor in his room, by the open safe, shot through the heart."

"Yes."

"In the safe was a small parcel, said to contain a will and some ready cash. There were also some loose Bank of England

notes—five one-hundred-pound ones. These and the parcel had been taken by the murderer."

It flashed through Raymond's mind that he had been the victim of a plot. But as the vision of Rowena arose before him, he could not, he would not, believe her guilty. His love was so strong that even were she proved guilty of murder, he would clasp her in his arms and love her in spite of the whole world.

"It may be only a coincidence," he thought, "yet it points to this strange visitor of mine as being the cause of my being accused."

"But why come to me?" asked Raymond.

"Because on the first of April, the day before the murder, Mr. Fitzgerald, the murdered man, had gone to the bank and cashed a cheque for five hundred pounds,

which closed his account. He told them at the bank that he intended going abroad shortly, and that for the present he would keep the money in his safe. One of the notes has been traced as having come from here. It was a hundred-pound note, No. 46,372, dated London, March the third, 1887. It was collected by the Alliance Bank, London, on account of the Molson's Bank, Montreal, Canada, who were collecting it on behalf of Mr. Raymond of this city."

Raymond sat perfectly silent, for he now knew that there was a good reason for his arrest.

"Raymond! Raymond! can't you deny or explain this mystery?" pleaded Renshaw.

"No; I did change that note in Montreal."

"Where did you get it? Only say that!"

"I cannot."

"My God! Raymond. You are not guilty?" uttered Renshaw, in a low beseeching tone, burying his face in his hands.

"No, not guilty, Ren.; but a solemn promise that I made three years ago prevents my divulging this secret. I will go with these gentlemen to England to prove my innocence."

The noise had not alarmed any of the other fellows who were in bed.

On many other occasions, tables, chairs, stove-pipes and a few boarders would shake the house as they all fell tumbling over on to the floor. Such trifles, when they did occur, only called forth an amused exclamation from those in bed to the effect that the boys were having a h—— of a time of it below. Often, when coming in late, they would wrestle with each other, upsetting most of the furniture in their struggles.

"I swear to you, Ren., that I am innocent."

"Here is my hand, Raymond. I believe it will all come out right. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes; please apologise for me at the Hully's to-morrow evening. Tell them that I have had to hurry home to England on important business. Excuse me to all the people I know for not making any P. P. C. calls. And I'll get you, if you will, to forward my trunks to England for me."

"O. K. I'll fix that for you, Raymond."

"When do we leave this city, sergeant?" asked Raymond, resigning himself to the inevitable. I should like to avoid seeing anyone under the present circumstances. I suppose you are going from New York?"

"Yes."

"Well, sergeant, drive me to St. Thomas to-night and we'll catch a train from there to-morrow."

"That's it," Renshaw said; "no one will know where you are. So you will be spared the pain of explaining the reason of your leaving the city. How about the bank, though?"

"I will write and inform the manager all about it. There will be a deuce of a stew there when I don't show up in the morning, until he receives my letter, and then he will be more puzzled. Good bye, Ren., old boy; I know it will turn out all right, and I shall be out here again before long with you and the rest of the boys."

"Have you got a buggy or a cart, sergeant?"

"No, sir."

"Then I shall come to Fulcher's with you, Raymond," Renshaw said.

"Yes, do, there's a good fellow. Fulcher's is a livery where I have an account, sergeant,"

said Vincent; we can hire a rig there and I will square up my account with him. By Jove! I cannot go to Europe in this garb," laughing as he surveyed himself up and down; "why, they would fancy me an Esquimaux. Come up in my room, sergeant, while I change my things."

Raymond took off his toboggan suit and dressed himself in the conventional dress of the European.

It was a cold night and they had a long drive before them; so he put on a big fur overcoat, a fur cap and guantlets, and packed a valise with a few articles that would be absolutely necessary to take with him.

It was a melancholy walk to Fulcher's.

"It seems hard to have to leave like this," Raymond said. "London is a pleasant city to live in and I know many people whom I am very sorry indeed to leave. Yet, suffering

under the accusation of such a crime, I would rather sacrifice all and everything until I prove my innocence."

Fitzgerald walked along in silence. No one but the sergeant ever took any notice of him.

When they were in the sleigh and ready to go off, Renshaw handed Raymond a bottle of "club," three parts full.

"There, that will help to keep out the cold. Good bye, write me soon."

"Good bye, Ren. Many thanks for your kindness. Wish the boys good bye for me."

CHAPTER XIII.

"I would not wrong
Virtue, so tried, by the least shade of doubt:
Undue suspicion is more abject baseness
Even than the guilt suspected."

THE next day all London, Ontario, knew that Mr. Raymond, clerk in a bank, had been arrested for murder and robbery.

That night at the Hully's it engrossed the thoughts of those present to such an extent that it became almost the only theme of conversation.

"To think that I should have been dancing with him the other night!" and a shudder of horror would pervade the fair speaker.

Another would say, "It was but last night that I went down the slide with him!"

King, Renshaw and Ray were being asked questions about Vincent all the evening.

"Did you ever suspect him?"

"Whoever would have thought it?"

"How deceived we can be!"

"I don't believe it is true."

"I am sure he is innocent."

"I always thought there was something strange about him."

"What did I say?"

And many other such questions and remarks passed from one to another that evening, all about Raymond.

The general opinion was that it must be a mistake.

Yet, how could he get that note? was the question no one felt able to satisfactorily put aside.

In spite of all Renshaw's silence about the arrest, the main facts had found their way to the papers.

The indefatigable energy of a "Teaser" reporter had supplied London with a sensational account of the crime, arrest and career of one of its bank clerks.

This reporter had interviewed Fitzgerald before the arrest and had afterwards followed him down to St. Thomas, where he learnt from him an account of the whole affair.

London *belles* going home that night, escorted by London *cavaliers*, remembered how they had been similarly escorted by Raymond.

One would say, as she tramped along merrily in the clear moonlight over the snow-covered side walks or in the centre of the road, "Why, who knows? he might have murdered me."

Another: "Fancy a murderer seeing you home! Why, what escapes I have had!"

"What a dreadful thing! I always thought him so kind. I can't believe him guilty."

"He always appeared so jolly. You couldn't fancy him having such a crime weighing on his mind."

The sensational excitement occasioned by the arrest soon died away, and after nine days Raymond's name was seldom mentioned. He had been forgotten amidst the whirl of business, pleasure, pain, sorrow and joy of which the world of London consists. Besides, the surprise had worn off. It was ancient history now, and an accepted revelation—a "chestnut" in fact. People would rather talk of something else, some event that was of a more recent date, or go back to stock subjects. Music, parties, tobogganing, Commercial Union, Rider Haggard, Imperial

Federation, U. S. and English accent, skating, Montreal's last carnival, Robert Elsmere, Annexation, Church, approaching marriages, the Gulf Stream, Europe, Queen Victoria, New York, Toronto, Detroit, the entertainments at the opera house, and a thousand other subjects, not forgetting the state of the weather as compared with this time last year, or even as far back as when the bush was thick all round London, where now we have handsome private houses and avenues.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails."

THERE was intense satisfaction in England when Sergeant Holland landed with the murderer of Mr. Fitzgerald, whom he had captured in the bush in Canada and driven through the snow twenty miles to the station.

The trial was to take place in London, and promised to afford some sensational literature. To begin with, there was a Miss Renshaw, who had either been murdered or enticed away by some one, no doubt this very Raymond. But it would all come out

at the trial. She had never been heard of since the murder.

Raymond's friends were determined that he should be defended by the ablest man they could get, although they disliked his persistence in not accounting for the manner in which he came into possession of the note.

The case aroused a great amount of interest in London.

It was regarded as a cruel murder, and young Fitzgerald was the centre of the wave of public sympathy.

It was learnt that he had, in consequence of a tendency to be a little wild, been banished from his father's roof. But the general impression was, that the murdered man had willed his property, which was known to have been largely in cash, to his son.

The murdered man had, for the past ten years, lived a most exclusive life, estranging himself from the rest of the world by his developed conviction that all mankind were rogues. The house where he had lately lived, and where he was murdered, was one of those detached houses, secluded from the rest of the world by a high wall, in Maida Vale. He had chosen this place as a sort of asylum where he could be in the midst of wild, struggling humanity, and yet be isolated: much as one is isolated when secure on one of the "sister islands," that are so beautifully situated on the American side of the Niagara Falls, from the rush, the fury and the thunder of the waters, as they leap and struggle in a mad frenzy to escape over the precipice.

In this house he watched the calms and storms of life, and always displayed 'a

cynical interest in the manner people weathered storms and glided through calms. His especial pleasure was to witness the wreck of some of those human vessels as they lay at anchor in the calm waters of the bay of contentedness, quite unaware of the leak they had sprung; or going at a quick, easy pace before the wind, unconscious of the hidden rocks that lay in their course; or some meeting with adverse currents and winds, yet, being staunch and true, baffled against the opposition for a time until, through the continual struggling, they became weakened, and were driven back and stranded. During his life he had had one staunch friend in Captain Renshaw. Captain Renshaw, when dying in Africa, had appointed him guardian to his two children—Harold and Nora Ethel.

Harold had not seen his guardian for four years, in consequence of his having been

forbidden ever discussing his future. Harold had left the house after a passionate altercation, swearing that he would never darken the doors again. Nora, although disliking her guardian, had won from him an affection that seemed incomprehensible in such a man. He had quarrelled with every one, and hated all. But Nora seems to have been the only living being who was capable of awakening a sympathetic interest in him. She had never been heard of since the murder. Her whereabouts was the subject for the wildest conjecture.

Mrs. Assam, who had been the murdered man's housekeeper for the last twelve years, testified to the fiery temper of her late master, and to his mode of life. She knew that there was a son, and had often seen him; but never at his father's house. Harold Renshaw was in Canada—she had

known this for a long time, but did not know his address until the trial. She disclaimed all knowledge of Nora's fate. As the case proceeded, and it was ascertained that Raymond did not sail for Canada until about six weeks after the murder, and the fact that he did not attempt to conceal his identity, but that he remained in the service of the London and Wyburn Bank for a few weeks, all tended to shake the belief that he was absolutely guilty. A speech from the counsel for the prosecution, conclusively proving (in his mind) that the prisoner was guilty, seemed to eliminate these doubts. It was plain that the prisoner was a bold criminal. His refusing to account for the possession of the note drawn out of the bank the day before the murder, and his desire to keep secret the hiding place of the parcel and the rest of the notes, would

justify such an intelligent, justice-loving, impartial British jury, as we have to try this case finding the prisoner guilty of murder.

The day after this speech, the court was startled by a new witness for the defence. Nora Renshaw had been found. She had written the day before, declaring that Raymond was innocent, and that she could give evidence to prove it.

Her presence in court was a sensational surprise. Until then it was thought that Raymond held the secret of her fate, having most likely contrived to murder her too.

The night of the murder Mrs. Assam was staying with friends at Sydenham. Nora was at home with her guardian, and it was supposed that the prisoner had murdered her so as to have no witness, and had buried her remains somewhere.

Mrs. Assam had discovered her master

lying dead on the floor by the open safe, on her return from Sydenham with her sister, Mrs. Butt. They screamed and were so frightened and agitated at the sight that they had to take a little drop of gin to buoy themselves up before they could think what to do. Mrs. Assam was not only frightened, but quite overcome. She sat in a chair looking at her dead master and cried like a child. She felt so ill that she was obliged to have two more little drops of gin to keep her from fainting. They immediately fetched the police, who had been investigating the case ever since.

Raymond's heart leapt with joy as he watched Nora, his Rowena, enter the court. But suddenly a dread that Nora might possibly become involved crept over him. Guilty, he was sure she could not be; yet how was he to account for her not

answering his letter? This, like other mysteries clinging to her memory, would be solved, he hoped. How his soul went out to her even then, standing there accused of murder as he was through her!

She related how her guardian, Mr. Fitzgerald, had the day before the discovery of the murder handed her five one-hundred-pound notes in an envelope, and a parcel, telling her that she must take it to Canada within two months. He was going to Africa on the morrow, and would join her in Canada about June.

"He mentioned some place in Canada that I was to go to, but in my excitement I forgot the name. When my brother left England we were living at Brondesbury, to which place I suppose he wrote. The people who took the house were people whom my guardian had quarrelled with.

They would not take any trouble about our letters. I expect they returned all letters addressed to us there as 'not at this address.' On handing me the parcel, he stipulated that I was to find my brother and give him this parcel; but that I must promise that it be taken to Canada. On the outside was written 'not to be opened until three years from date.' He called my attention to this' pointing out the date, the sixth day of March, 1886, written on the top with a thick line ruled under it. Harold, my brother, was eighteen on that day. The five hundred pounds he gave me as expenses, and suggested my taking Mrs. Assam's niece with me. That night I heard two shots, but was too frightened to leave my room until the morning, when to my horror I found my guardian lying dead on the floor in the library. I ran out of the room screaming,

but was not heard. I was alone in the house with my guardian lying dead in the library. I felt too frightened to notice much. A revolver was on the floor near his head. I rushed out of the house and flew to friends at West Hampstead to tell them what had happened. They pitied me and cried, saying that the world would say that I had murdered him. They were afraid to go to the house, and dared not move at all in the matter, as they were sure that I should be arrested for murder. In the evening the boys and men were calling out 'Shocking murder in Maida Vale! Discovery of the body by the housekeeper and her sister! Nora Renshaw suspected of the crime!'

"It was too horrible. I felt that I must escape. When everyone had gone to bed, I crept down stairs; put on a waterproof and a bonnet that I found hanging in the hall;

and, covering my face with a thick veil, left the house. I wandered on aimlessly, trying to decide what to do. I knew not where to go, and everyone I met I felt frightened of, lest they should accuse me of the murder. The sight of my guardian lying dead on the floor in that house haunted me, and almost drove me mad. I imagined that the truth would be discovered eventually, but that the circumstances would all point against me, and that I might be, if caught, accused and pronounced guilty."

"Did you not often openly declare that you would like to kill the 'old brute,' and express your hatred for him in forcible language?"

"Yes, I disliked him very much at times, and when in a temper would often say to Mrs. Assam that I would like to kill him. Everyone disliked him. I was the only one,

he used to say, that ever would talk with him."

Knowing how she had declared to others her wishes, when suffering from the recollection of his harsh treatment to herself and brother, she was aware how all these words would be brought against her as evidence to substantiate the public belief that she was the murderer.

London, after dark, is a particularly dreary city for the roofless wanderer.

This April night was cold and damp. The clouds were ever sailing slowly onwards in batches, screening the moon, which would seem to burst forth at intervals just to remind agitated wanderers that it, like London, was unmoved in its coldness and serenity by passing events. The measured tread of the police, the merry laughter of men and women gathered round coffee stalls drinking steaming

hot tea, coffee and cocoa, and eating hard boiled eggs, while immediately beside them might be huddled together some dirty, half-starved, ragged, helpless creatures who were too weak to move on any further, and who had sunk down on to cold stone steps or seats to sleep and await the morrow.

Everyone and everything seemed utterly indifferent to their surroundings. The light of the gas lamps flickered on the shiny, wet, greasy roads and pavements; hansom cabs wandered about much as the majority of people to be seen late at night in London do. Sometimes a young man, with his coat flying open, his beaver hat at the back of his head, a lighted cigar in his hand that he occasionally raises to his mouth, would walk along humming a popular song. Few of the many people who are out appear to be hurrying to get home. Some stand talking, some stroll

along slowly past others who are quarrelling, or holding themselves up by hanging round a lamp post. A hurried footstep is only to be heard when a household cavalryman goes by. Even his step could not be described as hurried; it has a measured, easy sound, as these magnificent specimens of physical man pass, making the pavement ring with a clanking sound that rings through the air every time they put their feet down. One is but a repetition of the other. Their step is not hurried, although to keep up with them many people would have to run. They are striding back to barracks, and ignore the scenes that one side of life in London is so conversant with. London any night presents a similar appearance, only one night it may be raining or foggy, or perhaps both, and another night it may be clear moonlight. Helpless beggars, hansom cabs, coffee stalls,

policemen, young men and outcasts are always to be seen, whether it is a bright, clear, dry night, or a damp, cold night. Sometimes the snow, not pure white, but looking as if pails of water had been thrown over it to scatter a hill of soot that had been placed on each section of it, will show itself, as one walks through a park or glances through the gates or railings. A policeman will walk by a group of people talking at a corner or standing round a coffee stall. The big stolid policeman will be holding in his strong grasp, perhaps a thief, perhaps a drunken person, perhaps a woman who has attempted suicide. The policeman goes by without awaking any interest in the people he passes. Perhaps a glance, a smile, a murmured "poor beggar!" is heard, and the policeman and his charge are forgotten.

Nora was not a strange object, and did

not excite any attention. Sometimes, w
she was spoken to, her silence and hu
manner of evading the speaker would
cause a laugh, and the remark that she w
a bad temper to-night. Haunted wit
idea that she was being hunted, and f
faint, tired, and not knowing where
she had wandered into Hyde Park th
the Marble Arch. Even here she wa
alone; figures were gliding along slowl
noiselessly as the clouds. She wonde
all these creatures were hiding from
they knew as she was, and whether the
felt as helpless and distressed as he
How still and quiet the Serpentine loo
A mad desire to jump in and thus pu
end to all her misery took possession of
She stood on the bridge for a few seco
contemplating the still silent water, wh
fascinated her. How peaceful and sere

ked! The few people she had passed
polic r way hither had not taken the slightest
alwa of her, and she was standing here
clear A storm was raging within her
Some emed even greater to bear in the
lookin silence around her. The water
over i lightly up against the arches of the
placed n a soft, liquid, caressing, soothing
as or. The calm repose of the scene,
throu of being broken by the sound of the
will was made even more sublimely still.
corne was the noise of a splash that
big disturbed the tranquillity of the scene.
stron had jumped in. She remembered
drun more until she found herself the
atter orning in bed in a comfortable room
with use at Mornington Crescent, Regent's
he She learnt from the landlady that
mur ymond, who at one time lived at this
pol, had brought her home in a cab, after

having plunged into the Serpentine and rescued her from drowning.

He had given instructions that all possible care was to be taken of her, and that he would pay all expenses. He felt sure that she had a sad and romantic history. She was not to know that a gentleman was paying expenses. The landlady was to say that it was she who had befriended her. Mr. Raymond had been to a concert at the Albert Hall, and had been having supper with a friend in Kensington. He was returning home, choosing a walk through the Park as a suitable exercise after so good a supper. He was about a hundred yards from the bridge when he heard the splash.

The parcel and packet were in her pocket undamaged when she felt in her pocket the next morning. She began to fear that her attempted suicide would lead to her capture. She must leave this place, and seek another

retreat until she could sail for Canada. Where to go or what to do was a mystery to her; but she felt she must leave here.

In Park Street, Camden Town, she was attracted by a card in a window, "Apartments for a lady." Knocking at the door, and making enquiries, she was so pleased with the general appearance of the house and the kindly bearing of the landlady that she decided to live there.

It was while she was living there that she called on Mr. Raymond and gave him the parcel and the Bank of England note that had been the cause of his arrest. When living at Maida Vale she knew Mr. Raymond by sight, and had often heard that he, the cashier of the London and Wyburn Bank, was wishing to go to Canada. The experience she had had in London made her abandon the idea of going to Canada, a place that she

had less idea of than London. Mr. Raymond was very kind, and promised to fulfil all the stipulations she imposed upon him. Soon after Mr. Raymond had sailed for Canada, she was seen by an aunt of hers while in Westminster Abbey. She was recognised and her aunt took her home to Hastings with her, where she had been living ever since. In consequence of the dread that she would be accused of murder, if found, she was never allowed to go out, unless closely veiled and accompanied by her aunt.

She did not tell anyone about Mr. Raymond having the parcel that was missing, and was unable to call at the stationer's for letters, as she never was able to get to London, and she had stipulated that no one was to be given them on any account but herself. She had not left her right name,

or any clue as to her identity with them.

The anxiety and suspense of the last three years had brought on an illness, lasting six weeks, from which she had only just sufficiently recovered to come to London.

It was but about eight hours ago that she learnt that Mr. Raymond was in London and being tried for murder.

The counsel for the defence stated that the parcel was in court, and that Mr. Renshaw had sent instructions from Canada that it was to be opened by Mr. Raymond in the presence of his sister.

The judge ordered the production of the parcel, and ruled that the prisoner should open it in court.

A silence, as of the grave, took possession of the court as soon as the parcel was produced. Everyone was wrapped in ex-

pectation and wonderment as to the contents.

There was a letter addressed by Mr. Fitzgerald to his son, a will and two deposit receipts on the London and Westminster Bank.

The letter was read in court. It read—

"DEAR ARTHUR—When you read this I shall have been dead three years.

My life of late has been a burden. All the world is against me and I am against all the world. To-day I intend shooting myself through the heart. It will appear in the papers to-morrow under the heading, 'Suicide at Maida Vale.' I have not carried out faithfully the trust assigned me by my dear friend, Captain Renshaw, towards his children. They are young at present, but when this parcel is opened they will have had experience and have developed a maturer

judgment. The two deposit receipts, made out in my name for ten thousand pounds each, I have endorsed over to them. Part of it was left them by their father. I have added five thousand pounds to each in atonement for the harsh and unfair treatment they have had at my hands. The will you will find provides for you in such a manner that it will insure a comfortable independence to you for the rest of your life.

May God protect you and my two wards, and guard you all from the fate and life of your heart-broken father!"

Never, perhaps, was there more surprise or a more happy ending to a trial that had awakened the greatest interest throughout England.

Nora Renshaw and Vincent Raymond were the recipients of hundreds of letters of con-

gratulation and sympathy from all parts of dear old England. Nearly all the daily papers had leading articles upon this sudden light that had been thrown on this trial and that had made plain to onlookers facts that existed, yet could not be revealed until now.

Those who had believed Raymond or Nora guilty were the first to extend the hand of friendship. What hearty shakes Raymond had!

The prosecution, although defeated, were more than pleased at this sudden happy termination.

Many tears of sympathy were seen gathering in eyes that until then, throughout the trial, had been undimmed by any signs of moisture.

The British public, too, felt a great relief at the clearing up of this mystery, and rejoiced to find that there was one less murderer in the world than they had counted.

It had made their hearts bleed to think of the cruel murder, and the heartless treatment that Arthur Fitzgerald had been subjected to. But now that it was proved to them that it was all a mistake, that it was a case of suicide and that Arthur Fitzgerald had not been the victim of a wicked plot, all their indignation had gone, to be replaced by the sincerest sympathy for Nora Renshaw and Vincent Raymond.

CHAPTER XV.

"To read to her, to listen to her voice,
To wait upon her slightest wish or whim,
To seek with headlong eagerness and haste
Aught that might gratify, amuse, surprise,
And win the precious guerdon of a smile,
Or gentle pressure from her soft-gloved hand,
Became the sole ambition of his life.

* * * * *

Not theirs the age of careful retrospect,
Nor forecasting of aught but happiness;
The present was so full of rich delight
That all the past had dwindled to a point,
And all the future seemed already theirs."

A MONTH had elapsed. It was towards the end of June. Nora and Vincent were seated opposite each other this peaceful June evening in Nora's aunt's house, Warrior Square, St.

Leonards. They had just returned from a walk to the 'Lover's Seat,' and were enjoying a repose that seemed to both of them exquisitely divine.

The twilight had a charm that it never possessed before. They had been alone in this room five or six minutes, but neither had moved nor spoken. Each felt under a spell. A very halo of rest seemed resting on this room and square.

Raymond was the first to speak, and then only in a whisper.

"Nora, you will sometimes think of me, I hope," he said, in a plaintive tone, withdrawing his gaze from the sky, as he sat at the open window, and looking into her face in a yearning, beseeching manner. He would have implored Nora to be his, but that she was now rich, while he had still to fight his way in the world. If she were

poor and friendless he would have knelt at her feet and sworn how he loved her. But now he must go away from her and hide his love, although it would kill him to think that she should ever forget him altogether.

"Think of you! why, I could never forget you," she said in a voice so low and sweet that it was like the strains of a harp heard floating through the air as one approaches and passes a hall where the music emanates from. It was so distant and mellow, then rich and full, though soft and sweet, and gradually died away, leaving a memory of its enchantment behind.

"But why ask me this? You are not going away?"

"Yes, I am going abroad again, and must wish you good-bye to-night."

"Vincent, you must not go. You will

make me most unhappy. Cannot you remain in England?"

"I hope to be back some day and stay here."

"Vincent, you don't care about me."

"Yes, I do, Nora. You are all and all to me, but stern reality calls me away."

"If it were leap year, I should do what you are only entitled to do now, Vincent," she laughingly said, looking up from the ground in a half stooping attitude, and raising her eyes until they met his.

"What would you do—propose?" he asked, jumping up from his chair, seizing her right hand in his left, falling on to his left knee, and clasping her round the waist with his right arm. "Would you propose, Nora?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Nora, I love you! I adore you, passion-

ately, fondly, blindly, with a love that consumes my very soul! I love you as a beautiful woman; I worship you as a saint. Say, Nora, that you will be mine—mine—all mine—no one else's."

She disengaged her hand, and throwing her arms passionately round his neck, whispered, "Yes."

Before the sound of this word had died away, he had smothered her with kisses. Her lips, nose, ears, eyes, neck, cheeks, hands and even her dress did not escape him.

"Vincent," she cried, raising her eyes to his and looking at him in a half-pleased, half-reproachful manner, "you have made my face and neck so hot. My face feels on fire."

"Pardon me, Nora; but I am so wild with joy, I could eat you," he said, throw-

ing his arms round her again and actually holding a piece of her neck between his teeth.

"I hope you won't do it, Vincent," she said, disentangling herself from his embrace.

"I have swallowed that word 'Yes' that you gave me just now," Vincent said, "and I can feel it coursing through my veins like champagne, but with a more lasting, stirring, delightful sensation."

Mrs. Ellis, Nora's aunt, came into the room.

"Why, how dark it's getting!" she said. "What have you two been talking about? You both look so pleased. I am sure you must be hungry after your long walk. There goes the bell for dinner."

"I don't want any dinner, aunt."

"More do I," Vincent responded.

"Don't want any dinner!" ejaculated Mrs. Ellis. "Why, what has happened?"

"Tell aunt," whispered Nora.

"I have been bold enough," said Vincent, walking up to Mrs. Ellis, "to propose to your niece, and she has consented to be mine. I hope you will approve of this. I was mad with love and could not restrain myself. I believe—I hope that she loves me."

"Do you, Nora?" her aunt asked laughingly.

"Yes, auntie—as I could never love another."

"I thought it would come to this. The same old story, the same old story! And with a pleased smile and a tear that had gathered in her eye she kissed them both.

"Now, children," she said, "I must insist upon your coming to dinner; you cannot live on love, you know."

They walked out of the room, with its gathering shadows of darkness, that would ever be dear to them, into the brilliantly lighted dining-room. To-night, for the first time, the merry talk and laughter was distasteful to them. They longed to be away from everybody and commune with each other.

A month of exquisite happiness passed away as a dream, and they were married at that pretty little ivy-covered church in the woods, a few miles out of St. Leonard's.

I would not attempt to try to commit to paper the thoughts, words and actions of these two happy people, for the month before the marriage or the corresponding period after, but would prefer to draw a veil over them and regard them as the inmates of a temple that it would be sacrilege for me to penetrate.

Some of you, my dear readers, may have been inside this sacred temple. To the less fortunate ones, like myself, I hope the day will come when we shall be, like Nora and Vincent, inmates of this beautiful temple of love.

They consummated a love that both had lived for for years. And they told me, that while at the Isle of Wight for their honeymoon, all nature seemed specially for them. The dewy mornings, the warm balmy days, the calm twilight, the cool bright evenings, the moonlit nights, the boundless ocean, the green fields, the music of birds, the rivers, the cliffs—all seemed to breathe of love and to sympathise with them.

They are going to Canada to be present at the marriage of Renshaw to Miss Hully, and are not coming back until next March,

as Raymond wants his Rowena to spend a winter in Canada.

Mrs. Ellis is to find a house for them near London, and Vincent is going into business with Arthur Fitzgerald in the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

"What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet's bed not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house, built in a garden,
On which the spring flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours."

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love;—I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house."

THERE had been many marriages lately in London, Ontario. In fact, there seemed quite a marriage fever. The bells of the cathedral are playing the Wedding March. London, Ontario, is all astir. People are saying to each other—

"Going to the wedding?"

"It's at eleven o'clock."

"Dean Harris and Rev. Highter going to officiate."

"Mr. Raymond, that fellow who was taken to England for murder, is to be the best man."

"The happy pair are going to the Falls for their honeymoon."

"There is to be a big dance at the Hully's to-night."

"She's a sweet girl."

"Everyone says what a gentlemanly fellow that Renshaw is."

"He used to be here."

"Yes, but is now stationed in Toronto."

Richmond Street is filled with people, all wending their way towards the church.

From the number of *le beau sexe* it would imply that they were more interested in marriages than men were. All sorts and conditions of women are wending their way to the cathedral—shop girls, society girls,

little girls, big girls, young girls, old girls, rich girls, poor girls, pretty girls, plain girls, that is, comparatively speaking; for London, Ontario, has no plain girls—"What! Take that back! No, I shan't; well, you know what I mean"—thin girls, stout girls, handsome girls, cross girls, amiable girls, jolly girls, pensive girls; but everyone of them lovable girls. How could one of the angelic sex be otherwise?

"It's a lovely day—speaks well for the marriage. Always like to see the sun shine on the marriage day."

"Yes, sort of emblem of the bright days to follow."

It was a beautiful day, too. The sun was shining brightly from an azure sky. Not a cloud was to be seen. There was a soft caressing touch in the air, as it was occasionally set in motion by a gentle breeze.

There were carriages driving up to the church in quick succession and disgorging London's belles at the gates. Before eleven o'clock the church was full, and people began to form groups on either side of the entrance to the church. A carriage drove up, filled with bouquets of flowers and three pretty girls and an elderly lady.

"Here she is!"

More flowers and more pretty girls. The air was redolent of the perfume of flowers.

Some of the onlookers felt quite dazed as they watched these dainty maidens step out of the carriages. How, when the solemn service was going on, everyone's thoughts and attention were centred upon these two! Some were led to look back, others to picture the future, when they would play the chief part as these two were playing now.

Not a single thing in Renshaw's look,

manner or speech escaped the ever-watchful eyes of the young ladies. The elder ones were not so searching: they seemed to regard these two standing in front of the altar and the whole scene as a dream—a picture that appealed to their imagination and wafted them back to the time when they were as young and but just entering upon the threshold of holy matrimony, with life and its conquests before them. The young men all thought him a lucky fellow, and the older ones, at least some of them, smiled and whispered that they were just as silly themselves once.

There were a number of bank clerks in the church, each with a packet of rice. What a storm of rice would take place, to be sure, when they came out of the church!

Now they are out, Renshaw is helping her into the carriage, amidst a furious storm of

rice. He jumps in and they are driven off amidst a cheer and a shower of rice that follows them for several yards.

At half past four there will be a crowd down at the Grand Trunk depôt to see them go aboard the cars for Niagara Falls.

It is a very easy, good-natured, merry, well-dressed concourse of people on the platform, principally all friends of the Hully's and Renshaw's, who are gathered together to wish the bride and bridegroom *au revoir*.

The train is about to start: more rice and hearty congratulations, and they are off.

At ten o'clock they are in their room at the Clifton House, overlooking the Falls. The only light they have is that of the moon. The roar of the waters deadens and drowns the voices of the visitors who are chatting on the piazza. All seems but for them—the present and the future.

We will leave them and look at her father's house this same evening. Linen is laid down in the room below; chinese lanterns are suspended from the limbs of all the trees and all around the verandah; every room in the house is brilliantly lighted. The doors and windows are all wide open to admit the cool evening air. A delightful waltz is being played by an Italian band. Young people in evening dress are gliding round the rooms; some are standing on the verandah. The older people are seated upstairs at tables, playing whist. The servants, under the direction of Carter, the head waiter of the "Tecumseh Hotel," are arranging ("fixing") the supper table. A crowd of people line the side walk on the far side, while a few bolder ones stand in the road or close to the rail, and peer in with an awed look on their faces. Raymond is dancing with Miss Brock;

Nora with Mr. Lordon. Mrs. Hully has gone into her room for a few minutes, and is contemplating the beautiful evening and thinking of Niagara Falls. Mr. Hully is smoking a cigar on the lawn.

The people standing about and watching this gay and fairy-like scene from the road appear to be entering into the spirit of the party and enjoying it just as much as those inside. One and all wish health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom.

"There, look, that is Mr. Raymond, the one who has just come out on to the verandah—now he's touching that Chinese lantern. Well, he's the one that was tried for the murder of Fitzgerald."

"Is that so?" remarks a Canadian.

"Really!" exclaims an Englishman, just out; "such is life." He pulled out a flask from his inside coat pocket and passed it to

the two speakers. They drank to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw, and handed it back to him; then, holding it in front of him, he said, "Here's to Raymond! Here's to Mrs. Raymond! God bless her! Here's to the bride and bridegroom!"

CHAPTER XVII.—Conclusion.

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor less the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home."

NORA and Vincent are to come home in the spring. They are enjoying themselves very much in Canada. Mrs. Raymond is delighted with the winter life, and says that she is the luckiest and happiest woman possible. Mrs. Ellis has

written to tell them that she has bought them a house at Highgate. Nora and Vincent often talk in rapturous tones of the calm, happy days that this pretty, picturesquely-situated house will insure them. They both know the house well, and have often stood and looked at it when rambling through the lane. Nora can picture the smoke curling lazily up from the chimney of this house now, as she is sitting in the drawing room of the Renshaw's house in Jarvis Street, Toronto.

There have been several callers this afternoon, and Nora has found it quite difficult at times to keep her thoughts sufficiently collected to remember her duties to the callers. It has always afforded her the utmost pleasure to converse with the callers until to-day. But to-day, somehow, she finds her thoughts wandering all the time. That darling house, standing amidst a small forest of grand old

trees; its gabled roof and the beautiful grounds white with snow; the soft, warm, red glow from the fire in the sitting room as seen from the lane; the caw of the rooks and the calm air of comfort that pervades all there, are uppermost in her mind. She and Vincent had been talking about their dear house in the morning to the Renshaws. Harold knows the house perfectly, and has often mused over it as he has stood on bright moonlight nights in the lane looking at it.

He and Lilian are to spend at least six months in this house next year. Harold has been chaffing Vincent about his being seen within a few years romping with two or three chubby little children, who are calling him papa, in the hay fields close to the house; and Vincent has been chaffing Harold about his being seen in the near future running along, dragging a sleigh with some rosy little

children on it, calling out, "Get up, get up, papa! Hurrah! Hurrah! Here we go!"

Lilian loves her new home, and is very fond of Toronto. The summer will bring such delightful trips on the lake, and the verandah will be a continual source of enjoyment. She and Harold will recline in hammocks and have ice cream, and Harold shall read to her.

Harold thinks there is no place like Toronto, but then you see he has Lilian. I am sure that Vincent would think the same of the "Queen City" were his Rowena a Canadian. Nora and Vincent like Toronto immensely, but think there is no place like Highgate. Nora says that they shall sit with the French windows thrown open in the summer evenings, and sometimes they will put chairs outside and sit on the lawn. She is not going to let Vincent leave off making

love to her because they are married. He will, she is sure, make just as desperate love to her, as they sit in the gathering evening shades, as he used to do at Hastings. They will play tennis, too, just whenever they like.

Tears of joy sometimes dim Nora's eyes when she compares the dark past with her present smooth, even life that is so full of love.

"After long storms and tempests overblowne,
The sun at length his joyous face doth cleare;
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blissful hours at last must needs appeare,
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire."

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

A BOOK has lately been published entitled, "Americanisms, old and new," compiled and edited by John S. Farmer. It should prove a most interesting source of amusement to any reader. The explanations not only give the meanings of the various words and phrases peculiar to the United States and Canada, but anecdotes are related, introducing the words or phrases, thus affording a means of the uninitiated grasping the exact use or uses of these Americanisms.

For the sake of my English readers, I have quoted from this very entertaining book what is given there under *Chestnuts* and

Rats. These two words are in constant use in America. What they would do without them I would hardly like to venture to predict. How could you possibly so forcibly impress a person in one, two, three or four words, that the story told was an old one, as by using the word *Chestnuts.*

In England, as substitutes for *Rats*, we have the words *Bosh*, *Rot*, *Rubbish*, and many other words; but no single one for the American meaning of *Chestnut.* My American and Canadian readers will be interested with the explanation of *Chestnut*, as it affords a theory for the origin of the saying.

Chestnut:—An old story; something that has been frequently said or done before. As to the variants of this phrase—their name is legion.

The old songs are *chestnut* songs. He who would foist a stale joke upon a company is

implored to "spare the *chestnut* tree," "not to rustle the *chestnut* leaves," or "set the *chestnut* bell a-ringing." Similarly, anything old or out of date is said to have a *chestnutty* flavour. According to the *Philadelphia Press*, the introduction of the word in its slang sense is to be attributed to Mr. William Warren, a veteran Boston comedian.

"It seems that in a melodrama, but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon, and called 'The Broken Sword,' there were two characters, one a Captain Xavier, and the other the comedy part of Pablo. The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says: 'I entered the woods of Colloway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree—' Pablo interrupts him with the words, 'A *Chestnut*, captain, a *Chestnut*.' 'Bah!' replies the captain; 'Booby, I say a cork tree.' 'A *Chestnut*,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale this twenty-seven times.' William Warren, who had often played the part of

Pablo, was at a stag dinner, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A *Chestnut*,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play, 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story, and Mr. Warren's commentary.

'May I venture to tell the old, old story, Miss Maud,' he said, tremulously; 'the old, old, yet ever new, story of——'

'Pardon me, Mr. Sampson, if I cause you pain,' interrupted the girl, gently, 'but to me the story you wish to tell is a *Chestnut*.'

'A *Chestnut?*'

'Yes, Mr. Sampson, I'm already engaged, but I will be a sister——'

'It isn't as wormy as that one,' murmured Mr. Sampson, feeling for his hat."—*New York Sun*, 1888.

Rats!—An ejaculation expressive of contemptuous sarcasm or indifference.

"The somewhat notorious Rev. Abbott Kitridge is in a fever of discontent because the President of this

great Republic, for the sake of securing votes, insulted the religious convictions of the vast majority of our population by his gift, in your and my name, to the religious head of the Papal Church.

In the language of Mrs. Gougar, *Rats! Rats!*"

Kansas City Times, 1888.

The following letter written by Renshaw, and which appeared in the *Kilburn Times* of March 9th, 1888, will prove interesting to many readers who are fond of sport:—

"ICE BOATING.—It is impossible to imagine a more exhilarating and enjoyable sport than ice boating, and no better opportunities are to be had than those afforded by the immense frozen lakes of North America. Your correspondent, an old Kilburnite, had his first experience of this sport last New Year's day. After sitting round the fire in the smoking-room of the Toronto Yacht Club, talking 'Old Country' and sampling old rye, I sallied forth with Hume Blake and Kenny Moffatt—the owners of one of the finest ice-boats on the lake—and four or five other jovial yachtsmen

into 20 deg. below zero, down the steps on to the ice. There was the yacht, a curious-looking construction for an Englishman to behold. It is in the shape of a cross, with an arrangement, more resembling a Japanese tray than anything else I can think of, fixed on to the longer portion, while the shorter portion answers as the bowsprit. She runs on three skates, one on the right side, one on the left, and the other, to which is attached the tiller, on the end of the long portion; and carries one big sail, similar to those used in eastern countries. As soon as we had hoisted sail, and let go the moorings, the skipper gave the word, 'throw yourselves in,' for this is what you literally have to do, there is no time for any other way. We were now flying over the ice at the rate of 60 miles an hour, all lying down on the weather side, enveloped in buffalo robes, and holding on for dear life. Before I had time to settle down and realise my position we had reached the island, two-and-a-half miles from shore, and were skimming up the lagoon, making for the open lake. Soon after we were leaping and vibrating to such an extent that I looked up and saw that we were crossing rough ice. 'Look out!' I cried simultaneously with

another fellow, 'water ahead!' But hardly had we finished shouting before she had leapt the fissure and left it about a mile behind and we were steering for the club-house.

The club-house reached and the boat moored up, we made for the Reform Club, where, after an excellent dinner, I heard the experiences of several old hands at the sport. Perhaps the most dangerous accident is when the crew get thrown out, and the yacht careers on its own account. One can never tell in what direction their winged and steel shod racer will come. It means being cut in two should it reach you. This, however, only happens when the wind is exceptionally high or the ice is rough.

H. RENSHAW."

London, Canada."

In chapter XII. Raymond asks Renshaw to forward his luggage for him to England. Renshaw answers: "O.K., I'll *fix* that for you, Raymond."

The word *Fix* in America has the most

extraordinary and far-reaching meanings of any word used in the United States or Canada. In this instance it takes the place of *do.* If a watch wants repairing we take it to a watch-maker to be *fixed*; if our clothes want mending, we get them *fixed* at the dress-maker's or tailor's; if we feel unwell, we go to the doctor's to get *fixed*; we want a steak or chop grilled, so give it the *hired girl* to *fix*; if we are dining at a restaurant, and a bottle of beer or wine is to be opened, we tell the waiter to *fix* it, and one of us *fixes* up when the bill is paid. We *fix* a salad when we prepare it; we *fix* a chair when we mend it; we get the parson to *fix* us when he marries us; the best man *fixes* the parson when he gives him his fee; we take our pass book to the bank to get *fixed.*

It took Sandow to *fix* Samson. Beach

fixed Hanlon. It took Wellington to *fix* Napoleon.

"One of their most remarkable terms is to *fix*. Whatever work requires to be done, must be *fixed*. '*Fix* the room,' is to set it in order. '*Fix* the table,' '*Fix* the fire,' says the mistress to her servants; and the things are *fixed* accordingly."—*Backwoods of Canada.*

"A man may be the straight thing, that is, right up and down like a cow's tail; but hang me if he can do the clean thing. *Anyhow you can fix it.*"—*S. Slick's* "*Human Nature.*"

As I fancy it may prove interesting and amusing, both to English and Americans (and when I say Americans, I include Canadians, although, strictly speaking, or speaking from a Canadian point of view, I should not,

for different flags float over the destiny of these truly great peoples, yet in this instance I may, perhaps, be pardoned), I have given below a list of words which are invariably used by the peoples of the United States and Canada, when other English-speaking peoples use different ones.

I am not going to dare to venture to suggest which I think the more correct; for it will be readily seen that in many instances the Americans choose the better word. And I will not stake my life upon the assertion that every one in America uses these words; but all Americans visiting England, or English visiting America, will notice the peculiarity.

English.	*American.*
timber	lumber
sweets	candy

shops	stores
gum	mucilage
drapery	dry goods
ironmongery	hard ware
corn-chandler's	general store
reserve fund	rest
tea	supper
supper	lunch
tramway line	road car track
goloshes	rubbers
step in	all aboard
governor	boss
easy time	soft snap
be quick	hurry up, hustle
servant	hired girl
labourer	clerk
assistant	clerk
milk	cream (invariably)
mutton	lamb (invariably)
got	gotten

leave off	quit
understand	catch on
gee up	get up
masher	dude
disappointed	left
station (railway)	depôt
luggage	baggage
hand bag, portmanteau	valise
goods' train	freight train
throw a stone	fire a rock
chest of drawers	bureau
bureau	?
really!	is that so!
lift	elevator
the post	the mail

English people have no idea what an invaluable word *elegant* is.

In America a building is elegant, a meal is elegant. In fact, anything we appreciate becomes elegant. I have eaten elegant porter-

house steaks in New York, elegant frogs' legs in Canada, and have drunk elegant Milwawkee beer.

The words *around*, *away*, *right*, *guess* and *through* could not possibly be dispensed with.

"Say! I guess I'll come around and see you right away, so that we can fix that other business as soon as this is through."

In England they would say:—

"I say! I'll come and see you immediately, so that we can settle that other business as soon as this is finished."

Again:—"Are you going away north, or going to stay right here?"

In England they would say:—

"Are you going north, or going to stay here?"

Although the Canadians resemble their cousins of the Great Republic in their genial,

warm-hearted hospitality, and in the manner of expressing themselves, both of which qualities will soon be duly appreciated by a person after living there for a little time; yet there is in Canada a strong English sentiment running through all their life.

There is a strong martial spirit, and a fond, proud attachment for their flag—the Union Jack. Nearly every old man has fought for the colours, and nearly every young one is training, and is willing to do so, if necessary.

England has cause to be proud of so extensive and splendid a colony, and should do all in her power to foster and cherish the closest relationship with such clever, sturdy and royal a set of people.

Before me is "The Yarmouth Gazette" for March 22nd, 1890. There is a letter in it written by Raymond. I shall insert it here

as a fitting ending to my appendix. And then farewell, my patient reader, farewell.

"DOMINION OF CANADA.

To the Editor of the Yarmouth Gazette.

SIR,—The loyal and patriotic vote passed a few days ago by the Dominion House of Commons, without a single dissentient voice, proves how unfounded are the rumours recently circulated to the effect that a desire for annexation was growing in Canada.

As an Englishman who has had the privilege of living for three years in the Dominion of Canada, a Dominion, the breadth of which excels that of the broad Atlantic, and the area of which is greater than that of the United States, I may perhaps be permitted to make a few remarks testifying to the unswerving loyalty of the Canadians to the mother country.

I have not had the pleasure of visiting or living in any other of our many colonies; but I believe that there is no race of people who are more strongly attached, or more ready to risk their all to maintain the sovereignty of their Queen and the supremacy of the Grand Old

Flag—the flag which represents the sublimest, the bravest, the largest, and the most powerful Empire that ever was, is, and ever will be, while we show a united front—than the Canadians.

Let there be the sound of open rebellion against the authority of a government which represents her Britannic Majesty and the sons of Canada are ready, aye ready! to lay down their lives in defence of their Queen and Country. As an instance, I will state how, when the rebellion, fermented among a large body of misguided half-breeds and Indians, broke out a few years ago, the Canadians who were living in a beautiful city of the United States, and who were earning a comfortable livelihood and enjoying protection under the Stars and Stripes, formed a regiment and offered themselves to the Canadian Government to swell the ranks of the thousands of volunteers who were eager to protect the Dominion from all her foes.

The militia, comprising a great number of young men from the British Isles, but recruited for the most part from born Canadians, excel in hearty patriotism, if that be possible, even our own stalwart, brave and true volunteers at home.

I have had the honour to serve in two Canadian Militia battalions—the 7th Fusiliers and the Queen's Own Rifles—so can speak from experience.

I have lived in the Province of Quebec, also in Ontario, and have met many people from all parts of this vast country, from the North West, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, and the colony of Newfoundland, and have found them all staunch and loyal to the British Crown.

We never need fear annexation while England, as the centre of the gigantic Empire, maintains her dignity and asserts her just rights.

Your obedient servant,

VINCENT RAYMOND."