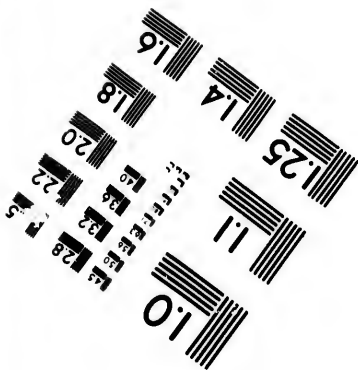
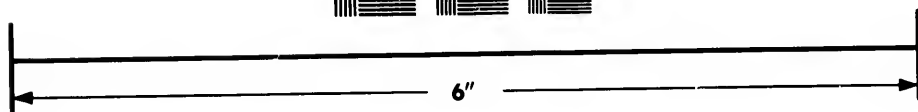
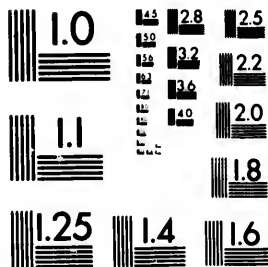


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

1.5 2.8  
1.6 3.2  
1.8 3.6  
2.0 4.0  
2.2 4.5  
2.5

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1.5 2.8  
1.6 3.2  
1.8 3.6  
2.0 4.0  
2.2 4.5  
2.5

**© 1981**

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.

Pulled from the Century Magazine, April, 1892

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
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

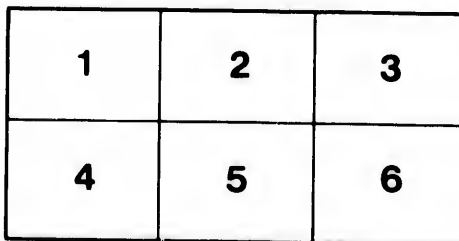
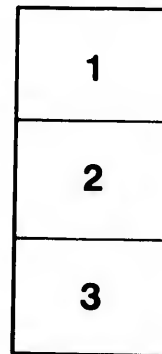
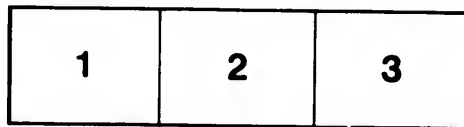
Library Division  
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Library Division  
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

arrata  
to

pelure,  
n à

32X

72  
75

SOME



ENGRAVED BY T.

**M**ISS L. Letitia's arrival, in surrounded but it was until she re when girls upon as old common le her world.

Letitia's She was ra her figure v her hair was a curly, and broad, wel intellectual c shone with she smiled themselves unately he regularly se when she of her that It came a words.

In spite boys, Letitia as a girls' g ships amon dependenc made her plenty of yo that Letitia bring disas friends and all the yo isfactorily should not

703  
1295

*Letitia  
April 1892*

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF LETITIA ROY.

PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



ENGRAVED BY T. L. CALHANE.  
THE LANDLOCKED HARBOR.

MISS LETITIA ROY was one of the prettiest girls in Alberta, and much homage was tendered her, from the very day of her arrival, in the little English settlement that surrounded the Hudson's Bay Company's fort; but it was not until six years afterward—not until she reached the mature age of twenty-two, when girls in western towns are almost looked upon as old maids—that she descended to the common level and fell in love like all the rest of her world.

Letitia's prettiness was not a common type. She was rather under the middle height, and her figure was plump and well developed. Her hair was a bright shade of brown, short and curly, and the soft rings fell caressingly on her broad, well-shaped forehead, softening its intellectual outlines. Her eyes were hazel, and shone with unclouded happiness, while, when she smiled, innumerable dimples developed themselves around her somewhat full lips. Fortunately her teeth were small and white, and regularly set, for she showed nearly all of them when she laughed; and it was characteristic of her that she rarely spoke without a laugh. It came as spontaneously as the echo of her words.

In spite of the homage rendered her by the boys, Letitia was what may best be described as a girls' girl, for she cultivated ardent friendships among her own sex, with whom her independence of character and gaiety of heart made her a universal favorite. There were plenty of young men in Alberta in those days, so that Letitia's preëminence did not threaten to bring disastrous consequences upon any of her friends and faithful satellites. Then, although all the young men liked Letitia, it was satisfactorily decreed by fate that all of them should not fall in love with her. Somehow,

in spite of her bright glances, they found it easier to slip into that relation which combines the brother with the friend, and which may, perhaps, be more accurately termed cousinly. Her independent self-reliance was not aggressive, but still it was perceptible, and did not serve to encourage timidly tender advances. She had another defense in the multiplicity of the interests and enthusiasms with which the maiden aunt after whom she was named had early inspired her. This maiden aunt was left behind in England when Mrs. Roy rejoined her husband, and the long six months' voyage around Cape Horn, together with the novelties of her new surroundings, sent Letitia's thoughts for a time into new channels. One by one, however, the old pursuits were renewed with ardor.

The Roys lived in a roomy one-storied cottage on the road that skirted the almost landlocked harbor. It was outside the limits of the old fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, but still was within ten minutes' walk of the center of the town, where, it was scoffingly said by American tourists from San Francisco, a cannon-ball might be fired at noon without hurting any living person. There were only one or two cottages beyond the Roys'. Further on the land was still uncleared, and the bush, with its somber fir-trees and tangled undergrowth, stretched away to the end of the rocky peninsula. In those days everybody in the settlement knew everybody else, from the governor in his recently built stuccoed castle on the heights to the equally solitary telegraph-boy, who had his headquarters in Wharf street.

Mr. Roy had come to the province at the time of the gold-fever; and when that subsided without giving him the fortune which was to have taken him home in triumph to his wife and children, he drifted from one place to another, settling down finally in the thriving little town of Alberta, where he laid the foundations of the famous ready-made clothing establishment which was soon able to supply bankers and miners alike with suitable wearing-apparel. As soon as it was prudent to do so he sent for his wife and children—for Letitia, and Edgar, and for the baby boy he had not yet seen. Mrs. Roy had no ambition whatever to enter into the gay social life of the colony. Her home duties appeared to occupy her incessantly. But for Letitia, she admitted,



D. G. J. C. C.  
ENGRAVED BY C. A. POHLEN.

LETITIA.

it was qu  
ing comp  
father's ac  
mantic ele  
of romance  
satisfied w  
the honest  
and sent L  
adventure  
abroad to  
of duty, h  
weighted  
many a da  
in the hap  
self to the  
the only d  
of her dim  
unconscio  
strongest i  
associated  
herself, she  
more grac  
she had ev  
godmother

It was  
that Letit  
Charles N  
hold. Mrs  
of Alberta  
den-partie  
magic pal  
derland; f  
store coul  
be entirel  
select Eng  
pered tha  
at a high  
countrym  
royal nav  
niently dis  
and hence  
vate bank  
a charitab  
quently ar  
door-step  
sidewalk o  
followed  
board one  
station. S  
timacy in  
Besides, N  
considered  
town; an  
to be pas  
sial town  
a mine of  
wished to  
So Mr. ar

it was quite different. Letitia was an interesting compound of father and mother. Her father's adventurous nature supplied the romantic element in her. Perhaps it was this spirit of romance that prevented Letitia from being satisfied with bread and butter in the shape of the honest youths of her intimate acquaintance, and sent her fancy roving, just as the spirit of adventure, years before, had urged her father abroad to seek his fortune. Homely instincts of duty, however, inherited from her mother, weighted Letitia's wings, and kept her from many a daring act. Their strength was evident in the happy way in which she adapted herself to the old-fashioned groove marked out for the only daughter in a family of boys. In spite of her dimples and her laughter, and the partly unconscious coquetry of her bright glances, the strongest influences long remained those which associated her with her brothers. Fancy-free herself, she officiated as bridesmaid with all the more grace to one friend after another; and she had even assumed the responsibilities of a godmother before she met Charles Neville.

## II.

It was at a garden-party at Judge Whyte's that Letitia was introduced to Lieutenant Charles Neville of her Majesty's ship *Stronghold*. Mrs. Whyte was the recognized leader of Alberta society, and her weekly summer garden-parties were attended by all within its magic pale. The Roys were just on the borderland; for the retail department of Mr. Roy's store could not, with the best will in the world, be entirely overlooked by the little colony of select English people. But then it was whispered that he occasionally advanced money, at a high rate of interest, to traveling fellow-countrymen of distinction, chiefly officers of the royal navy, who found themselves inconveniently distant from the base of their supplies; and hence he might be looked upon as a private banker by those who were inclined to take a charitable view. These transactions were frequently arranged in informal conferences on the door-step of the store, or in a stroll along the sidewalk of the principal street, and were often followed by a convivial lunch or dinner on board one of the ships at the neighboring naval station. Such outward and visible signs of intimacy in high quarters could not be ignored. Besides, Mrs. Roy, if somewhat homely, was considered a lady—the other ladies of the town; and as for Letitia, she was not a girl to be passed over anywhere, and in a colonial town on the Pacific coast was actually a mine of wealth to an ambitious hostess who wished to make her house an attractive one. So Mr. and Mrs. Roy were invited to dinner

by the judge's lady at least once a year, and Letitia, or Letty, as Mrs. Whyte preferred to call her, was welcome on all occasions when young people were present.

It was the naval element that gave both tone and variety to Alberta society. It had the advantage of constantly changing, and therefore could never grow monotonous. In the easy intercourse of colonial life Letitia had danced with several admirals and with many gallant captains, while the young middies fraternized with her brothers at foot-ball and cricket, and were always made welcome at the cottage on the Harbor Road. Lieutenant Neville did not therefore flash like an unexpected meteor upon Letitia's horizon. He arrived in the spring with the *Stronghold*, and it was quite in the ordinary course of events that he appeared at Judge Whyte's first garden-party in May. Letitia was there, equally as a matter of course, and the magic words, "Mr. Neville, Miss Roy," were pronounced in Mrs. Whyte's ordinary even tones. Neville and Letitia found themselves opponents at croquet, a much more piquant relation than that of partners. They were well-matched players, but Letitia finally pegged her opponent. Then, surrendering their mallets to later arrivals, they went laughing and chatting across the lawn and up the steps of the veranda, where Mrs. Whyte was dispensing tea and claret-cup. Neville's sunburnt face had the same buoyant, gladsome expression that distinguished Letitia's. His laugh was as gay as hers, his teeth as white under his fair mustache, and he had the gracious manners of a happy nature in addition to the well-bred air of a young man of the world.

"What a charming pair!" murmured Mrs. Whyte as they came up the veranda steps, Neville just behind Letitia.

Some of the elder ladies were grouped round Mrs. Whyte's tea-table. A Chinaman in a spotless white tunic with wide, hanging sleeves, and with his queue neatly braided round his head, was deftly handing round the tea-cups and the cake. His calm, expressionless brown eyes took in everything, and he quickly brought refreshments to Letitia and her companion, who were standing near a group of young people.

"You likee tea, Miss Loy?"

"Oh, thank you, Hing," said Letitia; "heap likee. But this man, Hing," she added, turning to Neville, "I think he likee claret."

"No, no," interposed Neville; "I likee tea."

"Tea velly good," said Hing, solemnly.

"Yes," replied Letitia, in assent; "but sometimes white man not savvy what good for him."

Neville's eyes followed Hing with some curiosity.



"Do you talk to all of them like that, Miss Roy?"

"Oh, Hing understands English very well," said Letitia. "He has been five years with Mrs. Whyte. We have had Chinese boys at home who scarcely knew a word of English when they came to us. However, they soon pick up the names of things, and we just skip the verbs." Neville drank his tea, and then carried his cup and Letitia's to the table.

"What a beautiful country this is," he said, when he returned.

Judge Whyte's house was built on the heights,



"NEVER HAD THERE BEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER."

ENGRAVED BY J. P. DAVIS.

in the aristocratic neighborhood of the governor's castle. From the raised veranda Letitia and Neville could look over the low, one-storied cottages beyond, which were built on the south slope of the hill, and were almost hidden by the blossom of cherry-trees, right away to the blue water of the straits, and to the range of snow-clad mountains on the American side.

"The mountains are especially beautiful today," said Letitia. "It is not always that we see that cleft in them, that opening yonder, between what must be two distinct ranges."

"Yes; I have not noticed it before," exclaimed Neville, with interest. "It looks like an opening into fairy-land."

"The gateway to the plains of heaven," suggested Letitia.

"Or to

"The island-valley of Avilion,

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly,"

said Neville, sympathetically.

Letitia glanced with pleasure and surprise

at her companion. It is not every man in the far West that can quote Tennyson, appreciatively.

"That," she said in a few minutes, "is the charm that our scenery lacks. The charm of association," she added, as Neville looked inquiringly at her. "Our lakes, our hills, our streams are beautiful; but it is beauty without history, without anything behind—the beauty of a merely pretty face," she continued, with an increase of color and a shade of embarrassment that Neville found charming to watch. "There are no stories, no romances, attached

to them, as there are to all the glens and mountains of Scotland and Switzerland."

"Then you prefer European scenery?" asked Neville.

"I do not really know. I cannot say," replied Letitia. "I have only read about it. I was fifteen when we left England, but we had always lived in the same little country town."

There was a movement among the young people, some one having proposed an impromptu dance in the drawing-room. Neville and Letitia were consulted. Through the French windows, which opened on the veranda, it could be seen that the room was rapidly being cleared. The dark polished floor looked very inviting.

"Miss Roy plays some good waltzes," suggested Mrs. Whyte. "Letty, will you play first?"

Letitia at once went to the piano. Mrs. Whyte introduced Neville to several pretty girls, all wearing white dresses and sailor hats. They were so much alike at a first glance that Neville found it a little perplexing to distinguish

one from another. She waltzed later in the dances with other Edgar, to one of the delightful at looked forward Alberta.

LIEUTENANT the following most oblig all the offic stronghold a ceived the kin the extended their homes motherly wo her hous ence that as charm belong to th a enter inte dility regard to be impre family life. ainments, I their own wa pparent tha pon cordial e pleased. board ship t te found it Mrs. Roy dic ocks. Nev a darning, a and toes wi possibly Let ille's gifts de by side allow to pos exactly wha ation, or w and sisters a mortal. He ne qualities re general the intimate e idealize N and he sang

Bid  
T  
Or  
A

ith a fire a  
s heart by  
ed togeth  
army.

VOL. XL

oy man in the  
t. apprecia-  
utes, " is the  
he charm of  
le looked in-  
our hills, our  
auty without  
— the beauty  
ntinued, with  
of embarrass-  
ces, attached

one from another. Letitia played well, but she waltzed even better, as Neville found out later in the afternoon. At the end of one of the dances Letitia introduced him to her brother Edgar, who was paying great attention to one of the sailor hats. It all seemed very delightful and informal to Neville, and he looked forward to having a very jolly time at Alberta.

III.

LIEUTENANT NEVILLE called upon Mrs. Roy the following week. Alberta etiquette made this almost obligatory, for Mr. Roy had called upon all the officers, collectively, as soon as the *Stronghold* arrived at the station. Neville received the kindly welcome from Mrs. Roy which she extended to all young fellows away from their homes. She seemed to him a comely, motherly woman, and he at once felt at ease in her house. The intimate love and confidence that existed between her and Letitia was charming to see. The boys seemed to belong to them equally, so prettily did Letitia enter into her mother's feeling of responsibility regarding them. Neville was in a mood to be impressed by so pleasant a picture of family life. The Roys gave few formal entertainments, but they were very hospitable in their own way; and Neville made it so frankly apparent that he enjoyed his visits that he was soon cordially invited to visit them whenever he pleased. He had been sufficiently long on board ship to appreciate every homely detail. He found it delightful, for instance, to watch Mrs. Roy dispose of a big basketful of the boys' socks. Neville had had experiences of his own in darning, and he inspected the mended heels and toes with the interest of a connoisseur. Possibly Letitia might have been blind to Neville's gifts and graces if she had grown up side by side with him. It is difficult for a young fellow to pose as a hero before a girl who knows exactly what place he took in his school examination, or who has seen him treated by mother and sisters as though he were a very fallible mortal. Heroism, and genius, and all the other qualities that bring a woman to her knees, are generally found by her in some one outside the intimate circle. It was not a difficult task to idealize Neville. He had a fine tenor voice, and he sang

Bid me 'o live, and I will live  
Thy protestant to be;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee,

with a fire and abandon that alone took Letitia's heart by storm. The duets which they practiced together brought them into still closer harmony.

An acquaintance like this is not to be reckoned by weeks and months. Love, under favorable circumstances, is capable of a tropical growth. Unfortunately neither Neville nor Letitia stopped to consider the nature of the plant they were nourishing. But never had there been such a beautiful summer in Letitia's remembrance of Alberta. Never had she felt so glad and gay. How beautiful was life! How dear were her brothers! How intoxicating the sunshine and the flowers! A charming haze enveloped the mountain-tops and made their outlines vague and indistinct. So it was with the future, Letitia dreamily thought. It spread itself out in the distance, fair and unknown, and Letitia had no desire to unveil it.

Neville came and went. There were garden-parties every week at Judge Whyte's. There were occasional afternoon dances on board the *Stronghold*. There were picnics by boat and by carriage. Mrs. Roy, anxious mother as she was, saw no cause for alarm. She looked perhaps a little closer at the future than Letitia did, and her heart, by and by, began to ache, as the thought of a possible separation from her daughter occurred to her. There was, however, in Letitia's manner a reserve, a guardedness, a coyness, an inexpressible something, visible in her otherwise frank intercourse with Neville, that had prevented the nearer approach of lovers in the past, and that made Mrs. Roy feel by no means certain how the young people would shape their affairs. Neville had won her heart, and she wished him success. That he desired it she did not doubt. As the summer days passed quickly away Neville had less and less time, and perhaps less desire, to analyze his feelings. Everything was very jolly. The Roys were a delightful family; while, as for Letitia, she was out and out the prettiest girl he had ever met. He was not so frank with himself in acknowledging the disappointment that possessed him whenever Letitia was unexpectedly absent from a gathering; or, if he was aware of it, he took pains to attribute it to some other cause. "You lost nothing by not being at the Simcoes' the other evening," he would observe to Letitia the next time he saw her; "it was very flat." Some feminine instinct, perhaps, prevented Letitia from expressing her surprise. The Simcoes' dances were generally looked upon as social events beyond criticism, and Edgar had enjoyed himself as usual.

The pyracanth berries turned red; dahlias and chrysanthemums succeeded the roses. The mists were blown from the mountain-tops by the light evening breezes. The future, too, began slowly to unveil itself in the shape of rumors that the *Stronghold* was to go south before winter, and that the *Spitfire* would take

AVED BY J. P. DAVIS.  
e glens and  
terland."  
ery?" asked  
not say," re-  
about it. I  
, but we had  
untry town."  
g the young  
posed an im-  
om. Neville  
hrough the  
on the ve-  
e room was  
olished floor  
waltzes," sug-  
ill you play  
Mrs. Whyte  
etty girls, all  
hats. They  
nce that Ne-  
o distinguish

her place. Edgar was always the first to hear news, and one night he went home with the report that a telegram had been received from headquarters. He blurbed it out at once, expecting it would excite great interest. But Letitia, who had been singing, began slowly to put her music in order without saying a word, and Mrs. Roy so promptly rebuked the boys for some piece of carelessness of which they one and all protested they had not been guilty, that, in the animated discussion which followed, Edgar's news was overlooked. The following day Neville called and confirmed the report. He openly expressed his regret, and, under the circumstances, seemed to expect the invitation to remain to dinner that Mrs. Roy at once gave him.

"Would you like to have one of our new little dogs to take with you, Mr. Neville?" asked Johnnie, the youngest of the family, and the only one who was called by a pet name, the excuse being that his father had monopolized "John." "I will give you one, if you like."

"Come and look at them," urged Alfred.

"They are running about in the yard."

"You had better go with them, Letitia," said her mother, noticing that she was in doubt.

Neville admired the two little black dogs that scampered round and round the boys' legs, and, being asked to suggest names for them, christened them Flip and Flounce on the spot. He said that he was afraid they might get seasick on the ship, as they were not accustomed to sailing, and that the boys had better keep them for him until next summer, and meanwhile take them out in the boat as frequently as possible. The boys accepted his advice, and ran off to tell their mother of the arrangement, and to see if she approved of it.

Letitia and Neville loitered in the flower-garden instead of returning to the drawing-room; but neither of them referred to the approaching separation. It was uppermost in Letitia's mind, however, all the time, and she was scarcely as buoyant and gay as usual, although the matter-of-course way in which Neville spoke of his return next summer had lightened the load that had weighed upon her spirits since the previous evening. She was glad to be rid of that horrible sickening sensation which she had then experienced for the first time.

"Would n't it be pleasant to sit here?" said Neville, pointing to the bamboo chairs on the veranda.

Letitia assented. It would be much pleasanter than going indoors.

From the veranda they overlooked the little harbor, on one side of which clustered the wharves and warehouses of the town. On the other side, which was more rocky, there were only the scattered huts of the Indian Reserve.

A sailing vessel from England, which had weathered the storms of the Cape, was being slowly towed in. Its dingy paint and battered aspect were in strong contrast to the trim smartness of an American revenue-cutter that lay at anchor. Neville called Letitia's attention to this, and she, in her turn, commented on some sealing-boats, the first of the season, that had returned from Bering Sea. The conversation remained in these safe channels, into which it had casually drifted, until the six-o'clock whistles sounded from the town workshops. Ten minutes later Mr. Roy and Edgar might be expected from the store. Neville pushed back his chair, and rose to stretch his limbs. As Letitia shook from her lap the petals of a chrysanthemum that she had been pulling to pieces in an absent-minded way, Neville smilingly referred to her destructiveness. Letitia gaily retorted. Mr. Roy and Edgar presently waved their hands and nodded to them from the sidewalk.

"Hullo! how d' ye do?" cried Mr. Roy, when he came within speaking distance. "I hear you're off to the south. I wish I were going along with you."

"Yes," said Neville; "our sailing-orders came last night, I'm sorry to say. I've had an awfully jolly time here."

Letitia was sufficiently accustomed to boys' slang not to wince at the "awfully jolly." It was the masculine way of describing everything delightful.

"I hope I shall be lucky enough to get back next summer," continued Neville, with characteristic buoyancy.

"When do you sail?" asked Edgar.

"That is n't settled," said Neville. "But I think I've a month's grace. It will take nearly that length of time to prepare."

When he spoke of the month's grace he turned with a slight, possibly unconscious, movement toward Letitia. Letitia rejoiced. These half-betrayals are often the food upon which love nourishes itself.

#### IV.

DURING that month of grace Neville talked with so much regret of his departure, and looked forward with so much certainty to a return the following summer, that the weight at Letitia's heart almost entirely disappeared. Her laughter echoed her words as gaily as ever, and bewitching smiles illuminated her face. Neville visibly rejoiced in her presence. The autumn days were calm and serene; but a crispness in the air, out of the sunshine, and an occasional touch of frost at night, were reminders that winter was approaching. Letitia had occasional reminders, too, of the approach of

which had been  
was being slowly  
battered aspect  
trim smartness  
that lay at an-  
attention to this,  
ented on some  
season, that had  
the conversation  
ls, into which it  
six-o'clock whis-  
erkshops. Ten  
Edgar might be  
ille pushed back  
is limbs. As Leti-  
etals of a chry-  
pulling to pieces  
Neville smilingly  
Letitia gaily re-  
presently waved  
m from the side.

cried Mr. Roy,  
ing distance. "I  
. I wish I were  
r sailing-orders  
say. I've had

ustomed to boys'  
wfully jolly." It  
describing every-

ugh to get back  
ville, with char-

Edgar.  
Neville. "But I  
will take nearly  
"

month's grace he  
ly unconscious,  
Letitia rejoiced  
the food upon

Edgar talked  
ure, and looked  
to return the  
ght at Letitia's  
ed. Her laugh-  
s ever, and be-  
r face. Neville  
e. The autumn  
but a crispness  
, and an occa-  
were reminders  
Letitia had oc-  
e approach of

her bitter season, but she had gained courage  
to look forward to the summer. Alberta society  
never allowed any occasion for festivity to slip  
by unnoticed. Indeed the English colony was  
renowned for its gay hospitality. As soon as  
the day was fixed for the departure of the  
*Stronghold* the citizens bestirred themselves to  
give a ball to the admiral, and the officers, in  
return, gave a farewell ball in the dockyard.

"In a few weeks you will be welcoming the  
*Spiffire*," said Neville, with a touch of senti-  
mental jealousy which Letitia was quick to  
note.

Letitia had a new dress for these balls, and  
a new ball-dress was by no means an every-  
day event in Alberta. She was far too pretty  
and popular for Neville to have a chance of  
appropriating her on these occasions, and he  
also had his own social duties to attend to.  
The Roys were not the only people from whom  
he had received hospitality. Nevertheless, in  
one way or another, Neville and Letitia were  
much together during that last month. Mrs.  
Roy relaxed her discipline and permitted the  
young people, with Edgar and James as an  
escort, to enjoy extended rides through the  
woods. She was also persuaded to consent to  
a moonlight excursion on the water, up the  
inlet. On this last occasion Letitia's five bro-  
thers were considered to constitute a sufficient-  
ly strong body-guard, and Mrs. Roy, who had  
no great liking for small boats, stayed at home.

The sun was setting as they pushed out  
from the low pier, but the rich sunset lights  
lingered long afterward above the dark, fir-  
clad hills of the island. Very gradually they  
faded and merged themselves in the blue sky  
overhead, which then grew darker and darker,  
until the stars appeared, and the full moon  
rose majestically over the town. By that time  
the Roys had almost reached the Narrows,  
where the tide rushed with tremendous force  
between projecting rocks. The younger boys  
wanted to row through, and urged that the  
current was with them. But Letitia protested.  
Edgar was captain of the crew, and Neville  
set the lesson of obedience. As a compromise  
the boys were allowed to land and scramble  
over the rocks. Edgar undertook to stay with  
the boat, so Letitia and Neville presently, at  
Edgar's suggestion, also climbed up the rocks,  
and strolled through the woods to a point that  
was celebrated for the beauty of the view it  
commanded.

How could a pair of lovers fail to be moved  
by the influences of the hour? The pine-woods  
were dark, and the trail was narrow and tangled  
with briars. It was impossible to walk side by  
side, and therefore it was difficult to talk. Often  
the lapping of the water on the shore, and the  
crunching of cones under their feet, were the

only sounds that disturbed the stillness of  
the evening. In the distance the boys' voices  
could now and then be heard, and occasionally  
there was the splash of Edgar's oar on the water  
as he drifted patiently backward and forward.  
Letitia led the way, for she knew which trail  
to follow; but Neville was only half a pace be-  
hind her, near enough to pull aside the boughs  
or to hold down the straggling brambles that  
impeded her course. Sometimes a ray of moon-  
light pierced the heavy, somber pine-branches  
overhead, and fell for a moment on her fair  
neck; sometimes it touched the soft rings of  
hair that clustered round her ears; and some-  
times, when she half turned toward him, Neville  
was able to look for a moment into her hazel  
eyes. They were scarcely conscious how trivial  
were the remarks they made to each other.  
For the instant the senses were dominant.

Suddenly the path led them out of the woods  
on to the high bluff which Letitia had been  
trying to gain. Below them, and stretching as  
far as they could see to the right and the left,  
the deep waters of the inlet glimmered and  
gleamed in the moonlight. On the opposite  
shore an arbutus-tree distinctly projected itself  
from the pine-wood, and threw a weird shadow  
on the rocks. Letitia lifted her face to Neville  
to call his attention to it, and the next moment  
Neville's arm was round her waist and his lips  
were pressed to hers. The moonlight, which  
beautified everything on which it fell, beautified  
Letitia's features, and Neville yielded to an ir-  
resistible impulse. Letitia's equally irresistible  
impulse was to draw back, in shyness or in  
fright, and she followed the impulse even while  
her first surprise gave way to rapturous hap-  
piness. There was no longer any doubt that  
Neville felt even as she did. She half turned  
as she reached the edge of the woods to listen  
to the words that must come now without de-  
lay. Alas! the boys' voices were coming nearer  
and nearer. As for Neville, he was filled with  
dismay. What excuse could he offer for his  
mad conduct?

"Forgive me," he murmured as he rapidly  
followed her.

Letitia gave him her hand in reply, and he  
raised it to his lips.

The boys' voices sounded harsh and shrill  
in the silence of the evening. Neville scarcely  
knew whether he was glad or sorry that they  
were so near. He managed to recover himself  
before the boys themselves appeared; and to  
withdraw their attention from Letitia he plied  
them with question after question, to all of  
which they had eager answers to give, besides  
much extra information to impart. In spite of  
the narrow path, Neville managed, in the dark-  
ness, to retain Letitia's hand until they reached  
the boat.

## v.

UNFORTUNATELY marriage did not present itself to Neville's imagination as the simple, easily arranged affair which Letitia's experience had taught her to regard it; and in the events that followed the momentary betrayal of his feelings she was scarcely able to judge Neville's position fairly, and to do him justice. Neville belonged to a wealthy English family. How could Letitia know that, personally, he was far less independent than the son of an artisan? He had no means of his own, and he had been brought up in the belief that to marry upon his lieutenant's pay was an impossibility. Hitherto, in fact, marriage had not entered into his calculations. He had been quite willing to contemplate it only at that probably distant period when he would either receive an adequate allowance from his father or inherit a portion of his father's wealth. But the question of marriage necessarily forced itself upon him after that scene on the bluff. As a gentleman he had his code of honor, which he could not infringe without a painful forfeiture of self-respect. Much depended upon whether Letitia had taken him seriously. Did she not, possibly, realize, as he did, the different bearings of the situation, and understand that they must give each other up, that the avowal of love was the signal for farewell? Yet Letitia was a charming girl. Had he only himself to please, how easily and pleasantly the matter could be settled! But what would his mother say to the match? Lady Caroline Neville and Mrs. Roy! What would happen if he wrote home and announced his engagement to the daughter of an Alberta tradesman (for so they would class Mr. Roy, regardless of mitigating circumstances)? Threats and entreaties might pour in alternately by every mail; or there might be a cool shrug of the shoulder and an intimation that he could, of course, do as he pleased, but that he need expect neither help nor countenance from his people. It occurred to him to throw up his profession, and to trust to Mr. Roy to put him in the way of earning an income. But that idea was quickly dismissed. It would be intolerable. For a moment, however, he envied Edgar Roy, who could marry when and whom he pleased.

These thoughts tossed through Neville's mind for twenty-four hours; but the habits and traditions of his family could not longer be set aside. At the end of twenty-four hours they began to reassert themselves, and he had at last to own their dominant influence. An offhand invitation to join a shooting-party that was given at this crisis was accepted with alacrity, since, at least, it deferred decision. A few brace of grouse, sent with a note to Mrs. Roy, would

explain his movements, and Letitia, if she were a sensible girl, would draw her own inferences. Letitia, unfortunately, had not that experience of Old World civilization which would have given her the clue to the comprehension of Neville's fettered condition. For her his kiss was the definite avowal of love. Words would follow as a matter of course. Her dreamy ecstasy betrayed her to the quick eyes of her mother, and Mrs. Roy, partly because she would not allow herself to question her daughter, was in a greater flutter of agitation than Letitia.

The future had revealed itself; and how fair it was! thought Letitia, as she looked from her bedroom window upon the pure-white range of the Olympians. She recalled Neville's words the first time she met him:

The island-valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

In such a sheltered valley would their lives be spent.

In shy happiness Letitia kept close to her mother's side the whole of that first day. Neville might appear at any moment, and she was timid at the thought of meeting him alone after their mutual confession on the bluffs. The second day, however, she was sure he would come, and the delay had given her courage to put on her prettiest gown. She even stepped more than once to the veranda, which commanded a long stretch of the road. The third day she began to grow impatient and just slightly anxious. Neville's truth was beyond question, but had she, perhaps, repelled him? She had certainly withdrawn from his embrace. She had been glad of the presence of the boys. In the boat she had been separated from him. Did he, could he, think that she was indifferent? How easily she could dispel such an idea if she could only see him; but until then—

"Your manners are just a trifle too reserved, Letitia," Mrs. Roy took occasion to say during the course of the morning, when she and Letitia were looking over the household linen together. She felt that some such hint at this crisis might do good, for to her, too, had occurred the thought that Letitia might unconsciously have snubbed Neville. Letitia was now convinced that she had been in fault, and she sighed for an opportunity to repair her error. In the evening Edgar remarked casually that he had met Neville.

"He was in a great hurry. He was off to Quamichau with Gowan and Tyldesly, and he just stopped me to say that he hoped to send you a bag of game."

In a few days the game arrived, a quarter of venison and three brace of grouse—"with Mr. Charles Neville's compliments."

He had re-  
no longer.  
was reward  
who met hi  
at their fath  
longer avoid  
osely keep  
the day of h  
Letitia's wa  
imple and s  
to come to h  
them, she w  
was a darri  
ceived, was  
out. The no  
very innoc  
Neville," ins  
concluded b  
sincerely" o  
ance of the  
a message fr  
She said th  
see him, and  
she feared t  
enjoyed the  
at home as  
Letitia ex  
person, and  
velop, in his  
ng to her ch  
tremble. M  
Edgar, who  
office and v  
telling him  
and nails at  
fasten up s  
down by th  
her in a wh  
left alone to  
it began. "

I was of c  
and I regret  
noon. I am  
have detain  
occur to me  
I have been  
for the voya  
more than  
I leave.

Letitia v  
second tim  
mean? H  
villie really  
with eyes  
mistaken?  
She was to  
She folded  
in the eve

itia, if she were  
own inferences.  
hat experience  
h would have  
hension of Ne-  
er his kiss was  
rds would fol-  
reamy ecstasy  
f her mother,  
she would not  
ughter, was in  
n Letitia.  
; and how fair  
oked from her  
e-white range  
eville's words

Avilion,  
any snow,

their lives be

close to her  
first day. Ne-  
t, and she was  
him alone af-  
the bluffs. The  
ure he would  
er courage to  
even stepped  
y, which com-  
d. The third  
tent and just  
was beyond  
epelled him?  
his embrace.  
e of the boys.  
ed from him.  
was indiffer-  
such an idea  
ntil then—  
too reserved,  
to say during  
she and Le-  
hold linen to  
hint at this  
too, had oc-  
night uncon-  
Letitia was  
in fault, and  
repair her er-  
ked casually

e was off to  
lesly; and he  
oped to send

ed, a quarter  
use—"with  
s."

He had returned then. He could delay a visit no longer. Letitia waited for him at home, and was rewarded by hearing of him from the boys, who met him frequently about the streets and at their father's store. Letitia could, at last, no longer avoid the conclusion that he was purposely keeping away from the cottage. And the day of his departure was fast approaching. Letitia's way out of the difficulty was a very simple and straightforward one. If he feared to come to her after what had passed between them, she would write and ask him to come. It was a daring thought, but, when once conceived, was promptly and courageously carried out. The note, when it was finally written, was of a very innocent one. She wrote, "My dear Mr. Neville," instead of "Dear Mr. Neville," and she concluded by adding "always" to the "yours sincerely" of the first rough draft. The significance of the note lay in the fact that it was a message from her, and not from her mother. She said that she had been hoping each day to see him, and had not gone out much because she feared to miss him. She was glad he had enjoyed the shooting, and they would all be at home as usual on Sunday afternoon.

Letitia expected the answer to be given in person, and the sight of "Miss Roy" on an envelop, in his handwriting, sent the blood rushing to her cheeks and even caused her limbs to tremble. Mrs. Roy checked all remark from Edgar, who brought the letter from the post-office and was inclined to chaff his sister, by telling him she wanted him to bring a hammer and nails at once to the chicken-house and to fasten up some netting that had been blown down by the wind. She carried him off with her in a whirlwind of words, and Letitia was left alone to open her letter. "Dear Miss Roy," it began. "Not my dear," noted Letitia, swiftly.

I was of course pleased to receive your letter, and I regret a preengagement for Sunday afternoon. I am sorry, too, that I should inadvertently have detained you so much at home. It did not occur to me that you might be expecting me, and I have been unusually busy with the preparations for the voyage. I need not say that I hope to call more than once upon Mrs. Roy and you before I leave.

I am very truly yours,  
CHARLES NEVILLE.

Letitia was stunned. She read the letter a second time and then a third. What did it mean? Had she been dreaming? Had Neville really kissed her? Had he looked at her with eyes of love, or had she been altogether mistaken? Thought, just then, was impossible. She was too much stunned even to feel pain. She folded the letter very carefully, replaced it in the envelop, and put it into her pocket. She

tried to recall what she was doing when Edgar gave it to her. Her knitting lay on the table, and she mechanically took it up for a few minutes. Then she remembered that her mother and Edgar had gone to the poultry-yard, and she went out to them. Anything was better than the memories which began, like lightning-flashes, to dart through her mind.

## VI.

LOVE is said to be stronger than pride. If so, it must be the tried and faithful love of years, and not the fancy that is kindled by mutual admiration, and nourished to maturity by pleasure, but has not had time allowed it to strike deep root into the heart. Letitia's love for Neville was straggled almost at its birth, or she believed that it was. She could no longer think of him with any self-respect. His image was broken. He was identified with the keenest humiliation she had known, and she insisted to herself, whatever the truth may have been, that he no longer had any place in her heart. She counted the days until the departure of the *Stronghold*, but it was to rejoice, with nevertheless a fierce pang of despairing regret for what might have been, as one day after another passed, now only too slowly, away. Every afternoon she found an errand that took her out for some hours; and so it came about that she missed Neville both times that he called at the cottage. Mrs. Roy gave her his message of regret without comment. The smile that Letitia summoned was the wan ghost of the past. The curves of her full lips, the dimples, the small white teeth, were there, but the bright spirit that illumined them had fled.

If Letitia denied her love, Neville was under no such delusion with regard to his own feelings. They grew in alarming strength after he had despatched his letter, which he had sent off in momentary petulance at being called to account. His British independence resented the slightest hint of capture. But his temper quickly changed, and more than once he was tempted to recall his note. However, he had deliberately cut himself loose from the chains which had threatened to bind him, and what was done could not, he knew, be undone. Fortunately for his peace of mind, his judgment still fortified him whenever he reflected dispassionately upon the whole affair. But there were moments when so to reflect was impossible, and then the barrier he had put between himself and Letitia was his only safeguard. He dared not trust himself, to say farewell to her in words, but neither could he leave Alberta without looking upon her face once more, that face that had been so passionately kissed when last he had seen it.



The *Stroughold* was to sail early on Monday morning. On the Sunday evening Neville easily found a seat in a corner of the church which commanded a view of the Roys' pew. The church was only dimly lighted by lamps, and the light they shed was concentrated on the nave and chancel. Letitia's seat was within the limits of their rays, so that her face was plainly visible to Neville, who, in another aisle, was concealed by the shadow of intervening pillars.

Letitia sat between her father and Edgar. The mother had, as usual, stayed at home with the younger boys. Neville fancied that she looked pale, but his heart assured him that she had never, at any rate, looked more beautiful. When the service was over she turned to greet a friend, and, as he watched her lips part over her white teeth, and the delicate dimples that lurked round the corners of her mouth developed themselves one by one, he felt that he could give all for love and count the world well lost. But the impulse passed. Outside, in the friendly darkness of the night, he found an opportunity of softly touching her dress. Then he went quickly back to the church, where the man in charge was putting out the lights, and sought for Letitia's prayer-book. He read her name, "Letitia Roy," on the title-page, and the book was in his pocket when he hastened to join his ship.

No one, except perhaps her mother, quite understood Letitia the following winter. Once or twice a week she would go off to bed with a nervous headache, declaring that she could not stand the noise the boys made. There were songs she could not be persuaded to sing. Indeed, she scarcely touched the piano; and the sketches she had taken such pains with in the summer were tossed into the fire as worthless. On the other hand, she developed a passion for plain needlework, bending for hours over long seams.

"No wonder you have headaches," exclaimed Edgar, one night, when she had refused to go out with him. "Mother, tell her to put that work away."

Letitia threw it down, and burst into tears.

"Cannot you leave me alone!" she cried.

Mrs. Roy picked it up and folded it neatly when Letitia had left the room, and explained to Edgar that his sister was not very well, and that he had better take no notice of her.

But in a few minutes Letitia returned with her hat and cloak and declared that she was ready to go out. Edgar stared, but he put on his hat and overcoat without a word.

In after years Letitia hated to look back upon that winter. She plunged recklessly into all the gaiety of the little town, and, to the surprise of every one, she even engaged in a

pronounced flirtation with Tom Rickaby, the wildest young fellow in the place, and afterward refused him with some ostentation. She threw over a friend of Edgar's with more composure, and even with a little hesitation. Indeed, she did not give him a decisive answer until after it was known that the *Stroughold* was ordered home to England, and would not return to Alberta in the spring; so that although she was blamed by many people for having encouraged him, she was acquitted of merely coquetting with him in the absence of Lieutenant Neville, whose attentions, the previous summer, had not been unnoticed. Mrs. Roy said very little, but she planned effective measures. "John," she said to her husband in the spring, when he was preparing to go to Europe to renew his summer stock, "you must take Letitia with you."

"Letitia!" said Mr. Roy, with some surprise. "I had thought of taking Edgar and introducing him to the firms we deal with. It is time he took greater responsibility on himself."

"Well, take them both," urged Mrs. Roy. "Do you really mean it? Do you know what it will cost?" he asked, after a few minutes' deliberation.

"I do mean it, John," said Mrs. Roy, with an emphasis that her husband never disregarded. "Letitia is not well. She needs a thorough change, change of scene and change of thought. We'll manage to economize in some other way, but you let her and Edgar have a month in London together, and, if possible, send them over to Paris for a week."

Mr. Roy lifted his eyebrows and thrust out his lips — signs of dawning comprehension.

"You're bent on going it, madam," he said, after a pause. "Well, I suppose you've got your reasons, and it must be as you say."

## VII.

So it came about that Letitia not only went with Edgar to Paris, but, when he and his father returned to Alberta, she remained in England, and paid a long visit to her mother's relatives. She fell once more under the influence of her maiden aunt, to whom she faithfully promised to send dried specimens of all the ferns and wild flowers that grew round Alberta. The months that she spent with Miss Wingate gave her an opportunity of studying the usefulness and independence of an old maid's life, and Letitia became so enamoured of it that, with a touch of her old enthusiasm, she at once planned out a somewhat similar career for herself. A way from Alberta her pride slowly recovered from the blow it had received, and she less reluctantly admitted her love for Neville. As soon as that was granted it clearly

followed that marriage with another was impossible. That love could come only once in a lifetime was one of the dogmas of Letitia's faith. But she did not give way to despair and despondency because her day was past. The more she regarded the sublime serenities and true devotion to unselfish service which characterized her maiden aunt, the more attractive grew such a career for herself. She would henceforth be the stay of her parents, the guide of her brothers. In order to be able to help the latter to develop whatever musical and artistic tastes they might possess, she forced herself to renew her old pursuits, and unselfishly made a point of taking lessons both in music and painting. Such efforts worked their own cure in time. Life was not to be barren. If an absorbing passion was denied, a variety of minor interests might be consciously cultivated, which, in time, would take its place.

It was in this exalted mood that Letitia returned home after a year's absence. Her mother laughed at her wisdom and her ardor, but nevertheless encouraged her to carry out her plans. She was content to have recovered her blithe, sunny-tempered daughter.

"Why, you look younger than when you went away, Letty, and you are prettier than ever," said Mrs. Whyte, with the not unpleasant patronage of an old friend.

"You can get out of the ruts. You have no cares on your shoulder," said Mrs. Roberts, with a plaintive sigh. Mrs. Roberts had been a school chum of Letitia. She had married early, and four young children now claimed all her thoughts and attention.

"Do you call this little woman a care, Belle?" said Letitia, lifting her godchild to her knee. "In a few years she will be the greatest help and comfort to you, and I shall be a lonely old maid. I am the one to be pitied."

"You an old maid!" said Belle, derisively. "I shall believe it when I see it."

"I shall be twenty-five next birthday," said Letitia, seriously.

Very few old maids were to be found in western towns, and it was, perhaps, because Letitia was the nearest approach to the real thing that Alberta possessed that, as years went on, so much attention was paid her. No party was considered complete without Miss Roy, or "Miss Letty," as it gradually became the custom to call her. As the boys married, and it came to pass that little children once more played about the cottage, Mrs. Roy tolerated for them the use of the more easily pronounced diminutive; but she herself continued to speak of her daughter as Letitia. In time she made a charming chaperon. But chaperons may be wooed as well as girls; and if, by degrees,

the young fellows that she had known in pinafores approached her as a friend and confidante in their love-affairs, there still remained plenty of bachelors with whom Miss Letty was a favorite toast. As years went on, of course their ranks were thinned, and one by one they dropped out of Letitia's circle. The ships, however, of the Pacific squadron, one or two of which were always stationed near Alberta, supplied men who temporarily filled their places, and the interest attached to novelty competed pleasantly for her favor with old associations.

But the time came—it was when Letitia was about thirty-five—when only one permanent admirer, so to speak, was left. In numbers Letitia had found safety. When all counteracting and disturbing influences were removed, she found herself defenseless and exposed to an obstinate attack. It was inferred by all that the day was not far distant when Letitia would yield.

Mr. Joseph Hobday was a man of substance, both materially and physically. He had come to the province as a contractor for the railway that was to unite the outlying Pacific province with the busy, prosperous cities of the East, and by successful enterprises and investments he had amassed a considerable fortune. He did not seek to disguise his admiration for Miss Letty, and from the day of their first acquaintance he enrolled himself among her followers. He was not a man of many words. He loved his pipe, his glass of toddy, and his game of cribbage; but had Miss Letty demanded the sacrifice, he would no doubt have been found willing to give up all three in exchange for her society. It was one of Letitia's charms, however, that from her no such exactions need be dreaded. It was only in the winter months that Mr. Hobday could pursue his courtship. In the summer he was camping with his engineers in the lonely recesses of the mountains. The news was scanty that penetrated the high valleys through which the iron rails were perseveringly making their way, and another man might have grown impatient of the solitude, fearing lest the prize he sought to gain would be snatched up in his absence. Mr. Hobday, however, had a comfortable belief in himself. In the past he had never hazarded his fortune upon a single stroke of luck, or trusted to the flash of genius. He had been content to wait, to advance slowly, and to win his way by persistent determination. When, again and again, after months of silence, he returned to Alberta and found Miss Letty still Miss Letty, it was only natural that he should still more hopefully expect to appropriate to himself the comfort and charm of her constant companionship. Apathetic as he may have appeared to younger men,



he really left nothing undone that might insure success; he delighted Letitia with the specimens of rare mountain-ferns that he brought her, and arranged carefully in a cabinet her valuable collection of various kinds of ore.

When Mr. Hobday finally made up his mind that the time had come to give up his roving life and to establish himself in a settled home, Miss Letty's preference guided him in the selection of a few acres of choice land within convenient driving distance of Alberta; and it was Miss Letty who was asked to criticize the architect's plans and to suggest improvements. The size of the house and its many

conveniences in the shape of presses and cupboards—conveniences which Letitia declared were absolutely necessary—made it evident to all that Mr. Hobday had no intention of being its sole occupant.

Strange to say, it was on the very same bluff, overlooking the narrows of the inlet, where Letitia had long ago been kissed by Neville, that Mr. Hobday advanced the idea of a trip to San Francisco for the purpose of buying furniture.

"And I 've come to depend so much on your taste, Letty," he said, "that you must not desert me now."

*M. E. Angus.*

esses and cup-  
titia declared  
it evident to  
tion of being

ry same bluff,  
inlet, where  
l by Neville,  
dea of a trip  
se of buying

much on your  
must not de-

*E. Angus.*

