Bough Neddy, though homeless, was happy, As happy as small dog could be, For though often he wanted a dinner He had all the delights of the free. Two friends Neddy had he loved dearly-One a sweet little girl in his street, The other a great big policeman That he oft followed round on his beat

Why he liked the policeman I know not. Perhaps ne felt safe 'neath his club, But the dear little girl often fed him and to her he gave all his love He would watch near her house till he sawher. When she came not his heart gave deep moans and there he would stay, though the bad boys Would beat him and throw at him stones

When she came out, then Neddy was happy; At her side he would be without fail, Looking up in her face, running round her. Barking and wagging his tail One day as the child played quite near him. Much quicker than I can it tell, Neath the feet of a horse rushing by her Bleeding and wounded she fell

Men carried her home, while poor Neddy Was kicked when he tried to go in; But he would not go off, the they best him, For he knew she lay suffering within Every night the policeman there found him Lying, whining across her front door, And tho this man tried to console him, Neddy's cries were as loud as before

One night he stole in thro' the basement Slipped in past the maid's blow and broom, Then he ran thro' the house till he found her And noiselessly entered her room; Neddy jumped on a chair to look over To see her dear face in the bed; He looked - gave a howl full of anguish Fell back—dog and child were both dead.

TRENE ACKERMAN

## ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL.

to be too selfish in her sorrow. It was for forth she had only memory and her own Charlie's good in every way that he should eternal faith. For she would die as she have this splendid commission; and she was now-devoted to Charlie and to Charlie knew as well as he that it was for her good only. too in the end. Were not their lives essentially one, although to all appearance as yet divided? Still, the moment was bitter, and with him only her heart and all her joy Estelle was not ashamed to suffer. Those active endeavor-she to the restricted life illumined. of home, where her mother would not be her friend, and ner father might not. But so it is. The weak one is ever singled to "endure what it once possessed"; and while the men dare and die, the women

live and ween. Spring and summer, and even autumn itself, had fled now for Estelle. It was the winter of her soul, the winter of her discontent, which yet had in it something divine. supervision. What she would do in the -for parvenus. Of course they were pretentions. That is the very essence of the condition. For being afraid to show ignor. ance, and not knowing into what circles of knowledge high-bred people are in a manner born, the parvenu assumes to know every. thing, and makes bad shots in consequence. But they were substantially sensible people, and amenable. To yield apparently was in reality to direct, as Charlie soon found no more. She died when young Anthony out, and safely acted on. When Mrs. made his, which were suicidal, the young artist accepted them as though they were wild Harford blood, sent Anthony off on whittling them away to nothing. But he brought back by his father's death and made the renunciation come from them as his own inheritance. their own spontaneous decision, and so they were generous people, and spared no There was his father's widow to deal with; expense in any direction. And next to the all his half-brothers and sisters to see; pleasure of spending their own money is their claims to look into-to dispute when with as much affection as she treated her athlete of twenty, who looked more like her Not Estelle herself touched that out a flaw, and the man did not live who irritable self-love of his with a softer hand could say that Anthony Harford had "ever than did this wealthy parvenue, whom funked or ever lied," had hurt the defence-

On his side Mr. Smythe Smith was just as kind, just as satisfactory.

To do Charlie justice, nothing of all this frantically and frequently; as time went on with the most lovely and consoling regularity, but not so often, and with less of the poison of despair and more of the honey of hope in his letters. This volunary confidence and strict association made | her very happy—so far as a girl separated pounds a year from laborers whose children for an indefinite time from the man she

were. The grand house in Piccadilly was empty stomachs and shivering bodies, the shutters and light up the house as An- in her, more substance," thought Anthony, and they were just a line below the high-Smiths would soon move into it. Charlie saving more than he felt the weight of a with light and warmth.

had made a good "hatful" of money, as he fly on his shoulder. He was never a grasping phrased it, and he had been careful—for a cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand Charlie's health, which had long given Mrs. Smythe Smith uneasiness, though he himself made light of her fears, suddenly gave way with a run, and a broken blood vessel brought him to the brink of the grave and kept him there for some time.

As no one knew of his engagement to Estelle Clanricarde, there was no one to write and tell her what had happened, nor what was the reason of this sudden cessation of letters. The poor girl fretted nerself ill in sympathy with her absent lover, feeling sure that it was illness with nim, and in no wise treachery nor desertion. At her instance Lady Elizabeth took it on herself to write to Mrs. Smythe Smith, making general inquiries as to the work, and whether they were not pleased with their artist, and when would it be finished, etc., etc. All meaning the one simple little question, "Why has not Charlie Osborne written for so long to Estelle Clanricarde?"

Then Mrs. Smythe Smith answered, and the sorrowful truth came out. As soon as he was able to bear it they were going to put him on board their steam-yacht and send him round the world with their

There was no help for it. Nor tears nor prayers can stay the tide, put back the hand of time, nor make that broken bloodvessel as good as new without absence, care, and long delay. As things were, it was a merciful ordering of Providence that Charlie had such good friends—people both able and willing to help him in his day of need.

best to comfort poor Estelle, who, unselfish as if this voyage were the doom of her eternal separation, and that she would nevermore see her beloved. Hope lay dead Hidden in the wood from all eyes but at her feet, and happiness was but a broken those of the Great Mother, poor Estelle was bubble. Her life was widowed; her soul breaking her heart, yet doing her best not was sunk into eternal mourning. Hence-

Charlie going away for perhaps a year perhaps two-ill, unseen, unkissed, bearing what solace could she have? Not even two young creatures in the wood went her mother's increased tenderness made through the old familiar tragedy; and then amends for this supreme loss: and so the the moment came when they must absolutely blackness came, and what had been only part-his face turned to the mighty world the twilight of hope unfulfilled was now of London, where he should find the grand the midnight of despair, and a darkness anodyne of work and the noble stimulus of | which no star melted, and not even a meteor

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW TRUSTEE. In the country where they lived, the Harfords had that character for eccentricity which belongs to all people of originality of thought or marked individuality of character Strong, energetic, undisciplined, as lads they ran away from school; as men Her lover was away, and the sun had gone they shot big game and sought adventure out of her sky. She gave up society, and in the wilds. All sorts of wild traditions found the vicarage parties the very haunts | floated through the family annals. A white of dulness and the homes of ennui. She man had been heard of as a medicine man suddenly became shiserly of time, and her of power among the Blackfeet Indians, and diligence at home was really edifying to the he was a Harford. The most daring whole household. Mrs. Clanricarde was far pirate in the Chinese seas was said to be too clever to spoil the whole brew for want of an Englishman, and if so, who could he be a little sugar. She looked narrowly after the but a Harford? The mysterious Europeans post, and let her daughter receive all always turning up as Mohammedans, in Charlie's letters unintercepted, knowing turbans and baggy breeches, were Harfords that to have prevented their first deliveries to a man; and there was never a time when would have simply created an undergrond there was not a Harford, under another post-office, where she would have had no name in the workinghouse or in prison, driving a cab, or sweeping a crossing. In short future was another matter altogether. they were the modern representatives of Meanwhile Charlie Osborne found his the Vikings, the knight errant, the place in London one after his own heart. Crusaders, the Uscoques, the free lances The Smythe Smiths were charming people of all times and nations. But they made good members of society when they did settle down; and as owners of the estate were as hard on poachers as if they were not of the same kidney themselves.

The Jack Harford who had just died had been in his youth quite up to the family traditions for wildness, which had not prevented his marrying a well-conditioned lady, who gave him two children, and then was about twelve years old and his sister Smythe Smith made her suggestions, which | Constance two years his junior, and next were blemishes, and Mr. Smythe Smith year the widower married again. Which second marriage, adding fuel to the fire of absolutely worth considering. He began by his unauthorized travels when he was praising them en bloc, and ended by deftly eighteen, whence he did not return till

For the first months more pressing saved their self-love, his own credit, and business than that Aspline trusteeship the harmony of his ideas unbroken. Then took up his time and absorbed his attention that of manipulating other people's-a he could, and to settle with as good a grace pleasure of which Charlie was keenly as might be when he could not. Not that conscious, and by no means shy in its use. he was close fisted, nor yet selfish; but he Mrs. Smythe Smith, too, a showy, well- had ever cherished that old resentment preserved woman on the right side of forty, against the marriage which had landed had taken an immense fancy for this him in the Wild West of America so soon as handsome artist, guest. and friend. She he had got his head; and he was reconciled their oil of affection for him, or had they called herself his mother, and treated him to his step-mother no more now than before. No man who had ever crossed Anthony own son, Lawrence—a tall, well-built young Harford's path, or inflicted on him any kind of loss or wrong, had lived long to celebrate younger brother than her son. She petted his victory. But with all his fiery passions him greatly, and made much of him in all he had kept his masculine integrity with-

maid to the undoing of her fair fame. His return to old scenes and the consciousness of responsibility, together with that invisible but omnipotent influence of twilight was stealing on like a dusky web touched his fidelity to Estelle. He never public opinion. wrought, as might be woven between sky and earth. expected, on Anthony. At first he did not The whole scene, like the atmosphere, like the change. By degrees, however, the was so unutterably dispiriting that Anthony returned wanderer learnt the lesson of mentally wondered if the game were worth proportion, and narrowed the wide gener the candle, while he muttered into his osity of his first sweep to dimensions better damp beard a few objurgations of an see my game, they are cuter than they the more cherished members. They were fitted to home life. He no longer thought American complexion and drew his fur- look. it a shame to accept little rents of a few lined coat more closely over his broad chest. went barefooted and whose cupboard often picturesque in summer, but which to-day be gone through—the room assigned, the links of friendship, for instance, as those passionately loves, and with whom her wanted bread. He held it as part of the was a mere way of slush and wreck, and luggage, that one black shiny value, taken which bound Lady Elizabeth and Estelle. engagement is in secret and against her obligations of his state as landlord and turning sharply to the right, came to the up, and the domestic programme arranged They were slightly in a false position mother's permission, can be said to be proprietor to higgle over every little lodge gates of a well-kept place, which the so as to include Anthony Harford as a guest social coffins of Mohammed, suspended improvement or repair needed by his driver said briefly was Hindtleet. So time passed, and the autumn and the tenants; and to force them, for the sake of winter flowed once more into the spring, the principle, to contribute so many shilland still things were exactly where they ings, on their own side representing

landlord nor a greedy, and his name stood young artist—and not extravagant. But a high in the country for largeness of generthunder bolt fell out of the blue; and a osity; but he learnt to curb his natural class, and something of the scent of the wild sage bushes passed off him.

Brave as a lion, and as strong as he was the eyes of a scout and the port of a king ; supple as a panther and stately as a stag-Anthony Harford was one to move all women's hearts to love, all men's eyes to admiration.

After he had got all his ow affairs in smooth working order, Anthony Harford bethought himself of that trusteeship which he had to take up. He wrote to Mrs Asplinea cold letter of business details. He began "Dear madam," and he ended 'Truly yours." But at the end he infused a little dash of humanity, well iced, by hoping that her daughter, Miss Aspline, was well, and desiring to be recalled to her memory. The letter was purposely made recomplete and somewhat disappointing. He thought it would probably bring a request for a personal interview, which was what he desired, and was too proud to

His little ruse had the desired effect. His letter piqued and annoyed Mrs. Aspline: it piqued and disappointed Anne. "This man is going to give worlds of trouble, I can see that!" said the mother, touched the edges of her dress and figure her face flushing seriously. "He is as stupid as boiled owl!" she added. And then she wished she had left out the boiled.

"He seems rather confused," said Anne. ollowing her mother's lead at discreet listance, echoing her thought as faintly as he second rain-bow repeats the first.

" I shall have to go to London to consult So Lady Elizabeth argued, doing her Mr. Niemand," said Mrs. Aspline, peevishly. I should so much like to have another and unexacting as she might be, yet felt trustee! This savage will never do any good. I dare say he has forgotten his own language by now." "He writes correctly," said Anne, with

an air of deliberation.

"Oh! his bailiff wrote for him," said Mrs. Aspline, with an air of conviction. "If I were not afraid of his habits I would ask him to come here, and we could talk matters over," said Mrs. Aspline, who

nated trouble and dreaded travelling. "I dare say he would be bearable," returned Anne, who secretly wanted him to come, and privately intended that he should be asked.

"It will scarcely do for us to present a savage to our friends," said Mrs. Aspline, dubiously.

"No," said Anne; "unless he amused hem. And Kingshouse is so dull, perhaps it would brighten up a little." "But if he is horrid in his habits, Anne?"

objected her mother. "We must tell him," said Anne. "I am sure I would not!" said Mrs.

Aspline, warmly.

"I would if you like," said Anne, calmly "Well, Anne, if you like to take the responsibility of the creature, I am sure I do not mind," Mrs. Aspline returned, after a moments pause. "Bad as he very likely is, thirft is a lovely place, and the old family name is worth something, though the Harfords are such a queer lot. We nobody whom we introduced and vouched for. He is a Harford when all is said and done. So perhaps I may venture."

"I think you may," said Anne, in her usual languid, dreamy manner, though she could scarcely repress the glad smile and frank exclamation which rose naturally to

"I think you may," she said, languidly : and as you say, he is a Harford not an Aspline. Thrift condones a great many

Hence it came about that Anthony's wish was fulfilled, and that a letter of by those two large hands which held her invitation was sent to him at Thrift—a etter almost as coldly worded as his own and written in Mrs. Aspline's scratchy, fugitive kind of hand, which gave top loops to all her consonants and lower twists to all her vowels, and took four times as much space as any one else would have taken.

"Good!" said Anthony Harford, when ne received the letter. " I will go next week. wonder what I shall find? Whether little Anne has grown into a bright girl or is a little cues, and whether Cookey is as fat as she used to be when she gave me cakes and sweeties, and I thought her the prettiest lady in the country, who could beat whole lots—hands down ?

CHAPTER II.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR. Was it from ignorance or design that Anthony Harford dispensed with the formalities usual among civilized people, as outhing the relations between guest and nost, and set out for Hindfleet without notice given or time appointed? Even proud folk sometimes condescend to small ruses; and Anthony, though prouder than most, had

thus condescended. unawares, so that he might test them by that

wasted it? In truth he was in the mood which makes what is called a "marrying man" ready to fall in love with the first likely girl who presented herself. Hence it was that shortly after the interchange of those formal business letters he packed up his portmanteau—so far as he had gone yet he after. Have you a Mand S. in any of your stocks—what not. In any case, there was; Charlie/himself was not ashamed to own less, injured the innocent, or lured wife or and he took the train to Kingshouse, driving up to Hindfleet unheralded, uninvited, and unexpected.

It was a dull winter's day, and the brief

At last they made the lane which was so the ordinary routine of hospitality had to them—no one forged with them such strong

"At last?" said Anthony, with a certain grim humor.

While he was taking off his coat, paying the man, and giving curt directions about his portmanteau-which he called a valise instincts into exacter conformity with the the past and present were equally distinct. soon swept over the whole sunny south. public feeling and general action of his He was sincerely moved, and prepared for the maid arranged her hair, put in her earan unwented amount of enthusiasm. Hindsleet would be to him what the old Hall had been-his home; and the Asplines brave; handsome as a Greek bronze; with would be as his own. But while this rush of friendly sentiment was sweeping through

his heart, Mrs. Aspline, in the drawingroom, looked at her daughter with dismay, and whispered in a voice of conventional horror: "Anne, I do verily believe that creature has come unannounced. Who on earth else would call on such a horrid evening as this, and be such a long time in the hall? What a fool he must be! My word!" "Surely not," said Anne, with a slight flutter at her heart.

And then conjecture was ended by the servant opening the door, and "Mr. Harford" coming from the light of the hall into the semi-darkness of the room.

"You see, I took you at your word, and came right away without further notice," said a richly toned voice, with an unmistakable American accent. Both ladies rose from their chairs, and

went forward to meet their visitor. How stout dear old cookey had grown! She was like one of her own butter-tubs set on feet. An i how slender that round little puff. ball looked, outlined against the fire, which with a kind of fiery glow-half flame, half

"Why, here you both are, just as in old times, and I am right glad to see you again," he added, meeting them with both hands held out.

Mrs. Aspline had intended to be properly dignified, as became a lady a little offended by a liberty and stiffened by long absence; but hospitality conquered temper, and she greeted Anthony as warmly as if he had heen the old friend expected and desired of his dreams. She was so completely taken atack by this sudden shifting of the wind, she was so embarrassed and discomfited, that she lost all vital hold over herself, and cculd only save herself from open confusion by this air of wooden hardness - the appearance of icy insensibility.

"Only a little cuss," thought Anthony, n his adopted vernacular.

Only a cuss, but how pretty! And where lives the man for whom a woman's beauty does not count as a moral grace, excusing any amount of cussedness?

He shook hands with her as warmly as good breeding allowed. He would have made his hand press warmer had he dared. Then he said, in the tone of one making a discovery, "Why, you have grown right tall, that's a fact!'

"Yes, I suppose I am taller than when you saw me last," said Anne, not knowing whether to most dislike the American intonation of that rich voice, or most admire the personality of the handsome speaker.

"She was only a tiny mite when you wentaway-just a baby," said Mrs. Aspline, as her contribution to the inventory of reminiscences.

"Yes, just a baby," said Anthony, still "Yes, just a baby," said Anthony, still can go? Was Lord Eustace Inchbold's pretty face with his searching eyes, a little deep set in the orbid, and overshadowed by are not responsible for him, after all. He the straight, keen brows above. Why! you Indians, whose treachery he deep set in the orbid, and overshadowed by ere just a ball in my arms. I remember how I used to toss you about!-up to the skies and down again—as you used to say. And how you used to kick and scream, and pretend you didn't like it, and then ask for more. Fanny little thing you were! But you were a cunning little thing too; and now you are a young lady."

Anne put on a dignified little look and air. It seemed somehow to rasp the fine edge of her modesties to remind her of those inconsiderate times. She was still the same actual creature as the humanized puff-ball who had been tossed up in the air own, and grasped them with such a fervent pressure-who had been carried in those strong arms and set as a little queen on her throne on those broad shoulders—and who had even been carried pig-a-back, and kissed by those now bearded lips scores of times past counting.

"I do not remember." she said, coldly. "I do," said Anthony, dryly. He dropped her hands, and Anne no

onger felt as if his eyes looked straight into her heart. "Why did you not give us word of your arrival?" asked Mrs. Aspline, hospitably reproachful. "I would have sent to the

station to meet you." "It was not worth while," returned Anthony.

"It would have been pleasntaer," Mrs. Aspline insisted.

· I found a buggy," he returned. "That horrid fly with a broken-kneed

horse!" said Anne, with a smile that was intended to neutralize the flavor of her slightly acidulated prudery "They mostly are in this old country,"

He wanted to take his old friends drawl; and again Anne hated him for his which is as indescribable as an aroma but been made was the great Proteus of as visible as light.

"Why. Anthony!" cried Mrs. Aspline, startled into familiarity. "Our English said, some; by mining, said others—he, horses are superior to any in the world!" one of our mustangs would give the pick of of by Bret Harte—by "striking ile"; by your old three legs as many points as you shoddy: by slave-dealing; by political asked for, and beat you at a hand-gallop corruption; by a ring in cotton, railroads, stables? No, Mrs. Aspline; America takes and how heavy it lay on its owner's the shine out of you for horsestesh just as conscience, and whence it had sprung-in for most else. So I tell you."

American than an Englishman," eried Anne, with quite a nice little smile.

which Anthony smiled internally to see. "I will fool them to the top of their

for as many days as he would care to stay, be satisfactorily settled.

now almost finished, and the Smythe where he felt neither the outlay nor the thony entered. Already the hall was aglow as he dressed for dinner, and took more water-mark of even a country place. than ordinary pains with himself.

"What a pity he is so Americanized! He is not like an English gentleman, thought Anne, as she sat, her hands folded his mind went back in parallel lines, and in her lap, and her opaque, white, squareshaped nails horribly conspicuous, while rings, and dressed her as if she had been a dell or a child. "Bushe is very handsome," she thought again; "and perhaps that bad manner will wear off in time. At any rate, he is our trustee, and I am bound to make the best of him."

But when they met a curious coldness had set in between them.

> CHAPTER III. UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

The days passed, as these first days of meeting between old friends long separated always do pass, in noting the changes wrought by time, and feeling for the ground still left common. His central point was the passionless stoicism of an Indian. He would not praise, and he was never angry. He nearly caused Mrs. Aspline to topple off her chair in an apoplectic fit by his strictures on the House of Lords, primogeniture, the Three Estates, and an Established Church claiming to be National in the face of all the other sects; and he produced a silence like that of death when, to cap his audacious idea of a great English speaking federation, he said that he would give the old country fifty years, and then she would be on her knees to the States, begging to be incorporated in the Union. And when Anthony said this, Mrs. Aspline, who had the passionate patriotism of one who knows no other country but her own, and who therefore despises all foreign nations as inferior and comparatively barbarous, forgot that he had ever been a favorite with her when a boy and Anne no longer thought him handsome.

Anne was as little given to hysterics as was her mother; but she, like that mother, felt the want of outflow in their new friend with olden memories, and thought him horribly cold and "shut up." Yet he had comething in his eyes and face that was by oo means cold or restricted; and though they were so often irritated with him, they were forced to respect him even when most annoyed, and acknowledge his superiority. Deferential and foll of thought for them as he was, he was yet their master, and they

felt it. To Anne this sense of power, of superior ity, was a new sensation, which had both its pleasure and its discomfort. This old friend with a new face seemed to her almost the only real man she had ever seen as different from the "curled darlings' she had hitherto known as shadows thrown on the screen are different from real things. What did the various young curates who had mear dered this way, fresh from college and the cricket-field, know of life as such a man as Anthony Harford knew it? What was their experience of "sets' and "dons' compared to his of gamblers and miners. cow-boys and prospectors? What learning got out of musty old tomes equalled this studied from the living page of nature and humanity? Was Charlie Osborne's artistic perception of form and color equal to this, the very highest reach to which observation encounters with the bush-rangers and divining, frustrated?

What Anthony thought of his fair friends and hostesses was his own secret only. He never made eyes at her, never said anything in a softer voice for no one else to hear, nor used phrases capable of bearing a second meaning. In all this he was as straight—and as uninteresting—as a die. He criticised her freely, and he laughed at her in a good-humored but always rather earnest manner.

She could do nothing with him. She had to acknowledge that to herself-that inner

self to whom we never lie.

If only he would have spoken and be confidential—though to blame—she would have been more content. Would have liked it less had she known that Anthony Harford had come in the mood which makes a marrying man-that mood which looks for causes of content and admiration rather than the reverse-and that had she fed his nascent fire with but a sprinkling of brushwood, and not deadened it down with ashes, the whole run of his thoughts and his estimate of her would have been different. He would not have criticised so much, and he would have admired more. For minds have facets which reflect according to the angle, and tender growths of feeling are killed by coldness, as flowers in the garden when the frost comes.

We all know how in a country place small events swell into importance, like those Black Crows of immortal memory. The fact of Anthony Harford's arrival at Hindfleet went; the round of the restricted society at Kingshouse like the tearing of a piece of paper in the Ear of Dionysius. Rumor turned her magnifying-glass chiefly on his fortune. That Thrift was a fine said Anthony, with a very pronounced property as well as a pretty place, every one knew; but the rent as settled by the voice; but how handsome he was! how well assessor of taxes was one thing, and most trustworthy of all personal litmus he bore himself! like a king for patent Anthony's private pile made in America -papers surprise. It was the old parable of dignity and that superb air of self-respect was another. How the private pile had conjecture, which changed its shape in each mouth whence it issued. By gambling, Anthony Harford, the English gentleman. "Fact?" queried Anthony. "I reckon working like and with those ruffians spoken what slough of sin and crime its roots "Why, you have come back more an were planted—all these were his affair and no other person's. The one thing certain was that pile, which made the income of "You bet!" said Anthony, briefly: and the owner of Thrift of more value than a mother and daughter exchanged glances, Scotch duke's, and worthy the conderation of a German princess.

Naturally the Asplines were "in society" bent," he said to himself; "and if they in Kingshouse, but they were not among received, as of course, in this plutocratic But now the scene shifted altogether, and age, but no one made much account of between two spheres and belonging to or until the terms of the trusteeship should seither. They were above the need of such patronage and instruction as Caleb Stagg

(To be Continued).

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