

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

OR— PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of "A Forbidden Marriage," "That Pretty Young Girl," etc.

CHAPTER XIII. THE PAIN OF PARTING.

CONTINUED. CHAPTER XL. FATE SETTLES THE MATTER.

It will be the saddest blow he has ever received when you have to tell him that, replied the duchess, for I repeat, he is sure to ask you.

Would to Heaven he may never ask me, murmured Irene, fervently; it would grieve me so much to inflict pain upon a human creature.

Of course if you do not love him you cannot help it, my dear, returned the duchess, ruefully; love goes where the Lord sends it, to be sure, but it is such a sad pity to see a life wrecked for love as I feel sure Victor's will be.

Do not say so, replied Irene, as he is good and manly, he will be brave; he will learn to live and forget. The time will come, she added in a low voice, "when he will see why he should not have loved me. If I have ever given him one look or one word of encouragement, Heaven forgive me I did not know it."

They passed on, leaving the young man, who sat rigidly upright against the tree trunk with a face as pale as death and a heart as cold as a stone.

All in a moment his love dream was shattered, and his hopes lay in ruins around him. For a moment he was stunned past realizing it. The great shock, the terrible sorrow, had come upon him so suddenly, so unexpectedly that it found him unprepared to face it.

The words he had heard seemed to him but the cooing of some horrible nightmare from which he should awake presently.

Slowly it all came back to him word by word. He repeated it to himself over and over again, as though drilling the words into his benumbed heart.

By midnight, yes, he had paced up and down under the trees until the midnight bells tolled, he had gained the mastery over his sorrow. He made the decision to quit London by midnight and without seeing Irene.

CHAPTER XVII. NO ROSE WILL BLOOM WITHOUT A THORN.

With the morning's light, Victor Ross's resolution was that he would leave without seeing Irene again, wavered.

Why should he deny himself the privilege of looking once more on that girlish face that had been the lodestar of his life? hereafter he would see it only in his dreams.

They allowed a dying man to look as well as he could at the sun; why should he not linger by his side a few brief moments to say farewell. It would not hurt her, and it was his last gleam of happiness. He would go away then, it did not matter where. Life would be no longer sweet for him when it did not hold Irene Middleton.

He knew if he waited long enough in the rose arbor, he should see her walking in the garden among the roses, as was her usual morning custom.

Irene was an early riser; it was not long ere she made her appearance on the terrace. She had proceeded but a short distance ere she was started by a tall figure emerging from among the tall flowering shrubs, and standing directly in the path before her. The second glance showed her it was Mr. Ross.

I knew you would be here, Miss Middleton, he said, I have been watching for you. Irene gave a perceptible start, glancing uneasily at the white, haggard face confronting her, the duchess' remark occurring to her.

I have come to say farewell to you, Miss Middleton, he said, I leave London this morning. Leave London, this morning! repeated Irene, in wonderment. Why is it possible? Is it not rather sudden?

Yes, he answered, huskily. Where do you go, he asked.

That I have not determined yet. My one desire is to get as far away from here as steam will take.

She held out her slim, white hand to him and he clasped it, eagerly bending his pale face over it.

I am going so far away that in all probability you may never meet again, he said wistfully. But there is one thing I should like you to remember, and that is, that my life will always be at your service. If ever the time should come in which you require a true and steadfast friend, with a strong will and a brave heart, will you remember me?

Yes, she said, gently and in a few years those words came back to her. And thus they parted, little dreaming under what circumstances they were destined to meet again.

Without another word, Victor Ross had turned and left her, carrying away the picture with him of that tall, slim figure, standing in the early glow of the morning sunlight.

He turned when he reached the back of the hill and took one glance back. Irene was still standing amidst the roses, one white hand shading her dark eyes from the sun's level rays as she watched him out of sight, and a line or two of poetry drifted through his mind, and he thought how true it was:

"Whom first we love, alas! we seldom wed,

Time riles us all. And life, indeed, is not the thing we planned it ere hope was dead."

The sudden departure of Victor Ross caused considerable consternation among the young ladies, for he was a general favorite.

He had left a written note for the duke and duchess, as an apology for not remaining to bid them good-bye.

She guessed immediately why he had gone, Irene must have refused an offer of marriage from him. Her surprise was great to learn from Irene that he had made no such offer, that he had simply hidden her a hasty goodbye, telling her he was going away.

The duchess was mystified. She could not understand it. Did he mention where he was going? she asked.

No, replied Irene. Or when he would return?

He said he might never return.

Perhaps he has not gone at all, but took that way as a ruse to find out if you care for him or not, said the duchess, thoughtfully.

I think you will find that he has really gone, replied Irene. John, the coachman, drove him to the railway station to catch the outgoing early express.

That is certainly proof positive, returned the duchess.

Esmond felt greatly relieved when he learned that his rival had beat an ignominious retreat, and left the field, as it were, to himself. People began to smile meaningly at last when they were seen together, and it was settled as a matter of course wherever Miss Middleton was, there Mr. Esmond was to be found.

Everyone noticed his devotion to her, strange to say, except the young lady herself. Irene drifted on with the tide, content that in his presence she could forget the dark past; the thought never came to her that she was sweeping on, as a leaflet in the stream, toward a precipice.

While with him she never once remembered the hidden skeleton, the page of the dark past that was never to be read by human eyes.

It spoke volumes for Irene's innate purity of mind that no thought save that of friendship filled her mind.

She realized this, only when they were to gether she cared for no other society. If she did not see him for a day she missed him strangely, dull.

Oh, foolish!

the roses, reading legends from the old masters, and poetry from the world's gifted poets, and discussing them. Oh, beautiful summer evenings spent over the piano or harp. Irene never thought of the time when they must cease.

The duchess watched in silence; she could not clearly make out whether Irene cared for Frederick Esmond or not.

This same uncertainty filled the mind of Esmond himself. He only awaited the right opportunity of declaring his love. He had told himself over and over again that he could not live without her; that every wish and hope of his life was centered in her. He would have told her so long since, but that she frightened him; he had so much to stake her ferocity and while she was, and asking him to help her, she had sent young Ross?

At length, telling himself he could endure the suspense of uncertainty no longer, Esmond determined to settle his future that very evening.

With this purpose in view he accepted an invitation to a tea given by the duchess.

As the evening passed, he was almost in despair; he could not find an opportunity of exchanging a single word with Irene, every effort was always so eagerly to converse with her.

She was charming in conversation, seeming interested to understand what topic each one preferred; discussing "high life" with Lady Aylmer, "church politics" with Dr. Mead.

Esmond listened with charmed ears. He was charming in conversation, seeming self-doubtful whether or not he would be fortunate enough to win this lovely, peerless girl, who might mate with a lord or a duke, if she so wished.

Much to his relief, the duchess joined the group and his attention was attracted for a moment to her, Esmond managed to whisper to Irene: "Will you come out on the terrace, and see how the moon is shining? resist it if you can."

She laid her little white hand on his arm, and they walked away together.

How beautiful the night was, the sky was ablaze with stars, the moon which was at the full, poured a flood of silver radiance down upon the pretty fountains tossing up their white spray, upon the myriads of roses, sweet mimosa and hyacinth whose odorous breath filled the summer air. It was like an evening in Southern Italy.

It was the very time and place for a declaration of love, but now that the all important moment had come Esmond felt as nervous as a schoolboy.

Not one of the pretty speeches, he had so carefully prepared came to his mind; his lips seemed almost stricken dumb.

What a pity, said Irene, breaking the beautiful silence, that summer could not last forever, it is so delightful. I cannot imagine why, she went on, but this summer seems to me the fairest I have seen yet.

I can say the same thing, he said, looking down into her dark, dreamy eyes.

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I do, she responded, piteously. Then I will go away, he replied; I will cease and torture you no more. Perhaps some time in the future you may recall me, Irene. You may realize how deeply and truly I have loved you and will always love you. No one in this world will ever care more for you, more than I do; it would be impossible. Farewell!

He caught the little, white hand and held it one moment in his, drinking in the fair young beauty of her face, as though it would engrave on his heart forevermore; then turned away, leaving her standing alone by the murmuring fountain, surely the saddest object of cold, bright moonlight ever fell on.

I cannot return to the drawing-room just yet, she murmured, hoarsely, the warm perfume of her white skin. I must have air, freedom.

She hurried through the pleasure grounds, through the coppice. No human being was near, but the birds were soon startled by the passionate cries of a broken heart, cries that fell freely and clearly on the soft, sweet air, and seemed to rise to the very face of the blue heavens, bitter, passionate cries that took with them that the burden of a most unhappy soul, crying out that she had sent from her the only man she could ever love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AROUND THE WORLD.

The News of the World in Brief—The Cream of our Exchanges.

Rev. W. B. Hinson, of Montreal, declines the call from the Montreal Baptist Church. Sir Mackenzie Bowell has offered the vacant portfolio of agriculture to Prov. Secretary Pelletier, of Quebec.

The Scotts repeat election in Westmorland will probably take place Thursday, 6th January next. A hot contest is looked for.

Toronto University officials have received a letter from the University of Cambridge, England, admitting Toronto University to affiliation.

In a recent prize fight at Sydney, New South Wales, a man of six foot eleven punished one of six foot six so severely that he had to be sent to the hospital.

Chas. Broderick, formerly of Jacksonville, Carlton county, was killed in a railway accident at Boston Wednesday.

Four firemen were fatally injured, in the Chicago fire reported in yesterday's Herald.

Trade returns for the fiscal year 1894-95, show that Canada's exports during that period totalled \$113,638,803, and imports \$110,781,683.

Two of the Melinite shells, used by the French in bombarding Antananarivo, Madagascar, killed thirty-five and eighteen natives respectively.

The Halifax Presbyterian Theological college has been called on for \$3,000 default liability on the shares held by the college in the Union bank of Newfoundland.

By the breaking of a derrick at Cleveland, Saturday, used in the construction of a culvert, one man was killed outright and several others badly injured. Two probably fatally.

The St. Petersburg Gazette announces that cholera has re-appeared there. Since November of this year, eight cases have been reported, nineteen of which have proved fatal.

The Fifday woman charged with the murder of the English emigrant boy at Owen Sound, Ont., as described in Saturday's Daily Herald, has been committed for trial.

The eighth volume of Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada just issued, deals with the history of British North America from 1808 to 1815, and deals principally, of course, with the war of 1812.

Mrs. H. Price Webber, well known in Fredericton, is in such poor health that her husband has had to cancel all dates for the present season, and she underwent a surgical operation in Boston.

Matthew J. Hayes, 30 years old, employed in the round house of the Portland and Rochester railroad at Portland Me., was instantly killed Friday night by being caught by the shaft of the machinery, and crushed into a shapeless mass.

A Halifax clergyman, Thanksgiving day, in the course of his sermon, in alluding to the rise and fall of nations, said that at length "God's mandate had gone forth regarding Turkey," and there was no doubt as to the result—it would be swept away.

Willoughby, Government candidate in Cardwell, has written a letter to the secretary of the M.C.A.P. for the nomination for Cardwell, announcing that he will oppose remedial legislation on the Manitoba school question in any shape or form.

John Jones, formerly of Geary, Sanbury county, who has been killed at Hayward, Wisconsin, where he had been living for the past eighteen years. He was a middle-aged man, a son of the late John Jones of Geary. No particulars of the affair has been received.

A prize fight took place Thursday night in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, between Tom Roberts, and Merris Jacobs. In the second round Jacobs broke his arm in delivering an upper cut, and he was unable to continue. Roberts was awarded the fight.

Judge Barbridge in the exchequer court at Ottawa, Saturday, gave judgment for \$2,000 and costs against St. John, and in favor of J. Morris Robinson as compensation for land injuriously affected by construction of a siding on the I. C. R. in St. John.

Will Carville, a young man of Lewiston, Maine, 26 years of age, committed suicide Friday afternoon by shooting himself through the head. In the forenoon he occupied his time paying his bills, went home, ate his dinner, and then proceeded to his sleeping room, and killed himself. He was always pleasant and apparently happy, and no cause is known for the suicide.

The liabilities of Farquhar, Forrest & Co., bankers, Halifax, will reach nearly \$200,000. The Montreal Foreign Missionary society will lose \$3,000, and other depositors, of which there were a large number, will also lose whatever they had there, as the assets will not pan out to any large extent. The preference amount to \$50,000. Many depositors will be reduced to penny.

Amey Smith, of Truro, N. S., a clerk in the Merchant Bank of Halifax, married Miss Emma Ayer, of Sackville, N. B., at Acadia Mines, a point between the two places. Miss Ayer had gone there unknown to her parents, and Mr. Smith unknown to the bank. His salary is under the point at which clerks are allowed to wed; so he has resigned. His wife has gone home to her father, J. R. Ayer. Smith is a son of Prof. Smith, of Mount Allison College.

The schooner John W. Foster, which cleared from Philadelphia Tuesday, ostensibly for Tampa, Florida, was seized early Saturday morning by Deputy U. S. collector at Lewes, Del., as she was putting to sea. The vessel was seized at the instance of Senator de Lome, the Spanish minister at Washington, who had been informed that the schooner was engaged in carrying arms and ammunition to the Cuban insurgents. The deputy collector placed two men on board the vessel and will make a thorough investigation of her cargo.

FROM RURAL DISTRICTS.

Interesting and Spicy Gossip from Our Active Correspondents.

Hammondville Notes.

Nov. 21.—E. S. Hammond and W. D. Mansell, took a trip through the country a few days since, and returned with a number of fine cattle, which they intend feeding for the Easter market.

George Strange, the supervisor of roads, has been confined to the house for a few days, on account of a heavy cold. Isaac King has returned from Uncle Sam's domains, and is daily seen on the highway of commerce, asking alms from those that are generous enough to comply with his requests. Your correspondent claims that the party having the matter in hand should make an effort to provide a home for this man, and not allow him to wander up and down the road to the annoyance of all with whom he comes in contact.

Clarence Kiley, at one time the village smith, has secured an old building from W. D. Mansell, and is busily engaged in tearing down the same, in order to get the lumber for the purpose of erecting a blacksmith shop on the front of his farm, and expects in a few days to be in a position to meet the demands of those that may need his services in that line.

Mr. Mansell, slaughtered one day last week a number of porkers, making 1,508 lbs. of pork.

Guilford Hammond has just returned from Queensbury, where he has been engaged for some time past in running his American Giant threshing machine, and he takes the bun in that line, having threshed for M. B. McNally, 1,068 bushels of oats in 4 days, which were raised from 58 bushels sowing, and 742 for G. Slipp, from 41 bushels sowing, making a total of 1,810 bushels in 6 days, and set the machine up 7 times, or 400 bushels in 7 hours. If this has been beaten Guilford would like to hear it.

Dr. A. Campbell has again visited Hammondville and is registered at the Elmwood. He reports that his German remedy for the painless extraction of teeth works like magic, and is now not afraid to try titles with the experts in that line.

The proprietor of the Elmwood, becoming alarmed that the supply of water he had during the summer would not continue during the chilly blasts of winter, gave a contract to Messrs. Kitchen and Goodie to sink a well for him close to the hotel, and after three days labor was rewarded by finding a vein of water that would be the death of 61 feet. T. Sawyer, pump manufacturer of Prince William, put in the pump, and judging from the amount of water thrown per stroke, Mr. Sawyer is hard to excel in his line.

Most of the inhabitants of the villa are engaged on the Corporation drive, which passed by here on Sunday, and succeeded in getting to the limits on Monday; that is, the portion looked after by Rex Brown.

H. Capin, who escaped from high constable Elliot a short time since, was returned from Cuba, and is reported quiet from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Duncan Gunter, from the firm of Gunter & McConahy, Fredericton, arrived here on Tuesday at noon, looking after a young lad who gave his name as Clarke, Mr. Gunter claiming that the lad took from his boarding house a quantity of wearing apparel belonging to the boarders. The lad seeing Mr. Gunter in the distance, attempted escape, but all efforts were fruitless on his part, and Mr. G. loaded him on board the Calais, and is reported quiet from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Your correspondent would suggest that from the manner in which Duncan traced and found the villain, that your city would do well to appoint Mr. G. on the detective force.

A. S. Todd has rented from Frederick Bargino the proprietor of the Royal Hotel a dwelling house and begun house keeping. Mr. Todd is a native of Boston, having taken up his shop with heating apparatus and all the implements necessary to the hasty despatch of business.

William Rice had the misfortune a few evenings ago of falling across a tub breaking a couple of ribs, house hold repairs were administered and Mr. Rice will soon be about again.

Lakeview Corner.

Nov. 21.—An inch or so of the beautiful has fallen several times but owing to the mild atmosphere and bright sun through the day, has caused it to disappear.

The annual missionary meeting was held in the Methodist church on Friday evening 8 inst. Rev. Messrs Parkin and Austin were in attendance.

Some miscreant entered the cellar of W. S. Hildesheim and stole away with a jar of strawberries. This was the first time his cellar has been interfered with, as a roll of butter took its departure a short time since.

The members of the Methodist church, and congregation presented their organist George Randall with a neat sum of money.

Miss Kate Ferguson is spending this week with Mr. Carl at Clark's Corner.

Mrs. A. S. Randall who has been suffering from an attack of hemorrhage, is now convalescent.

Herbert Randall who has been spending a few days in Fredericton, returned home today, after visiting relatives here.

Miss Belle Scott left for her home in Burton today, after visiting her home.

Mrs. Geo. Briggs and Mrs. Allison Lunn visited the colonial last week.

The "Scud" was visited by H. V. Upton is expected in daily to take up its winter quarters.

Upper Gagetown.

Nov. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Carrier celebrated the 20th anniversary of their marriage by a "varied wedding," on the 7th of this month; about fifty were invited. The presents were costly and numerous, comprising articles. All enjoyed a good time. The first was served at 7 and the second at 11 o'clock.

The new steam mill of the firm of Davis and Crothers, saved the first lumber yesterday. The steamer Aberdeen, which has been laid up in Swan Creek, for the winter, started yesterday to run a few trips up river, the late rains having raised the water in the river.

Miss Sophia Currier is very sick with the gripple.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Currier celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage on the evening of the 18th by a "crystal wedding." Only unmarried people were invited. There were about fifty present. Tea served at eight o'clock. The tables,

which were under the care of Fred. Brooks, assisted by three or four young ladies, presented a fine appearance, and fairly groined under the weight of good things. Neither pains nor expense had been spared to make it an success. The presents were costly, useful and numerous.

Month Keswick Notes.

Nov. 20.—Owing to dullness of the pork market at Fredericton. Several families of this locality combined and shipped their pork to St. John this morning in charge of Daniel Esty of this place. It was the largest consignment ever sent from here at once over, 6000 lbs were sent.

Two of the prominent men of the place, Mr. Chas. Hawkins and Mr. Wm. Galsworthy with their families are about removing to Hamilton Me. They leave on the Woodstock train Friday morning. They intend going into the hotel business there. We are very sorry to see them go and they may be sure of a hearty welcome back at any time.

Miss Lillian Yerxa has returned home after spending a few days with friends in Fredericton.

Rev. Mr. Keirsteal, pastor of the F. C. B. church of this place, preached an able sermon last Sunday evening from the words "Young man, I say unto thee arise. He made a strong appeal to the young men to give themselves to Christ now, in the strength of their manhood. Quite a number of persons took this step in the after meeting.

Lower Hayesville.

Nov. 20.—We are having plenty of wet weather and bad roads.

Some of our men and boys have gone to the woods, while others are at home. Some fine fruit is being put away for use in this locality.

Rev. G. T. Shaw preaches here on acceptance. James Henry Allen lost his only son, a fine little fellow, from congestion.

A son arrived at W. Brown's on the 12th inst, weighing 12 pounds.

IT WILL BE COERCION.

Hon. Mr. Foster in his Ontario stump speeches, makes no secret of the Government's proposed attempt to coerce Manitoba into granting separate schools. He is now before the electors and the time for niggling the question has about passed. Speaking at London the other day, the Finance Minister said: "The Conservative Government and the party which is keeping them in power today believe that even-handed justice must be done; that the compact of Confederation must be carried out. They believe this should be done by the Government and Legislature of Manitoba itself, and they spare no pains and take all opportunities to induce the Manitoba Legislature to right the wrong which are complained of so far as they reasonably should be righted. But this Government goes further, and plainly states, that if in the end the minority has a grievance which is not remedied by the power that can best remedy it, namely, the Manitoba Legislature, that it is the duty of the Conservative Government to take all reasonable and proper methods to have that wrong righted and that grievance remedied themselves."

This would seem to be pretty straight talk, and points unmistakably to the coercion of Manitoba. The government dare not do otherwise, for if it did the hierarchy of Quebec would dissolve it the day of the coming session.

In the meantime what is Clarke Wallace, the Orange leader, going to do about it. We have read it elsewhere that the motion coercion was attempted he would resign. Will he? And where is our Mr. Pitts. Is he prepared to swallow Mr. Justice's coercion programme?

There is no doubt many Tories are yet grasping at the hope that there may be a compromise on the school question, but a voice from Winnipeg seems to destroy all chance of that. The Tribune, organ of the Conservative government in a leading editorial no later than Wednesday evening, indicated that the reply of the Greenway government to the Dominion government was a steadfast refusal to consent to the slightest compromise.

FOR OVER