

of all with whom she comes in contact.

It need hardly be said that Mr Gladstone, with his blended gifts of tender feeling and sense of justice, never had favourites in his own family. Circumstances would bring him in contact much more with some than with others of the circle, but he always made it unmistakably felt that his heart and mind were equally large and equally ready for all.

The Gladstones are said to be a very argumentative family amongst themselves. Be this as it may, there have never been any serious differences of thought or feeling between Mr and Mrs Gladstone and their sons and daughters, even on those subjects of politics and religion which are productive of differences in so many families.

Mr and Mrs Gladstone had eight children: William Henry Gladstone, born 1840, died 1891, who was M.P. from 1865-85 and an unpaid Lord of Treasury from 1869 to 1874; Agnes, born 1842, now Mrs Wickham; Stephen Edward, born 1844, rector of Hawarden; Jessie Catherine, born 1845, died 1850; Mary, born 1847, married the Rev. Harry Drew; Helen, born 1849; Henry Neville, born 1852; and Herbert John, born 1854.

That a very excellent musical programme has been arranged by Mr Boulton for the annual meeting of the St. John Ambulance Association in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, on Friday, May 27, at 8 o'clock. The presentation of certificates, etc., to successful pupils will form a feature of the evening, as also the diplomas of appointment as honorary life members to seven doctors.

THE CHORD OF LOVE.

Miss Van Cortland drew the small tea table nearer, and rearranged the dainty cups with fingers that trembled in spite of herself. Once or twice she glanced at the clock on the mantel—nervously, expectantly. Then she sat down and began to think—to think of him, of the years that had flown since last they met. And he, after a silence of ten years, had written to her that he would call today. It had been like a voice from the past. She looked thoughtfully into the glowing coals in the grate. Would he find her changed? How would he look? Did he still care? She hoped not, for time is a great softener of all things; and then—he was murred!

There was a ring at the door. She rose and stood before the mirror that hung above the mantel, and looked at herself. Time had dealt gently with her, but then she was only eight and twenty, after all. There was a knock on the door. She turned suddenly, and heard Parker's bland, well modulated voice.

"Mr Geoffrey Goldard to see you, ma'am. Shall I show him up?"

"Yes."

Parker bowed, and the curtain fell behind him. Miss Van Cortland stood where she was, with an expectant face turned toward the door. She wondered how she could be so calm. The slight nervousness of half an hour ago had vanished completely. She heard steps on the stairs. Yes, she was glad she had arranged to see him here in her own little den—alone! It was more cosy than the library, less formal than the drawing-room. A figure stood within the doorway for a moment, passive, still, until Parker had announced him, and left. Then he advanced out of the shadow of the curtain, went straight to her, and took her hand.

"Eleanor!" was all he said. It was only one word, but in spite of the control he had put upon himself, there were in it all the agony and regret, the passion and the love, of a lifetime.

"Eleanor!" he repeated.

It is good to see you again—ten years is a long while for friends to be parted," she said quietly. Her tone and gesture were cordial, but that was all. He could hardly have expected anything different, and yet—

"Sit down here," she went on, "and tell me all about yourself. What have you been doing? Where have you been living? And your wife—I hear you are married."

"Yes, I am married," he said. "But you are Miss Van Cortland still. Why?" Eleanor looked at him, and a slight flush rose to her face.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
(From a recent photograph.)

AGE 1.
From a Drawing.



Age 4.



Age 45.



Age 18.



Age 52.



THE RIGHT HON.
HERBERT J. GLADSTONE, M.P.



Present Day.



M188 HELEN GLADSTONE.

MRS GLADSTONE AND SOME OF THE FAMILY.

WITH PICTURES

OF THE

BEREAVED LADY AT VARIOUS STAGES OF HER LIFE.