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LINDSAY, ONE. Lindsay, Oct. 29, 1884,-12.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA. The Canadian Yest

A ROMANTIC WOOING.

Chapter III.

"Jesious of what?" exclaimed the lady'smaid, purposely overlooking the last re-mark. "Why, she is jenious of your wealth, Four position; but most, mademoiselle, of

your chances, and-your beauty!" Saying which, the speaker drews little back to take a better view of Ethel's tall and graceful figure, attired in a diantanous howers, from which the soft white arms and throat gleamed with transparent radi-

Ethel was drawing on her gloves, as she stood before the lace-festooned cheval-glass, "My chances, Pauline!" she reported. "What chances?" That of becoming Lady Tremayne, made-

motselle; or, if you choose, the Countess of Westring. "Pauline! Pray do not talk thus to me!"

The attendant shrugged her shoulders. but answered:

"True, mademoiselle, but Mdlle, Florence does not know that. She sees the great milords at your feet, and worse, Lord Tremsome, for whom all are dving,"

back at Grey Towers, for peace and rest." "And this is mademoiselle's first season." The first season of a wife, a widow, also smother." And Ethel drooped her sweet

face on her hands. "Ah, how gladly would I renounce this

"Tiens, mademoiselle! it is best as it is," said Pauline. "Pray do not give way. Mil-ord will notice it, and it is near eleven." "True, Papa will be waiting. My bou-quet, Pauline! Thanks. How grateful I am

this is the last ball of the season!" The lady's-maid gave a touch of so to the lace founces, then opened the door for her

When she had gone she reflected, as she Fearranged the toilet-table:

moiselle isn't twenty-one yet. It's the secret marriage in the way. Tiens! why? Who need be the wiser? "I do believe, at times, maemoiselle re-

grets following my advice of now keeping it secret for ever To acknowledge a live husband is one

thing, but to acknowledge a dead one, who can't protect you, is another." Pauline paused a space, then added:

"Poor mademoiselle! I fancy there's trouble yet to come, for if milori does not mean her to wed either Milord Tremayne

of the old earl, I'm mistaken." Two years had gone by—two years that had brought sorrow and anxiety to more than Ethel since the announcement of Paolo

Mareschi's death. Ten months after that event a terrible blow had come to Lord Breamore. While abroad his wife had caught malarial fever and had died of it. His grief for a man of his nature, cold, phlegmatic, had been in-

Hastening back to Grey Towers, he had summoned Ethel, who by her own earnest request had been on a visit to an old school-friend at Evrent, to join him there, and had shut himself up with his sorrow, rarely

shut himself up with his sorrow, rarely coming from his private spartments or seeing any one, even Ethel, his chief companion being his infant heir, who apparently engrossed his every thought and affection. The violence of a grief generally is gauged by fireduration. After two mouths' retirement Lord Breamore again appeared in seciety. His house was set in order, and his wife's sunt. Mrs. Devime, was invited to take charge of hand set as chaperon to Ethel, to whom her daughter Florence would be a suitable companion.

rould be a suitable companion.

How the girle' friendship night have pro-record it is difficult to my, had not the just-usy which Pauline had quickly divined

Toronto Parine, tell, handrone, a bra-for, with open as belief and an ending the state of the property of the first plants and the property of the first plants and the first of the

aristocratic-locating man, tail, square-uldered, with an impassible reticent ex-ssion, a white, high forehend, and clean y eyes, which at times were cold and

he said, rising to stand on the hear motioning her to be sented. Two

for your hand."

Ethel started. The color faded from her

"Yes. I regret I could not give you long warning of the affection in one case, the honor of the other awaiting you, but, as you meet both suitors to-night, it was im-

"But, papa," murmured Ethel tremulous

noting her confusion. "No; I thought, Ethel, that under the circumstances you had a right to decide between the two your self. Lord Tremayne offers you a geod-position, youth, and a handsome person. The earl, the devotion of an old man, great wealth, and a countess's coronet."

wish to marry!" Lord Breamore turned half mund on the heels of his dress-boots, and looked with chilling surprise down at his daughter.

"I hope I did not hear you aright, Ethel?" he remarked in ley tones. "Remember you are my daughter, and as such must take a proper place in society. When a girl at your age says she does not wish to marry, itoften signifies that she has given her heart-or he lieves she has—to some unworthy fellow whom she fears to mention." A wave of crimson swept over Ethel's

face and neck. She bent her head to hide "Is this so?" he demanded sharply. "Have you fallen in love with the gardener, the footman, or groom?"

ness did her good. "No, papa. I beg your pardon, but are not you forgetting I am your daughter? I love no living man save you. I—I do not wish to marry either Lerd Tremayne nor

the earl, because I don't care for either of Lord Breamore gave a short scornful

position. I confess I would rather you elected the coronet, but I give you your Take Tremayne if you pre But decide which this evening, as I intend to invite the one you favor to join us at Grey Towers. You understand me, and remember I will be obeyed. I must learn your decision on your return.'

Before Ethel could reply, had she had words or power, the door opened, and Mrs. Devime, folowed by Florence, entered the

"I trust. Arthur, we have not kept you waiting?" cried the elder lady. "Not at all, though the carriage has been announced," he rejoined, giving his arm. "Come, Ethel, my love," said Mrs. Devime. "Why, child, how pale you are! Are

rising, her cheek flushing. "Something has happened," reflected the lady, and glanced at her daughter, who possessed that orilliance of beauty only seen in

As they passed downstairs, Florence Devime's dark eyes looked furtively at her pale companion as if they would have read

The ball to which they were bound was at Prince's Gate, and the vast rooms were almost full when they were announced. Scarcely had they entered when two gentiemen, who had evidently been on the watch, advanced.

One was a man certainly near seventy, for, though made by a skilful valet to look only exty, the undecided tread the want of ustre in the eye, the lack of firmness on the lip, betrayed the truth.

The other was not yet thirty, handsome, with large, earnest hazel eyes, well-cut features, and sliky moustache drooping at each side the round chin-Forty years divided the two, yet were

Florence Devime's eyes were riveted upon the latter; her bosom fluttered. For one whole season Lord Tremayne had been almost at her feet, and now—
In the fashionable world, rank, if notage,

takes precedence, and it was the earl who first greeted Ethel-not only greeted, but offered his arm to escort her through the

Lord Tremayne could but bow, utter s compliment, then, biting his lip, drop behind, by Florence, whose every nerve best and throbbed with rapture as he moved on

The earl did not let a long time elapse be fore he made an opportunity—metay ly—to place himself at Ethel's feet.

about his heart, and he was eloquent in the confession of his passion.
His words recalled those of Paolo Marsschi when he had told his love. But how different were the speakers!

Such words on the earl's lips seemed to Even a coronet might be too dearly purchased, and Ethel did not hesitate to refuse

the honor he intended her. The earl received her answer like a high-

pered Lord Breamo "Yes," she answered faintly. "Then you decide upon Lord Tramsyne? In one way he is more suitable; but I regret the coronet. Here cames Tramsyne; no doubt to sek you for this dance. Can you

"Not this one," murmured Ethel pleadingly; "I do not think I could dance yet."

Poor Ethel! by her words she had defeat-

of herself. When Lord Tremayne professed his request Lord Breamore remarked:
"My daughter, I think, is rather overcome by the warmth of the room. She has not yet seen the duke's orchids. Perhaps, Tremayne, you would show them her. The

She was recalled by feeling Lord Tre-mayne's arm round her, his voice sounding in her ours. Raising her eyes she saw they

distance in the Economic of the Estaten you by surprise? I had hoped Lord Bronnore had prepared you—had let you

"Yes," whispered Ethel almost insudibly.
"Please let me sit down." He led her to a seat, then taking her fan.

began to fan her. She was so pale, he feared she was about to faint.

For a moment Ethel could not speak. She lay back, the moving air shaking the golden lay base, the moving air snaking the gorden rings of hair about her forehead, and the delicate laces over her bosom. Then she roused herself by an effort, saying:

Thanks, I am better." "I sm delighted," he whispered, pause then continued: "Dear Miss Breamore, mo I trust that the knowledge of the passion I feel, that my words, perhaps, too hastily uttered, were not the cause of your indisposition? I believed from Lord Breamore's manner that he had acquainted you——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ethel, "he did so.
I feel much flattered, Lord Tremayne—"
"Nsy, all indebtedness is mine, if—if I may but hope," he broke in passionately. "I love you, Miss Breamore, my future happing. ness rests with you. I entreat you speak, let me know my fate."

He was leaning over her. She had met his eyes once, full of pleading. She had noted his face, eloquent with his passion. Lord Tremsyne was one whom any wo-man would be proud to love were her heart His tones awoke pity, sympathy, in Ethel.

She could not regard him as she had the old Still, how dared she say yes? Yet, recalling her father's look, how dared she refuse "My lord," she said faintly, "I was unaware that you had given me your love until to-day. We seem to know so little of

"That you would ask time to decide?" he put in. "How can I blame you, Miss Breamore? Still, have I permission to hope to

at the thought of how Lord Breamore would regard so cold a response, she added: "Lord Tremayne, I will never give my hand to any but you."

He uttered an exclamation of delight as

he raised her hand to his lips, then one of concern, as Ethel fell back insensible. At that moment a face, handsome, with brilliant eyes, flashing hate, despair, and venom, appeared at the other side of the screen, looking at the two.
It was Florence Devime.

Her siender fingers clutched, her white teeth clenched. Could a wish have slain, Ethel's eyes would never have again opened in this

That night Florence entered her mother "Well, mamma," she said, "have they teld you? Do you know?"

"Lord Tremayne has proposed to Ethel "Well, Flo, it's what I expected."

"How calmly you speak! Why did you ever act as chaperon to her? It was wrong, mamma. Until she appeared, Lord Tremayne was almost at my feet. Oh, how I hate her." "My dear Flo, be reasonable. And do sit

down. If you walk about like that you will make my head ache. If I had not been her chaperon, another would, and Lord Tremayne would have met her all the same. But is it really true?" "True? Yes. He proposed to her in one of the conservatories, and she, exclaiming,

'I'll never give my hand to any other than you, Lord Tremayne,' fainted in his arms. Oh. is-if I could but part them! How I hate her!" It might have soothed Florence Devime's fealous nature had she seen Ethel weeping

in agonised distress in her own room, as she efaculated: "Oh, Pauline, if I were but dead! Imagine. my father says I must wed Lord Tremayne. He has proposed to-night, and I dared not

"Why should you say no, mademoiselle?"
"Why? Oh, Pauline, do you think I could
ever do Lord Tremayne the wrong of wedding him, my secret unrevealed? Then what will become of me? I am so-so weak, Pauline." she added, looking up; "when we get to Grey Towers I must see my child. That ever makes me strong."

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS. The next week Lord Breamore's house-

hold returned to Grey Towers, where later on Lord Tremayne was to join them. Ethel told herself she had not acco him, but her father made no count of that nicety of distinction.

He regarded the affair as accomplished md announced it as such to the world, to Ethel's alarm, who, not possessing a strong reliant nature, suddenly found herself surrounded by circumstances, and carried on by them against her will or power of resis-

Only one saw her distress, and with won der-Florence Devime. Jealousy had made hera spy, and, by crafty speech, she speedily discovered that Ethel had no liking for the proposed mar-

She sprang at the same conclusion as had

Her love was given elsewhere, and, undoubtedly, to someone beneath her in station, else why secrecy?
"She is of the disposition," she reflected seornfully, "that would fall in love with some long-haired strolling artist, or music-

master. If I could but find out! I'll try." Hate favored her. Flo and Ethel had never taken quite to me another, and the former usually, when no guests were at Grey Tewers, passed the morning in her mother's spartments. The third morning after her savival she

broke through the custom.

From Mrs. Devime's window the had seen

Ethel slowly cross the lawn, then, when

"Nonsense, Pauline!"

you have taken to her!" g the trees, increase her pace, evident

ly with a purpose.

If o, on the gut vive for a ciue, felt her Flo, on the gut vive for a ciue, felt her wanted.

laking her hat, she followed. The grounds, wewer, were toe spacious for her to do so say. The paths diverged.

Stopping sie Istened. You, she was not staken. It was Ribof's lough, and the i was loughing as No had nover before

house, to her vexation and disapp she perceived the best was there. Ethel had returned. By her indecision she had missed her opportunity. When might it oc-

To remain longer was useless. Angry with herself, she took one of the shrubbers paths back to the house. As she quitted the bushes she beheld a

woman, carrying a child, proceeding round the lawn towards the back premises. It was Ethel's maid, Pauline. Could Ethel have been laughing so gaily with them? Nonsense. But what child was

Florence Devime acted promptly now. She crossed the lawn, and under a leafy arch entered the hawthorn alley, down which she knew the lady's-maid must come. and advanced to meet her.

and its quick suppression. Not a muscle of her own countenance altered, until nearer, when her dark brows rising, she said pleas

"What a lovely child you have there, Pau-line! Whose is it?" and she stopped in the "It is my little nephew, mademoiselle." responded Pauline curtly. "Its parents are dead, and my mistress has kindly let me

nave him here on a short visit." "No parents? Poor little fellow!" remarked Flo sympathetically, her gaze studying every infant feature. "What handsome Quite foreign! Do not speil him, Pauline. Bon jour, petit!"

through her white teeth. "How I mistrust her! Most when she pretends to be amiable. If my mistress has an enemy, it's Mdlle. Florence Devime."

"It could not be," she murmured. "The idea is preposterous! I'm mad to imagine such a thing: but who can help their thoughts? And the likeness, save for the eyes, is striking. The child's chin and mouth are modelled as from Ethel's own. But the eyes are foreign."

For a space the idea which had flashed into Flo's mind frightened her. Taking a turning, she hurried back to the house, shut herself in herown room, and in a half-scared fashion began to think.

ness of Pauline's "Nephew" to Ethel. She commenced by declaring it imposs ble; she ended by seeing it was feasible. Ethel's education had been completed in

Afterwards she had resided at Grey Towers, with slight supervision. Then Florence recalled Ethel's visit over

To have deceived Lady Breamore would have been easy where so much indifference was felt. The longer Florence Devime reasoned the quicker beat her heart with hope.

She saw now why Ethel showed reluctance to wed Lord Tremayne or anyone. How could she marry, having this secret? How could she, if her husband yet lived? Florence said "husband," and meant it. She knew Ethel too well to think she would

"Oh, if I only knew-if I could only find out!" she reflected. "Supposing, paying Pauline to keep her secret, she intends to bury it and the past, and wed Lord Tremayne, taking the risk? She is weak, timid, and stands in dread of Lord Breamore."

Then, throwing back her head, with a short laugh: "What castles I am building upon a slight foundation!" she said. "After all, I may be wrong. What I must do is to discover if my suspicion is right, to do which I must be

cautious. Succeed I will." She hesitated whether she should confide in her mother, but decided at present to

"My pet, my darling!" she whispere ing her soft cheek against the soft, rk, fluffy curis, pressing the waxen fingers to her lips and soft warm throat "Ah I am happy. I can laugh almost at trouble when I have my boy. How beautiful he is! He has his father's eyes, has he not, Pauline? Dear good Pauline, what should I have done without you? See how he crows. Oh, Pauline, you must keep him at Grey

noiselle, I think le petit had better

"Return! Leave Grey Towers! Not stay!"
ejaculated Ethel rapidly, looking up surprised. Then, smiling: "You unnatural
Aunt Pauline! Stay—how grave you look! What do you fear?" anxiously. iselle Florence Devime, made-

"She is a snake in the grass, madem

"Anything—everything, I believe, made-neiselle, if she learned your secret."
"How could she—how even suspect it?"
"I can't tell, mademoiselle, but I met her

ard! What could she do?"

Yes, mademoiselle. She stopped to sak about and admire him. Then as she was looking at him, I saw a surprised, sinci-led expression break through the smile she

"That, undemoiselle, which you will not admit—to pett's likeness to you. Each day it increases. Mille. Devime saw it, I feel pertain."

J. W. Mallace.

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LINDSAY, PRIDAY, JULY 17, 1885.

(Continued from last week.) "Jealous of what Pauline? Sh me! if she did but know-" And a sigh escaped Ethel's lips.

ejaculated Ethel gravely. "I shall never

"Hush, hush, Pulline! Such talk pains me. Ah, you cannot tell how I long to be

them, for a few days with my bey-my Pant."

"Never marry again! Why not? Made-

When Ethel descended to the discouns she found lier father stone. He

"Yes, papa." Ethel from a child had had a fear of her father.

"I scarcely think I need say they came from Lord Tremayne and the Earl of West-

"Accepted either?" put in Lord Bream

"Oh, papa," her hands clasped pleadingly, "I-I do not care for marriage. I do no

Ethel raised her head proudly; the harsh-

"Ethel, you talk like a milkmaid. Leave love to your inferiors. You, Ethel, have a

rivals for a young girl's love.

The freshness and purity of the young girl's beauty warmed the chilling blood

born gentleman, expressed his sorrow, and led her back to where her father stood. "You have refused the earl, I see," whis-

mayne, you would show them her. The conservatories would be cooler."

"I shall be delighted," replied Lord Tremayne, His gimes confirming his words.

Ethel east a piteous supplicating look at her father. She found there no pity, and rising mechanically, allowed herself to be led away, her fate to be decided.

Not a cylindre of Lord Trumsyne's whispened attenunces reached her car. She was recalling her marriage, her parting with Paolo, the only man she had ever abcould ever love, and a certain pretty catings on the outskirts of Durby, wherein was confully surved and tended a lovely dark-eyed her, her am.

There was a chance, she would not lose it.

Before reaching the bridge, however, her, mind changed. Would it not have been better to wait in the shrubbery for Mitel's

Deciding, she retraced her steps. When she came within sight of the be

it? There was only one in Grey Towershe young heir.

In a moment they were face to face.

Flo saw the sudden start Pauline gave.

And smiling affably she passed on "How I hate her!" thought Pauline

As to Florence, the smile had faded, an amazed startled expression had taken its

Familiarity will accustom us to any hought and Florence Devime began soen to be accustomed to the idea which had occurred to her, arising from the singular like-

eighteen months ago, to France, her maid, Pauline, being her only companion. Supposing the "old school friend" had never existed?

ever give herself to one not her husband. Yet Ethel was going to wed Lord Tremayne. Everybody said so, and she did not

keep her own counsel. Meanwhile, Pauline had proceeded to Ethel's apartments. The young mother hardly waited until the lady's-maid had closed the door before she ran forward, caught the little Paul in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom.

Towers a long, long time. I," gaily, "give you full permission." you full permission."
The lady's-maid had stood at a little distance, silent, watching her young mistress with an expression full of affection, blendof, however, with sadness.

in the hawthern alley just new, when I was bringing is past."
"And she saw my boy?"
"Tes, mademoiselle. She strongs to

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