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188UER OF MARRI**AGE LICENSE**9 FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

The Canadian Post

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1885. HUGH KANRICK'S WILL.

AN PHOLISE STORY.

(Continued from last week.) prottier by painting some of the panels,-She had done one and was now throwing herself heartly into the work. "Lettice," said she, "I want to get to the Grand Bey, I am sure we should get the best view there; besides, we ought to see Chatenubriand's tomb."

"You must go in the gig, then," said Philip, who had just returned with a handful of letters and papers. "It is no end of a long and thresome way through the town; besides, you would neither of St. Servan and St. Malo."

The best was lowered and they started. and while Philly entertained Lettice and Aunt Ether with extracts from his letters, Lucy admired the stately island fown with its long walls and many towers, It was a long pull to the Grand Bev .-"You are right in thinking the view must be grand from there," said Philip looking

up at the great nocky islet. "It must be The sea near St. Male is full of these tiny islami : after St. Malo itself this is the

t. On the side where they were at met to land, it descends to the shore in a con' short precipiees, ending in a great confusion of fallen rocks.-When the tide is low, the Grand Bey is no island, but alses in eraggy steepness from the rock-strewn shore, A tract of sand divides it from St. Malo, It is a wet and stone walk, but, the first part of the way is made more easy by a roughly-built. narrow, low, stone causeway. An expedition to the Grand Bey, unaccompanied by a boat, is not without its dangers; for

when the tide is risig, people may walk about on the sands on three sides of the island, and be wastly unaware that the sea is sto lin, in I hind them, and that all return to the mainland will ere long be out off. The low causeway is soon covered, and becomes a snare to those who remember it, and, instead of scaling the heights above, attempt to wade along it. Each year brings its record of those who have done this, and, confused by the incoming waves and by their own slarmhave missed the narrow way and fallen into deeper water. The chance of climbing the hill remains after all hope of escape by the causeway is gone; but even this last chance is gone before the sands are entirely covered. Our party knew nothing of these dangers. The beat pulled up to the shore, a sailor jumped out and drew it in, and once more all touched land. The tide was rising but there was little or ro den of it yet-only s little brisk activity amongst the white-crowned waves outside. "Come back for us in about two hours and a half," said Philip to the sailors. "You will be ready then, won't you, Lucy?" Lucy having assent-

forty or fifty feet of water!" "Why that will bring the sea up to-up to where?" for the assertion he had begun ended in an inquiry.

ed, he added carelessly, "I suppose by

that time the causeway will be covered!"

"Ave, sir, covered deep enough, and with

"Up to the very top of the second flight of steps. Reep those steps in sight, sir," said the man, earnestly. "If you stay down on the sands, mind that you see that your way up the steps is clear, and whatever you do, sir, don't let any of your ladies straggie!"

Philip nodded, he knew there were high tides in that region, but he had no ides that they rose as high as the man seemed to say. And yet he had seen the watermark that morning on the great sea walls at St. Malo. However, he at once addressed himself to the task of looking affor his party. The boat, meantime, was

making its way to St. Malo.
"It is difficult to believe that water canrise se fact," said Lucy. "Let us stay down here and watch it swhile."
"It won't be here for another half-

hour," said Philip, who had asked some questions of the sailors; so they wandered about a little, and picked up shells, and waited to see the consessay covered. With a heat caming back for them in two hours

or so, they felt independent of all stealthy surprises, if only they kept the way up the rock in view.

The sea crept nearer and nearer; R was wrapping itself round the Grand Boy, and still it left shore enough to have tempted them to wander if they had not been warned against doing so. It came still nearer. They heard an ominous "swisn," which denoted increased activity in the water, and before long, one wave sent a thin silvery wash over the causeway.

"By Jove, but it does come quick-ly," cried Philip; "you girls would not get on shore now, without being knee-deep in water, if you ran ever so fast," for now stronger and stronger waves poured in. and the causeway was covered.

At this moment, just as they were coserving how much the space which was left them was diminishing, a gentleman with an open sketching folio, and hastilycaught-up color-hox hastily ran across the sands to them, and cried in vexed surprise: "Why the causeway is covered -what is to be done?"

"Yes; we have been watching the water cover it," said Philip coolly. "And I have been watching you, and thinking I might safely stay where I was, so long as your party was here-I meant

to beat a retreat the very moment you, who were watching the place, moved."
"We are going up the hill," said Philip. "I am afraid we must go at once, too.— We have a boat coming for us in two

"Oh, a hoat!" said the stranger; Lought to have thought of that!-Pray excuse my stupidity. Well, it is only a little more water than I expected—that is all"-and without loss of time, he promptly began to pack up his folio before undertaking his wet walk.

"It is far too deep for you to venture." said Aunt Rether.
This not safe!" said Philip. "Will you. accept a place in our boat? You will only have to wait two hours for it. We shall be very glad to be of service to you."

"Thank you," said the stranger, "I accept most gratefully—I shall be very glad to see the view from shore again. But if we do not go there soon, we shall have some wading to do even here? That was true. Vicious little white-edged pools were swirling in on one skle-vigorous waves on the other-and without wasting another moment the whole party hastened to the path leading to the summit. Sometimes it was a path, sometimes a flight of broken and irregular stone steps, and by this they at last reached the top, which was nothing more than a bit of wild pasture land. How the cows got up these rough steps they themselves best knew, but one or two were there; and there were some sheep, too, and here and there, amongst the grass, patches of sweet wild thyme and clover for them to eat.

"One requires to study the map," said the new comer, "to understand this rush of water. They have the same kind of thing at Bristol, I believe. There is something almost terrible about tides

which rise fifty or sixty feet high." "If such a tide came suddenly on our South Coast, all the marine parades and terraces which are built along it would be under water."

stranger. "What hideous constructions they are, and how they are stealing around the island! It's my belief that in another fifty years or so, all England will be girt with one uniform row of stuccoed and handsomely faculed houses, with cards in the windows to say that lodgings may be found within."

Well, from one point of view, that would be much more convenient." said Mrs. Mostyn. "It would be easier to get lodgings. It is such a trouble now—one never knows where to go-and when one does get into comfortable rooms one only catches scarlet fever in them."

"But what would become of our pretty sea-side places? There are some still." "They must share the fate of all other beautiful things in this most destructive age," said the stranger. "That cannot be prevented; but when in the pursuance of ngliness and money-making the whole issand is encircled by these terraces, I don't see why a check should not be put on a spread to infection in this way—let every illness have a district of its own—let the names of these districts easily indicate where they are to be found. Let us have a Measleville, where sufferers from that malady may go; a Scarlatina Town for another class, and so on."

"But," cried Lucy, "if this terrace runs all round the country, the various kinds of invalids will meet and catch each other's illnesses at the end houses of each

"Oh, no, they won't! The terrace cannot be quite round. Some natural barriers are sure to interpose; and besider, if the patients do come in contact with each other in that way, even that is better than living in the same house as they often do at present. But see how that gleam of sunlight turns everything into edelight? St. Malo looks quite splendid now that there is a touch of rose-color on its walls!"

"What a wonderful place it is!" said Lucy. "So strong and stony; and those forts on the other islands are fine, too." "Yes; but I daresay those spiky rocks which crop up everywhere in the bay would, in case of need, do just as much to defend the place as any of the forts. Oh, do look at the difference the sunshine makes! Before it came, St. Malo, with its trimly-restored walls and towers and nearly squared stones, was but a dull thing to look on, and now it is divine."

"Yes; and have you noticed that bed of sea-pinks behind you there on the hillside, with the sun shining through

"They are like crimson fire! We are going to have a splendid sunset."

Mrs. Mostyn called them to see Custeaubriand's ugly tomb. "It is a lonely place to be buried in," said she; "I don't

"Not lonely at all, to my mind." said her with the wind blowing freely over it, and the sun shining down, and the waves making their music below, it seems to me the

very place for a poet's grave." "I suppose," said Mrs. Mostyn, "the real truth is that I don't want to be buried anywhere. All places are dismal when we look on them in that light."

"If we have done anything worth do-ing," said the stranger, "I do not see that it is so hard to die. I should hate to die if I had not at least tried to de some-

much of an effort and struggle."

"It is meant to be an effort and a struggle," said her "there is rest, and more than enough of rest when we come to that!" and he pointed hastily to the lonely

grey tomb.

Lucy looked at his strong and earnest face. She wondered what kind of work he tried to do. She did not think he was likely to fail in it. His face was full of kindness as well as strength. The rest of the party having moved a step or two run away from all "dismat tain"—Lucy said, "Is it wrong to ask you what work

you wish and try to do!"

He smiled and his smile was a particularly delightful one, and contained a warm recognition of her sympathy. "My work," said he, "is to try to make people admire God's work more. Every bit of nature which is left unspoiled by man's greediness, or wickedness, or stupidity, has something noble or grand in it—some-thing divine left in it. The skies and clouds, which man cannot meddle with, are always magnificent. I try to transfer to paper some of the beauty I see—generally the most beautiful things are the most fugitive."

"That is true," said Lucy; "the sky we admired so has changed already." "Yes. Is it not wonderful to think that day by day-nay, minute by minute-na-ture sets a painted poem before us, whether any one is there to see it or no?"

"And you want to get more and more

people to see and enjoy it?" "Yes, and to take pleasure in the ways of quiet peacefulness, and think it a disgrace to blot out any part of this revelation from above for mere gain."

"Explain a little," said Lucy. "I don't want to stop trade, of course but still this wanton destruction of all beauty the moment trade steps in is very hateful! I am viewing things as an artist, of course; but there is no doubt that men's characters are degraded with the degradation of the scenery around them. Both as a man and an artist I grieve over the crushing out of the sweet pastoral life of the land, which gives us instead of homely, contented husbandmen, men who burn down their masters' houses and don't mind whether a servant or two are left in them or not. You saw that account in the newspaper the other day?"

"Then you preach the gospel of beauty, and think if people attached more value to it they would be better?" "Of course they would—that is an un-

doubted fact." "I am so much obliged to you for talking to me," said Lucy, humbly. "I am quite sure that you paint beautifully," she added; and then she blushed, and was afraid it was very odd of her to speak so. while he looked at her and for once wish-

ed he was a figure painter.
"Paint beautifully!" said he; "oh no,
I only try. I wish I did not make such failures! However, the greatest wish I have is to paint a good picture some day." Lucy looked down. She found herself wishing she could sometimes be near him

to help him-or at any rate to hear him

talk. "People who work in the spirit you do." said she, "do not often fail."
They moved slowly away from the tomb by which they had been standing, and went back to the ton of the hill. "Are you going to paint here?" said she, and she spoke very reverently; she was thinking perhaps she herself would now paint better after talking to him and hearing his aim in art. Then she said, "I should so

like to see some of your work." "You would think me an impostor, who talked of great things, and did but little She shook her head. She did not be-

lieve that Philip had sanntered away, and was switching off the hears or some thisties. He appeared to be completely happy.-Mrs. Mostyn was just settling herself down with her back to the view, and the third volume of a very commonplace novel. She flourished it in Lucy's eyes, and said, "You see, Miss Lucy, I am provided. I know what going sketching with you, is-sitting hour after hour, with nothing

"Can't you look at the view I am going to try to sketch !-- it is supposed to be worth looking at, or I should not want to do it," said Lucy, who now felt sketching from nature to be a much more important and dignified occupation than she had hitherto believed.

"I have looked at it-I can't always be looking at the same thing! Come six down, and begin! I am quite happy here, and if I want to see more of the view, I can study your sketch." Lucy sat down. She was rather vexed

with Lettice's tone of mind. After all. she said to herself, it is very bad to be so much with people whose tone is low!-It would have been far better for me if I had been more with some one like our new friend. He stirs up all my better thoughts. She began her sketch. The stranger retreated and began to study the scene before him. Presently he, too, sat down, and began to sketch, or make notes. Then Lucy looked at him. His keen, carnest eyes were fixed on sky and land—he was thinking only of them, and she could watch him unperceived. "I like him." she said to herself; "I like him immensely! He is very handsome
—but how could be help it with those

It was a magnificent sunset with a touch of angry brilliance about it. It flashed on Lucy's quiet, easy subject, and at once invested it with a splendor that was quite beyond her power to reproduce. "The clouds have something almost human about them," said she to Aunt Esther, who was lovingly bearing her company, and watching each touch of her brush with unbounded admiration. "Look how fiercely and passionately they flash up, as if angry with the sun for leaving them!"

Do you think clouds have those feelings, my dear?" replied Aunt Esther; and Lucy thought, "He would have known what I meant." "It is time to go," said Philip after an

hour or so. "The boat will be at the steps fore we sre." Lucy began to collect her things-so did the stranger. He got his together first, and came to her. "Oh! but please let me see what you have been doing."

Mid she. "I was hoping to see it before
you shut your follo."

"It is only a blot of the sky," said her but he opened his folio to show it to her. Lying lovely inside the follo was a finished sketch; she saw that, too. She looked attentively at it and turned pale; then, trembling alightly, she haded at him, and her open were full of treatile. 35-

to her thoughts.

She quietly returned his Mile, and said only, "Your work is very beautiful—very, very beautiful," then she stooped down to

her color-bex.

"Come, Lucy, what a long time you are!" said Philip. "We shall be late for Lucy hurried over her preparations, but she seemed hardly to know what she

eliff," said Philip to the stranger. "I want to show you a view of my discov-"Be quick, Lucy," cried Lettice, who

was strolling towards the steps with Aunt

"Yes," cried poor Lucy, "I am coming," and from the ground she picked up her color-box and shawi, but in her haste dropped a brooch which was by way of being an heir-loom in her family, and which she were more frequently than Aunt Esther thought prudent.
"What hot cheeks you have given your-

self with all that stooping," said Lettice.
"Lucy, you are a silly girl! You come to
these places, and don't get a bit of pleasure out of them, because you will give yourself the trouble of sketching:— Can't you buy a picture of this view, if you want one? I dare say that young man who is standing there with Philip would do one—no doubt he sells what he does, though he is so very gentlemanlike. Buy something of his if you want more of the place than you can carry away in your head. Don't make a galley-slave of

Lucy was silent. Lettice continued: "If I had half your money, Lucy, what a life I would lead! As for you, you might just as well have remained poor."

Lucy was accustomed to Lettice's gibes. if she ever did resent them, Lettice excused herself by saying, "I do it Lucy for your sake—to animate you a little dear; think how flat your spirits would be if you had not me with you."

When our party reached the top of the steps, then, and not till then, did they realize how much the dimensions of the islet on which they were standing were now shrunk. More than half of it was under water. Shore, and rocks, and flights of steps, and pathways, all were lost to sight. Lucy with dilated eyes, was gazing on the stretch of sea before her.

"You look, dear Lucy," said Lettice, as if your mind were filled with thoughts too hig for words, and glorious images of all kinds. Now, I will tell you exactly what this place looks like. You have often seen a large ornamental sponge-cake, haven't you?-one of the kind which stands high on a dessert-dish, and no one dares to cut it? They end by cutting round after round of slices from the bottom of it-and this island looks just like a cake of that kind after two-thirds of it are gone. The sea is the plate, you know, and there is just a little bit of the top of the cake left." "You might have compared it to a pineapple when you were about it!" cried

Philip, that is cut in the same way. Lettice, your imagery is poor!" Her ideas are poor, you mean," said Lncy, laughing, though she did not want to

"A simile which gets itself said, let it be ever so poor, is better than all the fine thoughts and immensities that you can put into intelligible language!" cried Mrs.

"You will find it very difficult to put vourselves into that boat," said Philip, for the waves are dashing very roughly sgainst the steps. "Here she is! How pretty she looks.!"

"But that is not a St. Malo boat!" cried

"No. it is the vacht's hoat. We are in a yacht lying by Fort Solidor. We can put you in at St. Malo, though."

"I am staying at St. Servan, so either St. Malo or the pier by Fort Solidor will do for me, thank you—the last is nearer

"Could you not go on board and dine with us? We can put you on shore any time you like to-night." The stranger accepted. He liked these

people. Besides he wanted to study the rigging of the "Dorothea." He had sketched her a few days before, but had not been able to make out some of the intricate details. The hoat came, and was dashed backwards and forwards against the steps. The stranger took Aunt Esther down to it. While he was helping hera task by no means easy—Lucy said eagerly. " Lettice! Philip! Promise me, both of you. you won't mention my name in his hearing, or let him think the yacht is mine. Don't say a word about me."

"We promise," cried both; "but why do you ask such a thing? What do you "Hush! I'll tell you everything when

he is gone. Please, Philip, let him think the yacht is yours." Philip nodded. Wonderful and incomprehensible were the ways of women!

He had not been married for three years to Lettice without learning as much as Once in the boat, their way was easy; they had nothing to do but to watch the

last rays of sunlight sparkling on the tips of the rocky islets, or to admire the vigorous strokes of the crew. "You are a happy man!" said their new friend to Philip, "to be owner of that lovely vacht by Fort Solidor. She comes very well in a sketch of mine from Dinard, but

at that distance she only looks like a big

white butterfly resting on the water." Philip returned some vague answer.-Lucy saw his embarrassment, and broke in at random with this question: "Which of us could get up much love and affection for the island we have just left if it suddenly became their property?"
"I don't wan't it," said Philip; "it is dull

and barren." "And ghostly," said Lettice, who wanted none of it.

"It is fine in some ways," said the stranger; "but I don't want to possess it. In fact the only place I ever did covet was an estate in Cumberland, which used to belong to a relative of mine. It was a lovely place, with everything a landscape painter cares for; fine mountains, a lake, very pretty woods, and a charming old-fashioned house. If I had that place and five hundred a year, I should have nothing left to wish for, except to five long enough to do some work."

timed on seventh page.)

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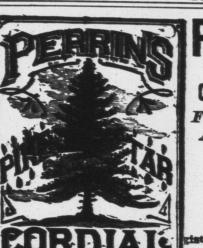
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