

MARRIAGE LICENSES. GEORGE DOUGLASS, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, MANILWA, ONT. R. S. PORTER, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, LINDSAY, ONT. J. BRITTON, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1888. COUNTESS NAKONA.

(Continued from last week.)

"Money!" That one word roused the sinking spirit of the courier's wife. She recovered her courage; she found her voice. "Look at me, my lady, if you please," she said, with a sudden outbreak of audacity.

Lady Montbarry looked round for the third time. The fatal words passed Mrs. Ferrar's lips. "Come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrar's widow."

Lady Montbarry's glittering black eyes rested with steady attention on the woman who had addressed her. "You are the faintest expression of confusion or alarm, not even a momentary flutter of interest stirred the deadly stillness of her face."

There was another silence. Lady Montbarry considered with herself. The smile that came slowly and went away suddenly—the smile at once so sad and so cruel—showed faint on her thin lips. She lifted her screen, and pointed with it to a seat at the further end of the room. "Be so good as to take that chair," she said.

Helpless under her first bewildering sense of failure—not knowing what to say or what to do next—Mrs. Ferrar mechanically obeyed. Lady Montbarry, rising on the sofa for the first time, watched her with undiminished scrutiny as she crossed the room—then snuck back into a reclining position once more. "No," she said to herself quietly, "the woman walks steadily; she is not intoxicated—the only other possibility is that she may be mad."

"No!" said Lady Montbarry. "Then you are only insolent! The ignorant English mind (I have observed) is apt to be deficient in the exercise of unreasoned English. This is very noticeable to us foreigners among you people in the streets. Of course I can't be insolent to you, in return, I hardly know what to say to you. My maid is imprudent in admitting you so easily to my room. I suppose your respectable appearance misled her. I wonder who you are? You mentioned the name of a courier who left us very strangely. Was he married, by any chance? Are you his wife? And do you know where he is?"

Mrs. Ferrar's indignation burst its way through all restraints. She advanced to the sofa; she feared nothing, in the fervor and rage of her reply. "I am his widow—and you know it, you wicked woman! Ah! it was an evil hour when Miss Lockwood recommended my husband to be his lordship's courier."

the cab. Mrs. Ferrar put her hand to her head, and tried to collect her thoughts. Could she leave her friend and benefactress helpless at Lady Montbarry's mercy? She was still quite ignorant as to the name of the courier who had been following her, and she was stopping at Miss Lockwood's door, happened to look toward the cab window, and saw her. "Are you going to call on Miss Agnes?" she asked.

"Yes," said Henry Westwick. Mrs. Ferrar clasped her hands in gratitude as she recognized him. "Go in, directly. Go in, directly. That dreadful woman is with Miss Agnes. Go and protect her!" "What woman?" Henry asked.

"The answer literally struck him speechless. With amazement and indignation in his face, he looked at Mrs. Ferrar as she pronounced the hated name of 'Lady Montbarry.' 'Will she do that?' he said. 'He knuckled at the house door; and he, too, in his turn, was let in.'"

CHAPTER XI. "Lady Montbarry, miss." Agnes was writing a letter, when the servant astonished her by announcing the visitor's name. Her first impulse was to refuse to see the woman who had lured on her. But Lady Montbarry had taken care to follow close on the servant's heels. Before Agnes could speak she had entered the room. "I beg to apologize for my intrusion, Miss Lockwood. I have a question to ask you, in which I am very much interested. No one can answer me but yourself."

"Do you mean to say that the candle doesn't burn the moth when the moth flies into it?" Lady Montbarry rejoined. "Have you ever heard of such a thing as the burning of a moth? I am drawn to you by a fascination of terror. I have no right to visit you. I have no wish to visit you; you are my enemy. For the first time in my life, against my own will, I submit to my enemy. See! I am writing because you told me to wait; and the fear of you (I swear it) creeps through my veins. I stand here, Oh, don't let me excite your curiosity or pity! Follow the example of Mr. Westwick. Be hard and brutal and unforgiving, like him. Grant me my release; tell me to go."

"The intrusion passed unheeded by Lady Montbarry. The simple words in which Agnes had replied seemed to have absorbed the whole attention of this strangely changeable woman. As she listened, her face settled slowly into an expression of hard and fearless sorrow. There was a marked change in her voice when she spoke next. It expressed that last, worst resignation which has done with hope.

"You good, innocent creature," she said; "what does your poor little forgiveness matter! What are your little wrongs in the reckoning for great wrongs which is demanded of me! I am not trying to frighten you; I am only miserable about myself. Do you know what it is to have a firm presentiment of calamity that is coming to you, and yet to hope that your own first moment conviction will not prove true? When I first met you, before my marriage, and first felt your influence over me, I had that hope. It was a starveling sort of hope that lived a lingering life in me until today. You struck it dead when you answered my question about Ferrar."

"How have I destroyed your hopes?" Agnes asked. "What connection is there between my permitting Ferrar to use my name to Lord Montbarry and the strange and dreadful things you are saying to me now?" "The time is near, Miss Lockwood, when you will discover that for yourself. In the mean while, you shall know how my fear of you is in the plainest words I can find. On the day when I took you from you and blighted your life—I am firmly persuaded of it—you were the instrument of the retribution that you are now suffering. Oh, such a terrible retribution! Oh, such a terrible retribution! One person has before now been chosen for the means of innocently ripening the growth of evil in another. You have done that already—and you have more to do yet. You have still to bring me to the day of discovery, and to the punishment that is my doom. I shall meet again—here in England or there in Venice, where my husband died, and meet for the last time."

Still silent, Lady Montbarry invited her by a wave of the hand to go on. Henry approached, and she said, "No trace of Ferrar has been discovered in England," she said. "Have you any news of him? And will you tell me (if you have heard anything, in mercy to his wife)?" Lady Montbarry's thin lips suddenly relaxed into their sad and cruel smile.

"Why do you ask me about the lost courier?" she said. "You will know what has become of him, Miss Lockwood, when the time is ripe for it." Agnes started. "I don't understand you," she said. "How shall I know? Will some one tell me?" "Some one will tell you."

"Have I not said already no longer. 'Perhaps your ladyship may be the person,' he interrupted, with ironical politeness. She answered him with contemptuous ease: 'You may be right, Mr. Westwick. One day or another I may be the person who tells Miss Lockwood what has become of Ferrar, if—'

She stopped, with her eyes fixed on Agnes. "If Miss Lockwood forces me to it." Agnes listened in astonishment. "Force me to do what?" she asked. "To tell me that? Do you mean to say my will is stronger than yours?" "Do you mean to say that the candle doesn't burn the moth when the moth flies into it?"

Lady Montbarry rejoined. "Have you ever heard of such a thing as the burning of a moth? I am drawn to you by a fascination of terror. I have no right to visit you. I have no wish to visit you; you are my enemy. For the first time in my life, against my own will, I submit to my enemy. See! I am writing because you told me to wait; and the fear of you (I swear it) creeps through my veins. I stand here, Oh, don't let me excite your curiosity or pity! Follow the example of Mr. Westwick. Be hard and brutal and unforgiving, like him. Grant me my release; tell me to go."

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JOS. HEAD, Fenelon Falls. THEXTON & Co., Lindsay. McLENNAN & Co., EDWARDS & Co., Lindsay, May 18, 1888.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands. COUNTY OF VICTORIA, For Arrears of Taxes, to be held at the COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY, on Wednesday, 15th February, 1888, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

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Treasurer's Sale of Lands. TOWNSHIP OF MACAULAY. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF MARLBOROUGH. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF MCLEAN. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF OAKLEY. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

VILLAGE OF OMBEKE. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF OPE. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF RIDOUT. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF RYDE. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF SOMERVILLE. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF STEPHENSON. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF VERULAM. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF DALTON. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF DIGBY. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF DRAPER. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adv., Total, Patented, Not Patented.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands FOR TAXES IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY. By Virtue of a warrant under the hands of the Mayor and the Seal of the Corporation of the Town of Lindsay, bearing date the 1st day of November, 1887, commanding me to levy upon the lands mentioned in the following list, for arrears of taxes due thereon and costs as therein set forth, I hereby give notice that unless the said arrears and costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said lands, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge such arrears of taxes and all legal charges incurred by public authority, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, on Wednesday, the 15th day of February, A. D. 1888, at 11 o'clock, p.m.