Pauline and Virginia.

BY FRANCIS DOVERIDGE. Continued from last week.

It was fatal to quarrel with Miss Georgino, and Virginia submitted, and lay abed and thought a gre t deal during those two days, and to Pauline and Oliver the life seemed gone out of all to ourselves to-day," they said; but the day dragged. The second day you. Pauline was particularly devoted to her lover, and took a long walk with him, leaving Virginia to Miss Geor-On the third day Virginia came downstairs.

Pauline and her lover were looking through a little portfolio of scenes in Italy, and were planning a tour there in some indefinite future, when she was gardener, and left him with the portfolio open on his knees. At this and steal your lover away from you?" moment Virginia came into the room. "Ah!" he exclaimed, unconsciously, Virginia, he could not help but love jumping to his feet and scattering the you. Why should a man love me photographs right and left, "you are when he can love you?" recovered." He colored and stood looking at her.

said, a little coldly, not giving him her not have stayed in bed but for Miss

up the photographs."

They were busy at this when Pauline came back. She explained to her friend what she and Oliver had been doing, and what they were planning, and Virginia looked at the photographs too, Oliver keeping his eyes on her, apparently unconsciously. She looked pale, for all that she made light of her indisposition, and presently she moved to the other side of Pauline, so that Oliver could not look at her. When invited by Pauline to accompany them for a walk, she excused herself, saying that it would be more prudent for her to remain in-doors, and during the afternoon Miss Georgina said she had left word with her that she was taking a nap, and did not wish to be disturbed. you say that."

Virginia had come to stay a month; it was the beginning of the second week since her arrival, and on the morning of that day Oliver, while waithad strayed down to the little garden by the brook; but he paused as he thrown by her side on the grass, sitting at the edge of the brook with her face buried in her hands, and her whole Presently she threw back her head and pressed her hands to her side, giving vent to a faint moan, as if some the night till it grew very late. torture were wringing her soul. Oliver stood still, and then turning, half ran, half stumbled back to the house. He threw himself down on the sofa in the parlor, for lack of strength to stand. The cold sweat stood upon his fcrehead; and he felt as if death were on him. So Pauline found him, and ran to him with a little cry, kneeling beside him and kissing his hands. She had been troubled in her mind for a day or two, and torn with doubts; now she forgot them all, and when in answer to her caress he opened his eyes, looking at her with unusual tenderness, and murmured, "My poor darling! it was the sun; I am better now," she felt a glow of delight and a deeper sense of security than she had ever known. They took a drive instead of their walk, and Virginia professing tell you at once that I mean to break a headache and keeping to her room, Pauline read aloud to Oliver all the afternoon, and in the evening she row?" played while he stood at her side, and Miss Georgina and Virginia sat on the piazza.

Pauline had never been so happy in all the time of her engagement as on this day. After Oliver had said goodnight and gone over to his sister's, she in her own room, in a loose white wrapper, with her long black hair tied with a ribbon close to her head, and go and make your peace with him." then allowed to hang down to her knees, leaned out of her window and listened to the soft sounds of the summer night with that peaceful happiness people feel after a danger has passed, a recovery from illness, a rescue from fire or drowning. She was so absorbed that a very audible knock on her door was repeated before she answered it. When she did so, Virginia entered. She too was in her wrapper; hers was of a pale pink, and her charming hair was wound into a tight little knot on you think he does not love?" the top of her head. Her face was pale, and she looked as tragic as if there was nothing enchanting in her

Pauline's peaceful happiness deserted of this?" her. She felt a kind of prophecy of all that came after. In a moment her whole feeling was one of yearning pity for Virginia. She put her arms up about her friend's neck and said : aunt." "How nice that you've come! Let us

sit down and have a good old time." way, and let her companion lead her to quite their match glowing and burning the window. "It looks very lovely in Pauline's young countenance; but out there, Pauline, and I am very there was a dignity in the girl's regard

sorry to leave it."

"To leave it, dear?"

"Yes, I am going home to morrow or next day. Don't oppose me, my darling; it is better so. It is very difficult not to be in the way of two lovers. I am glad to have seen you happy, and after you are married you will be glad some day to have me visit the house. "We shall have each other you again. You have both been as

Pauline had risen, and, with her hands dropped at her sides, was looking at her friend with pathetic, troubled lying down-that I cannot come downgina's care; but Oliver was moody. eyes. Then she said, slowly: "I did not wholly understand it; then I thought I was mistaken; but I know it now. It is I who should go. Oliver does not love me, but you, and-and He did not know that Virginia was you are better fitted for him."

called away to give some order to the She said, in a strange, stifled voice, I will write to you. Good-by. Affec- Holland on Wednesday, and they went; And you think that I would meanly come | tionately, Pauline.

"Only that, being what you are,

"But he cannot," said Virginia, standing up straight and tall against devoted Catholics might read their "Thank you, I am quite well," she the window-casing. "I do not want him. I would not have him. He is

Georgina. Let me help you to pick that covered her excitement. "You need not think that I believe that you have either of you said or even looked is on you. It is well that I know it now while there is time. Oliver Storrow is as free from this moment as before he knew me." She slipped her turquoise ring from her finger and laid it on her dressing table.

you how mistaken you are to-morrow." ing on an Italian steamer for Genoa. her eyes glowing with an expression that "I am not mistaken."

reason to think that he feels as you get in ten minutes-till among them sav, Pauline, and I-"

"Virginia, do not say that you do Washington - Miss Starling." not love him. I do not ask you to say heart stopped beating. He never knew hunger of his soul. They had stood thus that you do. It is for him to make whether he had fainted, only that he

rate, if you did not exist, for I have no and that he felt cold and stiff and ill. money, and he woold be that wretched When his thoughts began to gather thing a professional man struggling themselves he wrote to Mrs. Bailey: with poverty. Pauline, you are mad. "I con't come to see you, and I know ing for Pauline to get ready for a walk, What you think is a dream. Let me that you can't leave home, but if you go and leave you in peace."

reached it, for he saw Virginia, a book "And do you think I hold myself so bring him some coffee. Having drank cheap that I would let him marry me it, he lay there till the darkness came for my money? and do you think that on, and till the light of the next day he would? Her anger fled the moment broke, and his sister knocked at his attitude expressive of profound grief. it was expressed. The two girls kissed door. each other, mingled their tears, sat with entwined arms looking out upon face.

Miss Georgina saw the two girls part pened to you since you came back?" with embraces, and she was mystified, He got up and began to pace the ical, and they are no longer mine; and if but she drew a breath of great relief, room. "The whole thing is horrible!" "If you are not busy," she said to her Mr. Bailey, very much distressed, niece, "you might look at those skirts but quite controlled, watched him for I have made for you, before Oliver a moment, and then said: "Have you

ed interview with her aunt, and she coffee and a beefsteak?" And having own love, and it knows that one being felt that the sooner it was over, the elicited some sort of an answer to these that is its own; and when a man and better, for she dreaded Miss Georgina's questions, she refused to hear anything anger. She looked carelessly at the more until a little breakfast was set skirts while the elder lady explained before them in the sitting-room Then them at length.

next week, my dear."

"It doesn't matter, Aunt Georgina; I sha'nt need them soon. I had better off my engagement.

"Your engagement to Oliver Stor-

"Yes."

"Are you mad!"

"No; very sane." "Idiot!" cried the old lady, failing the table. into a passion. "Where do you expect to find another man like him?'

"I am not looking for one." 'Pauline, you do not know what

"We have not quarrelled." hysterically. "I always felt a sort of

"I do not wish to marry him. I do reverence her. I could kneel before

not think he loves me." "What matter? What is love to a man? A passion of a year; then he is as happy with any good woman as with tic and light. "I saw Pauline yesterday. any other. You do him no injustice to She is not breaking her heart for you. marry him. And what indeed makes | She looked exalted. I thought her charm-

"I cannot say." "Oh, I dare say not. All you say is

to marry you, a good girl like you, and find that I do not love her.' with my money. You wish to rob him

"I should like you to leave it to him." "I will leave none of it to you if you are an old maid."

The Robescn fiery dark eyes were flashing and gleaming in Miss Geor-Virginia smiled in a lofty, absorbed gina's elderly face. They confronted

that made her look like the victor. She had grown up in the last twenty four hours. The intensity in her eyes was not for love of Oliver Storrow, but for the ideal of life. She felt exhilar

Miss Georgina swept out of the room, marry her. banging the door. Pauline thought she would not see Oliver; she would thing," said Mrs. Bailey, solemnly, even of it. write to him. It would be easier for bitterly. She seemed to be thinking of him- Just at that moment a servant knocked. Pauline ran to the door.

"Mr. Storrow is down-stairs, miss." "Say that I have a headache and am | plain."

The servant returned soon with this note: "My darling, I am called to New York to-day. I must see you." gone. Pauline's hand trembied a little Virginia's pallor became deathly. as she wrote: "I cannot come down.

Pauline's letter, written that day, what is my 'plain course'?" followed Oliver to New York, and was delivered to him the next morning-a once." gentle, tender missive, carrying a benediction in every word. He read it as thought of Virginia his brain was in a have never thought you enough in love evening, picking up a newspaper and three. reading idly, without receiving any impression, he began to read the notices of the steamers : there was a list of the young girl stood before Giorgione's im-"Don't do that, Pauline; he will tell passengers who had sailed that morn- mortal picture called "The Pastoral," He read on mechanically-names that "He has never given me the least he never heard before, and should forhe found "Mr and Mrs. Starling, of was next conscious that the light in "He could not marry me, at any the room was that of early morning, could-" He rang the bell and asked sympathy. Oh! if all the world were Parline, with sudden anger, said, the janitor to mail this note, and then

She came in with an apprehensive

Virginia left early the next morning. him solicitously. "Has something hap-

comes. I had them put in your room." breakfasted? Have you a janitor in from conceit, but because, as the heart Pauline was glad of an uninterrupt- this building? Can he get us some knoweth its own bitterness, it knows its she was obliged to open the conversa-"The other half-dozen will be done tion again herself. She had taken off her bonnet and seemed playing the

> "Well, Olly, what happened?" "Pauline has broken our engage-

"What!"

her now."

"She thinks that I no longer love her, but-but Virginia.'

Mrs. Bailey leaned back in her chair, and dropped her eyes in her lap, with her hands helplessly extended on

Oliver went on: "She has written

me a letter like an angel." "And do you love Virginia? You have known her a week. I was there you do. Have you quarrelled? I will but once and didn't notice you. Do you love her?"

"I am like a madman about her. "Good Lord!" cried the old lady, She is absorbing. It is an occupation to be with her. Is it not terrible that prophecy that you would be an old I should be like this? And Pauline-Oh, if you could see that letter! I

> "You seem to be in love with two women,"said Mrs. Bailey, trying to be sarcasing. Perhaps you had better see her again before you declare yourself to your

"You wish to humiliate me," said Oliso wise. Listen to me. He is in luck ver, gloomily. "It is nothing to her to

"Even you !" cried Mrs. Bailey. "The egotism of men! You wish her to be broken-hearted."

"Nothing of the kind." "Very well. Now that you're angry you are probably in a more rational frame "I have never asked you for it, of mind. And Virginia, does she love

"I have no grounds for thinking so: on Y. M. C. A., Rooms opposite new post office. Open daily from 9.00 A. M. to the contrary-"Give me your reasons." "She has gone abroad."

"Already ?" "I read it in the paper." "That is good proof that she does care.

What did you say to her?

"Nothing-nothing. What do you take me for? I never meant to break with times in Newport, R. I., mentions the intro-Pauline. It was her own act. I came duction of seines for the catching of menaway thinking Virginia was there, but she | haden. had left first. I meant to go back when ated. She was strong enough to meet she had gone, and hasten our wedding. Then came Pauline's letter. I meant to

"You would have done a very wicked her own wrongs.

- " What shall I do ?"

"It seems to me that your course is

me off; Virginia runs away from me," "She could hardly fall into your arms like ripe fruit. The suddenness of her going is the surprising thing. Father and

"She told me," said Oliver, "that it was a habit of theirs; that once on a Monday her father said, "Let us go to decided their going ten hours before. It is their going now that is significant; and

"To go after her by-and-by; not at

"And after all what have I to offer

her? The lot of a poor man's wife." "You will have an incentive to become prayers every night, but when he famous. Excuse me for saying that I dened. Several days had passed, and languidly. "Well, I came summoned while yet a few days allotted to his like a doctor, and I have given my preholiday remained he thought that he scription. I can do no more. I mean to must go to Washington only to try to your sofa there, for I have travelled all anything to each other, but that fate see her once, and failing that, he would night, and my nerves are much shaken. at least stand upon her door-step. He Later I will lunch with you, and you shall had determined to do this, when one put me in my train, which goes out at

VIII.

In the Salon Carre in the Louvre a seemed half terror, half an exalted happiness. By her side stood a very carefully dressed young man with a pale and haggard countenance. He devcured the young girl with his eyes, in which there His was but one simple look-that of the in silence for some minutes; then it was she who spoke, flashing her eyes into his, and dropping them back to the picture.

"When one looks at this picture, anything seems possible-the smell of flowers, the coolness of water, the sweet vibration of stringed instruments, golden sun-filled air, the harboring green trees, and the grass that is soft and has no rasping unlike this, there would be no fear. If there could be no evil spoken of one-if one could think no evil of one's self !"

She paused. Her companion made no answer. He seemed hardly to have taken in the sense of her words. Presently she spoke again, with a less steady voice:

"You have cast yourself from a safe ship into a stormy sea. You are mad. "Are you ill, Olly?" She bent over Go back while it is not too late." He answered, bitterly, "I have burned

my ships, since you will be so metaphor-I must drown, then I must.'

Still she looked at the picture and he at her. Presently he said: "There is nothing so complicated as you think. Your words do not blind me, and it is not woman stand as we do to-day, they are as alone as Adam and Eve were in Paradise, and for them a new world is made, and to concern themselves with any other persons or things is sacrilege.'

She turned and looked at him full, as when they had first met; a superb color flooded her face.

"I am a woman," she said, "and the sorrow of the world weighs heavily on me, marring my own joy. Lead me into your manly new world of light."

THE END.

The Churches.

METHODIST, Cambridge street,-Rev. Dr. Williams, Pastor. Services at II A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, every Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST, Queen Street.-Rev. G. W. Dewey, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M .- All seats free.

Andrew's (Presbyterian). William Street. Rev. Robert Johnston, B. A. Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P. M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15

St. Paul's (Church of England) Russell Street-Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

St. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russel Street -Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Pastor, Rev. C. S. Bretherton, Curate. Services at 8.00 and 10.30 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.30 P. M.

10.00 P. M. Religious Meetings for young men Sunday afternoons at 4.15 Short addresses. Good singing. Young men always welcome. Robert Kennedy, President; F. B. Utley, Gen-

What "Network" Is. Mr. George G. Channing, writing of old

persons experienced in "network." One day, consent. while examining Johnson's octave Diction ary, I moticed this word "network," and stopped to read the old sedant's definition

I was a mere boy, and, naturally, was more perplexed with the definition than I ever had been with the word itself. Indeed, the terms of the definition frightened me so that I had not the courage to look them up, and I proceeded to learn the definition by "I see nothing plain. Pauline throws heart, meaning to use it whenever I felt like making a display of my learning. Here it is: "Network: anything reticulated, decussated, between the interstices of the intersections."-Youth's Companion.

Dissolution of Partnership.

MAKE NOTICE THAT THE PART. A NERSHIP hitherto existing between The seine twine was imported from Eu- Drs. C. L. COULTER and W. H. CLARKE rope, and the seines were manufactured by has this day been dissolved by mutual

All accounts of the late firm will be payable to Dr. W. H. CLARKE, who will

pay the debts of the said firm. Dated at Lindsay this 1st day of Janu. ary, 1890.

C. L. COULTER. W. H. CLARKE, Witness, M. H. McLAUGHLIN.

DR. CLARKE will be found during office hours at his new office, on the corner of Wellington and Cambridge Sts., opposite Ingle & Ryley's Planing Mill.

THIS CONCERNS YOU

and once they went to France, having More than you might think until you consider it carefully, and it is worth a careful consideration. Mark it.

The CREDIT BUSINESS IS DEAD and will be buried out of sight on the

SIST DECEMBER, 1889

After which date I will commence to sell my large Stock of said, a little coldly, not giving him her him. I would not have head the hind. "It was nothing. I should "No" said Pauline with a calmness land. Several plays had passed, and languidly. "Well, I came summoned languidly."

Moccasins and Felt Goods Of Every Variety AWAY DOWN IN PRICE.

The idea of profits will not be a consideration in the matter. The intention is to sell everything and turn it into cash. I never indulged in what is known as BLOWING, and this statement is a genuine rock bottom truth.

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