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And respectfully request a continuance of
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THE ADVOCATE.

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No. 143

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879.

J. S. LEEDHAM,
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PERTY, for a term of years, at a rea-
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DUN. CAMPBELL,

Agent London and Canadian Loan & Agency
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WOODVILLE
LIVERY

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on the shortest notice. Special attention
given to Commercial Travellers. Charges
always moderate. TERMS, CASH. Stables
in connection with the Eldon House.

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Cure for Hard Times.

If you want money to buy more land, to
pay off a mortgage or other debts, we would
advise you to see the reduced terms of the
Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Com-
pany, which has made more loans to farmers
for the last twenty-three years than any
other. You can get any time you want to
repay, up to 20 years. The full amount of
the loan is advanced, no deduction being
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or expenses.

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Women) practiced in Hospitals exclusively
devoted to Diseases of Women in London
and Edinburgh made A SPECIALTY.

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atus for the Antiseptic System of Treatment
now adopted by all the leading Surgeons of
Europe on hand.

N. B.—Dr. McKay's varied and extensive
experience in the Hospitals of England and
Scotland—the four Diplomas which he holds
from the best Colleges of the Mother Coun-
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The ONTARIO MUTUAL FIRE IN-
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Agent for the sale of the celebrated
WILSON A., and LOCKMAN SEWING
MACHINES.

LAND and General Agent.

Poetry.

SHOULD FORTUNE FROWN.

Should fortune frown,
Be not cast down—
The sailor on the ocean,
When skies grow dark,
Prepares his bark
To meet the storms commotion.
And so should we
On life's rude sea
Be ever up and ready
To meet each storm
That comes along
With courage firm and steady.

Strive all you can,
Work like a man
To compass what you would do—
Then if you fail,
At fate don't rail,
You've done all that you could do.
Hope on—hope ever—
Dejection never
Yet won rank or station,
And toil, though vain,
At least will gain
Kind friendship's approbation.

After a shower
The bright-hued flower
Will only look the brighter—
So should the heart
By sorrow's smart
Be rendered purer, lighter.
No man should fear
The ills met here,
With Providence above him—
A constant mind,
A soul resigned,
And one true heart to love him.

A GILDED SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE,"
"WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE
FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM
TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

(Continued)

The marriage took place, and every one
thought well of it; people said it was the
most suitable match they had ever known—
universal approval followed it. Sir Francis
declared he had nothing left to live for.
Lady Brandon was quite content. As time
passed on, it became more and more evident
that the marriage was a most suitable one.
Lady Marie Brandon flung herself heart and
soul into her husband's interests—he owned
himself that she was his right hand. When
his reasoning, his clear pitiless logic failed,
then her powers of fascination succeeded.
Lady Marie Brandon became a power in her
way; her season in town was always one
long brilliant success, her drawing-rooms
were always crowded, people attended her
balls and soirées as though they had received
royal biddings.

Jasper had his reward. When old Sir
Francis lay dying, he called his son to his
bedside and laid his trembling hands in
blessing on him.
'You have been a good son to me, Jasper,'
he said. 'You have never given me one
moment's sorrow or pain. So in dying I
bless you and thank you.'

They were pleasant words; they repaid
him for having sacrificed his inclinations and
married Lady Marie Valdoraine. Old Sir
Francis died with a smile on his face, and
Jasper succeeded him. Some months after-
wards a little daughter was born to him,
who by his mother's wish was called Kath-
erine, and, when Katherine was a child of
seven, Lady Brandon died. Then Sir Jasper
and his wife took up their abode at
Queen's Chace. The time came when his
name was a tower of strength in the land,
when men rejoiced to see him at the head of
the mightiest party when he became the
very hope of the nation from his clear calm
judgment, his earnest truth, his marvellous
talents. No one ever asked if he were hap-
py in the midst of it all. He was courted,
popular, famous, but his face was not the
face of a happy man, and once—his wife
never forgot it—he had fallen asleep after
perhaps the most brilliant reception ever
accorded to a public man, and, when Lady
Brandon went to rouse him, the pillow on
which his head had lain was wet with tears.

CHAPTER II.

Seventeen years had passed since the birth
of Katherine Brandon and no other child
had been given to Queen's Chace. The long-
wished-for heir had never appeared, and the
hopes of both parents were centred in the
beautiful young heiress. She was just
seventeen, and a more perfectly lovely ideal
of an English girl could not have been found.
To look at her was a pleasure. The tall
slender figure with its perfect lines and
curves, the face with its glow of youthful
health, the subtle grace of movement, the
free easy carriage, the quick graceful step,
were all as pleasant as they were rare. Like
her mother, she was a blonde beauty, but

she had more colour, greater vigour. Her
hair was of golden brown—pure gold in the
sunlight, brown in the shade.

Her eyes were of a lovely violet hue; they
looked like pansies steeped in dew. Her
face had a most exquisite colour, roses and
roses so perfectly blended that it was im-
possible to tell where one began and the
other ended. It was an English face—no
other land could have produced such a one.
The mouth was beautiful, the lips were
sweet and arch, revealing little white teeth
that shown like pearls; a lovely dimpled chin
a white round throat, and beautiful hands,
completed the list of charms. There was
an air of vitality and health about her that
was irresistible.

She was as English in character as in face.
She had none of the characteristics of the
silent, courtly race of Brandon's. She was
essentially Saxon, true in thought, word,
and deed, sincere, earnest, transparently
candid, generous, slightly prejudiced and
intolerant, proud with a quick, bright pride
that was but "a virtue run to seed"—a most
charming, lovable character, not perhaps of
the most exalted type. She would never
have made a poetess or a tragedy-queen;
there was no sad, tragical story in her love-
ly young face; but she was essentially,
womanly, quickly moved to sweetest pity
and compassion, keenly sensitive, nobly
generous. All her short sweet life she had
been called "Heiress of Queen's Chace."
She was woman enough to be more than
pleased with her lot in life—she was proud
of it. She would rather have been heiress
of Queen's Chace, she declared, than Queen
of England. She loved the place, she en-
joyed the honours and advantages connected
with it. She had inherited just sufficient of
her mother's character to make her appreciate
the advantages of her position. The
great difference between them was that Lady
Brandon loved the wealth, the pomp, the
honours of the world, while Katherine loved
its brightness and its pleasures.

Sir Jasper was very much attached to
his daughter; his own wife never reminded
him of his lost love, but his daughter did.
Something in her bright, glad youth, in her
sunny laughter, in her bright eyes, remind-
ed him of the beautiful Venetian girl whom
he had loved so madly. In these later years
all the love of his life had centred in his
daughter, all the little happiness that he
enjoyed came from her—with her he forgot
his life-long pain, and was at peace.

She was heiress of Queen's Chace. He
had taken the greatest pride and care in her
education. She was accomplished in the
full sense of the word. She spoke French,
Italian and German. She sang with a clear
sweet voice. She danced gracefully, and
was no mean artist. Her father had taken
care that no pains should be spared in her
education, no expense, no labor. The re-
sult was that she developed into a brillian-
tly-accomplished girl. He was delighted
with her.

Katherine Brandon had made her debut;
royal eyes had glanced kindly at the fair,
bright young face. She had more lovers
than she could count; a beauty a great hei-
ress, clever, accomplished, with a laugh like
clear music and spirits that never failed, no
wonder that some of the most eligible men
in England were at her feet. She only
laughed at them at present. It was the
time for smiles; tears would come afterwards.
If there was one she liked a little better
than the rest, it was Lord Wynleigh, the
second son of the Earl of Woodwyn, the
poorest Earl in England.

Lord Wynleigh was handsome and clever.
He had had a hard fight with the world, for
he found it difficult to keep up appearances
on a small income; but he forgot his poverty
and everything else when he fell in love with
charming, tantalising, imperious Katherine
Brandon. Would she ever care for him?
At present the difference in her behaviour
towards him and her other lovers was that
she laughed more at him, affected greater
indifference to him, but never looked at him
and she flushed crimson at the mention of
his name.

That same year Sir Jasper was much over-
tasked with work; he was so ill as to be com-
pelled to consult a physician, who told him
that he could not always live at high pres-
sure, and that if he wished to save himself
he must give up work, and rest for a time.
In order to do this, the illustrious states-
man decided on going to Queen's Chace, the
home that he loved so well. Some one sug-
gested that he should go abroad. He shrank
with horror from the idea.

So the whole family went to Queen's Chace.
Sir Jasper invited a party of friends for
Christmas. Until Christmas he promised
himself perfect rest. It was at the begin-
ning of October that he received the letter

which so altered the course of his life and
that of others. It was from Assunta di
Cyntha—written on her death-bed. Perhaps
her approaching dissolution had shown her
that she had misjudged some things and
mistaken others. She wrote to the man
whom she had hated with such deadly hate
and the words she used were more gracious
than any she had ever used before. She
told him that she should soon rejoin her
sister—he young wife he had so dearly lov-
ed—and that she could not die until her
child was safe and well provided for.

'If I had money of my own,' she wrote,
'I should not trouble you; but I have none—
my income dies with me, and the old
palace that has been my home passes into
other hands. I have nothing to leave my
beautiful Veronica, and you must take her.
She is beautiful and gifted, but she is unlike
other girls because she has led a lonely life.
She believes that her father is dead. She
knows nothing of her parentage or of her
birth. I have taught her—Heaven pardon
me if I have done wrong!—to hate the
English. My lesson may bear evil fruit or
good—I know not. I understand the child
as no one else ever can, and I say to you
most decidedly, if ever you wish to win her
love, her heart, do not shock her at first by
telling her that you are her father; remem-
ber she has been taught to hate the English,
and to believe that her father is dead. Let
her learn to know you and to love you first,
then tell her when you will. I impress this
on you, for I know her well. I will forward
by her all papers that are necessary to prove
her birth. Send for Veronica at once. I
know that I have not many hours to live.'

He was sitting in the drawing-room at
Queen's Chace when that letter was brought
to him. His daughter Katherine was at the
piano, singing some of the old English bal-
lads that he loved. Lady Brandon lay on
the couch, engrossed in a novel. A clear,
bright fire was burning in the grate; the
warm air was perfumed with the odour of
flowers.

He raised his haggard face as he read.
Great Heaven, what was he to do? He had
almost forgotten the very existence of the
child. She had faded from his memory.
His passionate love for her beautiful mother
was as keen as ever—as full of life as it had
been on the first day he met her; but the
child he had disliked; the child had cost her
mother her life. Why had Assunta given
her that sweet, sad name of "Veronica"?
What was he to do with her when she came?
He looked at his handsome wife, with her
high-bred face and dignified manner, he
looked at his lovely young daughter, and
then bowed his head in despair.

A thought had pierced his soul. During
all these years he had forgotten the child;
she had passed, as it were, out of his life;
Assunta had taken her, and would keep her.
She had refused his help, she would have
nothing from him. She would take no
money, nor anything else from him. She
had told him that he must wash his hands
of the child, and he had done so. If ever
he thought about her, he concluded that she
would be brought up in entire ignorance of
England and of him, that she would marry
some Venetian; but of late he had thought
but little of her, and during the past three
or four years she had faded from his mind.

So the letter was a terrible blow to him.
He asked himself what he should do, for it
had suddenly occurred to him that Veronica
was the eldest daughter, and that she—not
the golden-haired girl singing with the clear
voice of a bird—was the heiress of Queen's
Chace, and the thought pierced his soul like
a sharp sword. What should he do?

His first impulse was to tell his story;
then second thought came—he could not.
Of all people living his wife was perhaps the
most unsympathetic; he could not take the
treasured love-story from his heart and hold
it up to public gaze; he could not have ut-
tered the name of Giulia, nor have told how
she died, when the sun was setting, with
her head on his breast. It would have been
easier for him to tear the living, beating
heart from his breast than to do this. He
could imagine his wife's cold, proud,
handsome eyes dilating in unmitigated won-
der; he could hear the cold grave voice say-
ing, 'What a romance! Why have you
hidden it all these years?' He could antici-
pate the sneers, the comments about the
great statesmen's love-story. Ah, if it had
been possible for him to die with her!
'So he sat there musing, with Assunta's
letter in his hand. He found afterwards
that he had missed one paragraph, in which
she told him that she had prepared Veronica
to live for the future with her English
guardian.

Sir Jasper Brandon suffered keenly. He
was an English gentleman, with English
notions of right and wrong. He had hated
all injustice, all concealment, all deceit, all
fraud, all wrong-doing, all dishonesty; yet
he did not, on receipt of Assunta's letter
tell his wife and daughter the truth. He
said to himself that he would come to no
decision, that he would wait and see what
Veronica was like.

'You look perplexed and thoughtful,
papa,' said Katherine Brandon. 'Let me
help you. Woman's wits, they say, are
quicker and keener than men's.'

'It is a libel,' he replied, trying to speak
lightly. 'I may well look perplexed, Kath-
erine—I am dismayed.'

Lady Brandon closed her book and looked
at him.

(To be Continued.)