## CHAPTER XLIV.

Two years passed away, and the travellers thought of returning. Lillian had recovered health and strength, and, Lord Earle said, longed for home.

One bright June day they were expected back. Lionel Dacre had driven to the sta-Lady Earle had laid aside her mourning dress and sat anxiously awaiting her son. She wished the home-coming were over, and that they had all settled down to the new life.

Her wish was soon gratified. Once again she gazed upon the face of her only and beloved son. He was little changedsomewhat sunburnt, it is true; but there was less of the old pride and sternness, a kindly light shining in his eyes and a kindly smile played round his lips. There was, too, a shade of sadness that plainly would never leave him: Lord Earle would never forget his lost child.

Lady Helena looked anxiously at Dora, but there was no cause for fear. The rosy, dimpled beauty of youth had passed away, but a staid dignity had taken its place. She looked a graceful, amiable woman, with eyes of wondrous beauty thickly veiled by long lashes, and a wealth of rippling black hair. Lady Helena thought her far more beautiful now than when the coy smiles and dimples had been the chief charm. She admired, too, the perfect and easy grace with which Dora fell at once into her proper place as mistress of that vast establishment. The pretty, musical voice was trained and softened, the delicate, refined accent retained no trace of provincialism. Everything about Dora pleased the eye and gratified the taste; the girlish figure had grown matronly and of sacness one may often see in the face of a mother who has lost a child. Lady Helena, fastidious and critical, could find no fault with her son's wife.

She welcomed her warmly, giving up to her, in her own graceful way, all rule and authority. Helping her, if any way she required it but never interfering, she made Dora respected by the love and esteem she expect her. always evinced for her.

Helena gazed most earnestly. The pallor of ful gracious woman who was coming to sickness had given away to a rosy and visit them. It may have been that which exquisite bloom. The fair sweet face in its calm loveliness seemed to her perfect, the violet eyes were full of light. Looking at her, Lady Helena believed there were years of life in store for Ronald's only daughter's voice had once made sweetest child.

There was much to talk about. Lord Earle told his mother that Hubert Airlie had gone home to Lynnton, unable to endure the sight of Earlescourt. He had never regained his spirits. In the long years to come it was possible, added Ronald, that Lord Airlie might marry, for the sake of his name; but, if ever the heart of a living man lay buried in a woman's grave, his was with the loved, lost Beatrice.

Lionel Dacre knew he had done wisely and well to have the bed of the lake filled of the family shrank from going out into the grounds.

He asked Lord Earle to accompany him, and then the master of Earlescourt saw that the deep, cruel waters no longer shimmered amidst the trees.

Lionel let him bring his wife and daughter to see what had been done; and they turned to the author of it with grateful Valentine, turning to him said: eyes, thanking him for the kind thought which had spared their feelings. Green trees flourished now on the spot where the water had glistened in the sun, birds sang in their branches, green grass and ferns grew round their roots.

Yet amongst the superstitious strange stories were told. They said that the wind, when it rustled amongst those trees, wailed with a cry like that of some one drowning; that the leaves trembled and yard alone. shivered as they did upon no other branwould not grow in the thick grass, and that grave. the altered deer shunned the spot.

As much as possible the interior arrangements at Earlescourt had been altered. Lillian had rooms prepared for her in the other wing; those that had belonged to her hapless sister were left undisturbed. Lady Dora kept the keys; it was known when she had been visiting them—the dark eyes bore traces of weeping.

Beatrice had not been forgotten, and never would be. Her name was on Lillian's lips a hundred times each day. They had been twin sisters, and it always seemed to her that part of herself lay in the churchyard at the foot of the hill.

Gaspar Lawrence had gone abroad—he home. Lady Lawrence hoped that time with loving words. would heal a wound nothing else could touch. When, after some years, he did return, it was seen that his sorrow would last for life. He never married—he never cared for the name of any woman save that of Beatrice Earle.

stood one evening watching from the deep his turn he was jealous of her. His wife ried, they were lovers yet. There was as other game, are reported as plentiful oriel window the sun's last rays upon the had no higher ideal, no truer friend than gentle forbearance on one side, an earnest throughout the Province of Manitoba this flowers. Lionel joined her, and she knew the Princess Borgezi. from his face that he had come to ask the question she had declined to answer

before. "I have done penance, Lillian," he said, "if ever man has. For two years I have day of Lillian's life must not be clouded. devoted time, care, and thought to those you love, for your sake; for two years I have tried night and day to learn, for your sake to become a better man. Do not visit my fault too heavily upon me. I am hasty and passionate-I doubted you who were true and pure; but, Lillian in the loneliness and sorrow of these two years I have suffered bitterly for my sin. I know you are above all coquetry. Tell me, Lillian, will

you be my wife?" She gave him the answer he longed to hear, and Lionel Dacre went straight to Lord Earle. He was delighted—it was the or the Princess Borgezi's statuesque Grevery marriage upon which he had set his heart years before. Lady Dora was delighted too; she smiled more brightly over it than she had smiled since the returned from church, the first to greet them early days of her married life. Lady were Stephen Thorne, now a white-headed child with large dark eyes and dark hair. Helena rejoiced when they told her, old man, and his wife. The first to show Lord Earle jumped up and caught her in although it was not unexpected news to her, them all honor and respect were Lord Earle

Lillian's illness. should be delayed: the June roses were ford the old people talked of "the lady blooming then, and it was arranged that it with the beautiful face, who had been so should take place in the month of August kind and gracious to them."

There were to be no grand festivites-no and Lord Earle succeeded in obtaining a had willingly consented. promise from Lionel which completely set parting with her.

in the course of years. Make it so now. shorten their time of parting. We shall be one family, and I think a happy

one." delight. A few days before the wedding of your husband." was ended, he drew his wife's hand within | patient with her."

his own. "Dora," he said, "there will never be two behests. any secrets between us for the future. I want you to read this letter-it is from Valentine Charteris that was, Princess Borgezi that is. She is in England, at Greenoke, and asks permission to come to Lillian's wedding; the answer must rest with

She took the letter from him and read through; the noble heart of the woman spoke in every line, yet in some vague way Dora dreaded to look again upon the calm grand beauty of Valentine's face.

"Have no fear, Dora, in saying just what you think," said her husband; would not have our present happiness clouded for the world. One word will suffice—if you do not quite like the thought, I will write to her and ask her to defer the

visit." But Dora would not be outdone in magnanimity. With resolute force, she cast from her every unworthy thought.

"Let her come, Ronald," she said, raising her clear dark eyes to his. "I shall dignified, the sweet face had in it a tinge be pleased to see her, I owe her some amends."

He was unfeignedly pleased, and so was every one else. Lady Helena alone felt some little doubts as to Dora's capability of controling herself.

The Princess Borgezi was to come alone; she had not said at what hour they might

Lady Dora hardly understood why her thoughts went back so constantly to her But it was on Lillian's face that Lady lost child. Beatrice had loved the beautiprompted her, on the day before Lillian's marriage, when the house was alive with the bustle and turmoil of preparation, to go to the silent, solitary rooms where her

She was there alone for some time; it was Lord Earle who found her, and tried to still her bitter weeping.

"It is useless, Ronald," she cried; caunot help asking why my bright beautiful darling should be lying there. It is only two years since a wedding-wreath was made for her."

Nothing would comfort her but a visit to her daughter's grave. It was a long walk, but she preferred taking it alone. She said she should feel better after it. They up. In the morning he saw each member | yielded to her wish. Before she had quitted the house many minutes, the Princess Borgezi arrived.

There was no restraint in Ronald's greeting. He was heartily glad to see herglad to look once more on the lovely Grecian face that had seemed to him, years ago, the only model for Queen Guinivere. They talked for a few minutes; then

"Now let me see Lady Dora. My visit

is really to her." They told her whither she had gone; and Lady Helena whispered something to her which brought tears to Valentine's eyes. "Yes," she said: "I will follow her. will ask her to kiss me over her daughter's

grave." Some one went with her to point out the way, but Valentine entered the church-

ches; that the stiring of them resembled deep-drawn sighs. They said flowers the dark dress of Dora, who knelt by the world not grow in the thick green sold and gladdened her brief life.

She went up to her. Her footsteps falling noiselessly on the soft grass were unheard by the weeping mother.

Valentine knelt by her side. Dora, looking up, saw the calm face beaming down upon her, ineffable tenderness in the clear eyes. She felt the clasp of Valentine's arms, and heard a sweet whisper: "Dora, I have followed you here to ask

you to try to love me and to pardon me for my share in your unhappy past. For the love of your dead child who loved me, bury here all difference and all dislike." She could not refuse; for the first time

Lord Earle's wife laid her head upon that noble woman's shoulder, and wept away could not endure the sight or name of her sorrow while Valentine soothed her

Over the grave of a child the two women were reconciled—all dislike, jealousy, and envy died away forever. Peace and love took their place.

In the after time there was something remarkable in Dora's reverential love for A week after their return, Lillian Earle | Valentine. Lord Earle often said that in

> The wedding day dawned; at last and for a time all trace of sadness was hidden away. Lord Earle would have it so. He said that that which should be the happiest Such sad thoughts of the lost Beatrice as came into the minds of those who loved

> her remained unspoken. The summer sun never shone upon a more lovely bride, nor upon a fairer scene than that wedding. The pretty country church was decorated with flowers and crowded with spectators.

Side by side at the altar stood Lady Dora Earle and Valentine. People said afterward they could not decide whom they admired most-Lady Helena's stately magnificence, Dora's sweet, simple elegance,

cian beauty. Lord Earle had prepared a surprise for Dora. When the little wedding party for she had been Lionel's confidante during and his mother. Valentine was charmed

with their homely simplicity. There was no reason why the marriage For months after they returned to Knuts-

one had heart for them; the wedding was but he had urged Lionel to spend his from Lillian's forehead and tossing her to be quiet, attended only by a few friends; honeymoon at Lynnton Hall, and Lillian little girl's curls into Lord Earle's face,

his heart at rest. It was that he would breakfast was over, a hundred wishes for Earle. never seek another home -that he and Lil- their happines following them, loving words lian would consent to live at Earlescourt. ringing after them. Relatives, friends, and Her father could not endure the thought of servants had crowded round them; and Lillian's courage gave way at last. She "It will be your home, Lionel," he said, turned to Lionel, as though praying him to

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" whisp ered Dora to her child. "And mind, So it was arranged, much to everybody's never—come what may—never be jealous

teck place, a letter came which seemed to "Good-bye, Lionel," said Lord Earle, puzzle Lord Earle very much. He folded clasping the true, honest hand in his; "and it without speaking, but, when breakfast if ever my little darling here tries you, be

The story of a life-time was told in these

### CHAPTER XLV.

Ten years had passed since the weddingbells chimed for the marriage of Lillian Earle. New life had come to Earlescourt. Children's happy voices made music there; the pattering of little feet sounded in the large, stately rooms; pretty rosy faces made

light and sunshine. The years had passed as swiftly and peacefully as a happy dream. One event had happened which had saddened Lord and wet. Earle for a few days—the death of the pretty, coquettish Countess Rosalie. She had not forgotten him; there came to him from her sorrowing husband a ring which she had asked might be given to him.

Gaspar Lawrence was still abroad, and

there was apparently no likelihood of his return. The Princess Borgezi, with her husband and children, had paid several visits to the Hall. Valentine had one pretty little daughter, upon whom Lionel's son was supposed to look with great affection. She had other daughters - the indicate that the wearer is a matron. eldest, a tall, graceful girl, inherited her father's Italian face and dark, dreamy eyes. Strange to say, she was not unlike Beatrice. It may have been that circumstance which first directed Lord Airlie's attention to her. He met her at Earlescourt, and paid her more attention than he had paid to any one since he had loved so unhappily

years before. No one was much surprised when he married her. And Helena Borgezi made a good wife She knew his story, and how much of his heart lay in the grave of his Wendigo. The change took place on last lost love. He was kind, gentle, and affectionate to her, and Helena valued his thoughtful, faithful attachment more than she would have valued the deepest and most passionate love of another man.

One room at Lynnton was never unlocked; strange feet never entered it; curious eyes never looked round it. It was there will be a change in respect to length the pretty boudoir built, but never furnished, this season. for Hubert Airlie's first love.

Time softened his sorrow; his fair, gentle wife was devoted to him, blooming children smiled around him; but he never forgot Beatrice. In his dreams, at times, Helena heard her name on his lips: but she was not jealous of the dead. No year passed in which he did not visit the grave where Beatrice Earle slept her last long

sleep. Dora seemed to grow young again with looked after Bertrand, the future Lord of Earlescourt, a brave, noble boy, his father's four and a half inches. pride and Lillian's torment and delight, who often said he was richer than any other boy in the county, for he had three mothers, while others had but one.

The sun was setting over the fair broad lands of Earlescourt; the western sky was all aflame; the flowers were thirsting for dew which had just begun to fall.

Out in the rose-garden, where long ago a love story had been told, were standing a group that an artist would have been delighted to sketch.

Lionel had some choice roses in bloom, and after dinner the whole party had gone

had in them a shadow as of some sorrow crackers set off in an empty barrel. not yet lived down. Lady Dora Earle was happy, the black clouds had passed away. She was her husband's best friend his truest counsellor; and Ronald had forgotten that she was ever spoken of as "lowly-born." The dignity of her character, acquired by long years of stern discipline, asserted itself; no one in the whole country side was more loved or respected than Lady Dora Earle.

Ronald, Lord Earle, was lying on the grass at his wife's feet. He looked older, and the luxuriant hair was threaded with silver; but there were peace and calm in his face.

He laughed at Lillian and her husband, conversing so anxiously over the roses. "They are lovers yet," he said to Dora and she glanced smilingly at them.

The words were true. Ten years marwish to do right on the other. Lillian year. Sportsmen from all parts of the Dacre never troubled her head about United States and Canada are, making the TRY IT. If your merchant has not got it, he 'women's rights;" she had no idea of Northwest a resort for the shooting can get it for you trying to fill her husband's place; if her season. opinion on voting was asked, the chances were that she would smile and say, "Lionel manages all those matters." Yet in her own kingdom she reigned supreme her actions were full of wisdom, her words full of kindly thought. The quiet serene considerably longer than Byron's swim beauty of her youth had developed into from Sestos to Abydos. that of magnificent womanhood. The fair spirituel face was peerless in her husband's eyes. There was no night or day during which Lionel Dacre did ot thank Heaven for that crown of all feat gifts, a good and gentle wife.

There was a stir longst the children, a tall dark gentlem was seen crossing the lawn, and Liop cried, "Here is Gaspar Lawrence, will his arms full of toysthose children will be completely spoiled!"

The little ones rushed forward, and Bertrand, in his hurry, fell over a pretty his arms.

kind to little Beatrice!" The child clasped or so with his fourteen bogus wives. If her arms round his neck. He kissed the they didn't make his hair turn gray and few energetic young men in this and adjoining dark eyes and murmured to himself, drop off it would be because he died during counties. To those who can show fair success "Poor little Beatrice!"

Lord Airlie did not attend the wedding, the roses, lifting the golden rippling hair was singing a sweet low requiem among So they drove away when the wedding- the trees that shaded the grave of Beatrice

# TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

- -Hot wether-roast mutton.
- -- The fall will be a velvet season.
- -Ladies' collars are to turn down. -A few wild ducks are flying over the
- -Everywhere the farmers are praying
- with pearls.
- given out.
- -Frogs of braid or of passementerie will trim basques to suits.
- -A man feels bowlder when he has the rocks in his pockets.
- printed that it looks like hand-painting. than laces and jewels this summer.
- -Vennor announces that not only this month, but also part of next, will be cold

-The wild plum crop around Nelsonville, Man., is immense. Cranberries are shingles. also abundant.

best girl he is generally supposed to be a car load of Michigan 'stars" out here holding his own." -Black and white is a favorite combi-

nation for fall, and it will probably extend into the winter costumes. -A slashed or open sleeve worn with mourning dress is this season supposed to

-By means of a recent invention the dead weight of cars can be reduced 50 per cent., and thus save wear of rails and ties.

of deaths which resulted from the administration of morphine for quinine. -It sometimes seems as if the biggest

hang on to our hatchet yet. -The name of Melbourne village and Longwood station has been changed to

Thursday. -The Princess of Wales having recently worn grapes or cherries in her bonnet on public occasions has revived a pretty

fashion. -Short dresses continue in vogue on al occasions, and there is no indication that

-" It's pretty warm in here, and next Sunday night I will preach on hell fire,' said Dr. Wild as he closed his discourse in Toronto last night.

—In dressing lettuce for a salad the wife of a French peasant knows that the proper proportions of oil and vinegar are three of the former and one of the latter, and she adds only salt and pepper.

-Little first socks in England are of the Lillian's children. She nursed and tended following average dimensions: Length of them. Lady Helena, with zealous eyes, leg, three and a quarter inches; circumference of top, five inches; length of foot,

> -It is rumored that the Scotch Company have sold some 1,800 acres of their land in the vicinity of Bothwell. The price stated is \$9 per acre. Parties in London are said to be the purchasers.

> -A Chinaman in Newark was arrested for throwing hot water on a half grown tormentor, but a police justice discharged him. Boys would do well to keep away from Chinese laundries; good news flies fast among the Celestials.

-Housemaids who kneel on cold stones McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO in the act of cleaning doorsteps frequently out to see them. Lady Helena Earle was catch a severe cold and the malady Lardine and take no other.

which had gladdened her brief life. A -Four old ladies on a piazza having the GOLD MEDAL at the Provincial Exhibinumber of fair children played around her. | secrets to unburden about the quantity and Looking on them with pleased eyes was style of the family silver that came down a gentle, graceful lady. Her calm, sweet face to them, and which they never describe ery, will save money and machinery by using had a story in it, the wondrous dark eyes | twice alike, are equal to four packs of fire-

-In France women are usually employed to manage the accounts in shops. "It is," says London Truth, "antiquated nonsense to suppose that a girl in an office where men are employed is a defenceless lamb amid a troupe of wolves."

attention should be given by rural trustees to the building of teachers' residences. Wherever they existed he also found a spirit of progress and liberality pervading the people and trustees. -The Canada Gazette of Saturday con-

tains the appointment of the Ontario judges of the Chancery Court, the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas as judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario and of the High Court of Justice.

-Prairie chicken and wild duck, as well

-The celebrated swims of Lord Byron and Leander have just been eclipsed by Lord Clandeboye, eldest son of Lord Dufferin, who swam across the Bosphorus in a little over an hour. The swim is

> TO AN OYSTER STEW. Let kings enjoy their viands grand, Prepared by skilled and costly hand; The fattest of the flock be theirs, And served up on the richest wares, By waiting lords in royal state, And eaten from their golden plate; Of all famed dishes, old or new, Give me a Canada oyster stew.

Let Turks enjoy their stupid "kief," And Englishmen their vaunted beef; And "haggis," Scotchmen say, 's divine, While Teutons praise their kraut as fine, The French their "piece resistance" grand; So through the dainties of each land. But of the dishes nations through, Give me a Canada oyster stew.

-Marvin, the matrimonial adventurer "Bertie, my boy," he said "always be and forger, ought to be forced to live a year the operation, particularly if a few mothersin law were added to the interesting beautiful and adaptability, expenses, liberal commission and moderate salary will be paid. Address with The summer wind that played amongst in-law were added to the interesting harem. references, Drawer 2591 Toronto.

### Tricks in All Trades.

That "there's tricks in all trades' save in that which exist for the exposure of trickery, the press-is admitted " on the sly " by nearly everybody. The following amusing account of the experience of a lumber dealer, presumably of Detroit, with one of his Albany, N. Y., customers, will illustrate some of the experiences of the lumber trade: One of the lumber dealers in Michigan has for the past three years been supplying a dealer at Albany. For the first year everything went well, but at length the Albany man began to complain. He found a shortage or culls in every carload sent him, and demanded discounts therefor, and this spring it was impossible to please him. No matter how carefully -White satin shoes are embroidered lumber and shingles were culled and billed here, he was sure to write back that they -The supply of ice in Winnipeg has were not up to the standard. Two weeks ago a car-load of "Star" shingles was sent him. The "Star" shingles beat anything made in the country, and they know it at Albany as well as in Michigan, but as soon as the car arrived the shingles were hardly "clear butts," and he could not unload the -Sateen made of cotton is so well car until assured of a discount of 25 cents a thousand. The Michigander had suffered -Velvets are worn without other relief long, but the end was nigh. He had inspected every bunch of shingles on that car, and he made up his mind to go to Albany and inspect them over again. The dealer there had never seen him, and the Wolverine walked into his office as a would-be purchaser of some extra fine

"I've got exactly what you want," -When a young man is alone with his promptly replied the Albanian. " I've got which lay over any shingles you ever saw !"

" Are they all perfect?" " Every one of them."

" No culls in the centre of the bunches?" "I'll eat every cull you find. I got them from a Michigander who is as straight as the ten commandments and he has never yet sent me a stick of second-class stuff.

Come and see 'em." The Wolverine quietly pulled out his business card and laid it on the desk. The -This year there has been many reports | dealer took it up, read the name and sat down on a stool, with a queer feeling in his knees. There was an awful silence as they glared at each other, and it was a full liar got along the best. However, we shall minute before the victim slowly extended his hand and hoarsely whispered:

"Did you ever see a man make such an infernal ass of himself. Shake!"

In England a Minister who seeks the passage of a measure oftentimes acts as does a party in a suit for damages who, with a view to getting \$25,000, asks for \$100,000. There is good reason to believe that this was Mr. Gladstone's policy with the Land Bill, and that he may thus, after all, have got as much as he anticipated, perhaps even more.

The American Jockey Club will give two preliminary racing days before their regular fall meeting, Sept. 24th and 28th. The fixed meeting is to begin Oct. 1st. There will be four racing days, ending Oct. 11th. On election day a special extra programme will be offered as usual.

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