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LADY NORA

(Continued from Page 3.)

He would have thought it so—so forward and un-lady-like of me, when he bade me good-bye last night, and never said a word about hoping to see me in the morning. He thought it would be a liberty to ask me such a thing, I suppose; but—but, oh, I should like to have seen him just for one minute!" She gazes and gazes through tear-filled eyes, and with a heaving breast aching intolerably with a new keen pain of longing and desolation, until the outline of the rapidly receding steamer is all but invisible on the misty horizon; and then the girl's head droops upon her hands, and Yolande bursts into bitter weeping. She is quite alone, for just as she turned towards the cliff-road mademoiselle left her and hurried back into the town, declaring she must get that book from the library which has been promised to them for days. "If you will go on slowly, cherie," she said, "I will overtake you in ten minutes."

It is considerably nearer three times ten minutes when mademoiselle re-appears, somewhat flushed and breathless, as is but natural, seeing that she has just hurried back from the Custom House quay, where she has not only seen the travelers off, but "had the good fortune," as she says prettily, "to be of some slight service at the last minute to Viscount Glynn."

She has intervened with her voluble French between the Viscount's rather stupid valet and a thick-headed French porter in a difficulty about surplus baggage. She receives in return a very gracious handshake from the Viscount, and a bow with his hat raised as the boat swings out from her moorings; but it is a very slight, stiff salutation she receives from Dallas Glynn; and this goes down at once in mademoiselle's mental score against the haughty young soldier. With sweet humility, mademoiselle returns alike the friendly and the frigid bow with her brightest smile and a deep and respectful inclination of the head and shoulders.

"A nice intelligent, amiable girl, that governess of those rammers," the Viscount observes to his cousin. "Don't like her," Dallas responds curtly. "She is much too sweet to be wholesome, and she is a designing woman, or I'm a fool."

The Viscount laughs his slow, sniggering laugh. "Been trying to victimize you?" he asks, with his sneering smile. "Dear me! I think I rescued you only just in time—eh, Dallas? A few days more like yesterday—he, he, he!—would have landed you across the Rubicon! The adulation and the adoration and all the rest of it—eh, Dallas? Your hard heart would have softened at last! He, he, he! Joyce Murray ought to thank me; but I suppose she won't. A saucy charming little witch she is! Eh, Dallas? The prettiest girl I know, I always say."

"Isn't she?" Dallas agrees briefly, rather wondering at Glynn's warm praise of a girl who frankly detests the amiable and philanthropic Viscount and scarcely troubles to conceal that she does.

"Ay, fair enough and sweet enough and bewitching enough for any man on earth!" Dallas mutters to himself with a smothered sigh and a clouded brow. "But not for me, never for me! My pretty fair-haired little Joyce! For I will never marry you to drag you down into poverty and obscurity, even if you are willing to be dragged down by me—and I don't believe you are!" he says, with a bitter laugh as he stands by the vessel's side, looking at the paddles churning the water. "You are a shrewd little woman of the world, young and charming as you are—shrewd and practical and worldly-wise—and you've learned your lady-mother's lessons very well. Joyce, but if I had money, or you had money—that girl Yolande Dormer's fortune," he thinks, "we should be as happy and well matched a pair, I believe, as ever ran in double harness. Well, well, 'things go contrary,' as Mrs. Gummidge says."

Then his thoughts involuntarily rush backwards from England and Pentreath, and the autumn circle of guests, and Joyce Murray's expected presence amongst them—back to the lonely girl whose yearning spirit is following each mile of his homeward journey.

She is just at this minute straining her eyes to catch a last glimpse of the steam-packet disappearing on the cloudy horizon; and, as she gazes, her sorrowful, faithful young soul sends one passionate ejaculatory prayer after him—

"Heaven bless him, and bring him once more to me!" "I suppose that foolish little mortal came down to the pier too 'to see the last of me," Captain Glynn soliloquizes, with a slight disdainful smile. "I didn't see her certainly; but that dubious-faced English French woman of a governess was there as large as life, and I could see her pupil was with her. A nice pensioner for her maid and mistress that, or, simple, ignorant child had she been."

Then a slight feeling of remorse creeps over him when he recalls the "foolish little mortal," great admiration and liking for himself and his society.

"Poor child!" Dallas says, with real compassion, as he glances at thought of such an existence as she had led, and pleasantly told him of yesterday when they were together down the mill-stream. "Poor little girl, I hope I haven't done anything to disturb her mind. She is a pleasant, cheerful little soul, I think, and I'm afraid she will credit every word I said to her. Poor child, I thought at least I have been honest with her."

And now Yolande has seen her only the members of the steamer, never-to-be-forgotten visit to Paris and Brussels—"to the Continent," as her uncle Silas says—during their stay at the Hotel de Ville on their way home, the usual custom

walks through the narrow paved streets and on the old pier, and the pleasanter rambles through the ancient Haute-Ville and on the wooded grassy ramparts, and the stolen visits to the old Cathedral in the twilight, with its glimmering tapers and the faint incense-odors stealing through the shadowy aisles.

And pleasanter, best, and brightest memory of all is that of the golden afternoon in the Valee de Naque, of that lonely, lovely walk by the mill-stream, through the purple blossoms of the wild mint and the yellow autumn leaves drifting about at their feet, and then the evening drive home, by the road above the cliffs, with the cool sea breeze blowing in from the Channel and the pleasant sea-smell of the weed-grown beach just left by the outgoing tide; then the dance and supper later on, and, latest of all, Captain Glynn's taking her down from the hot, brilliantly-lighted saloon to the cool quiet entrance-hall to say "good-bye."

CHAPTER VII.

Yolande is thinking of the happy past as, a week later, she walks up and down the garden-paths at home. This beautiful strange dream of a day's supreme happiness—how unreal it all seems!

They are all settled once more at home at Fair View—though why the place is called Fair View it would be difficult to say, for there is no view whatever from the windows, except that of a flat field bordered by a thick belt of fir-trees which hedge it from the high-road.

Cousin Wilmot and aunt Sarjent are to dine with them this evening; and Yolande shrinks from the thought with a restless feeling of discomfort and apprehension.

Mrs. Sarjent, who is really not an aunt, but a cousin, and only so termed from motives of convenience and politeness, is the widow of the jam and pickle maker. She is a big, comely, blowy woman of about fifty-four, a person from whom one naturally draws back, for she tramples on one's pet corns and one's pet prejudices alike, and then laughs when her victims writhe. She is vulgar, Mrs. Sarjent's friends admit, but she is a good-hearted creature; that is to say, possessing plenty of money and robust health, Mrs. Sarjent has the good temper and high spirits of a well-fed, comfortable, pampered animal.

Yolande blushes to think how ashamed she will be if aunt Sarjent appears this evening before mademoiselle in her peony satin, trimmed with yards upon yards of white imitation lace, and enough old-fashioned, well-polished gold ornaments to make her to stock a small shop.

Mademoiselle Gantier is a young lady of most aesthetic tastes—at least, so she declares—and is most unsparring in her criticisms of "bad style" and "bad form." She is just becoming a general incubus on the lives of her employers; but they never dream of questioning her authority or resenting her interference.

She is coming along the esplanade walk now, and Yolande hurries to meet her in some trepidation, fearing that mademoiselle is not in the best of tempers.

"Your aunt Sarjent has come, Yolande," she says sharply, without a trace of her French accent, "and Mr. Sarjent is coming down from town with your uncle and Viscount Glynn, and—oh!—that parlour maid has as much notion of her duties as a Patagonian! I really don't believe," the quondam Miss Glynn says impressively, to mark her sense of the parlour-maid's crass and deplorable ignorance, "that she knows what a menu is! I am positive she did not know what those new Japanese fan-holders were for!"

"I dare say not," admits Yolande quietly, but reddening a little. "We never had such a thing as a menu on our dinner-table until a very short time ago, when we grew rich."

"Hadden't you indeed, dear?" mademoiselle says, gratified to see that Yolande is flushing a deeper crimson every moment.

"Is Viscount Glynn really coming down to dinner with uncle Silas and cousin Wilmot?" Yolande asks, incredulous, and fairly trembling with mingled fear and gladness. "I did not know that uncle had any acquaintance with Viscount Glynn till that day we met him at the picnic. How did you hear of it, mademoiselle?"

To Yolande's simple mind mademoiselle seems to possess an amount of actual omniscience. It never once dawns on the girl's trustful soul that the ci-devant Bella Glover announces results before they are accomplished, and when a lie can fill a gap in any piece of information, always neatly fills it.

"Miss Dormer had a telegram half an hour ago," mademoiselle replies, with a mysterious smile. "Besides, I am not in the least astonished, my dear. I quite believed, from something he said to me, that he would be likely soon to renew the acquaintance with your family."

She sees that Yolande's white eyelids are drooping consciously and she is hanging her head and blushing like a rose in June, and the sneer on mademoiselle's long, thin mouth and the light in her hard eyes grows very pronounced.

"What did he say, mademoiselle?" Yolande asks, laughing a little, though she trembles with agitation. "I mustn't tell!" Miss Bella replies, with a discreet shake of the head. "But I am not at all surprised he is coming here, cherie. The Viscount is a thoroughly sensible man of the world and a man of the highest principles, and sense of honour."

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

An Appreciation of Their Work By E. Pauline Johnson—How Two of Them Astonished the Americans.

E. Pauline Johnson, in a recent issue of The Globe, in describing the "tie up" of the C.P.R. by a recent washout for a day, says:

"I suppose I ought to begin the list with the English Lord and Lady aboard the Imperial Limited, but I won't. I head the list with a small 'contingent' of our own gallant North-west Mounted Police, eight of them, under command of Corporal Adams, of Regina, bound for the Yukon. What a 'bully' lot of boys they were, and what a rare good fellow was the corporal. When the American passengers learned we were 'tied up' in the heart of the country—but they do not know the meaning of the scarlet tunic of the N. W. M. Police. We had to tell them that old story of the great tire of telling a Yankee, of the days subsequent to our 1855 rebellion, when six hundred Canadian Indians invited themselves to sojourn 'across the border,' and found scant welcome in a country that had, according to 'the great white father at Washington,' 'quite enough Indians of their own.' Ottawa and Washington held convulse, and arrived at the decision that 'Canada would care for her own Indians if Yankeland would please escort them to the border.' Yankeland did—gladly. Six hundred not too friendly, discontented, quietly wild Indians were escorted to the boundary line by a 'bunch' of American cavalry three hundred strong. At the boundary line were two British soldiers, astride two handsome horses, a corporal and a private of the Northwest Mounted Police. The American Colonel and the Canadian corporal held speech.

"Where," demanded the American officer, "is your escort for these six hundred unruly redskins?" "We are here," replied Corporal "Canuck."

"Yes, yes, I see," was the answer, "but where is your regiment?" "We are the regiment," said Corporal "Canuck."

"But there are only two of you," gasped the American Colonel. "Yes, but we wear the British scarlet," said Corporal "Canuck." It was enough. The six hundred unruly Indians marched silently across the border. The two Mounted Policemen fell quietly to the rear, and conducted the 'hostiles' a hundred miles northward where they would fret Uncle Sam no more. It is on record that the American officer in command of the cavalry three hundred strong lifted his voice and swore. The incident was recorded and discussed at Washington, D. C. The cost of the affair to Uncle Sam was the pay and 'living' of three hundred men and officers. The cost to Canada was one dollar a day for three days to two mounted policemen. Corporal "Canuck" made history when he said, "Yes, but we wear the British scarlet." And so our American fellow-passengers fell asleep like children, knowing well that Corporal Adams and his eight Yukon-bound men would "Keep the peace of the people, And the honor of British law."

AUSTRIAN CODE OF HONOR.

A Civilian Suffers Severely for What is Excusable in a Soldier.

The absurdity and wickedness of dueling has rarely been more dramatically illustrated than in the duel fought by two citizens of Vienna a few days ago, says The London Telegraph. A handsome woman of thirty-five, Mrs. Loewenfeld, the wife of the junior partner in a large manufacturing firm, mother of a boy of thirteen, had for two years carried on an intimacy with a Lieutenant of Hussars, Benno von Soyka, and had been clandestinely at his rooms, and seeing him openly in her husband's home. About a week ago the husband was informed of his wife's doings, surprised her in the Lieutenant's rooms, and insulted the officer. The wife declared she would not return to her home, but would go to her parents and wait for a separation, when she would marry her lover. The officer wrote to the outraged husband, whom he felt he could not challenge, a letter saying that his regiment had been transferred to a garrison in Hungary, but that he would wait for his orders until the 8th of the month. The husband understood the hint, and sent his seconds. The two met in the military riding school, where all duels are fought in Vienna. The offended husband had the right to fire first, but being quite inexperienced in firearms he refused to do so. The pistols were changed. Loewenfeld fired, and missed his adversary; then the officer fired, and the pistol again missed fire. After this Loewenfeld just raised his weapon, pressed the trigger, and the Lieutenant lay dead, shot through the heart. Loewenfeld was in utter despair, but his own and his adversary's seconds assured him that he had acted in the most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole duel, all the details of which were correct according to the strictest code of honor.

Ten years' imprisonment would probably be the least punishment that would be inflicted on this civilian duelist. He has, however, left the country to escape the ignominy of the trial and imprisonment. Had his opponent killed him the consequences would not have been serious. Subject to military jurisdiction only, the officer would have escaped with very light punishment, because, by accepting the challenge, he had only done what, according to military notions, he was bound to do. Had he refused to fight the outraged husband would have been discharged, and would have been considered a coward by all his compatriots, and would have been avoided by all social circles.

What Did He Mean?

She—Good-bye! Remember me to your wife. She hasn't forgotten me? He—Oh, no! She has an excellent memory for old faces!—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

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We are also prepared to supply superior WINDMILLS on specifications.

If in need of Pumps or Windmills write for prices or apply at our office.

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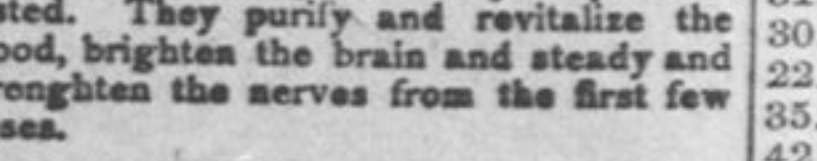
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June 1st to October 1st. Bobcaygeon, leave 6.15 a.m., 8.10 p.m.

Sturgeon Point, leave 7.15 a.m., 4.10 p.m., arrive 8.40 a.m. and 11.00 a.m.

Lindsay, leave 11.00 a.m. and 6.55 p.m.

Bobcaygeon, arrive 1.15 p.m., 8.10 p.m.

Saturday's boat will arrive Toronto train. Meals served on board.

Coboconk, Fenelon Falls, Lindsay, "MANITIA."

July 1st to Sept. 6th, of till noon. Coboconk, leave 6.00 a.m., 7.40 p.m.

Rosedale, leave 7.00 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 6.00 p.m.

Fenelon Falls, arrive 7.40 a.m., 6.00 p.m.

Fenelon Falls, leave 8.30 a.m., arrive 5.30 p.m.

Sturgeon Point, leave 9.00 a.m., arrive 4.50 p.m.

Lindsay, arrive 10.30 a.m., 8.30 p.m.

Connections at Fenelon with going train for Toronto and at Lindsay for Port Hope. Times at Fenelon for breakfast and tea.

Bobcaygeon, Chemung, Bala, Lakefield.

"FOGEMAH." July 2nd to Sept. 6th, of till noon. Bobcaygeon, leave 7.30 a.m., 7.45 p.m.

Chemung, leave 9.40 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 3.00 p.m.

Buckhorn, leave 11.45 a.m., 8.00 p.m.

Burling, arrive 12.45 p.m., 1.30 p.m.

Connections made at Burling with Steamers for Lakes and intermediate points. Meals served on board.

Tickets and further information be had from GEO. WILDER, at

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