Markdale Standard,

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The Markdale Standard

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

In time to meet the early mails.

Contains the latest Foreign and Provincial News, Local Intelligence, County Business, Commercial Matters and an Instructive Family.

TERMS—$1.50 in advance, $1.50 in three months, $2 if not paid till end of the year. No paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. Parties refusing papers without paying for them will be held responsible for the subscription until they comply with the rules.

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Each subsequent insertion	50
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	2

The number of lines to be reckoned by measurement of the space occupied measured by a scale of nonpareil. Advertisements without specified directions will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly. All transitory advertisements must be in the office of publication by 12 o'clock on the Thursday preceding their publication.

W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Medical.

Drs. Sproule & Carter, Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs &c. OFFICE - Medical Hall; residence at Markdale House. Markdale, Sept 17, 1880. 1-y

DR. PURDY, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. ECONOMY P. O. 6-tf.

Legal.

Chas. R. Wilkes, Barrister at Law, Owen Sound. OFFICE—Millers's building, over Robinson's, Poulet Street. 1-y

Frost & Frost, BARRISTERS, AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c., Owen Sound, have resumed at Markdale. Office open every Thursday, as follows. J. W. FROST, LL. B. Formerly Crown Attorney. 1

James Masson, BARRISTER and ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Owen Sound. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

James Lamon, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Notary Public, &c. Money loaned at lowest rates on personal and real estate. Lands bought and sold. No solicitor introduced free of commission. DUNDALK. September 21st, 1880. 1

Conveyancers & Land Agents.

Wm. Brown, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, &c., Commissioner in B. R. &c. Conveyancing in all its branches promptly attended to and carefully executed. Money to Lend on Real Estate security. Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

W. L. Smith, GENERAL AGENT AND DEALER IN Fancy Stock, Williamsford Station. Sept. 17, 1880. 1

Alexander Brown, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Commissioner in B. R. &c. Conveyancer and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Farmers' Sales and Land Sales, Punctually attended to. Charges made very moderate. Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

George Corbet, Jr., LOAN AND GENERAL AGENT Owen Sound. Money to Loan at low interest. Principal payable at the expiration of years, and interest half yearly, or principal and interest repayable by installments. A number of desirable Improved Farms for Sale. 1-y

J. G. Sing, LOAN AND PROVINCIAL LAND Surveyor, Draughtsman and Valuator, Markdale. Having purchased the Land Surveyor Charles Rankin's book of original Field Notes, Plans, Instructions, &c., of all his Surveys in the last fifty-five years, I am prepared to make Surveys in strict accordance therewith. Profiles and Estimates of Mills, Plans and Specifications of Bridges, furnished on application. Money to loan at 8 per cent interest. Office, or left with G. J. BLYTH, will be promptly attended to. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Dentistry.

J. James J. White, will be at Dr. Cameron, Owen Sound, on THE 3RD OF THE REVERE HOUSE, Markdale, on the last Wednesday in each month, when he will be prepared to perform operations required upon the mouth in a skillful and satisfactory manner, and upon reasonable terms. 1-y

Hotels.

REVERE HOTEL, MARKDALE. BOULE. Proprietor. This popular Hotel has had a large addition added to it, thoroughly refitted, and second to none in the county. Good stabling and attentive ostler. First-class accommodation for commercial travellers. Terms $1.00 per day. 17-ly

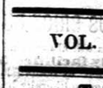
NATIONAL HOTEL, DUNDALK, Ont. GIBB & BURNS, PROPRIETORS. This commodious hotel has been refitted throughout, and is well stocked with the choicest Liquors and the best Cigars. Omnibus to and from all trains. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

MERCHANTS HOTEL, FLESHERTON, Ont. Commodious Sample Rooms: Bedrooms, &c. The Bar and larder stocked with the best the market affords. Stabling and attentive Hostler's. THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor. Sept. 17, 1880. 8

GEORGE WILSON, VETERINARY SURGEON, Markdale, next door to Expositor office. Orders left at my house in town promptly attended to. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

J. M. Webster, AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of Grey. MONEY TO LOAN. LAND AGENT, Loans at lowest rates of interest, in sums to borrowers. Agent for Farmers' Mutual Fire Ins. Co. All business matters promptly attended to, and treated as such. OFFICE—EUGENIA P. O. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-tf

T. E. DAVIS, BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). Plastering and Country Jobs promptly attended to. Stonecutting a Specialty. Estimates on all work, free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Residence corner of Brown and Sproule Streets, MARKDALE. December 31, 1880. 16-y



J. VETERINARY. BLOOMFIELD, Veterinary Surgeon HAS commenced the practice of his profession in Markdale, and from his long experience and extensive practice in England and this country, is enabled to guarantee satisfaction. Regulating Powders, the admiration of thousands that have used them, warranted to purify the blood by removing diseases lurking in the system of horses and cattle, always on hand. Medicines may be procured at his office, over Dr. Sproule's Drug Store, Markdale. 1-y

WM. FOX, Plain & Ornamental Plasterer. Estimates for stone and brickwork on application. Satisfaction Guranteed. Residence—Queen Street, Markdale. Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Sheep and Cattle.

FARMERS having good fat Sheep or Cattle to sell, will find it to their advantage to leave there names and address at McCutcheon's Hotel, Revere House, Markdale, as the undersigned are still on the war path, and will positively pay the highest prices. C. W. & A. SPEERS. Sept. 17th, 1880. 1-y

R. M. Galbraith, AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Williamsford Station. Auction Sales attended in all parts of the County. Goods sold on Commission. Rates moderate. Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines; also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines. Agricultural Implements, and Machinery of all kinds on ic. Williamsford, Jan. 27, 1881. 20-ly

Wm. Lucas & Co., BANKERS, MARKDALE.

Money Loaned IN large or small amounts, at all times, on good endorsed notes, or on collateral security.

INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT. Allowed on Savings Deposits.

Drafts issued and Collections made on all points, at lowest rates. WM. LUCAS & Co. September, 1880. 2-y

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its blanching and falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

$2 Watches. Stem winders $1.50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $5. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best. Catalogue free. THOMPSON & Co., 182 Nassau St. New York.

STARTLING DISCOVERY! LOST MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth! If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother upon earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 20-ly

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. Wilson, 149 Penn st., Williamsburgh, N. Y. 20-ly

REST AND COMFORT to the SUFFERING. Brown's Household Panacea has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and limbering its aching power is wonderful."—"Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixer or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 20-ly

PIMPLES. I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and SLOUCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, enclosing a 3c. stamp, Ben. Vandell & Co., 5 Beekman st., N. Y. 20-ly

AGENTS WANTED.—Big pay.—Light Work. Steady Employment. Samples free. Address, M. L. BYRN, 46 Nassau street, New York. 20-ly

ERRORS OF YOUTH. A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 20-ly 42 Cedar st. New York.

A MORNING SMILE.

Cannibals are captiv'ating creatures.

Punch says that "the wind is ill-tempered to the shorn lamb."

What is the prime object of soldier's drills? To make holes in the enemy.

Wheat is "thrashed" for the purpose of getting out the grain; a boy is "thrashed" to get out the chaff.

Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves can not see through the deception.

An Indian chief, after the romantic manner of his nation, calls his musket "Book-agent," because it is an old smooth-bore.

No one ever yet saw a man who made a move to separate two dogs engaged in battle as long as his own dog was having the best of it.

A popular cry among the Irish mariners who are guiding their ship of state through stormy political waters: "Stand by your Davitts."

"Lie! well I guess he does lie," said his neighbor Jones. "Why, he's so fond of lying that he won't let a clock strike right in his house."

The following recipe for eloquence is given by a "down-east" orator: "Get yourself chock-full of the subject, knock out the bung, and let Nature caper."

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the manuscript was respectfully declined."

Parnell's Lambs.—Paddy: "But what'll we do, Mike, if the liberator becomes a landlord himself?" Mike: "Och, sure, thin, we'll just shoot his tinants for him!"

Edison has dropped his electric light and is now experimenting to see if a cow can not be made to give ice cream by wrapping her in congealed water before milking.

X. arriving from Naples, is questioned by a friend: "Had you no adventures in Italy?" "No." "No brigands?" "I turned them all to flight." "How so?" "Why, if I saw an ill-looking individual I went and begged charity of him."

Late the other evening a merchant was playing cards with a railroad official who was rather sleepy at the time. "I pass," said the merchant. The railroad man was awake in an instant. "No, you don't," said he, "not on this line. You pay your fare, or walk."

An Irishman was accused of stealing a handkerchief of a fellow-traveller, but the owner, on finding it, apologized to Pat, and said that it was a mistake. "Arrah, my jewel," retorted Pat, "it was a two-sided mistake—you took me for a thief and I took you for a gintleman."

"I suppose that you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism?" said a doctor to a fashionable lady. "Yes, I suppose I ought to be, but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or by a barometer, if his bones quit aching before a damp spell."

When the twenty-four hours of each day and night are numbered from 1 up to 24, as proposed for the benefit of clockmakers, and to do away with P. M. and A. M. of time tables, 21 o'clock will be considered as the shank of the evening, and 17 o'clock will be considered as the proper time for dinner.

"What is the meaning," asked a Galveston school-teacher, "of the term 'non compos mentis?'" None of the boys knew, whereupon the teacher explained: "It means that because you don't know it you are liable to be called 'non compos mentis.' Do you understand now what it means?"

There is a marble lamb on the tombstone of an old man, and when an old friend saw it for the first time, he exclaimed: "How appropriate!" "Was he of a gentle disposition?" "Whew! I guess not. He would shoot in a minute, but he always overfed himself on spring lamb and green peas. That's what killed him, I reckon."

The night editor of a Nova Scotia journal wrote the following head line to one of his cable dispatches: "The British Lion Shaking His Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast the next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The Brinish Lion Skating in Maine."

A little miss has a grandfather who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. The other day, however, he came with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he saw the child coming with the new stovepipe wrinkled like an accordeon. "Oh," grandfather," she says, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

A DEVOUT Methodist asked Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain we man well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't."

A boarder asked a diminution of his rent because of the dampness of his room. It was naturally refused, and the boarder gave notice that he would leave. He got even with his landlord by planting a beautiful mushroom in his bed-chamber, and whenever anyone came to see the apartment he would call to the servant girl: "Bridget, see here; what is this mushroom doing in this room? It seems to me that I told you to take it way." To which Bridget replies: "I did as you told me, sir, but another must have grown there since."

"When is a man not a man?" asked Jones. Of course he expected everybody to give it up, and then he was going to say, "When he is a shaving." But they didn't give it up; not a bit of it. One said it was when he was foolenough to deal in conundrums; another answered it was when he worked over jokes a thousand years old, and a third told Jones to look in the glass and see for himself. Jones said he didn't see what in time they were driving at, but somehow he had lost all interest in his conundrum, and hadn't the heart to tell them the true answer.

Be as Thorough as You Can.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Either wrong
Lead to sorrow,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck that surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when he speak,
May deceive me;
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you see wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut.
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it—
Never doubt it—
Are the worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you,
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right,
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

HIS VICTORIA CROSS.

By the author of "A STRANGE WEDDING-EVE," "CLARE STANHOPE'S DIAMONDS," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Not yours—you said so—I knew it; you said so." Wistfully, appealingly, the beautiful earnest eyes were raised to his, the slender hand was laid on his; and he turned aside with quivering lips.

"You have heard that?" he muttered, shading his eyes with one hand. "Do not heed what I said—I forgot that you were here—I knew scarcely what I said. So you have heard that story of my life? Forgive me, Cecil; I could not tell you."

"I heard it weeks ago," she answered, more steadily now. "I would not even ask you, because I did not believe it was all true—my father trusted you."

"Dear loyal heart!" said Colonel McLeod softly, half regretfully. The words came involuntarily from his lips. "Who wins this will win gold."

She crimsoned to her very brow, gave one fleeting glance upward and met the dark soft eyes that spoke such yearning tenderness all unconsciously, and then her head dropped upon his hand. One brief second she struggled; but her loyal heart triumphed.

"You have won it," came in a low whisper.

Then the bowed face was lifted gently and drawn to his breast, his arms enfolded her, his lips were pressed to her forehead, and his tremulous passionate words fell like music on her ear.

"Cecil, is it so, my heart's life—my darling!"

It seemed as if even for him the sunlight might shine in its dazzling brightness. She loved him. Her pure fresh heart was given to him. Come what might, life could never be quite the mere dull monotony of days to Loris McLeod.

Then a sharp revulsion came. He had no right to hold her to his breast so; yet, oh, how could he put her from him—sever this new sweet tie?

"Cecil," he murmered hoarsely, "it must not be; leave me while there is time; do not tempt me—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me!"

But the girl's slender hands only clasped his more closely as she hid her face on his breast.

"You will not send me from you?" she murmured brokenly. "You are not angry with me? I could not see you suffer."

"My heart, you are only too dear to me," said McLeod; and he stopped, striving for self-control. "How can I link your young life to mine, blighted, scared, weary? How can I give to you a name shadowed with dishonour?"

Cecil raised her head with a quick proud movement.

"It is not dishonoured to me," she said in a clear distinct voice—"to me you are all that is noble and brave. What care I that your life has been blighted? That will only make me cling closer to you."

The fair head drooped again, and a half-smile of exquisite peace stole over the beautiful lips.

"Oh," she said, closing her eyes and drawing a long quivering breath. "it is so little I can give to you who give all to me! Why not to think that I, only a weak, fragile girl, should be aught to you!"

"Cecil, hush; you exalt me too much!"

Her joy and her fulness of love and trust held him with a strange awe, while to her it seemed so wondrous that this man, to her the noblest on earth, should have her crowned with the diadem of his love.

"Cecil," he said a little hurriedly, "listen. You trust me so perfectly that you never think that there may have been more than justice, according to the known facts, dealt to me. Why should you suppose that there was no dishonour in my yielding up, without a blow struck for defence, what had been given to me as a charge to hold, come what might?"

"I don't know," she answered simply, in absolute childlike faith. "I thought perhaps you found, after all, you could not hold the town. I know you would never have shrunk from encountering any numbers, nor would you have led your men to certain death without good reason."

She felt him shiver from head to foot; yet still he spoke with a forced calm.

"It might have been, Cecil—as some believed of me—that I was young and wild for glory, and could not brook to die there behind walls, without one chance of the glory I coveted."

"No" answered Cecil directly, "that is impossible; you would not care to win glory at the expense of a soldier's greatest crime but one—disobedience—you would not care to step to fame over the bodies of the men you had sacrificed."

Colonel McLeod turned aside, veiling his eyes with his hand.

"Child—child," he said with bitter sadness, "will nothing shake this blind faith of yours? What though I admitted in neither of these things? Was I right to shield a coward? He covered his face suddenly and bent down. "No, no, I cannot say it—not that, my bright-haired lad. Could he know what he was doing?"

The girl's cheeks grew pale at these words, yet she said nothing and asked no question. To recall that past was almost to endure agony again. She could tell that by the quick heavy breath he drew, by the iron clasp of the hand that held hers, and by the low slow whisper when at last he spoke, telling of the mental and physical exhaustion that follows sharp mental pain.

"No word of this that I must tell you has passed my lips until now," he said, not then raising his head. "I had thought to let the bitter secret die with me; but you have a right to know, and I—Heaven help me!—I cannot choose but clear my honour to the woman I love."

He paused a moment, then went on more quietly.

"You know, Cecil—you told me—all the facts of that time; you know that I suddenly abandoned Gheriatpoor and fell back on Kotul. It was perfectly true that the fort was well-nigh impregnable in fair siege; but when I evacuated it it was already too late to make resistance. We had been betrayed. There were subterranean passages piercing the hills on which the fortifications stood. I knew nothing of them, nor did any one else, save, as I found afterwards, one man—that was my brother, Cecil."

She started and flushed, then grew pale again, but only a half-exclamation of pain escaped her. Her heart was aching for the man who had blighted his own life and borne another's dishonour with such untold heroism.

"Very few people know that I had a brother," the Colonel went on in the same quiet manner—"none, I think, in India. He was my mother's darling, Cecil, and my father's pride—a fair-haired bright-eyed lad. I don't think any one knew the nature that was masked by the fair winsome face. I thank Heaven my mother died before Archie —— But it matters little; she would never have known it. Well, he was always wayward and unsteady—a spoiled darling; and my mother, when she died, bad me watch over him and guard him. I promised her I would; and I did so as far as I was able. I loved the lad, as most did; and it was the bitterest grief I had known then when he ran away from home. He was at a private tutor's—my father had to remove him from Eton—and he must have got involved in some affair which he feared to reveal at home; in addition to which he had always a passion to go to India. He was sixteen then. I never saw or heard of him again till I went out to India, not long after the outbreak of the Mutiny; then he came to me, almost destitute, deeply penitent for the past. I dare not say that was feigned; I think he was true then—Heaven knows I may not judge him. I loved him—I could not turn from my mother's darling. He said he had suffered much, and had been at various native Courts; but he spoke little of that part of his life. I kept him near me as much as possible; he was serving in the ranks, Cecil, and he went with my men to Gheriatpoor.

"One night he was missing—he had stayed beyond the walls, we thought, and had fallen into the enemy's hands and probably been shot. Not long after that, while we were anxiously looking for reinforcements, I had just made the rounds of the ramparts the last thing one night, and was going off to get an hour's sleep, when one of our natives came up and gave me a scrap of paper. I knew the writing directly, and the cipher used was one known only to Archie and myself—one we had invented as children. He was a prisoner, he said, among the Sepoys. He had betrayed the town under threats. There were underground passages of which he alone knew; he had revealed them; they had laid mines in them under the town, and intended to blow up the whole place late that very night. There lay about four hours between us and certain destruction, Cecil; and more, the road to Kotul would then lie absolutely defenceless. Their garrison was weak, and there was no one to warn them.

"These was no time then to feel the blow that at another time must have paralyzed every nerve. There was no defence to be made. My brother said he had managed to warn me; it was all he could do. I know not to this day whether this was all—all—treachery. Perhaps if I had known, even then, could I have betrayed my own brother, and brought foul shame on the name we bore? My father, too—it would have broken his heart!"

Colonel McLeod paused again. He was white to the lips; yet they burned like fire, and the blood coursed hotly through his veins; but he nerved himself to finish his story.

"There is little more to add, Cecil. The garrison was roused; and, under cover of the darkness, we marched out—like men," he said, with strong bitterness, "we dared not face an enemy. Was that a light thing to bear? But the Sepoys did not blow up Gheriatpoor when they found it empty; the gates must have been quietly opened by—my brother. I thought I might reach and strengthen the garrison at Kotul, unless we should chance to fall in with reinforcements. The rebels, in overwhelming numbers, came up with us while miles of country lay between us and Kotul; and my men fought with the courage of lions; but it was hopeless. They fell around me by scores, whilst I, whose only prayer was for death, seemed to bear a charmed life. Then reinforcements came, but too late to save aught but the life that was a curse to me——"

"Hush, hush! Oh, Loris, no!" whispered Cecil, with passionate earnestness. Heaven is too merciful to lay that curse for ever upon you."

"Forgive me, my child!" he answered, with a deep humility that touched her to the quick. "Your simple faith is a rebuke to the bitterness that burns within me sometimes. I may have seemed patient outwardly; but I have not always been so, Heaven knows! Such patience as I have is bought with tears of blood."

He paused for a moment.

"You know," he went on, "that I was tried by court-martial? The sentence was death, Cecil; but the Commander-in-Chief in India sent the case home for final consideration, and that sentence was reversed. But the under-current of suspicion has ever been at head-quarters—that I have always known—that I betrayed Gheriatpoor. The only explanation I could give was not satisfactory; and I had disobeyed orders."

He rose as he spoke the last words, raised the girl gently from her kneeling posture, and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"You know now, Cecil," he said softly and quietly, "all that rests on this name I bear. It is dishonour. I would not drag you down to that, my child. If it were but given to me to redeem that name! But this is all over now."

She threw herself upon his breast with an intensity of passion that startled and shook him to the heart, quivering with deep-drawn sobs, which could not be quieted, even by his loving touch and soothing whispers.

"It is for your sake, darling!" he said, at length when she lay tranquil like a tired child, clinging to him as though she could not bear to miss the clasp of his hand. "I strove to hide from your eyes this love I bear you. I could have borne to see you the wife of another if you could have been happy so. And now I have, all unwittingly, brought the first cloud on your young life, my Cecil!"

He put back with lingering tenderness the clustering curls from her brow, and met the blue eyes that looked up with such wistfulness.

"You do not know what it would be to live day after day under the cloud that shadows this life of mine. I have passed my youth, dear, and I have grown used to walking in shadow. Sunshine is not a necessity to me as it is to you in the springtime of life."

"Don't; I can't bear it!" she cried, with a quick gasp, as the sweet voice faltered and was silent. "There would be no sunshine for me without you. I could not live, and should break my heart to know you were lonely and weary, and I was not with you. You called me your 'sunshine' once. Oh, let me be that, let me be happy in trying to lighten your burden!"

"Cecil, Cecil, spare me! My own heart pleads so for this joy! A moment—bear with me!"

He released her, and turned away, walking from her down the long room. How could he be strong here when those dear wistful eyes looked into his, and those clinging fingers were touching his?

She drew back, watching him, her lips half parted, the colour fitting over her soft cheek.

While Loris McLeod still strove with the deathless love that pleaded for her, he heard not the mad galloping of a horse's hoofs without on the gravel, or the loud echoing peal of the bell. But Cecil did, and knew not what strange impulse made her bound forward to the door, and then stop, pressing her hand over her throbbing heart. She had no distinct thought, she did not know what she expected; but yet, when a light tap was heard at the library-door, and Hector entered, her eye fell without surprise on the yellow envelope he carried.

"Give it to me," she said quietly. Is any one waiting?"

"No, Miss Verner. An orderly from Hyde brought the telegram on," said Hector; and he withdrew.

Then the girl sprang to the Colonel's side, and he turned to her. He had given no heed to what had passed; and she put the telegram into his hand. With a violent effort he forced himself to calmness, and tore open the envelope.

The next moment the paper dropped from his hand. With a smothered cry he sank down upon a chair near him, and bowed his head on his locked hands.

"At last, at last! Thank Heaven!"

And yet the message that Cecil read with rapture was only a summons to dire danger, perhaps to death. It ran thus—

"Join the —th at Chatham at once, embark on the 22nd. Colonel Darnley ill. Insurrections there."

CHAPTER VIII.

"It may be, Cecil, that I shall never come back to you, but, whatever befalls, I shall die, Heaven willing, as a soldier should die. And so farewell, my own darling!"

They were the last words Colonel McLeod spoke, as he folded the girl in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers with lingering tenderness. It might be the last time he should so hold her to his heart, so kiss those soft lips, so meet the brave loving gaze of those blue eyes.

He could not speak; but he smiled, and took the wistful face in his hands, looking down upon it as though he would grave every line on heart and memory.

Then he turned away, and went out into the hall, where Hector, his faithful attendant, awaited him, where there were signs of departure; and through the open doorway could be seen the noble chestnut horse the Colonel always rode, led up and down by a groom. The servants all collected to say the last "good-bye" to the master, and old Colin stood looking wistfully in the entry.

Mrs. Annandale and Alice, whose ready tears were flowing, came out from the drawing-room.

The Colonel had already taken leave of them, and had told Mrs. Annandale alone that he left Cecil as his promised wife, which information had greatly pleased his kinswoman, though it had not very greatly astonished her.

"What, tears, my little maid?" said the Colonel, with his bright gentle smile, as he put his arm round Alice, and kissed her once more. "A soldier's lassie? Be brave and hopeful, my child. I dare say I shall come back to Ridinghurst, after all."

The servants crowded about him, the women in tears; and for every one, from the stately butler down to the little kitchen-maid, who half hid behind the house-keeper's skirts, between grief at the Colonel's departure and wondering awe of his uniform, he had a firm hand-clasp and gentle word of farewell.

But, when he had sprung into his saddle and had gathered the reins in his hand, while Hector sat like a statue awaiting his master's word, Colonel McLeod glanced round, half paused, then, as if some thought had struck him, called to Cecil to come out.

"Only a fancy," he said a little hurriedly, bending down to her and holding her hand in his ungloved right hand. "Yours must be the last touch. Heaven watch over you, my heart's dearest!"

They watched him down the long avenue as far as they could see; and, long after horse and rider were lost to sight, they could hear the click of the hoofs echoed back from the quiet country roads.

Then Cecil turned back with her sister to the drawing-room and stood by the fire, looking down into the blaze, one hand resting on Colin's brown head—he was her charge now.

There was a dreamy smile lighting up the large eyes, her thoughts were far enough away from that spot, and her heart was all aglow with a noble enthusiasm.

"I should have thought you would have been more sorry for Colonel McLeod's departure," said Alice disconsolately. "Why, you are actually smiling!"

Cecil turned to her sister with a half start, as though she had been awakened from a dream.

"Was I?" she said. And then she stooped over Colin, and her bright hair fell like a veil of gold over her soft clear cheek. "Don't you know, Allie, how the Highland women used to send off their soldiers to the wars?"

But Alice made no answer. She did not understand Cecil in the least.

* * * * *

"McLeod! Ah, by Jove, this is the jolliest thing a fellow can see!" was the earnest hearty greeting of Lord Kennedy when, after a day's continuous duty, the Colonel sat in his room writing.

Colonel McLeod had not seen Lord Kennedy till now, and, as that young officer burst into his apartment almost without the ceremony of knocking, he rose quickly and advanced to meet him with outstretched hand.

"I declare I could pitch my cap up in the air!" cried Lord Kennedy, seating himself on the table. "The time seems to pass like lead till we're off. And perhaps after all!"—philosophically, though with an under-current of sadness in his manner—"it's only food for the usagais we'll be."

"The chances of war," said the Colonel, with a fleeting smile. "Your people, Kennedy—how do they take it?"

"Like bricks! Aren't they Englishwomen!" replied Lord Kennedy, puffing with suspicious vigour at a cigar he had just lighted. "Fancy my mother turning out at four o'clock in the morning to see me off last week! There are plenty of Spartans among modern women."

"I have left one at Ridinghurst," said Colonel McLeod, who knew his young friend was hovering round the subject.

"Ah!" Lord Kennedy looked up with suppressed eagerness. "Cecil—I can't help calling her that—how does she take it?"

Colonel McLeod was sitting by the table, resting his forehead on one hand. He said now, looking up straight into Lord Kennedy's frank eyes, not answering his question—

"Kennedy, isn't your family intimately related to that of Lord Tredegar?"

Lord Kennedy coloured, looked down, and then said off-hand—

"Yes; my eldest sister's his wife, that's all. What on earth has that to do with Miss Verner?"

"You cannot deceive me, Kennedy," said the Colonel gently. "Did you think it would hurt me to owe this command to you, dear boy?"

For a moment Lord Kennedy sat looking at the Colonel, too much taken aback to speak.

"How did you know?" he said at length.

"I am right, then?"

"You will make so much out of nothing," said Lord Kennedy. "I knew your application had been refused, and I was mad. So, as soon as old Darnley was kind enough to get sick, I worked what interest I had. You see you're a first-rate man, so it was all right; and a certain person out there you know, who shall be nameless, wrote me—I know him——! Why on earth don't we have met McLeod! I wish I had him with my column."

The young man paused a second; then he said, turning aside and speaking in a low voice—

"I know you would give worlds to go out, McLeod—forgive me—and I get an idea—I must have it out—you won't be vexed!—after I saw you that day it came back to me what you had been sacrificing yourself for, what you thought would be for Cecil's happiness and mine. I was so taken up with my own selfish feelings that it never crossed me before. If that were so, whichever way it went, you would want to fold, if that could be, to go out. That's all the truth, McLeod. If I have pained you, you'll know it was unwittingly, and pass it over."

The Colonel in answer only put out his hand and clasped that of the younger man in silence. It was many minutes before he could speak at all.

"Dear noble friend," he said softly, "you will never know quite all that you have done for me. You still trust me, Kennedy! I have felt like a"—he drew in his breath sharply and bit his lip, taking up another phrase quickly—"as though I were deceiving you till you knew this. And I should never have given her a name undeemed from the breath of dishonour. I cannot say much in thanks for your noble generosity; words are but vain to pay such a debt as this!"

"It's nothing, nothing," answered the young man hastily, as he walked away to the mantel-piece, where he stood silent for some time; nor did McLeod intrude upon what must inevitably be thoughts tinged with bitter pain even to a heart so noble as this. "Well," said the young man at last, turning round, but with a quiver in his voice, "Heaven bless her! And you—I don't grudge you the jewel because I can't wear it myself. She will be happier with you than I could have made her. I don't know that I understood her as you do; though I—— You'll tell her how glad I am?"

And then, without waiting for an answer, Lord Kennedy rattled away about military subjects. The conversation lasted until a late hour, when the two men parted.

Not many days after that the transports stood out to sea; and every heart beat high with hope and longing as each moment bore them onward to the goal where honour and glory might be won.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fashions for Men.

COATS SHORTER—TROUSERS TIGHTER—VESTS HIGH—THE NEW COLORS.

The tables of tailors are laden with the newest goods, and the mandate has gone forth that there is to be an approach to more plainness of style. Nothing that may be called loud is to be tolerated. As to the materials in imported goods, English and Scotch suitings are to be plentiful. The latest samples show great varieties of Meltons, woollens, Scotch chevoits, basket goods and diagonals. Meltons are in all colors, and there are many styles of mixed goods from which to choose.

The colors are to be generally more sombre, and certainly not so pronounced as heretofore. Among the mixed goods are some red and black, and with the novelties may be seen what is called an olive green. The green is a delicate shade, and barely distinguishable, and not enough to offend the most stanch Tory.

In regard to shapes there is to be a wide margin to suit the most varied tastes. Tailors agree that there is at present a good deal of individual sovereignty in dress. A man with thin legs will not usually hold himself up to ridicule by wearing the old-fashioned tight pantaloons they used to call "gun covers." Fashions are becoming more and more elastic, and the time has gone by when any fashion plate will be made an iron rule for men. Single-breasted cutaways are to be worn, with an occasional three or four button cutaway where the wearer rebels against one button only. In spring overcoats the prevailing style is loose, buttoned up high, with a tendency to roll over the collars so as to show the silk lining and give a stylish appearance. Prince Albert coats are to be a leading feature, buttoned up high in the neck. The vest will be high, without collar. Some of the young fellows show a disposition to rebel against the Prince Albert coats as better fitted for more elderly persons. Coats for business suits are to be made with small rolling collars to a great extent. Trousers are to be worn rather close fitting to the form of the legs, the bottoms small and shapely. Young men who aspire to lead the fashion favor tight trousers. The tightness will not, however,