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\$2 Watenes, Stem winders \$3.50. White metal Hunting Case \$5. Imitation gold \$6. Solid gold \$12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO. 132 Name as New York. Joseph Gibson,

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To come AT ONCE and give him a trial, for

Good work, MODERATE PRICES.

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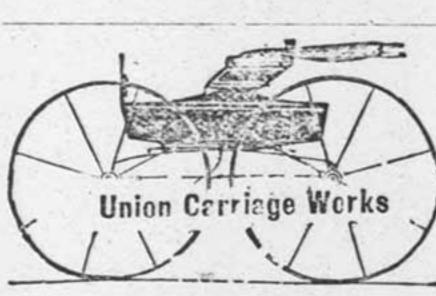
And therefore has supplied a want long felt, especially in the Undertaking Line. CASKETS, SHROUDS,

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A Splendid Hearse for hire at moderate rates.

FURNITURE From the Common to the Best and Latest Styles, in everything in the line.

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In the Lateat and Best Improved Style, and finished with English Varnish. Painting & Trimming Rigs

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emember the Shop, opposite the Cheapside D. J. SHANAHAN, Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881.

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'What is this about a letter from Cornwall and your departure to-morrow, Sir Arthur ? I heard you telling Lady Dangerfield at dinner, but di not quite catch your drift. Busines Backache, Soreness of the Chest Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily

CHAPTER XXI.

to act. This very night Sir Arthur

'I positively leave to-morrow.

gravely, and with tinwonted energy

'so do I, with all my sotil: For

last week Scarswood has been

should receive his 'short up.

ed my duty so long.'

wish I had gone last week.'

us tu-morrow?

to morrow.'

mere suspicion.

mere suspicion.

of them out on the table.

He read and pushed them back.

ing him to call upon Mrs. Lawton.

He pushed a third letter across.

For the third the baronet read :

'LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON, July 29th.

your demand. I called at Wilton Cres-

cent at the number given. No Mrs.

Lawton lived there. I next called at

ago, but has emigrated with his whole

'I am, my lord, etc.'

leaving him very pale.

'I do not. I condemn no one

his eyes did not leave the table

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation on earth equals Sr. Jacons Oris as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively triffing outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its

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Cherry, Butternut, White Ash, Black Ash, Basswood, Pine and Hemlock Logs wanted. M. AKITT, Eugenia.

> There is great danger of taking cold from wet feet. If you

Guard Against Sickness! Keep your feet dry and warm by procuring your

BOOTS!

& THOMAS.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Med icated Cork Soles, all sizes, kept en hand. Remember the place opposite the new STANDARD

The Poet's Corner THE MOON.

Behold the moon, the silver moon, The empress of the night, That sheds a radiance o'er the earth

And fills me with delight. nials of character, and the references When the sun has done its mission And is hidden from our view, to Lady Dangerfield.' Then the moon, like an orbed lamp, Comes up in the azure blue;

And glitters on the bosom Of the briny ocean wave, To guide the weary mariner, Whilst winds and waters rave.

She cheers the faithful shepherd While with his fleecy charge; And monthly round the earth she goes Although so very large.

She lights extensive cities, And gleams upon their towers; And makes all things like dreamland Down in yon sylvan bowers. She shines the same upon the mount

With its grand and lofty domes. As on the humble village With its free and happy homes. Yes, this serenest moon, She looks as calmly down

As on the victor's crown. When the Frost King has adorned The stately wood with gems,
Then the moon's reflecting rays,
A charming beauty lends:

Upon the bloody battle field

Till my heart is filled with rapture With the delightful scene, That looks like some gay fairyland Or some mysterious dream. She adds a graceful beauty

To the icebergs chilly height; And cheers the lonely Esquimaux In the dreary winter night. She brings up faded memories To me when I'm alone; Of ties that have been broken

With friends I've met at home.

often think and wonder What sights she must have seen Of joyful, happy meetings, And partings too, I ween. Of lovers, who walked and wooed In the balmy eves of June, In the mystic light of the moon.

I hope we'll all a lesson learn From the moon's benignant in

He rose and grasped the young all been-she

One moment, my lord—then good-

bye if you will. A'l you have said I in a Marionette comedy playing still too late to repair my great fault | had accepted 'him, and fulfil'ed her' must rest with you. What I have destiny. Her name was written in 'Sir Arthur Tregenna has run the returned to England for -what I came the Book of Fate-Lady Cecil Treg-Ito Scarswood for -you must surely enna. know. It was to see and know Lady Cecil Clive, and if she could so far honour me, make Ler my wife. For Lord Ruys and to decree was The bound that battered old organ

he was saved! But his immovable face remained as immovable as ever 'You are but mortal, Arthur, and Miss Herncastle is a most attractive woman. Without possessing a single clains to beauty, she is a woman to fascinate men. where the perfect face of a goddess might fail. She is Circe, whose power all must feel. week ago, urging me to return. There's is not too late, I hope, I trust; and fever among my prople, mining acyet Cecil is very proud. If she can cidents and much distress. It is greaforgive and accept you, I can with al ily to my discredit that I have neglect-

my heart. I shall not say good bye

the earl's heart, gave at the words

then, but good night and au revoir. ·Humph! then you positively leave He then left before Sir Arthur could speak-left him alone in the brightly lit empty drawing room? He stood ir-resolute, then turned and followed 'So do I,' Lord Ruysland spoke the earl from the room. Now was the time--now or never; let him hear his fate at once. Something lay like a stone in his breast-the dark, beguiling fice, the soft flute voice of Helen Herncastle was before his eyes, 'It is high time for me to speak-a in his cars. Of all the women false delicacy has restrained me too earth she was the one woman I would indeed prove unworwould have chosen for his wife, and

thy the dying trust of my dearest and Destiny had written that he must truest, my best friend, your dead fa never look on her face again, ther, if I held my peace longer. To-In passing the length of the drawnight I will speak, be the conseing room to the door, he had to go by | been-if the latter, he certainly had Castleford. quences what they may-to-night I the timy boudoir, where on the even- failed, or by this time she would have will do my duty, however distasteful return to this house, if return you are Lady Cecil. The curtains were only -aided no doubt-he had reopened for a week. It was close upon eight mad enough to do, I and Cecil would partly drawn, and seated within, her the grave and taken the same inant o'clock, and the silver gray of the have gone, and it is neither my wish hands folded listlessly in her lap, her mate from its dreadful resting place. summer evening was deepening into nor my intention that we three shall eyes fixed on the dim starlight, he He could see it all—the resurrection- twilight as he walked up the avenue, yer meet again. My daughter's saw once more, as on that evening, ist, the story trumped up for the ser. The flutter of a white diess caught his health demands change—she is fall- the earl's daughter. As on that even- vant next morning, the mysterious eye amid the dark green depths of ing into low spirits—I will take her to ing, he swert back the curtain, and sick young lady—the brooding of that form; a tall, slender—shape, with stood, tall and dark, by her side. Her half-uttered exclamation died thearn's for the winter. I merely

tarewells to her finally when you part A flush rose up over the blonde face all set and stern, looking as un- been woven. Perhaps, too, the nar- read as she walked. And even in that like a lover as can well be conceived. He was unworthy of her-infinitely manent flush; his lips compressed, 'I see I do not take you by sur- her with all his heart; it had been his prise,' his lordship coldly went on ; dying father's wish-he had her fath-I see you are prepared for what I er's consent. Would Lady Cecil Clive would say. How bitterly I have been do him the honor to become his wife? Her object in this had probably been disappointed in you - of all I had expected from your father's son-of-I flushing red in the darkness.

·My father's consent,' she repeated may say it now on the eve of parting for ever- of the plans I had formed- | slowly. 'Sir Arthur, tell me of the hopes I had cherrished—it truth. My father has been talking to for the past six weeks played her role | Captain O Donnell! and just as would be idle to speak to-night. Hopes | you to-night! He has-oh! how shali and plans are at an end-your father's I say it-he has ordered you to follow dying wish binds me no longer, since me here and say this?' 'On my sacred honor, no. I have frightening the little baronet nearly know that Rose is ill?' you have been the first to disregard

his permission to address you. I have You have deliberately chosen to be- said before I am unworthy; if you recome infatuated with a woman of fuse me, I shall feel I am receiving deadlier plan of vengeance lay vet sister has worked herself into a fever, whom you know nothing, except that the punishment I richly merit. If ahead? If so, then perhaps he was she has neither eaten nor slept, I bcshe is your inferior in station—de. you accept me, it will be the study of in time to frustrate it, and yet, in this lieve, since you went away. Someliberately chosen to throw us all over, my life to make you happy.' She must say yes-her whole future and fall in love with a designing ad-

her father's depended upon it. She still resolutely compressed, his eyes would become of her if she re still fixed upon the table. At the last fused?'

All at once Torryglen rose before with a great, generous, loving heart, she is gone?' words, however, he suddenly looked her, and Redmond O'Donnell's face, such as is rarely given to woman, a 'Designing adventuress!' he re- bright, eager, loving. Yes, in those heart that had been roken, a nature peated, slowly. 'You use strong days he loved her. He had changed that had been brutally crushed until away in disgrace. It is the strangest words, Lord Ruysland. Of course you | -she was no more to him than her | it had become warped and wicked as thing-the most wickedly malicious; she must love him. No time to shirk formed of the stuff that makes the been puzzles all.' Donnell, and this man who stood be- Lucretia Borgia, as Fate will. He took from his pocket-book a lit- side her asking her to be his wife tle packet of papers, and spread two loved Helen Herncastle. What a that ever befell woman has been hers, Be kind enough to glance over these, what wretched hypocrites and cheats dred would have sunk under it -died -for life, I greatly fear.' Sir Arthur. They are the testimo- they were!

'You do not answer,' Sir Arthur given up the battle years ago, and life as you have gone, neither l given by Miss Herncastle in London said. 'I have lost all hold on your drifted into eternal obscurity. But nor hating very greatly, can aff respect and esteem, as I deserve. Lady Katherine Dangerfiell is 'the hun- be cynical, and hard, and col Still dead silent, the young Cor- Cecil, will you not speak at least, and dredth who will fight to the bitter have never suffered yourself nishman took them. The testimo- let me hear my fate?'

'What is it you wish me to say?' | -he richly deserves all she is making stand or feel for your weaker nials were carefully worded, the references were to a Mrs Lawton of she asked wearily, a touch of pain and him suffer, but Sir Arthur Tregenna mortals who do? But at lea impatience in her voice. 'You ask and Lady Cecil Clive are quite anoth- you will be able to descend Wilton Crescent, and a Jonas Woodwidge, Esquire, of St. John's Wood. me to be your wife, Sir Arthur Treg. er matter. There she must go no tower of strength far enou enna-you are a man of truth and 'Well,' he said in a compressed honor-you have lost neither my respect nor my esteem. Tell me truly 'Read this also.' The Earl pushed -do you really wish me to say yes? another letter across to him. 'I wrote 'I really wish you to say yes. If you that, as you see, to my solicitor, ask- do not say it, then I leave England again in a month-for years-for maid-servant answered the door. , you die !' You have read it. Now read this life

enna shall know all.

name shall I say, sir ?'

won't detain her longer,

The girl vanished-reappeared

'Missis will see you. Walk this way,

'Was Mr. Ous at frome?

She drew her breath hard-she spoke with a sort of gasp. there is no one else you will marry if a patient-

·My Lord :- In compliance with 'There is no one else I will marry if you refuse-no one.' He said it resolutely-a hard, metallic ring in his tone, his lips set al-St. John's Wood; a Mr. Jonas Wood- most to pain. widge had resided their about a year 'There is no one else I will marry

-if you refuse me I leave England family to Australia. This is all the Once more, Lady Cecil, will you be information I have been able to ob- my wife?' 'I-will be-your wife.' The words were spoken-her voice

Sir Arthur laid down the letter. faltered—her face was steadily turned Just tell your mistress a gentleman in? The flush had faded from his face, to the still moonlight. It was over. desires to see her for five minutes-He took her hand and lifted it to his 'It is plain to be seen by any one lips. How chill its touch, but scarcely so chill as the hps that touched it. are forged, by Miss Herneastle, of Then was drawn away and she stood sir, please, and the next moment he I tell you the simple truth-to- 'I leave here for Cornwall, as you presence of Mrs. Otis. morrow I shall tell it to all the house know, to be absent two-almost three

Scarswood, and for ever. To-night I shall speak to Lord Ruysland. What- as sue currously an I admiringly up at warn you, Arthur, my lad-my son | ever I have been in the past-this | the tall figure and handsome face of almost. Pause while it is yet time- much, Lady Cecil, you may believe of the Chasseur d'Afrique. 'Pray come give up this, designing woman, and me-that you will ever be first in my for ever. Do not bring disgrace on thoughts from this hour—that I will your dead father—on your honcured make you happy if the devotion of a name—and lifelong misery on your life can do is.

-to-morrow Miss Herncastle quits weeks. To-morrow, before I go, I knitting was suspended for a moment

trust and honor you withmy whole servant tells me—that means the plaints, in their worst form:

them. They were like two puppets

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER THE MASQUERADE. By the first train on the morning

yard, Mr. Joggins went back to Lon- wood or tell the truth." don. By the same train, in a first-'The truth ! class compartment, Captain (l'Donnell went up to London also.

She sat looking at him, pale, help present were one and the same. He less, speechless with fear and arm knew as well as he ever knew after That Katherine Dangerfiel the whole truth-the whole strange Helen Herncastle are one story. It had not been death, that same, no one but myself kno trance that held her, but one of those suspects. There is the grave, mystic torpors which minds and Bod- tombstone with its false inscription ies have fallen into often bef re-a stagger them. I aloue know-I kn catalegtic trance, so closely resembling Mrs. Otis.'

a claim upon her gratitude and love? ensuing days, and on the evening of One or the other hand it must have the fifth he returned once more to

been his wife. And that same night at once. He had not seen his sister ness from reason had been crossel, fancied, that the fair, pale fact had unworthy; he esteemed and admired and much thinking had made her grown paler and graver than he had ever yet seen it, in those past five Then had come her flight-her ex-

He lifted his hat and stool before She looked up at the last words, to make money to carry out her plans her. She had not heard him until he and she had made it. She had re- spoke. A faint, treandous flush rose turned-had worked her way into the up over the sensitive face as she turnfamily of Sir Peter Dangerfield - and | ed and gave him ker hand.

of nursery governess. But where was, we began to give you up for lost. her revenge? What had she accom- am glad you have come-I have been plished beyond playing ghost, and wishing for you unspeakably. Do you it. But still for your father's sake, been talking to your father—asking out of his senses? Was it worth Something has happened—I don't

moment there was more of admiration thing is preying on her mind, somethan any other feeling for Miss thing, which Miss Herncastle alone Herncastle uppermost in his mind. knows. Oh, that dreadful Miss Hern-That deep, angry red still burned | could not brave his anger-she could | The bitter pathos of her own words | castle! Why did she ever enter this on the baronet's face, his lips were not live this life for ever-what came back with a feeling almost like house? Captain O'Donnell, we are remorse, 'With whom life had gone in trouble, terrible trouble, and she is hard' indeed-who had been gifted the cause of it all. Do you know that

*Been dismissed-discharged-sent

'Surely the saddest, strangest fate | been guilty of?' of a broken heart, a ruined life, or I dare say people who go through

further. Otis. may have influence pathize with your sister. over her. If she defies it, then Treg- with her Cartain O'Donnellas far as you understand the

He entered a hansom on his arrival for she is in trouble. Don't be at the metropolis, and drove at once hard-your life is not all overto the residence of Dr. Otis. A neat | may learn what it is to suffer before 'No, sir, not at home-won't be -the graceful willowy figure, the

She turned from him, and was gone home until to-morrow run down to flashing haz'e eyes. The passion in 'You will leave England! Then the country for his 'elth. But if it's her voice-what dil it mean? He watched her-an mexplicable took on 'It's not a patient-it's busines. his face-a hard sort of smile on his You don't happen to know, I suppose, lirs.

what part of the country your master | 'Even you may learn what it is to suffer before you die.' He repented 'No, sir-he often goes-the coun- her words inwardly, as he took his way try he calls it-just that. But it's to his sister's room. 'Ah. Lady Cecil, himportant business, missis, she's in, you taught me that lesson thoroughly and will see you, I dare say. What six years ago. I was a tool thena fool now -and I fear the folly will O'Donnell paused a moment. It go with me to my grave.' He tapped would not do to send in his nam, he at his sister's door. It is I, Rose, his familiar voice said. 'May I come

'You wanted to see me, sir.' The stood before him. TO BE CONTINUED.

V. Edmanson of Bradford writes:-

The little old lady gave a gasp. He saw at once he had guessed at the place, I believe I chanced to see his

I was in the cemetery; I saw hun talking to a lady. The lady was Miss

Helen Herneastl Do you know her! Mis. Otis?' Again Mrs. Otis gave a sort of gasp; her pleasant, rost; motherly face

You know Miss Herncastle?' he fare. Lour non did her a great service duty may be, Sir Peter Dangerfield

The knitting dropped on the floor-

'Who are you, sir?' she cried, 'who

My name is Redmond O'Donnell. 'I am very sorry to frighten and agitate you in this way; my dear Mrs. Otis, he said; speaking very gently, and if Miss Herneastle will listen to reason, there is nothing really to be frightened about. But one thing following the discovery in the church- the other she must do-leave Scars

'That she is Katherine Dangerfield not lying in Castleford churchy His last doubt had been removed - but alive and in the flesh. the Katherine Dangerfield of the past know all-all.' the Miss Helen Herncastle of the

its twin sister, death, as to deceive 'I see I have distressed you, Mrs.' Dr. Graves. But the eyes of love are. Otis-alarmed you-and I regret havnot easily blinded; Henry Otis had ing done so. There is no occasion guessed from the first, no doubt, what | for alarm, however. Miss Herneastle it was. Why he had not spoken- has only to drop her masquerade and why he had let the matter go so far come forward in her true character. as to permit her to be buried, rather and I am ready and willing to become staggered the chasseur. Was it that her friend instead of her enemy. But he feared to find his opinion of her I will not stand by and see this debeing still living ridiculed? or that by ception go on. I wish you good afsaving her from the horrible fate of ternoon. being buried alive he wished to forge He waited in town during the four

powerful mind-that strong intellect bright hazel hair, was slowly pacing in the solitude of the lonely cottage. the terrace alone. It was Luly Cecil. mention this that you may make your away. Before she could speak one In that quiet, upper room, no doubt, A soft mass of rose pink cashmere, word he was saying what he had come the whole plan of the future had been silk and down, wrapped her. She to say-hurriedly, incoherently-his laid-the whole plot of vengeance had held a letter in her hand which sho row boundary line that separates mal- 'dim religious light' O'Donnell saw, or

> ile to America-her theatrica! success. 'Lady Cecil.

while to risk so much to gain so little know what, only that Miss Herneastle -er was it that some deeper, darker, is at the bottom of that too. Your

do not make such a statement on cousin Ginevra, and while life lasted, he found it now. One of these women and whatever her object could have the truth now, she loved Redmond O'. Charlotte Cordays, Joan of Arc, or Lady Cecil, you puzzle me. What new enormity has Miss Herncastle

'You do well to call it enormity. miserable, travestied world it was; he mused; 'ninety-nine out of a hun- | She has parted Sir l'eter and his wife

end. For Sir Peter it signifies little red, I suppose-how are you

He heard a stifled cry from withina cry of terror it sounded, and his heart smote him. Poor little Rose ! Had it come to this-had he been hard and unfeeling with her. and taught her to fear instead of love him? was ushered into the parlor and the With the remorseful thought still in his mind, the door cpeued and sue

Burlock Blood Bitters is au excellent 'Thanks, madam. It was your son | preparation, gives entire satisfaction. desired to see, but in his absence I and sales increasing every day, it sells have no doubt it will do equally well now on its merits; - Burdock Blood 'I believe you,' she held out her to say what I have come to say to Bitters cures Scrofula, Liver Comhand of her own accord now, and you. Mr. Ous is in the country, your plaint, Dyspepsia and Kidney come