CHAPTER IX.

hit; this is the grave monelour is I knew it well—the little grave carefully tended, with fresh all at it, and the roses blooming New, since the last month, been no fresh flowers. But the and magnella-blossems drep over is a perered as ever. And the research s; they never die !"

good woman who had charge of jeroign-leeking cometery ran on, Danvers picked his way amongst hung with wreaths of immordecerated with coloured figures and amaments—tawdry and greterque but yet lovely with the expression eder rememberance and undying seple faithful hearts.

the grave he had come so far inst within the fringe of cypreseshaded by a splendid magnoliawho was drepping its large rece tintthe soft pitying tears over the The name carved on the marble and out as if to meet his eye, as Mr. approached.

SYARIE DELORME DANVERS."

Cookley.

fellow seem

there's Bethi

the train I to

of the bear of the party

face If you w

ring which u

of remained

both, two ski

Ited from serie

's unfertunat

the older of

a from head

arning to Con

tance comes!

errible ! I ha

wild, waywa

een for mouth

ad, I know m

a such plight

and, with ey

e father,

is—one of the

that of a neg

them and hel

permitted to

the remainder

penitentiary gr

o father still li

ugh he could no

The great of

or by the see

er station!" rais

re apt to do to

les. Come, clea

shoek his head

do" as his sole

bit of writter

hee as stupid a

e guide them

the emigrant

party of young

h he felt him

a cry, a fall,

had slid from

he oried, in a

is knee.

said, quietly.

to heat and

rest drug-shop voice. "And,

o restaurant."

heir guns and

ard with help.

desen eager

relief. The

child, food-

me. The man

ferry. They

They were

ll half full of possibil por-the does not

y human race.

aily.

and all, but that was enough; that to he had come to seek-and had sir?" He drew a deep sigh of relief as he wide it, and then he smiled with an a stafaction that surprised his

the not how people generally looked their dead. And mensiour had urleus to find this one; his face as haggard and careworn that she hight it was some dear triend he was

her is no date," he said, presently. did she-die ?" that I cannot tell! It is little

then one year since I came here; the malready here then. A woman-I should say-came often, at first the flowers and to water the rese I never speke to her; she came and without a word to any one, until the ins. Then she bade me water the gier her, and she gave me little feemall. And since these last menths on not, and I water the roses always, lieking woman she was, grave with mest serrew er care, I should say. such come here to this place, monthe guardian of the cemetery, net wiened by her task, concluded with a

mendeur was not of that kind. There merrow in his look, there were no tears His haggard face had brightenad his sternly-set lips relaxed, as with st grief, in sight of his dead; and the tich he laid in the woman's hand was that she turned it ever doubtfully mim as he left her. Of what was ald piece the price? There was an inin the quick-witted Southern bleod d with gay, well warned ner of a metive in this uncalreliberality; and the weman resolved the money should be spent only on such ther hands tegether to cleanse them tast contact.

end of the dity has thing is transparent enough," Per-Danvers congratulated himself, as he te cametery behind him. "It is just inighed. The woman—the old serin traced me out, either for revenge what she hoped to gain, never dreamat I should come here to confound her the train-hand thery; or perhaps reckening that the int pecket the wages wrung from verid with noth ar of her revelation. One step more, te thing is set at rest for ever; the is seesched that would sting me to

ner. The man was no pity, no remerse in his soul, ditten little gir stood before the priest and demanded the groups who he legal proofs of death of Marie ing about him me Danvers.

ir light dresse plest was a young man, and had not and a sour-leek men appointed oure. He echeed the nuttered some with the indifference with which it e poor Italias Mes of his register int date ? What year ?"

Danvers shrugged his shoulders. for-five years age, I am net sure,"

wered, "That is what I desire to miched the priest's ferefinger as it

aim and thee alewly dewn the page, and he before it stepped, that the name was

ed toward him. his it it. 'Marie Delorme Danvers. and 25th, 187-, interred June 26th. the entry ?"

the stone floor is. Will you supply me with a cepy Italian throw ertified ?"

> cure preceeded to draw out the reform, and Percival Danvers watched the pricat—shook with the eagerness

toting these signs of an agitation he away. ht mapected until new. he father ?"

Ciral Danvers laughed aloud at the in; he was tee content to be dis-

radon me, I thought it was possible. mest a stranger here, and the child's new to me." faild! What child?"

cure's eyes opened wide, What a lighed and asked such strange quesat ence ! "hat child ?"

Percival Danver's eyes fell for the on the page he held in his hand, weed words which seemed to make stand still, and which dreve the frem his cheeks.

Jurie Dalerme Danvers. Aged 3 years." the are ill!" the priest cried, seeing the Wild hae.

Danvers commanded himself the next

Dere is an error here," he said, rethe paper to the cure ; " the age is " He bit his lip to steady written in the book," the priest | spirit. And then I heard she was dead." referring to the record; "see for 1

yourself, . The age is three years and three months.

Then a glimpee of the truth came to him and maddened him. He threw the fe down upon the table and rushed out into the bet blinding sunshine, walking with rapid step, never beeding the burning best nor seeking the shade. His frantic walk ceased before the gate of a low dwelling, half hidden in a rich growth of tropical fellage, its enciroling verandahs wreathed with crimsen passion-flowers and splendid purple bleems and long drooping sprays of flamecoloured blossem, all untrimmed and untrained in their wild luxuriance.

The house steed silent and described like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy-tale. Perhaps it was waiting for the touch of the prince to awaken it to life and leve.

Percival Danvers shock off the fanciful thought impatiently as he tred the neglected path and thrust aside the clustering wideleaved fern, pungent-scented myrtie, and crimson blossoming pomegranate. An elderly weman answered his summens

at the door. "This is the house of Mr. Dalerme?" he said. " Are any of the family living here

"Mr. Delerme has been dead a leng time." the weman answered. "There was only his daughter left. She went away five years age. Are you a friend of the family,

"Yes-that is. I knew Mr. Delerme. Can you tell me where Miss Delerme went?" " Miss Delerme ? Ah, that is a sad story ! It must be many years since you knew the family, sir, or you would know. If you will

please to enter, I will tell you." "Is she living?' That was Percival Danver's next question, and beads of perspiration stood on his pale ferenead as he asked it. But the sun-blinds were down all round the cool, shaded apartment, and the weman was too full of the tale she longed to tell to notice the paller of her visitor. "Is she living ?" he repeated.

"That is more than I can tell. Sometimes I think she must be dead, since even the grave in the cemetery has been unvisited for months, and that is the last thing she would neglect. But it has been a serrewful life, and a lonely one, and she must have had little to grieve for. Did you know her, sir, when you knew Mr. Delerme ?"

"It is a great many years age, and she must have been quite a child then," he answered evasively.

"Yes, she was only a child when she met the man who married her and ruined her life," the woman said. "She was away from her father then, staying with her aunt. She was a sweet young girl, and as beautiful a one as you would wish to see : and. young as she was, she had plenty of levers. Amengst them was an Englishman, Madame Delerme, the aunt, did not like him, but the young lady did; and-Oecile Lacroix. who was her bonne, teld it all to me-they met in secret, Then Mr Delerme heard of the affair, and he called his daughter heme. The young man was summened away at the same time by his father, a rich merchant in Terente. Mr. Delorme was net rich ; he had had great lesses, and his by touched neither hearth nor home. | daughter would have no dewry. The young whom a uniform Tat if it should bring a curse on the people were in despair at the separation, ess!' she said with a shudder, as she | and the young man persuaded her to marry him privately, with only Cecile as witness. She was a Roman Cathelic, the E-sglishman was a Protestant; he bribed a priest to make them one. Then he went away to his father, and she came home here. He was to get his father's consent, and to return to claim her; and they parted, full of leve and hepe. But the blessing of the Church was not on that marriage; how could it be? The bridegreem never bame back; he never even wrete. He was a villain!

"Our poor flower faded and pined. Then the truth came out, Mr. Delerms was furious, and he would have hunted the Englishman to the end of the earth; but the priest put in his word. It was no marriage that had been celebrated, he said; the bridegreem was a heretic, and there could be ne sacrament of marriage between one of the true Church and a heretic. Se Mr. Delorme forbade her to call herself by the English name, even when her child was born. I think she would have breken her heart but for that sweet child. For her she lived on, and even Mr. Dalerme grew seft and tender to the little thing. Then he died, the old man—they say his death was hastened by his daughter's trouble—and she lived en here, with Cecile and the child.

"Perhaps the Englishman died. I have thought so semetimes. Surely he could not have been such a monster as to have fersaken her all these years if he had lived ! We may have called him hard names which he did not deserve, and have slandered the

dead." She cressed herself, and went on.

"Then came the hardest trial of all; the child died. She was well and bright one day, playing here under the magnelia-trees, the wrote, a suppressed fire gleaming and the next day she was in heaven. It was beath his dark eyebrews. His strong a sunstroke, some said. Others said it was which grasps a coveted and hardly- net live here, where the child's voice seemed always in the air. She went to live with

"But they sent the notice of the child's death to the English papers : so Cecile teld me. It might reach the father's eye-whe knew ? And Cecile at least never believed that he was dead. Then, mere than a year age, Madame Delerme died. She left her little fortune to her niece, and Cecile came here. She always used to come and tend the child's grave in the cemetery, and she told me they were going away—she and her manner this man had, who trembled mistress, for a long time, on a long journey. Semetimes I think she has gene to seek her child's father, and that we shall never hear of her again, as we have never heard of him, child whose death is attested It is the land of forgetfulness there, ever

ghastly, and staggered out into the air. " It is nothing," he said to the weman, as she fellowed him anxiously. "I ave walked too far in the sun. It will go off pre- | tea yet ?"

sently," She went to fetch him water ; and he sat | and semething-a "mind-wave" perhaps. there in the flewer-hung verandah with his or an electric touch of quick sympathyworld of ruins about his feet and a risen | warned her. Her proud head was held a ghest beckening him with pale hand to his

aloud, striving to thrust back the accuring | cups, and presently chatted pleasantly with spirit. "It was my father! I dared not him, and sent pretty messages to Lady

"Yes; he will live now, It is always so the werthless lives are spared, the good and the beautiful are taken away."

Was the air fall of shoots still, and her the gheets veloce? Persival Deavers of his eyes. A face was bonding over himone of the faces which had hempted h ered dream so long. It was a hard storm face, full of vengeance and of hatred. "Coolle ?" he said weakly.

"Yes, it is L"

"This is no ghost; it is a woman in the floch," he muttered, as she raised him and held a cup to his lips, "What has happened to me? Where am I?"

"You have been very ill. You are here, in the home of your wife, Marie Delermewhere surely I thought the righteons judg. ment of Heaven had brought you to die, she added to herself.

"Maris—is she here ?"

"No, she is in heaven." The next mement she was serry she had speken, for a flash of joy lighted up the pale features ; Coolle knew that not even she could win pity or serrow from him for the weman he had treated so oruelly.

"O's, that my hands should have nursed him back to life, the viper !" she exclaimed to the housekeeper. But he lived and grew strong enough for

the hemeward journey he was so impatient to make. "He goes to the young bride," Coolle

greaned; "and she—she lies in her grave." " Cacile, when did she die ?" Vengeance was within her grasp. Could she forego it? That reluctant premise to

her deed mistress was fergotten in the whirlwind of her winth now. "She died the day she wrete you that letter at St. Sebastian's. That day killed

"And you left her there?" "No, I brought her here. She lies with her child-and yours,"

"That is enough. Now leave me." And she went; for there was semething so dark and terrible in his look that she was frightened.

It was the day before he was to sail for England. He had not dared to ask her the question upon which his fate hung until then. New he drew from his pecket-beek the record of his child's death and spread it out before him. As he glared at it with wild eyes, he seemed to see a demon pointing to that selltary figure "3," and to hear It whispering something it had whispered before in the darkness of the night, when his mind was at its weakest. How easy it would be to write another figure before that one! See, there was space left for it! Whe would know? He thrust the paper hastily from him. He started up and walked to the farthest corner of the room, and turned his face to the wall. But the blank wall showed him a vision of a ruined man, bankrupt in heneur and happiness, shrinking before the scern of the world which had so lately smiled on him; and of a fair sweet face, with horror and leathing written upon it, turned away from him for ever. And the tempter whispered more importunately than ever. "It is not a crime, It can harm no ene. Whe would know?" In another moment it was written,

"Marie Delerme Danvers. Aged 23." The next day he was gone, and Coolle sent an imprecation after him which made the tender-hearted housekeeper shudder.

"May the cup he would drink be dashed from his lips! May vengeance deg his footsteps, and justice selse him and drag him dewn!" the faithful servant said, with raised hand and solemn veice.

CHAPTER X.

"Miss Doveton!" Lady Kelth was saying anxiously. "It must have been Conthia, Albinia, it must have been Cynthia," Lady Saltmarsh said nothing, and Sir

George Vivian shrugged his shoulders. "All cats are grey in the dark," he said, quoting a French proverb.

Lady Keith took up her knitting and sat down. There was an agitated flush on her delicate cheek, and her slender white hands trembled; Lady Saltmarsh's shafts, often essayed in vain, had taken effect at last.

It was afternoon-growing late by the shadews, but early as yet by the cleck. There were no lights in Lady Keith's merning room, which epened on to the terrace and looked over toward the park; and with out the gergeous crimson and gold of the autumnal glery had reselved themselves into the sembre neutral gray of twilight.

Sir George glanced outwards, and saw two persons presently mount the terrace steps slowly, lingeringly, and pause at the top, looking back at the shrouded giants in the park below. Lady Kelth saw them too. "It is Cynthia," she repeated faintly.

"Cynthia is in the music-reem," Lady Saltmarsh said, pointing to the half-open deer, whence came echeing round the rich tenes which all knew to be Cynthia's

Then a white hand came fluttering against the glass, and a gray-rebed figure stole in out of the shadows and sat down, just as a theek a little as he teek the decument fever. It broke the mether's heart. She feetman threw open the door, with a lighted never looked up afterwards, and she could lamp in hand; and, in the illumination, Etith Doveten, all unconscious, raised her beautiful glowing face—transfermed in some are perhaps the father ?" the cure | Madame Delerme en an estate a few miles | mysterieus way since they had seen it lastand leeked at the three who were, each in their own fashion, sitting in judgment upon her in their hearts. There was only one thing which could cause such a trans- children. fermation in a weman's face. Sir George knew what it was and looked grave; Lady Saltmarsh knew what it was and looked triumphant. Lady Keith guessed dimly and her heart sank.

Miss Deveton was the only one who did net knew-did not guess. What she did know was that the world had grown brighter, more beautiful than her dreams; that a subtle philter, sweet as the nectar of the gods, was running through her veins and thrilling her heart with an ineffable joy. Leenard Hepe, coming in behind her, look-Percival Danvers rese up, white and ed dazed, as if the sudden light blinded him. "What are you all doing in there?" called Cynthia's voice from the next room.

"You are se quiet. Mamma, is there no

With the last sentence she was with them. shade higher than usual, but her cheek was pale, Sir George fancied, as she seated her-" I did not mean to desert her !" he cried | self at the little table and filled the chine Vivian ; for Sir George was going away by

room, and I'm overy ! I'd give some that " whichever way it goes."

The evening passed with something-no one know exactly what—weighing the hours which were went to be so light-winged it that pleasant circle. It was as if the al heavy with the threatening of a tem Cynthia was calm and a little mere stately than usual ; all her duties as houten were punotiliously performed to the little gathering of neighbours and friends who filled her drawing-room. Leonard was grave and prescoupled, Sir George silent and watchful, and Lady Keith's high-bred composure was disturbed. She was rections and nervous, and a flush burnt still on her check. Only Miss Doveton was radiantly happy and levely, wrapped in a sert of dream, which rendered her deaf to the mutterings of the storm. And there was semethings in her unconscious innecent happiness and in the sweetness of her beauty which told its own story and touched the hearts which should have been hardened towards har.

"We have been to blame. Poor childhow could she know?" Lady Kelth said "We ought to thave teld her ; it ought to have been understood. She is young and susceptable, and alone; and Leonard has been very kind to her. I will tell her to-

Re Lady Keith sat by the fire in the girl's room later the same evening-it was metherly custom which she had of bidding her good-night there-and told her what should have been teld before.

"So you see," she concluded, "I am quite happy about dear Cynthia's future. In her circumstances and with her responsibilities it would have been an anxious matter to choose wisely; but dear Leenard is all and more than all we could desire. I could not have trusted her to a stranger, but he understands her so theroughly. It can scarcely fail to be a fertunate and happy marriage,"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Origin of Slanting Roofs.

To find the source from which the Eurepean nations have derived the art of build ing in stone, we must look to the land of the Pharachs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Remans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colenization. The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts of the ancient Greek buildings to some of these found in Egypt of older date, affords strong confirmation of the tradition that the Greeks berrewed the art from the Egyptains. The Greeks, hewever, in adepting it added new feature, the pediment, and the reason for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the pretection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but, when, as in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks, with their eye for symmetry, previded for this by ferming the roof with a central ridge, at an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus fermed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the pediment and this part of the facade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was thenceforth regarded as se essential to the artistic completeness of the work that it was said that if a temple were to be erected in the celestial regions, where rain would net be pessible, the pediment could not be emitted. - Popular Science Monthly.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, lecated at Buffale, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillfull Physicians and Surgeons constituting the most complete erganization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, threat and lung discases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fite), spermaterrhea, impetency and kindred affections, Thousands are cured at their homes through cerrespondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumers, varicocele, hydrecele, and strictures are guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalide' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address. Werld's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage, "Gelden Medical Discovery"—the great

bleed-purifier. Nothing rankles in the heart like in-

justice. Try to understand the motives of conduct, and never doubt the word, or refuse to accept the explanation of erring Offensive breath vanishes with the use of

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such

as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stemach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50cts,

When a man sinks so low that he no lenger has a friend on earth the position of base ball umpire is all that is left him.

A Free Fight. The great reputation of B iggs' Electric Oil

is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt Other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs' Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves. Others hearing of the success of Briggs' Electric Oil have adopted other names similar such as " Relectric Oil," " Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them insteed of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought a suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil ourse Rheumatism, Nou-raigis, Sprains and Bruses, complaints arming from Colds such as Sere Theoat, (Dugh, Asth-me, Broachitis and difficult Breathing,

A CURE FOR DEUNGENNESS.

if so desired. Bend to in stamps, for book and testimenials from those who have been oured, Address M. V. Luben, 47 Wellington St. Bast, Toronto, Oat. Out this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

A. P. 295

A TEN-THREE-and we ladice-as Canvasces, IVE good pay. H. E. Kummer, Toronto, Out.

GENTS FOR NEW PARALLEL FAMILY A BIBLES—large type, splendid maps, beautiful lilustrations; contains 4,000 questions and answers on Bible Topics; liberal terms, international Book and Bible House Toronto, Ont.

CENTS WANTED-IN EVERY TOWN AND A county, for the O. K. Parer and Silcer. Best thing out; selle at eight; sample Kaile sent on receipt of price, 15c. Q D. DAY, Agent,

\$700 so Acre Farm—\$500 oo Acre Farm
Trom Dundalk—100,000 acting plays, 15 cents: 100,000 5 cent music; instrument ball-price. BUTLAND, ST King-ot. W., Toronto.

BACHELOR'S ADVENTURES - MARRIAGE and its Results; 14 vivid illustrations; Secrets for Men and Women, So: Adventures of a Bashful Man, 25c; Catalogue and agents' terms, 23. "THE GLOBE CO.," PAUL: BORO, M.J., U.S.A.

TO AND SAW MACHINES-ALL SIKES-LATERS D improvements; bracket band saws for attachcirculars. JOHE GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place

EPRESENTATIVE in each county to sell "Proposal and Esponsal"-a book on Love, Courtship, Matrimony and kindred "emes. Write for circulars. International Book and Bible Toronto, Ont.

CHOOL Teachers & Students Attention During Holidays a special course of private lessons, by highest masters, will be given School Teachers and Students, on Shorthand, Drawing or Painting. All who can should come. Send immediately for special circulars. THE UNION SHORE-HANDERS' ACADEMY, Arcade, Toronto.

FINE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE. Re-opans Wednesday, Sept. 1st. Vacancy for two hundred more students, on Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Drawing, Painting and Perspective, and all other Commercial and English Courses. All graduates helped in precuring good situations. Apply immediately. 37, 89 and 41 Adelaice St. E., Toronto

GENTS!-YOU CAN'T FIND A BOOK THAT A gives better estisfaction or that you can make money faster with than "World's Wonders." Bells to all classes—Christians and Infidels, Catholics and Protestants, old and young; old agents who have not canvassed for years are going into the field with it; C. F. Jenkins sold 128 the first week; J. E. Brace says : "The first week with "Wonders" nested me one hundred and sixteen dollars." A good chance for unemployed persons; outfit free to actual canvascers, write for terms. BRADLEY; GARRESON & Co. Brankford

## BRANTFORD

COLD WATER

RICE STARCH

NEVER FAILS.

ONTARIO Agricultural College WILL RE-OPEN ON FIRST OCTOBER.

Course in Agriculture, Live Stock, Dairying. Veterinary Science, and English specially adapted to the wants of farmers' sons. For circular giving information as to cost, terms of admission, etc., apply JAS MILLS, M. A., President.

Guelph, August, 1886. Please mention the paper in which you saw this advt.

## Dairy Salt.

Finest brand of English Dairy Salt, in quarter sacks. Higgins' Eureka, Washington Brand, Worthington, also the Celebrated ashton and leading brands of Canadian Dairy Sait. Butter Workers, &c. Send for Price List.

JAMES PARK & SON, TORONTO Awnings

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. Awning, Flag. Tent & Camping Depot 169 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Armstrong's

PATENT TEMPERED STEEL

Made from Best Tempered Spring Steel. LIGHT, HANDSOME, STRONG, AND VERY

We are having a targe demand this season from sections where sample lots were sold last winter, and orders should be placed early to secure prompt attention. Corning, Portland, and "Jump Feat," Rodies to suit, and all at very moderate prices. Have you used our Steel Bob-Sleighs? Ford for do. scriptive circula. J. B. ARMSTRONG M'F'Q CO. (LD). GUELPH. CANADA.



And Largest Training School in Canada. Send for Calendar.

ASK FOR THE GLOBE Washboard KEPT BY ALL GROCERS MANUE - I HELL E MAMILTON Waller Woods & C. & TORONTO

J.L.JONES WOOD ENGRAVER 10 KING S' EAST

TORONTO

ELECTRO&STEREOTYPERS. LORUNTO.