

WESTERN CANADA... YOU THINK OF MAKING HOME IN THE WEST... Settlers' Guide... Time Tables... Dressmaking... The Superior Life Insurance Company... Dressmaking School...

The Sacrifice;

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Not so fast," cried the doctor, coming out of the school, he saw Katie walking in front of him with her graceful step. Over her shoulders fluttered a black veil. She seemed to have taken special pains with her toilet, and to be in a great hurry.

"Where are you going," he asked, putting his straw hat on again.

"To the commander's, to see them ride."

"Who—you?"

"Yes."

His face flushed. "Come to my mother a moment, Katie."

"I have no time."

"I want to ask you something—something very particular."

"I can imagine it; it is that I am not to ride."

"No, it is not that. I wanted to ask your pardon for yesterday, when I was vexed. I had worries in school. You must tell me that you are not angry with me any more, child."

"Oh, it isn't worth talking about. I will come by and by and Gussie and Wegstedt are waiting for me now."

"No, come now."

"Why?"

"Because I wish if we were angry with one another yesterday, and that must be expiated."

"But I don't want to come now. Wegstedt is waiting."

"Wegstedt? What do I care for Wegstedt? Are you trying to make me jealous?" All this was said playfully, as he opened the door for her to enter. "Are you afraid your little officer will be offended at having to wait a little?" he continued. "Certainly not especially when he hears, as he soon will, that you are engaged to me, and that it is only my kindness that permits him to devote himself to you."

"She went in quickly."

"You mean to tell him that you are engaged?" she asked with some hesitation.

"Are engaged," he finished.

"Yes, I think it will be only right. He belongs to the family in a way—so he may know it. This secrecy leads to all sorts of misunderstandings and your mamma—he said this in a changed voice and with a grave face—"I shall hope soon to induce your mother to make our engagement public; things really cannot go on so, child. I thought it all out last evening after you left me."

"She looked very pale at this moment."

"We can talk about this evening. I will come to you, or will you be out?" she said.

"Very well, then, I will go to the club."

"Good-bye," she murmured.

"Without one friendly word?" he asked. "Must I wait for that, too, till this evening?"

She nodded curtly and as if embarrassed, and then she left him. He looked after her until she disappeared through the tall gateway.

He had no suspicion that she had already betrayed him.

He had lain awake the whole night, and had at length made it clear to himself that he must marry her, the sooner the better.

and then it would be over, this torturing restlessness, and he should have kept his word as a man of honor. The other was lost to him forever. A man can forgive many things in this world, but such treachery, never. It had been a weakness in him in the presence of the sister, his trustful Katie, even to give a thought to the past.

He called his mother out, put his books down on the table and began to talk with her about building over the house, which was to begin that very summer.

Soon after, Katie was standing in Gussie's little boudoir. There were heavy, bright-striped woollen curtains at the windows, on the walls were numbers of English pictures of races, and in a corner was a stand of elegant riding and driving whips, fishing rods and dog collars. On the carpet before the fireplace lay three beautiful black and tan dogs. The writing-table was heaped up with terra cotta dogs and horses, and pictures of the favorite animals. A large photograph of a young officer on horseback hung over the sofa, in addition to which there were portraits of the reigning family, and some celebrated sportsmen. Everywhere there were chairs and stools, at the window, half-hidden under the curtains, as if it felt ashamed of its presence, stood a work-table, on which was a red velvet casket, ornamented with a coat of arms in ivory. Beside it there lay actually a piece of woman's work, strips of flannel, sewed together in anything but an artistic manner—bandages for horses' legs. The one small book-case contained a selection of books which would have credit to a fast cavalry officer.

The young mistress of this room was leaning back in a rocking-chair; already in her habit she was rocking slowly while waiting for her visitor, and smoking a cigarette, the smoke from which she blew into the air in highly artistic rings. She was a dainty little creature, like a doll, with a thin subnare face, which, however, was not unsuited to the wonderfully large, gray, starry eyes, the cherry lips, and the mass of brown hair over the forehead.

"You have come at last," she cried, springing up from her chair as Katie came. "Come, put on your habit quickly, for Hans Wegstedt is waiting now."

She pushed Katie into the next room, and helped her to make her toilet for the ride.

"Here, take this jockey-cap. I will put on the hat—so. You look charming in it, and now come. What! silk gloves? Oh, you can't wear those. Will any of mine fit you? Try."

"Is that your betrothed?" asked Katie, looking at the picture of the officer over the sofa, while forcing her slender hands into the gloves.

"You have guessed it. The horse is Caressa, which won the Presburg Handicap five times; once in Hamburg, three times in Berlin, and once in Baden-Baden. The last time he came in, even against Wegstedt's celebrated Pompey, by half length."

"Does Wegstedt keep race-horses?"

"Why not? He can afford it."

"Do you know his parents?" inquired Katie, flushing, as she spoke.

"I should think I did! I was at two balls at their house last winter, in Berlin. They have a splendid establishment. Hans's mother is enfant gate at the court, a charming woman, and so aristocratic. Little Hans looks like his father; he has nothing at all from his stately mother, but he is a nice boy, isn't he, Katie? And an only son, too," she continued; "the perfect idol of his parents. They simply do everything that he wants them to do, to satisfy their darling—and he is really a good fellow after all."

"Have they got a house in Berlin, too?" Katie's eyes were growing larger every minute.

"No, but they have an apartment in the neighborhood of the Pariser Platz—a splendid apartment. What do you suppose that costs, darling? More than a general's whole pay. And they have

delightful carriages. I can tell you, dear, Hans is an excellent parti. But now come!"

"They ran quickly downstairs and out of the house, for Gussie declared that papa did not like waiting, and he was already at the riding school."

"Is your betrothed rich?" asked Katie, as they hurried along.

"Bah! rich—yes—no; he could use more than he has, on account of the horses. But we shall get on well enough; papa will make me a good allowance. What do you call rich?—We haven't a single rich man in the regiment except Wegstedt."

At length they reached the entrance to a large factory which the city authorities had allowed to be fitted up for a riding-school. The commander was waiting for them at the door with Wegstedt.

"Is Lilit there?" cried Gussie; for Katie is to have Lilit, and I will take your Selima, papa."

"But you are to play none of your pranks, if you please," cried her father.

She laughed lightly and hurried on into the large, rather dusky building. There stood the horses, three in number, Wegstedt's Bella, Selim, and Lilit.

Lilit greeted her mistress with a slight neigh, as she stroked the slender neck, and gave her a kiss on the white spot just over the eyes.

"You must be good, for you are going to carry a beginner to-day," she said caressingly. "You must not jump about, dear Lilit."

She was soon mounted on her father's horse, which carried a lady's saddle to-day, and amused herself with watching Wegstedt's eagerness, who, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, had put Katie into the saddle, and was now giving her instructions how to sit and hold the bridle, in terms incomprehensible to the laity.

"Equilibrium in the saddle is an absolute necessity for a rider," called out the commander.

Katie's countenance, which looked charming under the saucy cap, was radiant with pride and pleasure.

"It is delicious!" she cried.

"Oh, I am not at all afraid! Is that right? Oh, thank you. It is quite easy."

The gentleman laughed.

"You will ride splendidly," cried the commander, as Lilit trotted after Selim, carrying the girl's slender form.

"She has a talent for it, colonel," cried the little Uhlan, quite enchanted.

"Yes; the girl sits in the saddle like an old rider."

Katie was almost dizzy with pleasure. She looked down at Wegstedt, and met a long, earnest glance from his eyes.

She comprehended quickly all that she was told, and when her first lesson was over she stood with a beating heart beside the commander in a state of bliss, watching Gussie and Wegstedt leaping bars. She felt exalted, lifted up above every-day life, in her true element.

(To be Continued.)

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RIVERDALE

What delightful weather we are having.

Mr. John Boales has purchased Mr. Fred Johnston's farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee visited Mr. Ed. Bradey, of Cherry Grove, recently.

Mr. Wm. Connor, who was residing on Mr. Neely's farm, moved to Cherry Grove lately.

The roads are in perfectly excellent condition for cutter driving. What do you think about it, Dave? We regret to report Mr. D. Johnston seriously ill at present, owing to an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hill, of Cherry Grove, were the guests of Mr. George Nesbitt the first of the week.

Mr. Robert Irwin took a pleasure trip to Keady last week. Say, Robert, what does this mean, anyhow?

On Thursday evening of last week the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Ward was the scene of a delightful and sociable gathering, during which the hours were whiled away in dancing and other amusements. Music appropriate to the occasion was amply furnished by our able and proficient violinists, Messrs. Fred Johnston, Fred Cutting, Robert Gibson, and also Mr. Thos. Brett, of Beaverdale. Mr. Albert Dillon, formerly of Dundalk, supplied a vigorous instrumental accompaniment on the harmonica. A pleasing feature of the evening, during the progress of the refreshments, and which occasioned much merriment among the guests, was the rendering of several vocal selections by Mr. Harry Burgess, of Beaverdale. Mr. Burgess is an Englishman, who possesses exceptional vocal ability, which was obviously attested by the splendid soprano in which he sang "My Irish Molly O," and "His Day's Work Was Done." After partaking of the sumptuous repast, the guests again repaired to the ball-room, and once more gave themselves up to pleasure by indulging in their former amusement until the approaching dawn. In commenting on this memorable event, we must not overlook the cordial hospitality of our genial host and hostess throughout the evening, and we feel assured that our Riverdale boys will promptly take advantage of an opportunity of returning the compliment at the earliest possible occasion. Those present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Dillon, of Rocklyn; Mr. Randolph and Miss Ethel Brady, of Cherry Grove; and Miss Hill, of Flesherton.

DIRECTORY.

Under this heading we publish in brief form notices of Municipal, Educational and Religious Institutions, for the convenience of our readers. Such institutions are invited to keep us posted, so that the list may be full and correct.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

MARKDALE

The P.O. will be open from 8 o'clock a.m. to 7 p.m. every working day. Mails close as follows: C.P.R. going North, 11.40 a.m. and 8.40 p.m. C.P.R. going South, 7.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m.

Traverston, Waudby and Ebor-dale, 12.30 noon Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays. Beaverdale and Wodehouse—2.30 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

For registered letters and money orders, thirty minutes earlier than above. The P.O. will be open on holidays one hour after noon mail arrives.

Angus Flewes, P.M.

MARKDALE OFFICIALS.

Reeve—J. H. Stephenson.

Councillors—L. G. Campbell, J. G. Matthews, W. L. McFarland, T. H. Wilson.

Clerk—A. Macpherson.

Treasurer—Wm. Lucas.

Poundkeeper—Os. Walker.

Village Constable—A. McCutcheon.

Assessor—J. G. McDuff.

Collector—Chas. Reed.

Peace Officers—John C. Walker, M. J. Duke, Wm. Ritchie.

Medical Health Officer—A. Ego, M. D.

Auditors—J. S. Rowe, J. E. Matson.

Council meets last Monday in the month at 8 p.m.

EDUCATIONAL.

Public School Board.

Chairman—J. E. Treford.

Sec. Treas.—Dr. A. Ego.

Rev. A. Shepherd, W. J. Howard and J. W. Ford, Jr.

Public School Staff:

J. S. Rowe, Principal; Misses M. Neely, J. Murdoch, M. Mann.

Markdale Public Library

W. Turner, Sec. Treas.; Miss V. Mann, Librarian. Library open every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

DIVISION COURT CLERKS

No. 1—Benj. Allen, Owen Sound.

No. 2—Arch. Davidson, Durham.

No. 3—H. Henning Meaford.

No. 4—W. L. Tyson, Marksburg.

No. 5—W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.

No. 6—W. J. Winter, Chatsworth.

No. 7—Dunc. Campbell, Hanover.

No. 8—R. L. Stephen, Markdale.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The County Council consists of the Reeves and Deputy Reeves of the various municipalities.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

Sheriff—C. H. Moore, O. Sound.

Clerk of Peace—John Armstrong, Owen Sound.

Clerk—John Rutherford, Owen Sound.

Treasurer—S. J. Parker, Owen Sound.

Warden—R. J. Ball, Hanover.

Registrar, N.—R. McKnight, Owen Sound.

Registrar, S.—Thos. Laidler, Durham.

M. P., North—W. P. Telford, Owen Sound.

M. P., East—Dr. Sproule, Markdale.

M. P., South—H. H. Miller, Hanover.

M.P.P., North—A. G. Mackay, Owen Sound.

M.P.P., East—I. B. Lucas, K.C., Markdale.

M.P.P., South—Dr. Jamieson, Durham.

NEIGHBORING MUNICIPAL COUNCIL BOARDS.

Artesia.

Reeve—A. Muir, Ceylon.

Deputy-Reeve—T. R. McKenzie.

Councillors—Alex. Carson, Geo. Wright, Robert Best.

Treasurer—W. A. Armstrong, Flesherton.

Clerk—W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.

Euphrasia.

Reeve—Jas. Erskine, Goring.

Deputy-Reeve—W. T. Ellis.

Councillors—R. Conn, L. Renzie, R. Johnston.

Treasurer—J. H. Gardner.

Clerk—N. L. Curry, Rocklyn.

Holland.

Reeve—Wm. Hampton, Berkeley.

Councillors—B. Wheldon, S. C. Greenaway, R. J. McIntosh, Adams.

Clerk—J. P. Hare, Holland C.

Treasurer—John Cameron.

Glenglynn.

Reeve—Thos. McFadden.

Deputy-Reeve—E. W. Hunt.

Councillors—Thos. Nichol, John A. McMillan and Wm. Weir.

Treasurer—Daniel Edge.

Clerk—J. S. Black, Romona.

Osprey.

Reeve—E. H. Norman, Badgeros.

Deputy-Reeve—W. J. Taylor.

Councillors—Thos. Stephens, E. McCallum, Henry Downs.

Clerk—Thos. Scott, McIntyre.

Proton.

Reeve—Jas. H. Corbett.

Councillors—John Aldcorn, Rich. Cronin, Robert Armstrong, Wm. Middleton.

Clerk—Thos. Laughlin.

MARKDALE CHURCHES.

St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. A. C. Walter, D.D., Pastor.

Sermons, 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month.

Presbyterian.

Rev. A. Shepherd, Pastor.

Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Prayer Meeting—Thursday, 8 p.m.

Sabbath School—10 a.m. R. John Chard, Superintendent.

Young People's Guild—Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

Methodist.

Rev. S. I. Wilson, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Service every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School—2.30 p.m. W. J. Shortill, Superintendent.

Prayer Meeting—Thursday 7.30 p.m.

W.M.A.—Monday, 8 p.m. C. Picken, Pres. A. Littlejohns, Secy.

Ladies Aid Society—Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, President.

Pew Steward—J. E. Treford.

Christ Church.

Rev. S. Robinson, M.A., Incumbent.

Sunday Services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School—10 a.m. J. W. Ford, Jr., Superintendent.

Bible Class—Friday evenings at 7.30, conducted by the pastor.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd, every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

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