Acton Free Press.

VOLUME V. No. 21.—WHOLE No. 230 ACTON, ONT., NOVEMBER 20, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

The Acton Free Press,

A FIRST-CLASS LOCAL AND GENERAL FAMILY JOURNAL, PUBLISHED ESPECIALLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CITIZENS OF HALTON COUNTY,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

At THE FREE PRESS Printing and Publishing House, next to the Methodist Church, Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—THE FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; if paid during the year, $1.50; if not paid till after expiration of the year, $2.00. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion—cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

—*JOB PRINTING.*—

Every facility for Book, Plain and Fancy Job Printing. Experienced workmen, Newest styles of Type. Presses good. Charges moderate.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., GRADUATE of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

W. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate at Victoria College. Residence, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 3 to 6 p. m.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

BRANCH OFFICE:—In Mr. Matthew's Buildings, Mill St., Acton.

☞ OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY. ☜

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to.

Terms reasonable.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.

HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents, and Draughtsman.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office, next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON. ROBERT AGNEW, Proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, ACTON. Jas. Campbell, Proprietor.

Mr. Campbell, late of the Rossin House, near G. T. R. Station, takes pleasure in announcing to his many old friends and patrons that he has recently purchased and refitted the Royal Exchange in the neatest and most comfortable style, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favour him, in the most comfortable manner. Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and cool summer drinks always in stock. Stable in charge of an attentive hostler. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be spared to give the very best attention.

JAS. CAMPBELL.

CASH FOR SKINS.

I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.

41-ly. JAMES MOORE.

AUCTION SALE advertisements inserted in the ACTON FREE PRESS, at low rates, the best local paper of Halton Co.

BIRTHS, Marriages and Deaths inserted free in the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the ACTON FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

COMMUNICATIONS on local questions of interest will gladly be received by the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

ENVELOPES printed in the neatest style, and at the lowest prices, at the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

IF you have farms or farm stock for sale, advertise them in the ACTON FREE PRESS the best local paper of Halton Co.

MERCHANTS and farmers alike should advertise and support the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

STRAYED or Stolen Advertisements of this nature inserted very cheap in the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

Pumps! Pumps! Pumps!

W. E. ADAMS, Manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern **Pumps**, which will be put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Charges moderate. Also saws filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.

W. E. ADAMS.

—THE—
"CLIMAX PLOW"
—MADE AT—
Crowe's Iron Works, Guelph.

Is ahead of all competitors for general purposes. **Iron Beam, Steel Board and Share** made of special hard iron. Cheap; $14 cash. New Fences, Stoves, Metal Letters, and Casting of all kinds.

JOHN CROWE.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

CANADA
LOAN & BANKING COMPANY
Savings Bank,
CORNER OF JAMES AND VINE STS.,
HAMILTON.

Six Per Cent. Interest paid on deposits of $1 and upwards.

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

Board of Directors.

D. B. CHISHOLM, Esq., President.
WM. KERNS, Esq., of (John Waldie & Co.) Burlington, Vice-President.
J. W. ROSEBURGH, M. D., Hamilton.
HUGH MURRAY, Esq., Hamilton.
THOS. BLACKHARD, Esq., Nelson.
COL. JOHN LAND, Burton.
ROBT. DUNCAN, Esq., Hamilton.
R. K. CHISHOLM, Esq., Oakville.
WM. FREEMAN, M. D., Georgetown.
H. S. GRIFFIN, M. D.
C. B. SNOW, Esq., (Manager Cotton Mill) Dundas.

Money to loan on Real Estate in sums to suit borrowers, and on easy terms.

☞ Office open every week-day from 9 a.m to 5 p.m.

D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1879. 7-6m

FEDERAL BANK
OF CANADA.
Guelph Branch.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.
DRAFTS and BILLS OF EXCHANGE Bought and Sold.

DEPOSITORS

Are allowed interest at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum in the Savings Bank Department, and six (6) per cent. per annum will be allowed on Deposit Receipts, provided the money remains in the Bank not less than six (6) months, and three (3) months notice be given of its withdrawal.

THOMAS Y. GREET,
Manager.

THE TRAVELLERS
Life & Accident Ins. Co.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Writes everything desirable in the way of Life and Accident Insurance.

Rates Low. Security Unquestioned.

Ample deposit made with the Dominion Government, for the security of Canadian Policy Holders.

Paid up Cash Capital,	$ 600,000.00
Gross Assets,	4,798,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734.37
Surplus to Policy Holders,	1,286,943.37

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent,
Acton, Ont.

BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY.

MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their

NEW BAKE SHOP
ON THE
Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
ACTON,

And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry &c., &c., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—

OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.,
always in stock.

This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.

☞ TERMS: CASH.

B. & E. NICKLIN.

HARNESS,
HARNESS.

Any person in want of a good set of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.

A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Repairing promptly attended to.

R. CREECH.

Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

MANHOOD.

WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.
47 Ann St., New York
Post Office Box 4586.

The Self-Exiled.

"Now, open the gate and let her in,
And fling it wide,
For she has been cleansed from stain of sin,"
St. Peter cried.
And the angels all were silent.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,"
She sadly said,
"I came not thither to enter in,
Nor may I tread."
And the angels all were silent.

* * * * *

"But I may not enter there," she said,
"For I must go
Across the gulf, where the guilty dead
Lie in their woe."
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter Heaven I may not speak
My soul's desire
For them that are lying distraught and weak
In flaming fire."
And the angels all were silent.

St. Peter he turned the keys about,
And answered grim:
"Can you love the Lord and abide without
Afar from Him?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,
"By pitying those
The sinful living or the awful dead
In their helplessness?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be I her Christ were I
To love no more
The loved who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?"
And the angels all were silent.

* * * * *

"Did He not hang on the cursed tree,
And bear its shame,
And sleep to His heart, for love of me,
My guilt and blame?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker, nearer Him,
Forgetting this—
Singing all day with the Seraphim,
In selfish bliss?"
And the angels all were silent.

The Lord Himself stood by the gate,
And heard her speak
Those tender words compassionate,
Gentle, and meek;
And the angels all were silent.

"Now, pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from the way he ever trod
He never departs."
And the angels all were silent.

And He said, "Now will I go with you,
Dear child of love;
I am weary of all this glory, too,
In Heaven above."
And the angels all were silent.

"We will go seek and save the lost,
If they will hear.
They who are worst but need me most;
And all are dear."
And the angels all were silent.

UNDER AN EVIL STAR.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF RUTH EAVESCROFT, EDITED BY MERVYN MERRITON.

PART III.—(CONTINUED.)

"I made a contract with him—I have it here"—showing a parchment document—"on my part silence for ever on this dark page in his history; on his, that he should never marry again, and that on his daughter's eighteenth birthday——"

"I see—I see! Oh, Mr. Haggerstone, I am ready to sign any engagement—you shall have any sum my father wishes me to——"

"Be not so impatient, Miss Welmore. Hear me out. I repeat that your father engaged that on your eighteenth birthday I should obtain your hand in marriage."

"Your wife! I!" And, rising suddenly, she sprang like a terror-stricken doe to the very extremity of the room, almost touching the screen which concealed me.

He followed her, though gently, and, attempting to take her hand—a movement which she eluded—he said—

"It is scarcely necessary for me to add that I am now here to demand the fulfilment of our contract."

"Oh, wretched Evelyn!" And, bursting into an agony of tears, she fell into the nearest chair.

I felt a strong impulse to quit my hiding-place and go to her support; but a moment's reflection told me that my present appearance might add a serious complication to the terrible position created for her. A brief pause ensued, which was broken by Evelyn, who said—

"With your permission, sir, I will retire for a short time."

"Oh, madam, pray follow your own inclination. Should your decision on this momentous matter place us in the relation of wife and husband, you will find me no harsh tyrant. But I trust you will not long delay to inform me of your intentions."

"The suddenness of your announcement, Mr. Haggerstone, this terrible tale of the past, the future prospect thus unexpectedly unfolded to me, all combine to almost paralyse my power of reflection. I will see my father; from him you shall receive my answer."

"So be it, Miss Welmore. But I pray you to observe that my present stay here must be short. Pressing affairs in London demand the immediate solution of this question. I have no doubt of the issue, when you tell me you will be guided in your decision by your father, to whom you are aware it is nothing less than a matter of life or death!"

I waited not to hear more. Passing out through the little door, I ran swiftly round to the hall in time to meet Evelyn on her way to her father's apartment.

"I have heard all!" I whispered drawing her into a recess, where the poor girl fell on my neck, and broke into convulsive weeping.

I led her, scarcely conscious, up to her own room, where I gave her some restoratives. Gently turning the conversation on the recent scene, I discovered that she had already arrived at a decision in her own mind—such a decision indeed as was to be expected from her self-sacrificing nature. She would save her father and the honour of her family.

"And Ruth," she said, "my father shall never know all he is asking of me. Why should I increase the agony he already feels? Nay, if he knew where I have already bestowed my heart, he might even sacrifice himself, his honour, haply his life, to save me from misery. Walter Ashton shall learn from me that a stern necessity prevents our union, that he must never ask me to enlighten him further, and that the secret of our love is to remain for ever buried within our own hearts. Ruth dear, I dare not speak with him now. The sight of him would unnerve for the task I have to perform. Tell him he must not remain here a moment longer. Say I will write to him."

After Evelyn had quitted me to seek Sir Poyns, a violent reaction seem to overcome me, and I remained in a sort of stupor, during which my commission to Walter Ashton entirely faded from my recollection. Thus it came to pass that his misfortune was broken to him in a manner little anticipated by either Evelyn or myself.

Beyond knowing that Mr. Haggerstone received Evelyn's reply from Sir Poyn's lips, I am unable to say anything on that particular head.

I had descended, and was about to join Mr. Ashton in the picture-gallery, when the sound of voices from within told me that his solitude had already been interrupted. I soon plainly distinguished the voice of Sir Poyns, as well as that of the terrible Haggerstone. Inferring that Evelyn must be alone, I hastened to join her.

This, as I afterwards learnt, was what had occurred in the gallery.

Sir Poyns and Mr. Haggerstone had entered together. Haggerstone, at once assuming an air of a master rather than that of a visitor in the house, presented Mr Ashton to the Baronet in an off-handed manner—

"Mr. Walter, the painter I was mentioning to you, Sir Poyns."

The Baronet bowed stiffly, and with a surprised air, but spoke not. Mr. Ashton, taken aback by this reception, made a formal speech to the intent that he rejoiced at the occasion which permitted him the honour of making Sir Poyns Welmore's acquaintance. The personage thus addressed bowed again still more vacantly, and without speaking. Mr. Ashton now remarked in a complimentary manner upon the gallery of pictures.

"Mr. Walter is a judge," said Haggerstone. "Can you make a rough guess, Mr. Walter, at the value of the collection?"

"I," was the reply, "have lived all my life among good pictures, but have never studied them with regard to their selling price."

"You sell none but those of your own painting?"

This remark, made by Haggerstone, recalled to him his assumed character, which for the moment he had well-nigh forgotten. He added—

"Of course I do not allude to those. But you know, Mr. Haggerstone, I am not here to day with a view to sell my pictures."

"Certainly not. Your sole object was to—make the acquaintance of Sir Poyns Welmore?"—which remark he accompanied by a look of peculiar meaning, which appeared to say. "And, now that you have made his acquaintance, and see how coldly your advances are received, you will do well to take your departure?"

Thinking it not unlikely that this might be the best course to pursue under the circumstances, since he had at least succeeded in making Sir Poyns' personal acquaintance, Mr. Ashton was preparing to say a few farewell words, when Haggerstone as if a new idea had occurred to him, said to the Baronet—

"I was observing to this young gentleman, as we walked up together from the 'Blue Lion,' where we are both staying, that your daughter—of course he is not acquainted with her—will probably have some knowledge of pictures—more particularly religious pictures—she having been educated in a country famous for its past painters—Flanders, Mr. Walter. There are, if I mistake not, specimens of both Rubens and Vandyke on your walls, Sir Poyns? One of these days Mr. Walter may make Miss Welmore's acquaintance, when they may discourse together on Flemish art. And, bye-the-bye, Mr. Walter, I am reminded of the work of art we were examining together this morning."

Mr. Ashton's lips formed the word, "Hush!" but Haggerstone, taking no notice of it, continued.

"I should like to have Sir Poyns' opinion of it. I doubt not you have it about you, Mr. Walter. Produce it, if you please!"

The concluding phrase was uttered in a tone of a command rather than of a request. Uncertain as to what the speaker was driving at, but still regarding him in the light of a friend, Mr. Ashton produced the case containing Evelyn's miniature likeness.

"Give it to Sir Poyns!"

The tone of voice in which Haggerstone said this startled both his hearers. It was imperious almost to the point of insult.

Mr. Ashton would have indignantly returned the case to his pocket but that Sir Poyns, while his eyes were fixed dejectedly on the speaker, held out his hand to receive the object of discussion.

"You have never yet seen what that case contains, Sir Poyns, "Haggerstone went on, "though you well know the circumstances connected with it. Mr. Walter has seen it, but little dreams of the nature of those circumstances." And then effecting a languid insensibility to the situation, he threw himself into a chair and yawned.

The case opening with difficulty, Sir Poyns returned it to the supposed painter, making a feeble impatient gesture for his aid. They remained standing near one another; and, the case having been opened, while each had a hand upon it, Haggerstone resumed carelessly—

"That miniature was painted—as Sir Poyns Welmore knows, and Mr. Walter does not know—expressly for me. The painter was sent to the Flemish convent at which the original was educated; and it was straightway delivered to me as the pledge of an engagement. You follow me, Mr. Walter?"

Here Sir Poyns, roused from the apathy he had hitherto exhibited, withdrew the miniature from Mr. Ashton's hands and exclaimed sharply—

"These matters can have no interest for a stranger!"

"Pardon me, Sir Poyns; I know what I am about. I repeat, an engagment to be fulfilled——"

"But, sir, I will not have them discussed before the third person. Mr.—Mr.—I forgot his name—is utterly unknown to me, and little known, it appears, to you!"

Sir Poyns uttered this angrily, almost violently, as mechanically he put the miniature, without having even looked at it, into his coat-pocket.

"As you please, Sir Poyns; but pray bear in mind that Evelyn's miniature is my property."

"Evelyn!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, with mingled astonishment and anger.

"Yes, sir"—and Haggerstone rose—"Evelyn Welmore—soon to become Evelyn Haggerstone!"

At these words Sir Poyns, Walton Ashton afterwards told me, staggered towards, and almost fell against, the carved oaken chimney-piece, he himself being the while utterly ignorant of the immediate effect produced upon him by the astounding intelligence. He only remembered hearing Haggerstone add, with a triumphant sneer—

"If Mr. Walter requires further confirmation of the statement I have made, let him now ask it of Evelyn's father."

"Once more, Mr. Haggerstone, this concerns not Mr. Walter."

"If you please, Sir Poyns, we will assume that it does concern Mr. Walter. Let Mr. Walter deny it if he can. You see he is silent. I would observe, Sir Poyns, that I presented Mr. Walter to you. I had my own reasons for presenting him to you. They may be good or they may be bad. At all events, here he is; and you will confer a favour upon me, besides dispelling certain delusions into which he may have fallen, if you will give a plain answer to the plain question that I am about to put you. Is it or is it not true that Miss Welmore is under an engagement of marriage with me—an engagement of long standing on your part, confirmed by her this day? Mr. Walter, I request your earnest attention to the answer Sir Poyns will make."

The terrible truth was already so manifest to Walter Ashton that, in order to spare Sir Poyns a task which, without understanding why, he could see was painful to him, he rose to precipitately to depart. Haggerstone placed his hand upon his shoulder, saying—

"It is better for all of us that you should hear Sir Poyns."

As Mr. Ashton resumed his seat, the Baronet, with a groan that seemed to come from the depths of his heart, muttered rather than said—

"It is so. Yes, yes. Mr. Haggerstone is right, sir. But I am unequal to enter on the subject. You will pardon my withdrawing, Mr. Walter. I regret that you should have been made the witness of this family discussion. Your presence is a mystery to me. It is Mr. Haggerstone's doing. I leave you together. Pray, Haggerstone, order refreshments. I will send my servant to you." And with a lofty cold salute Sir Poyns quitted the gallery.

"Well, Mr. Walter," Haggerstone commenced, when the door had been closed upon the retreating Baronet, "are you by this time convinced that there is another person who has a stronger claim than yourself to this miniature"—pointing to where Sir Poyns had laid it on the table—"or do you require further proof—as, for instance, the word of the fair original herself?"

"I pray you, Mr. Haggerstone, let not that lady's name be mentioned between us. You have—why, I know not—induced me to come here under a terrible mistake—one which, moreover, I cannot attempt to clear up, because to do so would involve an appeal to her who is, I fear, voiceless in the matter."

"Oh, by no means voiceless! Do not let yourself be misled into that belief. Miss Welmore is free to answer any questions you may put to her, either in my presence or my absence. But, to give you my own opinion, you are unlikely to get any enlightenment from her."

"Be that as it may, sir, I hold Miss Welmore in too great respect to do aught which may entail upon her a sense of humiliation."

"As you please. It rests with you alone. But you will accept the hospitality offered by Sir Poyns!"—for Walter Ashton had approached the door. "You take this matter too seriously. Every man is liable to such an error as that you have fallen into. Be assured my intervention has been timely; and but for it, the consequences of this affair might have been far more disastrous than they now will be."

"I am willing to believe you, Mr. Haggerstone. I must do so, for I am without the means of contradicting you. As to my remaining here a moment longer than is necessary, it is out of the question. I have the honour to wish you a good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Walter. I will make your excuses to Sir Poyns. After what you have said, it seems improbable that you will see any more of Miss Welmore; but, should future circumstances permit—as is probable, for it is easy to divine what is your proper place in society—I shall have pride in presenting you as Mr. Walter, or by any other name, to Mistress Haggerstone!"

* * * *

The result of the interview that I had in the meantime with Evelyn was that she wrote Walter Ashton a letter in kind and gentle terms, telling him that, by reason of difficulties which had suddenly and most unexpectedly arisen, which she could never explain, but which were absolutely insuperable, all communication between them must end, and their engagement become a dream of the past.

Watching his departure from the house, I followed and overtook him. I gave him Evelyn's letter, stepping aside while he read it. I was astonished at the calmness with which he received its contents.

"It is only what I expected," he said presently; and he related the particulars of the scene that had occurred in the picture-gallery.

After a struggle with his feelings, he asked me—

"Have you any knowledge of this Mr. Haggerstone?"

I replied that I had never seen him, save for a few minutes that day.

"Then you are unable to judge whether he is likely to render Miss Welmore happy."

"I know nothing whatever about him. He is a friend of Miss Welmore's father, who sanctions the marriage—I hope for the best."

"Yet seeing the man, Ruth, I fear the worst for her. Oh, if I could only believe that she will be happy, I would willingly resign her before what is an inevitable necessity!"

"If the conviction of having, from a sense of duty, made a great sacrifice will give contentment, Evelyn will be contented."

"Are you sure, Ruth that I can do nothing to aid her? I would throw heart and brain into her cause were there the least hope of——"

"No, Walter Ashton, no; there is no mortal power can extricate her from those difficulties!"

"Then the whole situation is known to you?"

"It is."

"Enough. I may no more press you with questions than I might Evelyn herself."

"No such occasion will be furnished you. Evelyn will see you no more. Be advised by me. Depart at once—if not for your own sake, for Evelyn's. There is bad blood between you and Haggerstone. You ought not to remain under the same roof with him. An encounter with him would bring scandal upon Evelyn. The past freedom of intercourse with, you sanctioned by my presence, has already attracted observation. The sudden announcement of this marriage will not fail to make her the subject of idle gossip; if not to spare your own feelings, then, to avoid the risk of any consequences prejudicial to her, you ought not to remain in this neighbourhood."

"Your counsel is good Ruth. I have no right to call Mr. Haggerstone to account for his actions, yet I perceive him to be arrogant and overbearing. I have not at all times a very strong command over my own temper, even under every-day circumstances; and here, when my soul is wrung with anguish and my heart steeped in bitterness, I would not answer for the results to which a light word or a look wrongly interpreted might give rise. I shall not remain here a day longer. I will leave with your uncle, under cover to you, a few parting lines to Evelyn—my Evelyn who should have been but for——I dare not trust myself to say more. Farewell, Ruth. Convey this"—kissing me softly—"brother's kiss to Evelyn."

PART IV., AND LAST.

The scene in the drawing-room, of which I had been a concealed witness, was never more alluded to by Evelyn or myself. She now held frequent conversation with her father; and though a never-changing sadness weighed upon her, she succeeded in her efforts to conceal from him the episode of her love for Walter Ashton. This was the more easy, since Sir Poyns scarcely even remembered the incident of his visit to the Manor House.

Nearly a month passed. Evelyn's marriage with a gentleman of whom little was known beyond the facts that his name was Haggerstone, and that he lived in London, furnished food for the amount of country gossip usual in such cases.

The marriage ceremony was to take place in three days. Mr. Haggerstone, who had quitted Rollston for the time being, was expected back immediately.

On the morning of which I am about to speak I received a letter, secretly brought up, Adam Bowles told me, by Robin Trotter, which on opening I was surprised to find was from Walter Ashton. He had just returned to the neighbourhood, and implored me to persuade Evelyn to see him once more, for the last time. In spite of all I had said to him at our parting interview, I did not feel justified in persuading Evelyn to this step, but neither did I choose to take the responsibility of maintaining silence on the subject of Walter Ashton's expressed wish. I simply showed her his letter.

"I will see him," she said, with the decision which had characterised her under recent circumstances; "I feel that I can trust myself; and it will be a consolation to me hereafter to have softened by kind words the pang of separation."

Robin, who waited to carry back my answer, informed me that Mr. Haggerstone was looked for at the "Blue Lion" on that same afternoon, the rooms formerly occupied by "the painter gentleman" being kept expressly for the bridegroom expectant. In my note to Mr. Ashton I said nothing more than that I would meet him shortly, at a spot I named in the Manor House woods, and bring him Evelyn's answer. My real intention—thinking that, the meeting once resolved upon, the sooner it was over the better for Evelyn's peace of mind—was that she should accompany me. Great was Walter Ashton's astonishment, and still greater I doubt not, his joy, when on his arrival, he saw us awaiting him together.

The trysting-place I had selected was a favourite spot with Evelyn, and one we had often visited. It was a small grassy space, on which a felled tree afforded the means of rest, sheltered from the wind by a high overhanging bank, the latter thickly clothed with underwood. After remaining with Evelyn and Walter a few minutes, I left them to themselves. In order to return by the shortest way to the house, I had to clamber up the overhanging bank. What was my surprise when, on reaching a rough pathway that wound along this bank, I came suddenly upon Sir Poyns, crouching on the ground. I was much alarmed, as from this point it would easily be possible, through openings in the branches, as yet thinly covered with leaves, to see the pair below. But I stole away unperceived by Sir Poyns. Keeping my eye upon him, I presently became convinced that he was actually playing the spy upon his daughter and Walter Ashton. What should I do? I could not, unknown to him, put them on their guard. I had no right to interrogate him as to his actions. A short reflection told me that, detestable as I considered the act of eavesdropping, the best thing I could do in Evelyn's interest, under these very peculiar circumstances, would be to listen myself to what must apparently be heard by Sir Poyns. Thus I should be in a position to counteracting any objectionable movements to which the situation might give rise.

The first words that reached me, and I presume Sir Poyns also, spoken by Evelyn were—

"Know then, Walter—since you say the knowledge will be a satisfaction to you—that I do but bend under an imperious necessity, and that my love for you remains unchanged."

"Oh, depth of agony," exclaimed Walter Ashton, little deeming that he was over heard, "to hear such confession, and yet behold you bound to another—to know that while the flame devours the heart there must be ice upon the lips! Yet, Evelyn think not that I would reproach you. I know this is not your doing. My own sorrow at the necessity of our parting tells me what yours must be."

"I cannot so deceive myself, Walter. I am the cause of all your suffering. And, ah me, I have deliberately chosen my own path! Even now I might refuse to marry Mr. Haggerstone. But the alternative—Oh, it is too fearful to contemplate! Ask me no more!"

"Not one word. I believe in your truthfulness as I believe in Heaven; and I feel assured that you must be placed in some fearful dilemma."

"Thank you, Walter. Then you forgive me the destruction of your hopes!"

"Ah, from my very soul!"

"I shall remember those words when, in days to come, I shall be alone with my sorrow, and have no comfort but the consciousness that I have done my duty. And now, Walter"—a pause and a broken sob—"I can remain no longer—we must part!"

"Part! Oh, Evelyn, and to think that it will be for ever!"

And here, as they became locked in a farewell embrace, I perceived that Sir Poyns' frame was convulsively shaken, while I heard him gasping, as it were, for breath. He half arose, and I feared he would discover me. But again he flung himself down; while Evelyn, in sobbing accents, concluded—

"Farewell, then, my first, my last love! And if ever, when this early cloud shall have passed away, you should wed another, may she be worthy of you! Tell her there lives one—if I yet live—who in secret will bless her woman's care and tenderness for you! Farewell, farewell! Oh, Heaven help us both!"

Here my attention was called from those below to Sir Poyns, who started up, and, in a frantic effort to rush forward, entangled his foot in a projecting and twisted root, and would have fallen to the ground had I not gone to his assistance. He looked at me with a dazed air; but, presently recognising me, he whispered—

"You have heard it too! You must know what it all means! Tell me,—tell me!"

I at once resolved upon a bold step. I replied—

"It means that Evelyn is about to obey her father by marrying one man while her heart is given to another."

"Another! Who is he! What is he! How have they met! Why has Ruth Eavescroft concealed this from me!"

When I had briefly related to him all that had happened, he cried, wildly clasping his hands—

"Then I am breaking my child's heart—I shall be little better than her murderer! How can she marry a Haggerstone, loving one like him!"—pointing downwards.

"How indeed!" I echoed.

He became lost in thought. Presently I ventured to ask—

"But, Sir Poyns, had this been known to you before Mr. Haggerstone came, would the issue have been different!"

He peered anxiously into my countenance, as if seeking to know whether my question had been put in the ignorance I affected. I have never known exactly whether I succeeded in deceiving him; but, after reflecting a while, passing over my question, he said—

"You have been to blame in not making me acquainted with this; and yet I am conscious that I gave you but little encouragement to confide in me. Oh, wretched man that I am! What shall I do? Who will help me in this terrible strait? Alas, none can—none! If there is to be aid, it must come from myself!" And, quitting me gently, with a sign that I should not follow him, he walked away in the direction of the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Ills of Ireland.

The Reclamation of Waste Lands Proposed as a Remedy.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., lecturing at Liverpool, said the elementary right of a man was to live and be allowed to work for his living. The right of a nation was, if it claimed it, to have a national existence. Difference of Nationality was constituted by difference of race, of history, of tradition, religion, perhaps language. Where these differences existed there were of necessity distinctive tendencies and aspirations, and the sort of legislation which suited one such people was not by any means likely to suit the other. He did not rest the claim of Ireland to local self-government on the presence now of grievance or oppression. The days of oppression were happily over. No one supposed that the great majority of the English parliament would knowingly consent to oppression. But the claim was that Ireland constituted a distinct nationality, and had a right to a system of government suited to her own conditions and conducted by her own parliament. The special commissioner of *The Freeman's Journal* takes up the already mooted subject of reclaiming waste land. "Nearly a fourth of Ireland," he says, "is in waste land, or about 5,000,000 of acres, and that vast area of waste, instead of decreasing, has increased by 100,000 acres within the past year. Galway contributes nearly 250,000 acres to that, and Mayo—another Connaught county—307,335 acres. More than 16 per cent., or 684 563 acres, in the province of Connaught are returned as under bog and marsh, and, besides that, barren mountain land finds room in Mayo to the extent of 237,676 acres, and in Galway to the extent of 217,948 acres. Now, how is that, instead of being reclaimed from waste to cultivation, the land of Ireland, and especially the land of Connaught, is reverting into black moras! It is that the tenantry have no energy! It is that they have no industry? 'Tis no such thing. The men who go to England every year, as their fathers before them, who reap the harvest there, and come home in time to reap their own, with some savings from their cross-channel earnings—the men who send home money at the rate of £400 a Saturday, paid in one small country town in post office orders—these men are not lacking in energy, in sinew, in strength, in enterprise or moral soundness. They may take a wee drop too much at a fair; they may revel at a wake for like a hurling; but, my goodness! are they to have no diversion? Are they to be toiling and moiling, hewing wood and drawing water merely, for the master to feed his desires at home or abroad? I opine very humbly, but I challenge a counter opinion, that these men's strength might well and politically be diverted into another channel, the channel of reclamation—a work neglected by harum-scarum landlords, but which would be undertaken by stalwart, resolute men, if the lands which they wrested from the leprechaun and the will o' the wisp were their's while grass grows or water flows."

A Lady's Response to the Toast of, 'The Men."

Mrs. Duniway, of the *New Northwest*, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the gentlemen as follows:

"God bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrow, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property, and outmanœuvre us in everything. This would be a very dreary world without 'em. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it.

As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means "matchless." They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State fairs, and indispensable at oyster supper. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as wit, less than nothing as a legislator for woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we'd could we fly for them,
We'd anything but die for them."

A Black Servant.

I will mention a personal experience of mine which made a deep impression on me. I was travelling through the upper part of Natal. I had a black servant and a white servant with me. The black was by far the best of the two; he was honest, steady, sensible, and thoroughly to be relied on. One day he was taken ill, and I had to give him a strong dose of calomel. We generally slept, all three of us, in a tent together; but that evening we came to a hotel, and I asked the landlady to give the man a bed. She said sharply that she had no beds for black fellows; and I found afterward that the colonists in the interior will never allow a native to sleep under the same roof with them. I said that she must make an exception for once, as the man was seriously unwell, and might die if he was exposed to cold. "Let him die, then," she said, "he shall not sleep here." The sequel of the story was curious. In my dilemma I wandered into the kitchen, where I found a Burmese acting as cook. The Burmese being a Mohammedan with straight hair, and olive complexioned instead of black, was allowed to be a human being, and to live in the house. He looked good-natured, as I told him my difficulty. "Well," he said, "it is a hard case. I am a married man; but if my Missus does not object he may turn in with us."—*J. A. Froude, in Fortnightly Review.*

An Eagle Dashes Through a Window

[From the Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.]

The family of Mr. William L. Sherman, at No. 1,026 Wells street, experienced a sensation recently under very singular circumstances. An eagle crashed through an upper light of the bay window, and flew about the apartment wildly, just as Mrs. Sherman was leaving the room with the children. Had the family remained seated, they would have suffered injury by the falling fragments of the heavy glass. The eagle fell, as if partially stunned by the concussion, and then fluttered about the room. The royal bird was secured, to remain the guest of the family whose comfortable home he had so precipitately invaded. It is presumed that he escaped from a cage either on the National Home Grounds or in one of the German gardens, and that he darted through the window while confused by the strong gusts of wind prevailing at the time.

Sea Water Gargle in Chronic Catarrh

Professor Mosler, of Greifswald, says, in the Berlin *Klinische Wochenschrift*, that he has for some years most successfully treated patients with chronic catarrh of the throat by gargling with sea water. Special rooms for gargling have been erected on the sea shore in some watering places according to his directions. It is, however, essential that the patient should be given special directions how to gargle. As the affection is generally located in the naso-pharyngeal space, it is necessary that part of the water should come in contact with the nasal cavity. In order to attain this, the gargling movements must be combined with movements of deglutition. A marked improvement in the state of the patient follows as soon as the latter has acquired this particular art of gargling.