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DUBLISHER AND PROPBIETOR OF "THE YORK HERALD."

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Cheap Book and Job Printing Establishment OFFICE-YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

CHAPTER IV.

o see you in the library.

Bessie.

sadness.

fireplace.

tell you, sir?"

ing sternly.

quiet humility.

Bessie, with a defiant nod at that lady's

Miss Penn pressed her lips togeth-

without any further prevarication

ings than my lady herself.

"Me, Miss Penn?" said

"Yes-you. Come at once."

lated tone, and with a deep sigh.

ward manner. Do you hear?



THE YORK HERALD

DUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE

Issued Weekly on Friday Morning. Terms:-One Dollar per Annum in Advance

WHOLE NO. 786

VOL. XV. NO 9.

THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning,

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired.

THE YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a

acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Kowspaper.

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.ng,
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Markham, July 24, 1868

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RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE Corner of Young and Centre streets East, Corner of Young and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines and all other articles kept by druggists generally. Our stock of medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qualities.

Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 705

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New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the external agency, when the tooth can be external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr. ADAM H. MEYERS, Jr.,

SEGSWORTH,

Wishes she was in Heaven, to be free from spices and enemies. There, now was inguity care—you may say what you like, Miss Penn; every word is truth that I've said, and mother knows it. And I beg your pardon, Sir Robert; I'm ready to cry my Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new ap-paratus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner : Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each mont

Mt. Albert Maple..... Burwick.... .28th 29th

Nitrous Oxide Gas always

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B always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash. Also, Cornel and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.

The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c. Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72.

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TOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.

Boots and shoes made to measure, of the

best material and workmanship, at the lowest remunerating prices.
Toronto, Dec 3, 1867.

Civil Engineer and Draughtsman. Orders by letter should state the Concession Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. GIBSON and other surveyors, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original

Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in Jan'y 8, 1873.

MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Billiousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c. HAVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or heast?

dy now in use. It is invaluable. LSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for

Directions with each bottle and box. Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, Ingersoll

Sold by Druggists generally. The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine

VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Y Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, Penn, with a sweet smile tinged with segs to announce to the public that he is now segment. practising with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted person-ally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.

EXCERSIOR PUMP.

n the old place, and who is now prepared to

It is so constructed with the castings of

The Subscriber would respectfully announce that he is prepared to put in this

ON TRIAL FOR ONE MONTH

WARRANTED TWO YEARS,

in a lathe; consequently there is no leakage at the joints, which is invariably the case with the common pump made by hand. Price: \$5 above platform, and 40 cents

Also manufactures a pump for eisterns and shallow wells. Price, \$6, complete for eistern not exceeding 8 feet. Churn pumps for cistama 22 anh

cisterns, \$3 each.

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THOS. K. MORGAN. Toronto, April 25, 1872.

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.)

J. SEGSWORTH,

(Late of Duggan & Meyers.)

&c., &c. Office:—No. 12 York Chambers. Southeast Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 15, 1873.

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M USTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neural-gia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing THE MISTRESS OF ABBEY-LANDS. AN ENGLISH STORY.

THE KING OF OILS Stands permanently above every other Reme

A Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flox, Colie, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

to expel worms. Try it.

J. H. SANDERSON,

All orders from a distance promptly at-tended to, and medicine sent to any part of

Horses examined as to soundness, and also ought and sold on commission. Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872.

Change of Business.

THE EXCELSIOR PUMP IS NOW manufactured by Mr. Peter Phillips, who has recommenced business in Richmond Hill,

This Pump is Easiest Worked, Most Durable, and Neatest Made in the Dominion.

the handle as to make it all tight, therefore preventing children from putting anything into it.

And if accepted,

Or if they are not preferred to any other pump they may be returned, and the money will be remnded.

These pumps are suitable for all depths, from a cistern to a well of 150 feet. They are not liable to get out of repair, being double-valved, and the joints are all turned

Well digging done on the shortest notice.

Richmond Hill

743-1y MORGAN & THORNE,

ARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN Office-Court Street, Toronto. Branch Office-Division Court Clerk's Office, Richcountry, and tries to get into houses after her, and peeps into her drawers and baskets, reading every bit of a letter she can get in a fireplace; and and-listens at doors-I saw you, S. JAMES. Miss Penn!-and tries to open letters and papers, and—and—" (Bessie broke down with a sob) "and tells the most dreadful lies of a dear, beau-

RCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINELR, AND A Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto.

719-tf tiful, kind, good, sweet lady, that 719-ti she's not fit to hold her slippers to, and frightens her, that she says she wishes she was in Heaven, to be free

ADAM II. MEYERS, JR., Sir Robert; I'm ready to cry my eyes out to see the way my lady is treated, because she's gentle and—" DARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

"Sir Robert, you are quite aware Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. of the real facts of the case, which this girl's attachment to her mistress-

moodily.

who has certainly been lavish of costly presents to her," said Miss Penn, venomously; "has represented in so distorted a light." "Yes, yes, I know," he muttered,

son to remain, after her insulting language to me, Sir Robert-" "No, no; you may go, Bessie Mar-

"Unless you wish the young per-

"Yes, I'll go now," muttered Bessie to herself; "but you'll hear more from me, Sir Robert, when Madame Pry isn't at your elbow!"

Bessie's indignation and schemes night's drive to Charlton Mere will of vengeance were heard throughout haunt Sir Robert Lindesay. The pale the day; they flamed up fiercely in cloudy moonlight, the weird shapes ceeded in finding coal in the central "that they might expect to hear damp earthy scent of the close woodsomething soon," and that "there lands, the fragrance of the pine tends over an area of sixty miles in was one too many in Abbeylands, for groves, and the gnawing agony of the warning, "Hush!" length, and from fifteen to twenty miles certain," and that "she would not pain and anxiety goading him every in breadth.

| A low bed draped in handsome sions so sadly by heart. | Step of the weary way beneath the damask, a small table beside it laden "There never was a standard of the standard of th

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1873

"Bessie Martyn, Sir Robert wishes nervously dropping her work, and raising with a fluttering color. Miss Penn drew her lace shawl about her with deliberate dignity, as she canaries, to the ticking of the ormolu girl! Wilfulness, weariness, disobe sad, gentle face, and the serious light slowly descended the stairs before clock, to the steady pading of Sir dience, but not dishonor—it could in her eyes—"what are you doing "Sir Robert, here is the young peron," said Miss Penn, in a soft, modu-

"Ah," said he, rousing himself as if from a painful trance. "Bessie Martyn, I wish to ask you a few ques-A sharp knock at the door startled tions, which I shall expect you to Bessie violently, and she sprang to her feet with a bewildered stare at answer in a truthful and straightfor-

the twilight outside and the semi-ob-"Of course she will, Sir Robert. scurity inside. She would not attempt to answer in "It's my lady! and I've been asleep for hours!" gasped Bessie, shivering; "and I'm perished to death. Oh, dear! there—I've knocked

Bessie glanced at her with a hostile flush, and then said, steadily, "I always try to speak the truth, sir." down the chair' Half awake, and thoroughly confused, Bessie rushed to the door; and unlocked it. It was not "my lady," "A painful necessity," explained Sir Robert, with a hoarse quiver in

but Sir Robert, who stood there on his voice, "obliges me to seek inforthe flossy violet mat. mation from you about your mis-"Has your mistress not returned yet?" he demanded, and there was something in his voice that fright-Miss Penn turned away abruptly,

and mouned at an escritoire near the ened Bessie "No, Sir Robert," said Bessie, "My mistress, Sir Robert!" said timidly. Bessie, trembling very much, but holding her head up. "What can I

"It is nearly eight o'clock," he re marked. "Where is Lady Lindesay gone to-"Something may have delayed her ladyship," urged Bessie, trembling, she knew not why. "I dare say she will be at home in a few minutes, Sir day?" demanded Sir Robert, rising involuntarily to his feet, and speak-Robert; she is always back at six or "I think Miss Penn can tell you, half-past six." sir, much better than me," replied

back hair. "She ought to know more of Lady Lindesay's comings and goto the easy-chair by the open window, and flung himself into it, leaning out on the sill, wet with dew.

er, and, drawing her drapery around her, with a soupcon of offended majesty ful of the darkness. in her face and tones, she said, "Bes-"No," he said, in a low tone. sie-Martyn, do you forget to whom And so they remained, Sir Robert you are speaking?—passing by my presence altogether," she added, with at the open dressing room window, and Bessie in my lady's bed-room, afraid to look at the tall mirrors in Sir Robert had been watching her the spectral gloom of the apartment -both listening and waiting. teenly, but he now turned to Bessie.

"Yes," he said, harshly, "you need not tell me what Miss Penn knows or Bessie watched in silent fear while afterward. Sir Robert put on his overcoat, and does not know. Tell what you know, seizing his whip, ran down the steps.

"Will you hurry?" he shouted, like Where has Lady Lindosay gone toa man beside himself, to the bustling "I'll tell you, Sir Robert," ex- grooms and stable boys. laimed Bessie, hotly, irritated by his Suddenly Miss Penn. manner and Miss Penn's sharp watch- bonnet and shawl, brushed past you?" cried a strong, clear feminine erine, sadly and resolutely. ful cyes; "my lady's gone to visit Bessie, and joined Sir Robert as he voice. some friends at a place called Charlton waited. He said something in a sharp, "I

-Miss Penn ought to know a good phaeton swept round from the stabledeal more, when she watches and yard, Bessie ran down desperately spies, and tracks my lady across the and touched his arm. "Sir Robert, will you let me speak

to you one minute?" she whispered, beseechingly. "No, I cannot! Be off!' he cried,

oushing her away roughly. "Go in, you forward lying minx!" said Miss Penn, in a savage undertone.

one word!" "What is it, girl?" he said impatiently. "If you are going to look for my mystery about this house which lady, don't take Miss Penn with you! brings Lady Lindesay here, and I Don't, Sir Robert!" implored Bessie, will know it. Is my wife here?" an urgent whisper. "She hates my

ooked cadaverous in the moonlight.

"So you may, but I'll never stand to see you try to ruin an innocent lady!" retorted Bessie, courageously. alone, please; she's a good, kind girl, she's said or done in her life," inter-

posed Mrs. Martyn, with cutting sig-

nificance. The night passed away, and the gray dawn stole over the sleeping tyn; and see that you keep your tongue silent," said Sir Robert, about Abbey. Who would say that the sently locking and unlocking a desk. sunlight could ever more bring joy and brightness to the desolate home

CHAPTER V.

While he lives, the memory of that

Bessie; but the servants coughed and the few sleepless stars that peered bottle, and a decanter of wine, a "and there never was a purer or nodded their heads with Masonic in- out here and there at him from be- shaded lamp burned softly on an- fairer wearer of it than Katherine bligence.

It was a sultry, lowering day, and vivid to him in after years. There bedside, and a dark face and long She glan as the hot, silent hours of the after were no other eyes upon him but tresses of shining hair streaming over way at the figure on the bed. noon rolled on, Bessie grow sleepy and languid over her work, and at length put it aside; and taking a lightly house the same taking a length put it aside; and taking a length

richly-bound novel from one of the rosewood shelves, she sat down by the open window to amuse herself.

But the book was of rather to high a rolling of light to high a rolling to the rol class of literature for Bessie's taste; stories, and yet-yet-have I not the ness of his wife. she bagan to liston dreamily to the evidence of my own senses? But not "Katherine," he said—his anger sleepy chirps of Lady Lindesay's, that—not that—my poor, beautiful and fear fading before Katherine's Robert's feet on the gravelled walk of the terrace; then fell to wondering where Miss Penn was, and finally In his dire extremity, Robert his wife. "Hush! slipped away into slumberous obli- Lindesay took off his hat, and prayed

> said he, with a sharp pang of remorse; "Caroline may have warped my udgement by her malice, since she hated Katherine so. Perhaps she might have cared a little for me, if I had tried to please her more in her own way, indulged her more, and

oeen gayer with her." Then he thought of the gray hairs in his beard and of his forty-five years against her twenty-four, and groaned with sick impatience.

It was past eleven o'clock when Sir Robert reached Charlton Mere. About a mile from the village he had topped at a roadside hostelry which Caroline Penn had told him of, and procured a guide in one of the tavern-wife, drawing her hand away and keeper's sons; and now by the latter's looking straight into his eyes, "I directions he drove across by the comnon and into the long deep lane.

"By the way," said he, asking the question which he had forgotten imid his troubled thoughts, "you have a pair of gray polics in your stable—the lady has not taken them nome vet?"

"Naw, sir," said the rustic, in some relidation as to whom this stranger, who knew the interior of the stables. He made no reply, but strode over might be, "they're gone long ago." Sir Robert pulled up the horses of

"Yes, sur," said the lad, wishing "Shall I have the lamp lighted, himself anywhere but on Sir Sir Robert?" asked Bessie, half fear-cushions and otter-skin rug. himself anywhere but on Sir Robert' "And Lady-the lady and the groom ?"

> "Naw, sur, naw un but the groom?" replied the young fellow. "Sir Robert said not a word, but

The furious mastiff made no delay barks, and soon the sound of unfastened forth from a door near at hand.

"I will tell you, if you will keep Mere, and that's all I know; and—and dissatisfied tone to her, and as the your dog quiet," said Sir Robert. The woman bade the dog lie down, and came out with a lantern in her

> "Are you Mrs. Chivers?" asked Sir Robert, springing down. "Yes," said she, holding the lantern to his face.

hand.

manded, laying his hand on her shoulder. "You must tell me, woman -do vou hear—I must know.' "Sir Robert," entreated Bessie. "Who are you?" said the woman rather stiffly. "Sir Robert Lindesay," he replied

and there is some secret or some

"I never saw Sir Robert Lindesay lady; she has told shameful lies of a in my life; I don't know you, sir nor good, beautiful Christian lady," added do I know who your wife may be; Bessie, mixing up her adjectives in but this I know, that you have no her distress; "don't take her; she'd right to come to a respectable dwell-

Bessie spoke rather at random in her agitation, but Sir Robert only most respect while she is mistress of Abbeylands."

Bessie shook her head doubtingly, and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

"Listen to me, woman." water Robert of the phaeton he drove away.

"Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

"Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

"Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

"Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away. a suffocated tone, while her pale face if she has left, you must give me what

traces you can of her whereabouts. "Lady Lindesay is safe wherever she is—that is all I will tell you sir," said the woman, when a second per-"Miss Penn, you let my daughter son ran over from the house door, and Sir Robert saw in the rays of light who needn't be ashamed of anything from the lantern the face of a young man. He whispered something to the woman, and she turned to Sir Robert with a different expression.

"You may come in, Sir Robert," house. Softly, sir, there is one dying here, too.'

"Who is dying?" demanded Sir Robert.

"A poor lady," said Mrs. Chivers. the servants' hall during dinner, of the trees and bushes as he swept ed by Mrs. Chivers with a tallow that you told me were so spotless, when she dealt out mysteriously past them, the deadened roll of the candle; and then into a small, neat and concerning which there was never wrathful hints to her companions wheels on the early fallen leaves, the parlor communicating with a bedroom. The door was ajar, and Mrs. of Lindesay.' Chivers motioned him to enter, with

More could not be extracted from calm pure eyes of Heaven, namely, with a plate of fruit, a medicine on our name, my darling," he said,

"My mother, Sir Robert," sobbed

his wife. "Hush! She is dying.

Come into this room to speak to me."

aloud to Heaven to protect his wife. "Your mother!" gasped Sir Rob-"I may have been always wrong," ert-"why, you told mo-"I told you three months before you married me that she was dead," interrupted his wife, "and I told you what I believed. She was not dead, though, as I discovered afterward. It is a long story, Sir Robert, but I must tell it now, I suppose-long as I have

striven to hide it." "Was it her whom you came to see here?" he asked, tremulously. "Yes," said Katherine Lindesay, with a deep sigh.

"And why did you keep it secret from me, Katherine?" he asked, taking her hand. "Because, Sir Robert," said his wife, drawing her hand away and my hands, and asked to be let live

quivered all over. "Why, Katherine?" he questioned, very gently. "You have not been very tolerant

of my whims and fancies, Sir Robert," said Kathering, somewhat bitsaid Kathering, somewhat bitterly; "you have not been very un-willing to believe the worst of me, who never wronged you in thought, word, or deed; but you might be generous enough to spare me from further questioning. I came to see my mother here; I could not let you their haunches. "Gone!" he cried. know the fact of her existence; and she is dying now. I found she was dying to-day, and I could not leave

her, but I sent the groom home with a note to you." "I never got it," he interrupted eagerly; "it was because I did not know where you were, Katherine, drove slowly to the farm-house gate and because I was nearly mad with and stopped there, "as if he were alarm and anxiety, that I came after dazed," the lad said, telling the story you. You say you have never afterward.

wronged me, Katherine; but, in withholding your confidence from me, and in his frantic leaps and hoarse raging barks, and soon the sound of unfastening bolts was heard, and light stream- ing your strange conduct, have you not wronged me cruelly?"

"What to you want? Who are "I could not tell you," said Kath-

"But you could let others say worse things of yourself, Katherine, he observed; "which do you think would touch me more nearly?"

"I was wrong," said Katherine with tears, "but I was so unhappy and lonely, that I did not know what I had best do. I could not tell you that you had made a worse mesalliance than you thought," she added, drying her tears, and confronting her hus-"Is Lady Lindesay here?" he de-

band proudly. "And this woman is your mother, each other, Katherine?" Katherine?"

"Yes, and she is dying. I must go to her now, Sir Robert," said his wife, endeavoring to pass him. He looked at her bright hair girlhly curling on her black dress, at her spirituelle face downcast and pale, at her little white hands nervously trembling, as with one swift compre-hensive bound his mind flew back

over the past, seeing the wrong made

right and the darkness clear, and in

his joy finding his wife all that he be-

lieved her to be—pure and true—his yearning love, pity and thankfulness melted down the icy barriers of his pride at once and forever. "Katherine, my darling," he cried. "That is my husband, mother," taking her in his arms, "who so fit said Katherine. "You know I told to be your confident and protector as you of him." your husband? You do not care much for me, I know, but, after all, you might be sure I would be your best counseller and friend; indeed 1

husband's face, to see if he was in carnest. "I did not think you cared any thing for me," she said, in a low tone "I thought you only married me for

She gave a startled glance at her

would, Katherine.'

my money.

"So I did, Katherine," he auswered, truthfully, though her reproach cut him to the heart; "but, my darling, she said; "Lady Lindesay is in the I came to love you afterward. Won't ness, and then turned to Katherine you share your troubles with me, Katherine?"

"Why," said she, sorrowfully, "did you never tell me that before?" Oh, Robert, it would have saved me such He entered through the low-ceiled pain! I dared not tell you of my poor kitchen, in which was a small fire mother, when I knew how you valued ourning redly on the hearth; your noble pedigree, and all those through long narrow passages, light great names in your family history

young wife had his pompous expres-

"There never was a spot or stain and wife were united.

YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

ALEX. SCOTT. PROPRIETOR.

She glanced through the open door-"Tell me of her, Katherine," he whispered; "tell me, my dear wife." She looked at him, the color comng and going in hor cheeks, and her

bright eyes troubled. "She is my mother, and she was a gay, beautiful girl when my father married her," said Lady Lindesay; "but he was too grave, and-I mean,

she was very young, and __" "Yes, I know," put in Sir Robert, with a sigh.

"She was fond of dress and admiration, and she had a passion for theatregoing, and the end was she ran away from him, and went on the stageran away and left her husband, Sir Robert, and went on the stage," repeated Lady Lindesay, distinctly. "And he said she was dead, and intended she should be dead to him from that time forth. That is twoand-twenty years ago, Sir Robert, and I know little of the life she led in those years, save that it was a miser able one; and when, at the time of my marriage, one of my solicitors discovered that a strange wild-looking woman who came to his office to make inquiries about me, was no other than my long-lost mother, he informed me of the fact, meaning to give her money and send her out of the country; but when I saw her in spite of him, and when she wept and kissed somewhere near me, that she might could not let you know my mother," see me a few times before she died, I and then her eyes fell, and her face resolved I would not forsake my poor wretched mother. And then, Sir Rob ert, I took this place for her, and and Mrs. Chivers, who was an old servant of mine, kept the secret well, even from her own daughter and sonin-law—the young man you saw—and never told them I was Lady Lindesay; and I used to disguise my dress and leave my carriage and ponies at the hostelry beyond the village, and walk here across the fields. I have done this once or twice a week for nearly twelve months; but it is over now-she is dying."

There was a dead silence for a minute after she had spoken; all the pride of the Lindesays was doing battle with his love in Sir Robert's heart-but only for a minute. His living, beloved Katherine was a thousand times dearer than the dignity of his dead ancestors; still it was a struggle between the two.

"It is a sad, terrible story, Katharine, he said, with a sigh. "You must have suffered a great deal to keep a—

"A disgraceful secret!" said Kathcrine, coldly, "Yes, it was very painful; but I came to feel such deep pity, and love even, for this poor desolate woman that it made it easier to bear." She moved away a few steps. "Mrs. Chivers will get a room ready for you, Sir Robert, in a few minutes, if you wish to stay. I am going to sit beside my mother," said Lady Lindesay, with one of her old resolute expressions, though her features were wan and weary.

"Won't you let me keep watch with you, Katherine?" asked her husband. Do you imagine I should think harshly of the poor soul passing away? Have we not both been wronging

"We may-" she began, then quit-

ted him abruptly. "Yes, mother," she said, softly leaning over the bed The haggard face was raised from the pillow, and the dark eyes, painfully distended, fixed on Katherine's face. They were so dreadfully like and unlike those two faces-she so pitying, and gentle, and youthful, the other so lined, and hardened, and

looked. The skeleton fingers of the trembling hand were pointing at him. "Who is that?" came the faint, gurgling whisper.

Robert Lindesay shuddered as he

searred.

"Yes, I know-I know." The face was raised again in struggling anxiety. "Will be speak to me?" Sir -Robert —you will—not be engry —Katherine was married when-"When I found her out," said

Katherine, wiping the cold brow,

while her tears fell fast.

"No, not angry; how could I be?" said he, carnestly, "Katherine is my beloved wife," and in sight of the fad ing eyes he drew Katherine's arm within his. The fading eyes flashed with some

of the long-torgotten light of happiagain. "God bless my daughter, and—" "She is gone, Katherine—poor sou!, she is gone!" said Sir Robert, brokenly. "My darling, I will try to make

up for the mother's love you never knew.' "Oh, Robert, why did you not tell me before?" sobbed Katherine. "I never thought you cared for me, and -I loved you at first, until I grew afraid of you."
"Your poor mother tried to bless

ns both; will you not try to love me Sir Robert colored with shame; his again, Katherine?" he entreated. "I will," said Katherine. And thus

in the presence of death the husb and

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monuments, &c., previous to commencing