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rector. That she knew something her neighbor's didn't was evident, but she kept it to herself, turning her head occasionally to look up at the organ where Katy was presiding. Others too, there were, who turned their heads as the soft music began to fill the church, and the heavy bese rolled up the aisles, making the floor tremble beneath their feet and sending a thrill through every vein. It was a skillful hand which swept the keys that night, for Katy played with her whole soul-not the voluntary there before her in printed form, nor any one thing she had ever heard, but taking parts of many things, and mingling them with strains of her own improvising, she filled the house as it had never been filled before, playing a soft, sweet refrain when she thought of Helen, then bursting into louder, absence. There was no one with fuller tones when she remembered Bethlehem's Child, and the song the angels sang, and then as she recalled her own sad life since she knelt at the altar a happy bride, the organ notes seemed much like human sobs, now rising to a stormy pitch of passion, wild and uncontrolled, and then dying out as dies the sumwind after a fearful storm. Awed and wonder-struck the organboy looked at Katy as she played, almost forgetting his part of the performance in his amazement, and saying to himself, when she

finished: "Guy, ain't she a brick?" and whispering to her, "Didn't we go that strong?"

The people had wondered where Helen was, as, without the aid of music, Katy led the children their carols, and this wonder increased when it was whispered round that "Miss Lennox had come, and was standing with a man back by the register.

After this Aunt Betsy grew very calm, and could enjoy the distributing of the gifts, going up herself two or three times, and wondering why anybody should think of her, a good-for-nothing old woman. The skates and the smelling bottle both went safely to Sylvia and John. while Mrs. Deacon Bannister looked radiant when her name was called, and she was made the recipient of a jar of butternut pickles such as only Aunt Betsy Barlow, could

"Miss Helen Lennox. A soldier in uniform from one of her Sunday school scholars.

the words rang out loud and clear, as the rector held up the sugar toy before the amused audience, who turned to look at Helen, blushing so painfully, and trying to hold back the man in a soldier's dress who went quietly up the aisle, receiving the gift with a bow and smile which turned the heads of half the ladies near him, and then went back to Helen, to whom he whispered something which made her cheeks grow brighter than they were before, while she dropped her eyes modestly.

"Who is he?" a woman asked., touching Aunt Betsy's shoulder.

"Captain Ray, from New York, was the answer, as Aunt Betsy gave to her dress a little broader sweep, and smoothed the bow she had tried to tie beneath her chin, just as Mattie Tubbs had tied it on that memorable opera might.

It was not in Aunt Betsy's nature to keep her secret till this time, and as the exercises were about to close, she whispered it to her neighbor, who whispered it to hers, who whispered it to hers, until nearly all the audience knew of it, and kept their seats after the benediction was pronounced.

At a sign from the Rector, Katy

went with her mother to the altar, followed by Uncle Ephraim, his wife, and Aunt Betsy, while Helen, throwing off the cloud she had worn upon her head, and giving it, with her cloak and fur, into Billy's charge, took Mark's arm, and with beating heart and burning cheeks, passed between the sea of eyes, fixed so curiously upon her, up to where Katy once stood on the June morning, when she had been the bride. now, as then, were aching hearts present at the bridal. No Marian Hazelton fainted by the door; Morris felt the world grow dark and desolate as the marriage vows were spoken, and no sister doubted if it were all right, and would end in happiness.

The ceremony lasted but a few moments, and then the astonished audience pressed around the bride, offering their kindly congratulations. and proving to Mark that the bride he had won was dear to others as ily: well as to himself. Lovingly drew her hand beneath his arm, fondly he looked down upon her as he led her back to the chair by the register, making her sit down while he tied on her cloak, and adjusted the fur about her neck.

"Handy and gentle as a woman." was the verdict pronounced upon him by the female portion of the congregation, as they passed out into the street, talking of the ceremony, and contrasting Helen's husband with the haughty Wilford who was not a favorite with them.

Four hours he had to stay, and they were spent in talking of himself, of Wilford, and of Morris, and planning Helen's future. course she would spend a portion of her time at the farm-house, he said: his mother had a claim her, and it was his wish that should be in New York as much as

--- UTO.

Swiftly the last moments went by, and a "Merry Christmas" was said one and another as they took their seats at the plentiful repast Aunt Betsy had provided, Mark feasting more on Helen's face than the viands spread before him. was hard for him to leave her; hard for her to let him go; but the duty was imperative, and so when at last the frosty air grew keener as the small hours of night crept on, stood with his arms about her, nor thought it unworthy of a soldier that his own tears mingled with hers, as he bade her good-bye, kissing her again and again, and calling her his precious wife, whose memory would make his camp life

brighter, and shorten the days of them, when at last Mark's horse dashed from the yard over the creaksnow, leaving Helen alone on doorstep, with the glittering stars shining above her head, and her husband's farewell kiss upon her

"When shall we meet again?" she sobbed, gazing up at the clear blue sky, as if to find the answer there. But only the December wind sweeping down from the steep hillside, and blowing across her forehead made reply to that questioning, as she waited till the lgst faint sound of Mark Ray's bells died away in the distance, and then, shivering with cold, re-entered the farm-house.

CHAPTER XLII.

Merrily rang the bells next day, Helen's heart was very sad as she met the smiling faces of her friends, and Mark had never been prayed for more earnestly than on that Christmas morning, when Helen knelt at the altar rail, and received the sacred symbols of a Saviour's dying love, asking that God would keep the soldier husband, hastening on to New York, and from thence to Wash-

"Married .- On Christmas Eve., at St. John's Church, Silverton, Mass., by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Capt. Mark Ray, of the -th Regiment, N.Y.S. Vols., to Miss Helen Lennox, of Silverton."

Such was the announcement which appeared in several of the New York papers two days after Christmas. and such the announcement which Bell Cameron read at the breakfast table on the morning of the day when Mrs. Banker started for Sil-

"Here is something which will perhaps interest you," she said, passing the paper to Juno, who had come down late, and was looking cross and jaded from the effects of last night's dissipation.

Taking the paper from her sister's hand, some glanced at the paragra, h indicated by Beil; then, she caught Mark's name, she glanced again with a startled, incr. dulous look, her cheeks and lips turning white as she need that Mark Ray was lost to her forever, and that in spite of the stolen letter Helen Lennox was his wife.

"what is it, Juno?" Mrs. Cameron asked, noticing Juno's agitation. Jino told her what it was, and then handing her the paper let her

read it for herself. "Impossible! there is some mistake! How was it brought about?" Mrs. Cameron said, darting a curious glance at Bell, whose face betrayed nothing, as she leisurely sipped her coffee and remarked: "I always thought it would come to this, for I knew he liked her. It is a splendid match."

Whatever Juno thought she kept it to herself, just as she kept her room the entire day, complaining of a racking headache, and ordering the curtains to be dropped, as the light hurt her eyes, she said to Bell, who, really pitying her now, never suggested that the darkened room was more to hide her tears home." than to save her eyes, and who sent away all callers with the message that Juno was sick-all but Sybil his feelings, half resolving to send Grandon, who insisted so hard upon seeing her dear friend that she was admitted to Juno's room, talking at once af the wedding, and making every one of Juno's nerves quiver with pain as she descanted upon the splendid 'match it was for Helen, or indeed for any girl.

"I had given you to him," she said, "but I see I was mistaken. It was Helen he preferred, unless you jilted him, as perhaps you did."

Here was a temptation June could not resist, and she replied haught-

"I am not one to boast of conquests, but ask Captain Ray himself why I did not marry him." Sybil Grandon was not deceived,

but she good-naturedly suffered the young lady to hope she was, and answering haughtily: "I can't say I honor your judgment in refusing him, but you know best. However, I trust that will not prevent your friendly advances towards his bride. Mrs. Banker has gone after her. understand, and I want you to call with me as soon as convenient. Mrs. Mark Ray will be the belle of the season, depend upon it," and gathering up her furs Mrs. Grandon kissed Juno affectionately and then left

the room. The Camerons and Sybil Grandon were not alone in calling upon the bride. Those who had liked Helen Lennox did not find her less desirable now that she was Helen Ray, and numberless were the attentions beshe received.

But with few exceptions Helen declined the latter, feeling that with her husband in so much danger, it was better not to mingle in gay society. She was very happy with Mrs. Banker, who petted and caressand loved her almost as much if she had been her own daughter. Mark's letters, too, which came nearly every day, were bright sunspots in her existence, so full were they of tender love and kind thoughtfulness for her. He was very happy, he wrote, in knowing that at home there was a dear little brownhaired wife. waiting and praying for him, and but for the separation from her he was well content with a soldier's life. Once Helen thought seriously of going to him for a week or more, but the project was prevented by the sudden arrival in New York of Katy, who came one night to Mrs. Banker's, with her face as white as ashes, and a wild expression in her eyes as she said to Hel-

"I am going to Wilford. He is dy-He has sent for me. I ought to go on to-night, but cannot, my head aches so," and pressing both her hands upon her head, Katy sank fainting into Helen's arms.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Georgetown, February-, 1862. Mrs. Wilford Cameron:

Your husband cannot live len-Come immediatel M. Ha el o

So read he telegram receive Katy one win er moining, and hi h stunned her for a few minutes and that she could neither feel no thin :. But the reaction came score enough, bring no with it only the remembrance of Wilford's love. All the wrent, the aarshness, was forgotten, and only the desire remain d to By at once to Wilford. Bravely she lept up un'il New York was reach d. when the tention of her nerves gave way, and she fainted, as we have seen.

At father Cameron's a telegram had been received, telling of Wilford's danger. But the mother could not go to him. A lung difficulty, to which she was subject, had confined her to the house for many days, and so it was the father and Bell who made their hasty preparations for the the hurried journey to Georgetown. They heard of Katy's arrival, and Bell came at once to see her.

"She will not be able to join us to-morrow," was the report Bell carried home, for the saw more than mere exhaustion in the white face lying so motionless on Helen's pillow, with the dark rings about her eyes, and the quiver of the muscles about the mouth.

"It is very hard, but God knows best," poor Katy moaned, when the next day her father and Bell went without her.

"Yes, darling, God knows best," Helen answered, soothing the bright hair, and thinking sadly of the young officer, sitting by the campfire, and waiting so eagerly for the bride who could not go to him now. "God knows what is best, and

does all for the best." Katy said it many times that long, long week, during which she staid with Helen, living from day to day upon the letters sent by Bell, who gave but little hope that Wilford would recover. Not a word did she say of Marian, and only twice did she mention Morris, who was one of the physicians in that hospital, so that when at last Katy was strong enough to venture on the journey, she had but little idea of what had transpired in Wilford's sick-room.

Those were sad, weary days which Wilford first passed upon his hospital cot, and as he was not sick but viewing the past, which came up before his mind as vividly as if he had been living again the scenes of bygone days. Of Katy he thought continually, repenting of his rashturned his face to the wall and safe distance, said softly: wept, he replied to one who said "His reason has returned." to him soothingly:

"Don't feel badly, my young friend, ian rejoined, looking him steadily in We will take as good care of you the face, but not in the least prehere as if you were at home."

"It's the pain which brings the tears. I'd as soon be here as at

change, and Wilford grew softer in for Katy, who had offered to come, and to whom he had replied, "It is not necessary." But as often as he resolved, his evil genius whispered, "She does not care to come," and so the message was never sent, while the longing for home faces brought on a nervous fever, which made him so irritable that his attendants turned from him in disgust, thinking him the most unreasonable man they ever met with. Once he dreamed Genevra was there-that her her eyes dim with tears and her fingers threaded his hair as they heart heavy with a sense of someused to do in the happy days at Brighton-that her hand was on his the morning she went back to her brow, her breath upon his face, and former patients, who hailed her with a start he awoke just as the coming with childish joy, one fair rustle of female garments died away young boy from the Granite hills

eemed specially interested in you, him again. and if she had not been a stranger, I should have said she was crying over you."

With a quick, sudden movement Wilford put his hand to his cheek, where there was a tear, either his own or that of the "nurse," who had recently bent over him. It was not Katy, and if not, who was that twice when he was sleeping, came and looked at him, his comrades said, rallying him upon the conquest he had made, and so exciting his imagination that the fever began to increase, and the blood throbbed hotly through his veins while his brows were knit to

stranger. Then, with a great shock it occurred to him that Katy had affirmed, "Genevra was alive."

What if it were so, and this nurse were Genevra? The very idea fired Wilford's brain, and when next his physician came he looked with alarm upon the great change for the worse exhibited by his patient.

"Shall I send for your friends?" he asked, and Wilford answered sav-

"I have no friends-none at least, but what will be glad to know I'm

And that was the last, except the wild words of a maniac, which came from Wilford's lips for many a day and night. When they said he was unconscious, Marian Hazelton obtained permission to attend him, and again the eyes of the other occupants of the room were turned wonderingly towards her as she bent over the sick man, parting his matted hair, smoothing his pillow, and holding the cooling draught to the parched lips wh h muttered strange things of Brighton, of Alnwick and Rome-of the heather of the Scottish moors, and the daisies on Genevra's grave, where Katy once sat down.

"She did not know Genevra was there," he said; "but I knew, and I felt as if the dead were wronged by that act of Katy's. Do you know Katy?" and his black eyes fastened upon Marian, who soothed him into quiet, while she talked to him of Katy. telling of her graceful beauty, her loving heart, and the sorrow she would feel when she heard how sick

"Shall I send for her?" she asked but Wilford answered:

"No, I am satisfied with you." This was her first day with him, but there were other days when all her strength and that of Morris, who, at her earnest solicitation, came to her aid, was required to keep him on his bed. He was going home, he said, going to Katy; and like a giant he writhed under a force superior to his own, and which held him down and controlled him, while his loud outcries filled the building, and sent a shudder to the hearts of men, who at first had occupied the room with him, were well enough to those who heard them. As the two leave for home, Marian and Morris both begged that unless absolutely necessary, no other one should be sent to that small apartment, where all the air was needed for the patient in their charge. And thus the room was left alone for Wilford, who grew worse so fast that Marian telegraphed to Katy, bidding her come

Slowly the wintry night was passing, the fifth since Marian's message was sent to Katy, and Morris sat by Wilford's cot, when suddenly he met Wilford's eye fixed upon him with a look of recognition he could not mistake.

"Do you know me?" he asked so kindly, and with so much of genuine sympathy in his voice, that heavy eyelids quivered for an instant, as Wilford nodded his head, and whispered:

"Dr. Grant." "You have been sick," Morris said anticipating the question Wilford would ask. "You are very sick still,

and at the request of your nurse I came to attend you." A pressure of the hand was Wilford's reply, and then there was silence between them, while Wilford mastered all his pride, and with

quivering lips whispered: "Katy!" pect her every train," Morris replied, and Wilford asked:

"Who has been with me-the nurse, I mean? Who is she?"

Morris hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Marian Hazelton."

"I know-yes," Wilford replied, crippied, he had ample time for re- having no suspicion as to who was mind standing outside his door, and listening, with a throbbing heart, to his rational questions.

In all their vigils held together no sign had ever passed from Dr. Grant ness, and wishing so much that the to Marian that he knew her, but he past could be undone. Disgusted with had waited anxiously for this momsoldier life, he had wished himself at ent, knowing that Wilford must not home a thousand times, but never be shocked, as a sight of Marian by a word had he admitted such a would shock him. He knew she was he said, when Dr. Morris came; then wish to any living being, and when outside the door, and as Wilford on the dark, rainy afternoon which turned his head upon the pillow, he first saw him in the hospital, he went to her, and leading her to a

"And my services are ended," Marpared for his affirmative question.

"You are Genevra Lambert?" There was a low, gasping sound of surprise, and Marian staggered for-Gradually, however, there came a ward a step or two, then steadying

> herself, she said: "And if I am, it surely is not best for him to see me. You would not

> great desire to be recognized, to be spoken to kindly by the man who once had been her husband overmastering for a moment all her prud-

"It would not be best, both for his sake and Katy's," Morris said, and with a moan like the dying out of her last hope, Marian turned away, thing lost, as in the gray dawn of kissing the hand which bandaged his "The nurse in the second ward has poor crushed arm so tenderly, and his father and sister the next mornbeen in here," a comrade said. "She thank her that she had returned to ing when they came to him. He did

> "Mr. J. Cameron, Miss Bell Cameron," were the names on the cards sent to Dr. Grant late that afternoon, and in a few moments he was with the father and sister who asked so anxiously for Wilford and explain-

ed why Katy was not with them. Wilford was sleeping when they entered his room, his face looking so worn and thin, and his hands folded so helplessly upon his breast, that with a gush of tears Bell knelt beside him, and laying her warm cheek against his bony one, woke him with her sobs. For a moment he seemed

raised his feeble arm and winding it about her neck, kissed her more tenderly than he had ever done before. He had not been demonstrative of his affection for his sisters. But Bell was his favorite, and he held her close to him while his eyes moved past his father, whom he did not see, on to the door as if in quest of some one. It was Katy, and guessing his thoughts, Bell said:

"She is not here. She could not come now. She is sick in New York but will join us in a few days."

There was a look of intense disappointment in Wilford's face, which even his father's warm greeting could not dissipate, and Morris saw the great tears as they dropped upon the pillow, the proud man trying hard to repress them, and asking no questions concerning any one at home. He was too weak to talk, but he held Bell's hand in his as if afraid that she would leave him, while his eyes rested alternately upon her face and that of his father, who, wholly unmanned at the fearful change in his son, laid his head upon the bed and cried aloud.

Next morning Bell was very white and her voice trembled as she came from a conference with Dr. Morris, who told her that her brother would

"He may live a week, and he may not," he said, adding solemnly, "As his sister you will tell him of his

danger, while there is time to seek the refuge without which death is terrible."

"Oh, if I could only pray with and for him!" Bell thought, as she went to her brother, mourning her misspent days, and feeling her courage giving way when at last she stood in his presence and met his kindly

"I dreamed that you were not here after all," he said, "I am so glad to find it real. How long before I can go home, do you suppose?"

He had stumbled upon the very thing Bell was there to talk about, his question indicating that he had no suspicion of the truth. Nor had he; and it came like a thunderbolt when Bell, forgetting all her prudence, said impetuously: "Oh, Wilford, maybe you'll never

go home. Maybe you'll---' "Not die!" Wilford exclaimed, clasping his hands with sudden emotion. "Not die-you don't mean that? Who told you so?"

"Dr. Grant," was Bell's reply, which brought a fierce frown to Wilford's face, and awoke all the angry passions of his heart. "Dr. Grant," he repeated.

would like me removed from his path but it shall not be. I will not die. Tell him that. I will not die," and Wilford's voice was hoarse with passion as he raised his clenched fists in the air.

He was terribly excited, and in her fright Bell ran for Dr. Grant. But Wilford motioned him back, hurling after him words which kept him from the room the entire day, while the sick man rolled, and tossed, and raved in the delirium, which had returned, and which wore him out so fast. No one had the least influence over him, except Marian Hazelton, who, glided to his side, and with her presence and gentle words soothed him into comparative quiet, so that the bitter denunciations against the saint, who wanted him to die, ceased, and he fell into a troubled sleep. With a strange feeling of interest Mr. Cameron and Bell watched her, wondering if she were indeed Genevra, as Katy had affirmed. They would not ask her; and both breath-"We have sent for her. We ex- ed more freely when, with a bow in acknowledgment of Mr. Cameron's compliment to her skill in quieting

his son, she left the room. That night they watched with Wilford, who slept off his delirium, and lay with his face turned from them, so that they could not guess by its expression what was passing in his

All the next day he maintained the most frigid silence, answering only in monosyllables, while Bell kept wiping away the great drops of sweat constantly oozing out upon his forehead and about the pallid lips.

Just at nightfall he startled Bell by asking that Dr. Grant be sent for. "Please leave me alone with him," turning to Morris, as the door closed upon his father and his sister, he said abru: tly:

one who yesterday hated you so for saying he must die." Earnestly, fervently, Morris prayed, as for a dear brother; and when he finished. Wilford's faint "Amen"

"Pray for me, if you can pray for

sounded through the room. "I am not right yet," the pale lips whispered, as Morris sat down beside him. "Not right with God, I mean. I've sometimes said there was no God; but I did not believe it; and now I know there is. He has been moving upon me all the day, driving She looked wistfully at Morris, the out my bitterness toward you, and causing me to send for you at last. Do you think there is hope for me?

I have much to be forgiven." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow," Morris replied; and then he tried to point that erring man to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, convincing him that there was hope even for him, and leaving him with the conviction that God would surely finish the good work begun, nor suffer this soul to be lost which had turned to Him at the eleventh hour.

Wilford knew his days were numbered, and he talked freely of it to not say that he was ready and willing to die, only that he must, and he asked them to forget, when he was gone, all that had ever been amiss in him as a son and a brother.

"I was too proud, too selfish, to make others happy," he said. thought it all over yesterday, and the past came back again so vividly especially the part connected with Katy. Oh, Katy, I did abuse her!" and a bitter sob attested the genu ineness of Wilford's grief for treatment of Katy. But, after I gone, and the duties of the have closed up the gap I she I see a brighter future for her past has been:

Harnessmaker