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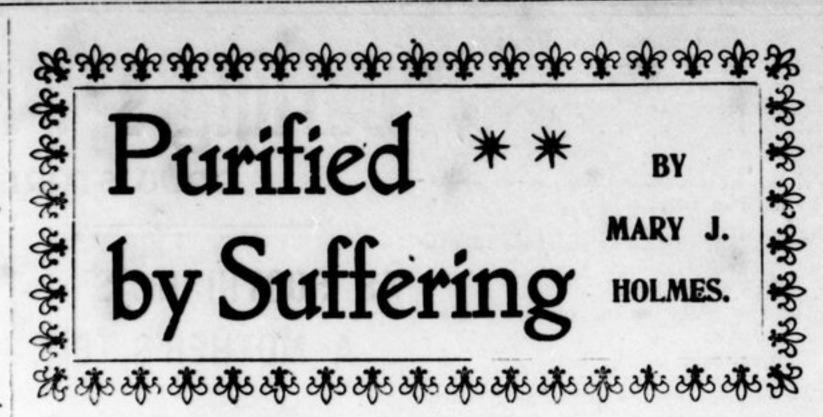
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CHAPTER XLV.

The grand funeral which Mrs. Cameron once had planned for Katy was a reality at last, but the breathless form lying so cold and still in the darkened room at No. -, Fifth Avenue, was that of a soldier embalmed-an only son brought back to his father's house amid sadness and tears. They had taken him there rather than to his own house, because it was the wish of his mother, who, however hard and selfish she might be to others, had idolized her son, and mourned for him truly, forgetting in her grief to care how grand the funeral was, and feeling only a passing twinge when told that Mrs. Lennox had come from Silverton to pay the last tribute of respect to her late son-in-law. Some little comfort it was to have her J. KELLY, Agent. boy lauded as a faithful soldier, and to hear the commendations lavished upon him during the time he lay in state, with his uniform around him; but when the whole was over, and in the gray wintry afternoon her husband returned from Greenwood, there came over her a feeling of such desolation as she had never knowna feeling which drove her at last to the little room upstairs, where sat a lonely man, his head bowed upon his hands, and his tears dropping silently upon the hearthstone as he, too, thought of the vacant parlor below and the new grave at Greenwood.

"Oh, husband, comfort me!" fell from her lips as she tottered to her husband, who opened his arms to receive her, forgetting all the years which had made her the cold, proud woman, who needed no sympathy, and remembering only that bright, green summer when she was first his .bride, and came to him for comfort in every little grievance, just as she came to him now in this great, crushing sorrow.

With Mr. Cameron the blow struck deeper, and his Wan Street friends talked together of the old man he had grown since Wilford died, while Katy often found him bending over his long-neglected Bible, as he sat alone in his room at night. And when at last she ventured to speak to him upon the all important subject, he put his hand in hers, and bade her teach him the narrow way which she had found, and wherein Wilford too had walked at the very last, they hoped.

For many weeks Katy lingered in New York, and the June roses were blooming when she went back to Silverton, a widow and rightful owner of all Wilford's ample fortune. They had found among his papers a will. drawn up and executed not long before his illness, and in which Katy was made his heir, without condition or stipulation. All was hers to do with as she pleased, and Katy wept passionately when she heard how generous Wilford had been. Then, as she thought of Marian, and the life of poverty before her, she crept to father Cameron's side, and said to him pleadingly:

"Let Genevra share it with me. She needs it quite as much."

Father Cameron would not permit Katy to divide equally with Marian. It was not just, he said; but he did not object to a few thousands going to her, and before Katy left New York for Silverton, she wrote a long kind letter to Marian, presenting her with ten thousand dollars, which she begged her to accept, not so much as a gift, but as her rightful due. There was a moment's hesitancy on the part of Marian when she read the letter, a feeling that she could not take so much from Katy: but when she looked at the pale sufferers many wretched hearts that money

would help to cheer, she said: "I will keep it."

CHAPTER XLVI. The heat, the smoke, the thunder of the battle were over, and the fields of Gettysburg were grenched with human blood and covered with the dead and dying. The contest had been fearful, and its results carried sorrow and anguish to many a heart looking so anxiously for the names of the loved ones who, on the anniversary of the day which saw our nation's independence, lay upon the hills and plains of Gettysburg, their white faces upturned to the summer sky, and wet with the rain drops, which like tears for the noble dead the pitying clouds had shed upon them. And nowhere, perhaps, was there a whiter face or a more anxious heart that at the farm-house, where both Helen and her mother-inlaw were spending the hot July days. Since the Christmas eve when Helen had watched her husband going from her across the wintry snow | hearty invitation to remain, he had not been back, though several spending his entire vacation there times he had made arrangements to with the exception of three days, givdo so. Something, however, had al- en to his family. Perfectly charmed ways happened to prevent. Once it with quaint Aunt Betsy, he flattered was sickness which kept him in bed and courted her almost as much as for a week or more; again his regi- he did Bell, but he did not take her ment was ordered to advance, and with him in his long rambles over the third time it was sent with oth- the hills, or sit with her at night, listening dreamily to the patter of ers to repel the invaders from Penn- alone in the parlor till the clock the rain falling upon the windows, sylvania soil. Bravely through each struck twelve-a habit which Aunt disappointment Helen bore herself, but her cheek always grew paler and her eye darker in its hue when the said, thatevening papers came, and she read what progress our soldiery had mare, her kin, and Isabel only a little." feeling that a battle was inevitable. and praying so earnestly that Mark Robert passed at Silverton; but one Ray might be spared. Then, when stood out prominently before him, the battle was over and up the nor- whether sitting before his camp fire earnestly for the good he coveted,

there was a fearful look in her eve.

and ner features were rigid as maible, while the quivering lips could scarcely pray for the great fear tugging at her heart. Mark Ray was not with his men when they came from that terriffic onslaught.

dozen had seen him fall, struck down by a rebel ball, and that was all she heard for more than a week, when there came another relay of

Captain Mark Ray was a prisoner of war, with several of his own company. An inmate of Libby prison and a sharer from choice of the apartment where his men were confined. As an officer he was entitled to better quarters; but Mark Ray had a large, warm heart, and he would not desert those who had been so faithful to him, and so he took their fare, and by his genial humor and unwavering cheerfulness kept many a heart from fainting, and made the prison life more bearable than it could have been without him. To young Tom Tubbs, who had enlisted six months before, was a ministering angel, and many eth to life everlasting; and in many times the poor homesick boy crept a mourning family his name was a to the side of his captain, and lay- household word, for the good he ing his burning head in his lap, had done to a dying son and browept himself to sleep and dreamed ther. But Morris's hospital work he was at home again. The horrors was over. He had gone a little too of that prison life have never been told, but Mark bore up manfully,

in Richmond. tober came on, they began to hope his home was looking or gaze into he might be exchanged, and Helen's the faces of those who waited so face grew bright again, until one anxiously to welcome their beloved day there came a soiled, half-worn physician. Blind some said he was: letter, in Mark's own handwriting. but the few lines sent to Helen, an-It was the first word received from nouncing the day of his arrival, con him since his capture in July, and tradicted that report. His eyes were with a cry of joy Helen snatched it very much diseased, his amanuensis from Uncle Ephraim, for she was wrote; but he trusted that the pure still at the farm-house, and sitting air of his native hills, and the indown upon the doorstep just where fluence of old scenes and associations she had been standing, read the would soon effect a cure. "If not words which Mark had sent to her. too much trouble," he added, "please He was very well, he said, and had see that the house is made comfortbeen all the time, but he pined for able, and have John meet me on home, longing for the dear girl-wife Friday at the station."

line between them. he wrote. "I shall come back to were very soothing to her. voe some time, and life will be all "Poor Morris," she sighed, as she the brighter for what you suffer | finished his letter, and then took it could stay with her but a moment. Katy's expense and her own, had think of you by day, and in my kills beyond.

arms and press you to my heart."

ing almost as much widowed as Katy | sunset.

in her weeds. the country was rife with stories of | hood, and to the poor and sorrowour men, daily dying by hundreds, ful whose homes she cheered so ofwhile those survived were reduced to | ten. she was an angel of goodness. maniacs or imbeciles. And Helen, as | They would miss her at the farmshe listened, grew nearly frantic with house now more than they did when the sickening suspense. She did not | she first went away, for she made know where her husband was. He | the sinshine of their home, filling had made several attempts to escape, Helen's place when she was in New and with each failure had been re- York, and when she came back provmoved to safer quarters, so that his ing to her a stay and comforter. Inchances for being exchanged de d, but for Katy's presence, Helseemed very far away. Week en often felt that she could not enafter week, month after month dure the sickening suspense and passed on, until came the memorable, doubt which hung so darkly over her battle of the Wilderness, wh n Lieu- husband's fate. tenant Bob, as yet unharmed, stood | "He is alive; he will come back," bravely in the thickest of the fight, Katy always said, and from her perhis tall figure towering above the feet faith. Helen, too, caught a rest, and his soldier's uniform but- gipuese of hope. toned over a dark tress of hair, and a face like Bell Cameron's. Lieufurloughs; but the one which had left the sweetest, pleasantest memory in his heart, was that of the autumn before, when the crimson leaves the maple, and the golden tints of the beech, were burning themselves out on the hills of Silverton, where his furlough was mostly passed, and where with Bell Cameron he scoured the length and breadth of Uncle Ephraim's farm, now stopping by the shore of Fairy Point, and again sitting for hours on a ledge of rocks, far up the hill, where beneath the softly whispering pines, nodding above their heads. Bell gathered the light brown cones and said to him the words he had so thirsted to hear.

Much of Bell's time was passed with Katy, at the farm-house, and here Lieutenant Reynolds found her, accepting readily of Uncle Ephraim's Betsy greatly disapproved, but overlooked for this once, seeing, as she

"That young leftenant was none of Those were halcvon days which thern hills came the dreadful story or plunging into the battle, and that keeping his head down so long that, of thousands and thousands slain, the one when, casting aside all pride

and roomsn theories, Bell Cameron freely acknowledge her love for the man to whom she had been so long engaged, and paid him back the kisses she had before refused to give. this." Robert had said, as he guided her down the steep ledge of rocks, and with her hand in his, walked slowly back to the farm-

to take again his place in the army. There were no more furloughs for him after that; and the winter passed away, bringing the spring again, when came the battle in the Wilderness, where, like a hero, he fought until, becoming separated from his comrades, he fell into the enemy's hands; and two days after, there sped along the telegraphic wires to New York:

house, which, on the morrow, he left

"Lieutenant Robert Reynolds captured the first day of the battle." Afterwards came the news that Andersonville was his destination, together with many others made pris-

oners that day. "It is better than being shot and a great deal better than being burned, as some of the poor wretches were." June said, trying to comfort Bell, who doubted a little her sister's word.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Morris had served out his time as surgeon in the army, had added to it an extra six months; and by his humanity, his skill, and Christian kindness, made for himself a name which would be long remembered by the living to whom he had ministered so carefully, while many dying soldier had blessed him for pointing out the way which leadfar, and incurred too much risk, until his own strength had failed; and suffering less in mind, perhaps, than now in the month of June, when did the friends at home, who lived. Linwood was bright with the early as it were, a thousand years in that summer blossoms, he was coming one brief summer while he remained back with health greatly impaired. and a dark cloud before his vision, so At last, as the frosty days of Oc- that he could not see how beautiful

never so dear as now, when separ- Helen was glad Morris was coming ated by so many miles, with prison home, for he always did her good ; walls on every side, and an enemy's he could comfort her better than any one else, (n'ess it were Katy, "But be of good cheer, darling," whose loving, gentle words of hope

now. I am so glad my darling con- to the family, who were sitting upsented to be my wife, even though I on the pleasant piazza, which, at The knowing you are really mine been added to the house, and overmakes me happy even here, for 1 looked Fairy Pond and the pleasant

dreams I always hold you in my "Morris is coming home," she said. "He will be here on Friday, A hint he gave of being sent furth- and he wishes us to see that all er south, and then hope died out of things are in order at Linwood for his reception. His eyes are badly "I shall never see him again," she diseased, but he hopes that coming said despairingly; and when the mes- back to us will cure him," she added, sace came that Mark had been re- glancing at Katy who sat upon a moved, and that too just at the time | step of the piazza, her hands folded when an exchange was constantly ex- | together upon her lap, and her blue pected, she ga e him up as lost, feel- eyes looking far off into the fading

Katy had never been prettier than Slowly the winter passed away, and she was now, in her mature woman-

If Katy thought of Morris she never spoke of him when she could help tenant Bob had taken two or three it. It was a morbid fancy to which she clung, that duty to Wilford's memory required her to avoid the man who had so innocently come between them; and when she heard he was coming home she felt more pain than pleasure, though for an instant the blood throbbed through her veins as she thought of Morris at Lin-

wood, just as he used to be. Katy's increasing cheerfuiness. was not in his nature never to thin of what might be, and more than once he had prayed, that if consistent with his Father's will, the woman he had loved so well, should yet be his. If not, he could go on his way alone, just as he had always done, knowing that it was right.

Such was the state of Morris's mind when he returned from Washington, but now it was somewhat different. "I cannot lose her now, was the thought constantly in Morris's mind as he experienced more and more how desolate were the days which did not bring her him. 'It is twenty months since Wilford died," he said to himself one wet October afternoon, when he sat and looking occasionally across the fields to the farm-house, in the hope of spying in the distance the little airy form, which, in its waterproof and cloud, had braved worse storms than this at the time he was so ill.

"Surely, she would some day be his own," and leaning his head upon the cane he carried, he prayed until it had left the strip of woods and emerged into the open fields, he

The day of his return was balmy and beautiful, and at an early hour Helen went over to Linwood to see that everything was in order for his arrival, while Katy followed her at "I shall be a better soldier for a later hour, wondering if Wilford would object if he knew she was going to welcome Morris, who might misconstrue her motives if she staid

> "He will be tired," she said. "He will lie down after dinner," and she laid a few sweet English violets upon his pillow, thinking their perfume might be grateful to him after the pent-up air of the hospital and cars. "He will think Helen put them there, or Mrs. Hull," thought, as she stole softly out and shut the door behind her, glancing next at the clock, and feeling a little impatient that a whole hour must elapse before they could expect

> Poor Morris! he did not dream how anxiously he was waited for at home, nor to the crowd assembled at the depot to welcome back the loved physician, whose name they had so often heard coupled with praise as a true hero, even though his post was not in the front of the battle

"I smell the pond lilies; we must be near Silverton," he said, and a sigh escaped him as he thought of coming home and not being able to see it or the woods and fields around "Thy will be done," he had said many times since the fear first crept into his heart that for him the light had faded.

Just then the long train stopped at Silverton, and, led by his attendant, he stepped feebly into the crowd, which sent up deafening cheers for Dr. Grant come home again. At the sight of his helplessness, however, fee ing of awe came over them, and whispering to each other, "I did not suppose he was so bad," they press-

ed around him, offering their hands and in juiring anxiously how he was. It was very pleasant that afternoon, and Morris enjoyed the drive so mu h, assuring Uncle Ephraim that he was growing better every moment. He did not seem stronger when the carriage stopped at Linwood, and he went up the steps, where Helen, Katy and Mrs. Hull were waiting for him. He could not by sight distinguish one from the other, but without the aid of her voice, he would have known when Katy's hand was put in his. She forgot Wilford in her excitement. . Pity was the strongest feeling of which she was conscious, and it manifested itself in various ways. "Let me lead you, Cousin Morris,

she said, as she saw him groping his way to his room, and without waiting for his reply, she held his hand again in hers, and led him to his room, where the English violets were. "I used to lead you," Morris said,

as he took his seat by the window, "and I little thought then that you would one day return the compliment. It is very hard to be blind." The tone of his voice was inexpres-

sible sad, but his smile was as cheerful as ever as his face turned towards Katy who could not answer for her tears

Towards the middle of July, Helen, whose health was suffering from the anxiety concerning Mark, was taken by Mrs. Banker to Nahant, where Mark's sister, Mrs. Ernst, was spending the summer, and thus on Katy fell the duty of paying to Morris those acts of sisterly attention such as no other member of the family knew how to pay. In the room where he lay so helpless Katy was not afraid of him, nor did she deem herself faithless to Wilford's memory beacuse each day seen her at Linwood. sometimes bathing Morris's inflamed eyes. sometimes bringing him the cooling drink, and again reading to him by the hour, until, soothed by the music of her voice, he would fall away to sleep and dream he heard the angels sing.

"My eyes are getting better." said to her one day towards the latter part of August, when she came as usual to his room. "I knew last night that Mrs. Hull's dress was blue, and I saw the sun shine through the shutters. Very soon I hope to see you Katy, and Lnow if you have changed."

She was standing close by him, and as he talked he raised his hand to rest it on her head, but, with a sudden movement, Katy eluded the touch, and stepped a little farther from him.

When next she went to Linwood. there was in her manner a shade of dignity, which both amused and interested Morris. In his great pity for Laty when

she was first a widow, Morris had scarcely remembered that she was free, or if it did flash upon his mind. he thrust the thought aside as injustice to the dead; but as the months and the year went by, and he heard constantly from tielen of did not see the figure wrapped in waterproof and hood, with a huge umbrella over its head, and a basket upon its arm, which came picking its way daintily toward the house, stepping eccasionally, and lifting up the little high-heeled Balmoral, which the mud was ruining so completely. Katy was coming to Linwood. It had been baking day at the farm-

so he could have them for tea. "The rain won't hurt you an atom," she said as Katy began to demur, and glance at the lowering sky. "You can wear your waterproof boots and my shaker, if you like, and I do so want Morris to have them to-night."

house, and remembering how much

Morris used to love her custards,

Aunt Betsy had prepared him some,

and asked Katy to take them over,

Katy made no reply, and walked away, while Aunt Betsy went back to the coat she was patching for her brother, saying to herself:

"I'm bound to fetch that round. It's a shame for two young folks, just fitted to each other, to live apart when they might be so happy, with Hannah, and Lucy, and me, close by the see to 'em, and allus make their soap and see to the butcherin', besides savin' peneryle and catnip for the children, if there was any,"

Aunt Betsy had turned matchmaker in her old age, and day and night she planned how to bring about the match between Morris and Katy. With no suspicion whatever of the good dame's intentions, Katy picked her way to Linwood, and leaving her damp garments in the hall, went at once into the library, where Morris was sitting near to a large chair kept sacred for her, his face looking unusually cheerful, and the room unusually pleasant, with the bright wood fire on the hearth. "I have been so lonely, with no

company but the rain," he said, pushing the chair a little towards her, and bidding her sit near the fire, where she could dry her feet. Morris had done well to wait if he could win her now. Perhaps he thought so, too, and this was why

his spirits became so gay as he kept talking to her, suggesting at last that she should stay to tea. The rain was falling in torrents when he made the proposition. She could not go then, even had she wished it, and though it was earlier than his usual time, Morris rang for Mrs. Hull, and ordered that tea be served as soon as possible. "I ought not to stay, It is not

proper," Katy kept thinking, as she fidgeted in her chair, and watched the girl setting the table for two, and occasionally deferring some debatable point to her as if she were mistress

"You can go now, Reekie," Morris said, when the boiling water was poured into the silver kettle, and tea was on the table. "If we need you we will ring."

With a vague wonder as to who would toast the doctor's bread and butter it, Reekie departed, and the two were left together. It was Katy who toasted the bread, kneeling upon the hearth, burning her face and scorching the bread in her nervousness at the novel position in which she so unexpectedly found herself. It was Katy, too, who prepared Morris's tea, and tried to eat, but could not. She was not hungry, she said, and the custard was the only thing she tasted, besides the tea, which she sipped at frequent intervals as to make Morris think she was eating more than she was. But Morris was not deceived nor disheartened. Perhaps she suspected his intention, and if so, the sooner he reached the point the better. So when the tea equipage was put away. and she began to speak of going

home, he said: "No, Katy, you can't go yet, till I have said what is in my mind to say," and laying his hand upon her shoulder, he made her sit down beside him and listen while he told her of the love he had borne for her long before she had known the meaning of that word as she | new it now-of the struggle to keep that love in bounds after its indulgence was a sin; of his temptations and victories, of his sincere regret for Wilford, and of his deep respect for her grief, which had made her for a time as a sister to him. But that time had passed. She was not his sister now, nor ever could be again. She was Katy, dearer, more precious, more desired even than before another called her wife, and he asked her to be his, to come up there to Linwood and live with him, making the rainy days brighter, balmier, than the sunniest had ever been, and helping him in his work of caring for

the poor and sick around them. "Will Katy come? Will she be the wife of Cousin Morris?"

There was a world of pathos and pleading in the voice which asked this question, just as there was a world of tenderness in the manner with which Morris caressed and fondled the bowed head resting on the chair

"It cannot be-oh, Morris, it cannot be." she sobbed, when he pressed her for an answer. "Don't ask me why-don't ever mention it again, for I teil you it cannot be. My answer is final; it cannot be. I am sorry for you, so sorry! I wish you had never loved me, for it cannot be."

She writhed herself from his arms which tried to detain her, and rising to her feet, left the room suddenly, and throwing on her wrappings, quitted the house without another word, leaving basket and umbrella behind, and never knowing she had left them, or how the rain was pouring down upon her unsheltered person, until, as she entered the narrow strip of woodland, she was met by Aunt Betsy, who exclaimed at seeing her, and asked:

"What has become of your umberell? Your silk one, too. It's hopeful you haven't lost it. What has happened you?" and coming closer to Katy, Aunt Betsy looked searchingly in her face. It was not so dark that she could not see the traces of recent tears, and instinctively suspecting their nature she continued. Ca'hirine, have you gin Morris the mitten?"

"Aunt Betsy, is it possible that you and Morris contrived this plan?" Katy asked, half indignantly, as she began in part to understand her aunt's great anxiety for her to visit Linwood that afternoon.

"Morris had nothing to do with it," Aunt Betsy replied. "It was my doin's wholly, and this is the thanks I git. You quarrel with him and git mad at me, who thought only of your good. Catherine, you know you like Morris Grant, and if he asked you to have him why

don't you?" "I can't, Aunt Betsy. I can't, after all that has passed. It would be unjust to Wilford."

"Unjust to Wilford-fiddlesticks!" was Aunt Betsy's expressive reply, as she started toward Linwood, saying, "she was going after the umberell before it got lost, with nobody there to tend to things as they should be tended to. Have you any word to send?" she asked, hoping Katy had

relented. But Katy had not, and with a toss of her head, which shook the raindrops from her capeless shaker. Aunt Betsy went on her way, and was soon confronting Morris, sitting just where Katy had left him, and looking very

pale and sad. "I met Catherine," Aunt Betay be-