UNDER THE LILAC TREE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"You must get up," she said. "You ! are the only person in this house who ts kind to me. You must get up and fetch me a bottle of brandy. I must

It would be better, I thought, to take her a bottle of poison.

"I must have it," she continued. "I mean to have it. I know what is going on, although I am shut up. know proud, refined Lady Yorke would not like her household raised during the dead of night by one of her guests calling for something to drink. She would not like it; but if you do not The voice was so tender and earnest give me what I want I will beat the doors down, I will stand in the hall and scream until the whole house is

A pretty dilemma. A nice visitor I thought to myself; but I did not let her see my dismay.

"Where is Martha?" I asked, wondering how she had escaped, and thankful beyond words that she was here with me in the "Queen's wing," rather than in the western tower with the visitors.

Lady Severne laughed-and I think sound I ever heard in my life.

"Poor old Martha!" she said. "She is off her guard. She fell asleep, and I took the key. What will she say when she wakes? Now, Miss Chester, am I to raise the roof from the house, or will you get what I want?"

than you. If you attempt to scream or to make a noise. I shall prevent it, even if I hurt you. You will go back could she do to regain her lost youth te your own room and remain there and goodness? She clutched my arm in quiet."

I was quite uncertain how my experiment would succeed. I was prepared to see her spring at my throat at Martha's a few days see her beat the doors with horrible cries, as she had on the pre- hold this terrible vice takes of its vicvious day, when Martha was compell- tims that as I held her closely clasped ed to send for Lord Severne.

Gradually the wild eyes fell before thought the sweet influences of the fair the yoke around my own neck; I must of four persons-his wife, two children mine. I knew that if I could assert and maintain my authority over her then, I should keep it-and I did so. I took her back to her room, and the and then Martha came back. We laid prayer that rose to my lips every moment was "Heaven help Mark!" If this was his life, if these were the scenes to which he was accustomed. this creature, hardly human now, the companion of his life, then indeed had he need of Heaven's help and pity.

I contrived to get her back safely to her room, and to wake Martha who | But I heard the angels still." was horrified at her carelessness, but as she told me with tears in her eyes she was worn out. Never can I forget the night that followed. I could not describe it. To me it had the hor- erwards Lady Severne was, to use the ror of an Inferno. 1 cannot tell what nurse's phrase, worse than ever. The would have happened if Martha had blow that Lady Yorke had feared fell; not consented, at last, to give her some the terrible expose which she had brandy.

gut that I persuaded her to go to bed. down to dinner, and was careful what pain-was it wrong to bend over him, coffee with every meal. On this fare Nothing else could restore her, and I she drank. There was relief on Mark's to put my face for one minute near his, we thrive well.' promised not to leave her unbappy mis- face and on Lady Yorke's. On the to kiss him with my whole soul on my

Miss Chester," said the grim woman. off her guard, or in ignorance of what The last sound I remember was the you have a good one," I answered. Lady Severne had deceived her. I only man, and then came to me a merci quiet and talk rationally. There was ladyship for dinner, and Lady Severne They left Westwood early the next she goes the night before the wedding He was obliged once to pawn his ing the big black Key West cigars, something of sullen defiance about her asked for a favorite dress of hers, a morning. How the removal was man- to her husband's tomb and prays him watch. at first, but it died away when I had handsome white and gold brocaded sat- aged I never heard, and I was too sick not to be offended. To make quite sure been some little time with her. I tried in. Martha was delighted that she at heart to inquire. to interest her and to make her for- should take so great an interest in her I spent the next two years with Lady get the horrible craving for stimulant appearance; that was always a good Yorke as happy as I could ever be in

a lovely June morning, bright with she left her. We were all in the draw- Mark. sunshine, and with dew, fragrant with ing room waiting for the dinner bell. We heard nothing of him. He never courage to start life again as a wife. like a rational being. That made her lous than I had seen him for many tie and from the world. so difficult to manage. She would sit days, and Lady Yorke looked as though I asked Lady Yorke if she had receivopened the window, letting in the Yorke had answered with a bright than dead.

ing air. Dear Lady Severne, do come here door opened and we saw her standing She came and stood in silence by my | white and gold, saw the light in the side. I saw her look at the brilliant, diamonds, the graceful figure, the beautiful tints of the morning sky, at | white jeweled hands. Alas, alas, how the fresh tender beauty of the green | shall I tell it? In one moment I saw trees, and then her eyes wandered what was the matter-so did Mark and round the room. The glasses, the Lady Yorke, and we all three hastened garish light of the lamp, the con- toward her. Her face was ghastly, her fusion and disorder, how they contrast- eyes were wild, and a leering smile ed with the bright, pure heavens and hovered on her lips. Half conscious the clear light of day! I knew that herself that she was not able to move, the contrast had touched her: I felt | yet with a mad defiance of her own that the peaceful influence of the feelings, she tried to walk with a digmorning had reached her. The wind, nified step into the room and before which was like the breath of the roses, one of us could reach her, could put seemed to change her face as it swept out a hand to save her, she had fallen

"I am so tired," she said. I took her in my arms and faid her | than a minute. Lord Severne had raised head upon my breast-a lost, unhappy his wife in his arms and borne her woman. I knew, but still Mark's wife, away.

"I am so tired that I could sleep for- guests. ever, I think. Tell me something. Say !

There came into my mind one of those fashion; they are very dangerous." quest-the blue sky flushed with rosy that.

Yor have the face of an angel," she I believe every heart in the room achman in cash and securities the sum of \$100. be the first in Canada if not on this
maid.locking up at me, "with that gold-led for him; he looked so anxious and ledge to turn to right or the building and continent.

I know I have heard them sing, child, was over all an indefinable shadow and for good. Had she gone: And I know that they spoke to me, With my mother's arms around me, While I sat on my mother's knee,

And she told me of love that saved us, And a Father we had on high, And the grave that we need not fear,

And the soul that can never die.

'Again, when I walked with the lov-You remember this loved one, dear,

And the smile that has gone from am-And the voice we no longer hear?-That joy was too deep for mirth,

And the heart was too full for speech, And heaven came down on earth-

Not a drop in the cup seemed wanting The thirst of a life to fill.

But I heard the angels still. think it will not be long, child; They are bidding me home at last,

To the place where the joy of the fu-

The lonely shall find a friend-

poet tells us. Tears fell from Lady Severne's eyes upon my dress and ly crying out that she wished she had been a better woman, that she loath-"Neither," I said. "I am stronger ed her sin, that she loathed herself Would I show her the way to that heaven where the angels sung? What could she do to atone to Mark? What as she cried out:

"A demon holds me in his grasp take me from him! Then with tears of regret and repentance, utterly exhausted she fell do my best for my hapless wife. into a deep sleep with her head upon

my breast. And I? Well, I knew so little of the in my arms in the light of the morning sun, I thought she was saved, and I looked at her steadily and calmly. tears of gratitude filled my eyes. I summer morn had spoken to her heart that grace from heaven had fallen like dew upon her soul.

I let her sleep as long as she could her down, pale and exhausted, on her bed. I whispered my hope to the old

nurse. She said: "Please Heaven! but I have seen her ladyship repent before now, and found her worse than ever a few hours aft-

Despite these words, I had a hope.

"Further and fainter the song died out

CHAPTER XVII.

My hope was vain. A few days aftthird day an awful occurrence hap-"You will have a terrible night, pened. Whether Martha was tired, dearest love! Good-bye!" I found Lady Severne inclined to be know the results. Martha dressed her ful oblivion.

would certainly join them, when the from his paper. on the threshold, saw the gleam of over it. She put her arms round me. upon her face, to the dismay and distress of every one present. In less

The warm tears were falling then from | Lady Yorke, with a presence of mind I have never seen equaled, but with "How kind you are to me!" she said, a face white as death, turned to her

"Lady Severne has fallen over her to me some of the beautiful words that | train," she said, quietly. "I wish those long sweeping trains were out of poems that my mother had loved-one There was a polite murmur of regret,

she had often repeated to me - one but no one spoke. Whether any of which, when she was dying, she had those assembled there knew the truth asked me to say once again for her, had really seen and understood her I shall never forget my surroundings condition, I cannot tell. No one menas Lasy Severne preferred her re- tioned her name or spoke of her after

The car is of handsome design, and the tions. The van will be furnished J. Still, and the Canadian Motor Synapholstering, electric lighting, paint with strag, effective brakes of two dicate control the rights for the Domlight, the green earth waking up to That same evening Mark, with an summer life, the dark tackground of effort for which I admired him, returnthe room that had been like a prison, ed to the drawing-room and spoke of beauty of the lines as shown in the Germain has purchased an interest in kinds, street cars and locomotives, as the leautiful, yet haggard face that his wife. His visit to Westwood, he engraving. The first oar will be a the Syndicate, and has already deposit- well as for stationary engines. The enlay upon my breast, and the tears that said, had been a pleasant one, but he fell like rain. I told her that what was afraid the air did not suit Lady passengers, and carrying luggage with- credit to secure the immediate prose- rative. Mr. St. Germain, is to be con-I was about to repeat was my mother's Severne. She had not been well since in the railed space on the roof. Blee- to show his good frith and confidence ever in pushing forward his agitation favorite, and that it was called "An her arrival, and he thought it would be better for them to go.

pressed hope that Lady Severne would "How young to die!" said Lady soon recover. Not one word of suspi- Yorke.

almost for the first time, said: "Nellie, see - there are several people out on the terrace enjoying the moonlight. I want to say good-by to Where the heart's desire shall be you. I shall never see you again. Will

you come? I went. My heart was filled with anguish and despair, a horrible restless pain. He was going away- Mark who had been my lover-in distress and sorrow, and we were never to meet was, "She died in peace!" and I know

We stood together, as we had so perfect this pardon for sin. many times before, in the bright moonlight, and Mark raised his haggard "You know my secret now, Nellie?"

"You have been very good to my un- away broken hearted and wretched, happy wife; you have been your own would give me back pain for pain, would And further and fainter the song died self-generous, noble, forgiving, I be- delight in heaping scorn and contempt wistfully. "I dare not ask you- you earth. Love, my love, take me; help Shall be linked on the love of the past, any way take charge of her-travel with noble and strong! My life is in your Where the houseless shall seek a shel- us!? Ah, no-I am mad to think of hands, Nellie; will you say me nay?"

that laugh was the most horrible There the heart's desire shall be grant- thing I had ever had to do in my life. I, when every glance, every word, of That hath trusted and loved to the wide world must lie between us, Mark, my heart, my love, were his, as they 180 pounds. forevermore. I will think of you, pray had always been? I did not say him

no reason to complain. It is all my children growing round me, and I love own fault. I have paid a bitter price my husband just as much as I did tell. I deserve to suffer!"

"What shall you do?" I asked, look- on his face.

"I shall do my best, Nellie. After tonight, I have done with the world. I love for a day.' will never visit nor receive visitors again; I have finished with society. I cannot bear the disgrace; but I shall broke one vow; I will not break another. It was 'for better, for worse,' and and it is for the worse. I shall take her away from England, find some place where there are few temptations, and take the greatest care of her. There is no hope, I fear, but I will do my best until the very end. I fastened say good-by to all that is bright in life to-night, Nellie. I would rather die a thousand deaths than risk such of \$405, out of which he saves and puts He owns the deepest mine in Enga scene again. I am going from light out at interest \$200 yearly. Living in land to darkness. There is one thing only a small Wisconsin town he has the adthat can make me less sad and less sor- vantage of cheap rents, his house cost-

"It is this, Nellie-that before I go newspapers, \$5; incidentals, \$40.

heart, forgive me, forgive me!" lips, while I said-"I forgive you, oh

"I shall not mind that, Martha, if was going on. I know not. Perhaps terrible, passionate sobbing of a strong

that was destroying her. She became sign. She evidently did not perceive this world, helping her in all her good that the refreshing liquid may soak to see Miss Billings and was at the anything wrong in Lady Severne, or deeds and works of charity, thinking down to the defunct husband's bones. It was about four in the morning- possibly the mischief was done after always with a sorely aching heart of Having thus done all she can to propiti- committed?

the odor of hily and rose. During her Lord Severne was talking to Captain wrote. He had kept his word; he had fits Lady Severne never went to rest Forrester, more at ease and less anx- cut himself adrift from every social

up all night and sleep in the day. A a great load had been taken from her ed any letter from him. The answer! sudden gleam of gold shooting into mind. Some one had just inquired if was always "No," but we often spoke day party next week, mamma? the room showed me that the sun was we should have the pleasure of seeing when we were quite alone, of the beaurising. I drew aside the hangings and Lady Severne at dinner, and Lady tiful, hapless woman who was worse sweetness and freshness of the morn- smile, that she was much better and One morning Lord Yorke looked up

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en. "At Nice, the 18th inst., after a late.

so sad. There were a few words of re-gret from the visitors, a kindly ex-Lady Severne, aged twenty-seven."

cion was breathed; but there was a And I wondered if the long and lin en light upon it," and she listened to strange quiet. No one talked much; we gering illness had been sent to help had no music, no singing. One or two purify that poor sinful soul, in which, spoke of leaving Westwood, and there after all, there had been a yearning gloom. Later on, Mark, addressing me

"Where the houseless shall seek a shel-

The lonely shall find a friend-

That hath trusted and loved to the

how she died. The only thing told to me how great is the mercy of Heaven, how Mark came back to me, not then but

two years afterwards, and asked me again to be his wife. "I know, Nellie," he said, "that

some women of a nature lower than "Heaven help you, Mark!" I ans- yours would punish me now, would take their revenge, would send me lieve; Nellie, that if any one could do on me. You might do so, Nellie; I am her good, it would be you. She loves at your mercy. If you send me away, I you, she seems to have a certain faith cannot complain, but as there is mercy and trust in you." He looked at me in heaven there should be mercy on would not, of course-you could not in me to be a better man; help me to be How could I, when I had loved him,

Yet to refuse him was the hardest and him only, all my life? How could "No. I could not do that. The his was dear to me. How could I, when Tears are the dew of heaven, the for you, but see you again—never!" nay. Mark knows best what I said.

"You are right, Nellie, and I have I am Lady Severne now, with fair

> for my weakness and folly-only Hea- when we met and parted under the ven knows how litter; man can never lilac trees. I love him as well and so grandchildren. dearly that I pray I may die looking ing with loving, longing eyes at the The only reference to the past that nac 40 years old.

"Nellie, my love for you was never

THE END.

LESSON IN ECONOMY.

A Fantly of Four Live Well on \$200 Per

A. H. Zander contributes an article to the Ladies Home Journal, in which he tells how he maintains a family a school teacher and is paid a salary short ones. ing him \$36 per year. His other ex-"What is it, Mark?" I asked, with penses are: Provisions, \$94.82; clothing and footwear, \$38; magazines and

will you say that you forgive me. The "Our meals," Mr. Zander writes, "we burden of my life is a heavy one, and find abundant in quantity and varthe heaviest part of it is the sorrow liety. For breakfast we have coffee, that my mad folly has brought upon coffee-cake, bread and butter, with eggs Europe. you. Let me take into my dreary ex- or fried ham occasionally. For dinner ile that knowledge, and it will be to we have boiled potatoes with butter me a gleam of happiness, the only one gravy, boiled cabbage or other vegethat can reach me after my coward- tables, and pudding or pie, and coffee. ice, my weakness, my folly, my betray- Sometimes we have pork and beans, al of your faith and trust. Oh, lost and sometimes some egg preparation, love of my youth, oh, true love of my as potato pancakes, dumplings, etc., morning. while with one meal in the week we He was kneeling at my feet. Was it have meat. For supper we have the dreaded came. For a day or two Lady wrong, when I saw his white face so remains of our dinner, with fried or The next night Martha was so worn Severne had been better. She came full of anguish, his eyes so full of baked potatoes and eggs. We have

CONSIDERATE ARAB WIDOW.

When an Arab woman is tired of widowhood and desires to marry again assassin of his forgiveness she brings with her two large goat-skins filled with water and with these she waters the grave ate his spirit she goes off with a good

A WISE PRECAUTION.

Little Bessie-Can't I have a birth- the alarm? Mother-Why, Bessie, your birthday isn't till next summer.

Little Bessie-I know, but Uncle Jack says ladies don't have any birthdays the best? after they are 25 years old, so I want "Louise," he said, here is news. List- to have lots of them before it is too

with the heavy grades between Tor- van for passengers, or to stop sud- equipment of a full line of handsome.

ing, etc., will be in keeping with the separate designs. The entire work will inion for their use in bicycles, tricy-

passenger and parcels van, seating 25 ed several thousands of dollars to their terorise promises to be large and luc-

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Something About the Meir to the Throne Which May Interest You. He is 5 feet 6 inches high and weighs

He has light grey eyes, a grey beard, They Are Enjoying Themselves Together at His hands and feet are small and

He is 57 years old, and has four His favorite wine is champagne of

dark handsome face, so humble and so Mark ever made was one day when he He is a first-class judge of horses and in the same phaetons, refresh them-

He is said to be one of the best shots in England. He sets the fashions in clothes fo the whole world.

of Cambridge and a barrister. He has 13 university degrees. He has laid 73 large and important

foundation stones. He opened part of the Suez canal. He has made more speeches than any bear it with patience and courage. I and himself-on \$200 per year. He is other man in the world, but mostly

with the Sultan of Turkey.

He spends \$5,000 a year for tele

He is a colone! eight times over. He has every order of knighthood in

His uniforms are worth \$75,000. He is a field marshal and an admiral He is the chief horse owner, dog owner and yachtsman in England.

He started life with an income of \$550,000 a year.

He says he has no debts. He loves to travel incognito in Paris. He buys hundreds of theater tick-

ets without using them. His favorite vehicle in London is hansom cab, yet his stables cost \$75,-000 a year.

His life was never attempted by an

NATURAL PRESUMPTION

house at the time the burglary was

Witness-Yes, sir. Then how did it happen that when All kinds of toasts were drunk, but the prisoner dashed into the room the substance of them all was eternal and assaulted you, you leaped through friendship between England and Amthe window and went home, making no erica. attempt to defend the lady or give

I thought it was her father. BOTH HAD THEIR MERITS.

Uncle, which breed of chickens is Well, sah de white ones is de easiest

found, an de dahk ones de easiest hid after yo gits em.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SAILORS FRATERNIZING.

a brown complexion, and a bald head. Key West, Florida-Blood Thicker Than

A Key West despatch to the New York World says: British and American tars are fraternizing in the 1889, and his favorite liquor a cog- friendliest manner in Key West. They

selves at the same bars and come in together on the chorus of the same songs. This has been going on ever since the arrival here of the Britisl He loves to labor for the working- warship Cordelia.

Almost ever since there has been He is a D. C. L. of Oxford, an LL. D. such a thing as an American navy the arrival together in the same port of an American and a British warship has been the occasion of fights between the crews. For that reason the present friendly feeling between English and American sailors is regarded as significant. There is method in it, so naval officers are saying.

"The United States already has the He was the first Christian to dine moral support of England in our troubles with Spain," said a lieuten-He never allows a typewriter in his ant on the Detroit, "and we want to

For the first time since he has been in Key West Admiral Sicard put on the gorgeous uniform of an American admiral-chapeau, sword and all-and went out to return the official visit of the Cordelia's commander. He remained aboard the British ship for more than two hours. When Admiral He goes to church every Sunday Sicard returned the care lines were lighter and his expression was less serious than it had been for days.

"Capt. Burke is a fine man and an excellent commander," he said, "and the Cordelia is a ship to be proud of."

A PARTY OF A DOZEN. Of the Cordelia's midshipmen came ashore on Monday night and were met at the pier by three ensigns from the New York and the Nashville, who acted as hosts. As they sat at a long table in the cafe of the hotel, smokthey were an interesting study. The oung Englishmen do not have the style of the Americans. Their clothes do not fit them so well. They are Attorney-You say you had called clumsier, and do not walk with the erect bearing and splendid swing of the Annapolis graduate; but they are more sun-burned, broad-shouldered and

more athletic-looking.

At the bar-room further down Duval street, the 'forecastlemen of the American and English ships were proclaiming the same sentiment in their own way. On board the Cordelia are number of Scotch marines. A party of them were welcomed at the bar by a score of marines from the New York. A Cuban in the crowd began playing a mouth organ. A big American corporal grabbed a little stocky Scotchman around the waist and began waltzing. In a minute the floor of the saloon was shaking under the heavy tread of the dancing marines, while a crowd of British tars over in the corner kept time with their hands and

The Cordelia's men had a so oist in their party. In a shrill voice he began singing a long rambling song of the sea. It had thirty-two verses, unintelligible to the shore lubber, but the chorus which burst out every few minutes, was something like this:

Though death may be near There can be no fear In the heart of a British tar Nashville's jackies took up the refrain and bawled out "British tar" as if the White Squadron was only an annex of the British Admiralty De-

A METAMORPHOSIS

Sambo Johnson, sternly-Don' yo' know I tol' yo' not t' go swimmin' wid ento and Richmond Hill up Yonge St., denl, h) case of danger. An automa- commodious and rapid autocars. The no white trash chillun, eh? tic redicator in front of the motors which will be itted in these Sambo Johnson, Jr.-But he wan' motors an will give him full direc- autocars are the invention of Mr. W. white befor' he went in.

> THE FESTIVE SEASON. Mrs. Swiller-You came home intoxicated last night! Disgraceful! Mr. Swiller, innocently-Did I?

don't remember it!

DIFFERENT. tric buttons for use of passengers and in the enterprise. he also on deposit for the new line of autocars which will that umbrella you lost? Haven't you

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ALLAN MOF

ever lost an umbrella before? Yes; but this one wife mine