

cozening words, or did he feel only powerless to resist them? Sir George, at all events, was powerless in the white supple hands that could turn him to her will. He stood there looking at her, and then in passionate words of love began to plead that their marriage might not be delayed. For a moment Hayward was forgotten. He only saw Isabel; Isabel, who cared nothing for him except as the owner of the broad lands which lay around them.

It was all settled before the day was over. Mr. Trevor was told, and gave his pleased consent. Hilda Marston was told, and the very butler knew as he waited at table that day, that he was attending his future lady.

Isabel was a woman who loved all this. Adulation and praise were pleasant to her ears, and flattery was sweet. She loved also the jewels which Sir George presented her, and when he asked leave to clasp round her slender white throat the sparkling sapphire that she had coveted the first night she was at Massam, and which Sir George had had set for her, she told herself, as she thanked him with her rosy lips, that she must learn in time to care for the giver of all these fine gifts.

She felt very triumphant, too, when she told the "Featherstone girls" of her engagement, and asked them to be her bridesmaids.

Patty and Lu could scarcely contain their astonishment, indeed, within the bounds of good breeding when they heard the news.

"So," said Lu, thoughtfully, "all those stories about him were lies, I suppose?"

"Lies are not uncommon things, my good Lu," answered Isabel, smiling. "For my part, I never quite believe what I hear."

CHAPTER XVII.

HAYWARD'S MOTHER.

But we must return to Hayward. Return to when Hilda Marston left him at the railway station, and when, with a crushing sense of pain, shame, and humiliation, he shortly afterwards started on his journey to town.

He had taken a ticket for London, but almost without reason. His mother lived there, but he was not going to her. He only felt that there he would be unknown, for there was a dark purpose in his heart, and overwhelming bitterness in his soul.

Isabel Trevor, in fact, had turned his life to gall. What had been play to her was death to him. He had loved her so much, making an idol of her, with as blind an idolatry as the poor heathen gives to his imaged god.

He sat in the carriage in the train, with his grey set face turned to the window, and his eyes apparently fixed intently on the drifting rain. There were other people in the carriage, but he scarcely saw them; pleasant words exchanged, but he never heard them. He only felt that his life was blank for evermore, and that he had thrown all upon one cast and failed.

Presently, at one of the stations, some of the passengers got out of the carriage. He saw them go and that was all. One man however was left in it; a man who had been looking attentively at Hayward once or twice during the last half-hour.

He was a clergyman. A tall, powerfully-made young man, with smooth fair hair, and a fair skin tanned. He had large, rather prominent, steady grey eyes, and with these he looked at Hayward again and again, as they travelled onward. He was, in fact, studying Hayward's face. Then, in a pleasant, clear-toned voice, when they were alone, he addressed him.

"Pardon me for speaking to you," he said, "but are you not Mrs. Hayward's son?"

"Yes," answered Hayward, turning his grey set face a moment from the window, "I am Philip Hayward."

"I thought I could not be mistaken," said the young clergyman, with a smile. "I know your photograph so well, and your mother has so often talked to me of her Philip, that I was sure I was right. I am glad," he added, his face re-assuming its usual sweet, serious expression, "that she has written to you to go to her. I suppose she has told you the truth at last?"

"What truth?" asked Hayward, sharply. For a moment the young clergyman hesitated. Then he said with much gentleness, "I suppose you know she is very ill?"

"Ill!" repeated Hayward, "I have heard nothing of any illness. I know nothing of her being ill."

At this, a disturbed expression crossed the clergyman's face.

"I am indeed sorry to be the bearer of ill-news, then," he said, "but it is right that you should know. Mrs. Hayward is, I fear, in a rapid consumption."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Hayward. "When last I saw her she was not strong, but she never is. May I ask how you know of her being ill? And when did you last see her?"

"I saw her about a week ago," answered the clergyman, "and I saw the doctor who attends her about the same time—and I grieve to tell you his opinion was very unfavourable. It was indeed after I had seen the doctor, that I urged her so much to write to you. But you were on a visit, she told me—a visit to Sir George Hamilton—a visit from which she seemed to expect so much, and she could not bear to damp your enjoyment."

At this Hayward could scarcely suppress the groan that rose to his lips.

"But when I saw you," continued the young clergyman, "I hoped that during my absence (for I have been a week out of town) that she

had broken through her resolve, and told you of her illness."

"No," answered Hayward, "I have heard nothing. I had a letter from her the other day, and she said nothing. I—I am completely overwhelmed by the news."

He turned away his head as he spoke. Of what was he thinking? O God! what had he been about to do! He had forgotten all about his poor mother in his dark despair. Had forgotten duty, affection, everything under the blow which had struck him down. Now, he began to think. His mother—the gentle, tender mother that had loved and watched over him all these years! Oh, how could he have forgotten her; how allow his selfish misery to drive everything else from his heart!

"Tell me all about her, sir," he said, in a broken voice, to the young clergyman sitting opposite to him. "How did you get to know her? How long has she been ill?"

"I have known her about a year," answered the clergyman. "I am one of the curates of the parish in which she lives. I ought to tell you my name, too. It is Horace Jervis. I got to know her when visiting in my district, and naturally soon became interested in her. She was ill, even when I first saw her—I think she told me that she had not seen you for nearly eighteen months."

Hayward thought for a moment, and then said,—

"Yes, it is just about eighteen months."

"So she told me," went on Mr. Jervis, "and she also gradually told me her history. Then I learnt that my father and yours had been in the same regiment, the 84th, and this also naturally increased my interest in her and you. I have visited her constantly, and lately, as I told you, I have repeatedly urged her to tell you of her illness. But, with unselfish affection, she could not bear to give you pain."

"Oh! my God!" groaned Hayward, and he covered his face.

"It would be sad to see her," continued Mr. Jervis, "for at times she suffers greatly, if her soul were not so pure and white. I cannot help thinking of the angels when I look on your mother's face."

Again Hayward groaned aloud. His soul was so blank and dark that the young clergyman's words struck him like a sword.

"I—I must seem a brute to you," he muttered.

"Why?" asked Mr. Jervis, surprised. "You did not even know of your mother's illness. But you will go to her now. She will die now, where I am sure she wishes to die—in her dear son's arms."

"Yes," said Hayward, and he bit his quivering lip.

At that moment some of the vague doubts and yearnings for *Light*, that had so often passed and re-passed over his soul, recurred to Hayward. Was this meeting accidental, he thought, or had the hand of God been put out to save him from a fearful crime? Opposite to him was the calm, sweet, pleasant face of Mr. Jervis. Hayward looked at him with his gloomy eyes, wondering if the look of peace imprinted on it came from earthly happiness. Then he thought of his mother. The mother whose life for the last twenty years had been a weary struggle. And she was dying now—dying, and he—

"I know that she has longed, almost passionately, and prayed most earnestly, to see you," said Mr. Jervis, interrupting Hayward's remorseful reflections. "I know this from little things she has said. But her faith is perfect. The very last time I saw her she told me that if it were God's will she would see you soon."

"And yet—and yet—" said Hayward with deep emotion, "unless I had met you—"

"Her prayers might have been answered in some other way," replied Mr. Jervis, quietly, "for we are sure that none of them will be unheard."

He said this in the simplest way. There was no faltering or doubt in this young man's mind. Hayward, passion-tossed and miserable, looked with strange envy on the serene eyes and brow of this young curate. They were both about the same age—some twenty-six, or seven years old, perhaps—and both were tall, strong, stalwart men. They were both brave, also. Hayward had plunged into a raging sea at a woman's bidding, with death staring him in the face, but Mr. Jervis faced death daily. He faced it in the fever-wards of hospitals, in dreary dens of misery, poverty, and shame.

He spoke of his work very quietly. He had chosen his vocation. Earth and Heaven were alike real to him, and he cheerfully toiled in one, sure of finding his reward in the other. In spite of himself, Hayward grew interested. Earnestness about anything inspires a thoughtful mind with respect, and Mr. Jervis was so much in earnest.

By the time they reached London it was dark. "It has been a dreary day," said Hayward, with a shiver.

"Yes," said Mr. Jervis, but neither his manner nor his tone was dreary.

Hayward, on the other hand, felt inexpressibly miserable. He was conscience-stricken, and crushed down with a sense of his selfish cowardice. What, if he had stabbed his dying mother in his mad passion! He thought, for he knew what in his bitter disappointment he contemplated doing, would have been a blow to her more cruel than death.

Mr. Jervis was very kind to him. Perhaps he saw that something even more terrible than his mother's illness was preying on Hayward's mind. At all events he was very good to him,

gentle, sympathizing, and considerate, though not obtrusively so.

When they arrived in town, he proposed to accompany Hayward to the house where his mother lived. He had two motives for this; one being that he thought that in her present weak condition her son's arrival should be broken gently to Mrs. Hayward; another that he did not like to leave Hayward alone. Hayward made no objection to this proposal—nay, it was a sort of relief to him to have a companion in this miserable hour.

Mrs. Hayward was very poor. She had only her paltry pension as a lieutenant's widow, and the small sum that her son had been able to allow her out of his salary. Still Hayward was shocked and surprised when the cab in which the young men were seated stopped, by Mr. Jervis's direction, before the humble dwelling, where the curate informed him his mother lived. It was only a common lodging-house, a lodging-house in Ranelagh-road, in which two workmen and their families also lived. The poor widow had gone to this house to save. Her son was away, and she knew no one, and so in this noisy, over-full house she existed, putting away, each month, half of the sum that Hayward had regularly sent her.

She had only one room. A room which looked into the street, and at the great furniture-removing establishment opposite. She was too ill to go out, and she used to sit at the window vaguely watching the great vans coming and going. It was a desolate life, and yet this poor woman was not desolate. She lived there, hoping in God's good time to rejoin her husband; she lived there, praying for and thinking of her only son.

That son felt almost utterly overcome as he entered the house where she lived.

A hard-faced woman, who opened the door in answer to Mr. Jervis's summons, received them, and on the curate inquiring for Mrs. Hayward, said—

"I'm sure I'm glad you've come back, sir, to look after her. I don't know what to do with her, she's fearful ill—but perhaps this gentleman's some relation?" and she looked at Hayward.

Hayward made no answer. He was struck dumb by the appearance of poverty around. His mother had written to him to tell him that she had changed her lodgings, but she had told him nothing more.

"Where is her room?" he asked, hoarsely.

"The first door upstairs, to the left, sir," answered the woman. "She's been very bad to-day. She ought to have some of her friends about her."

"Let me go up first!" said Mr. Jervis, laying his hand kindly on Hayward's arm.

"No," said Hayward, "no," and he began ascending the narrow, uncarpeted stairs.

When he reached the first door to the left he paused. It was slightly ajar, and he stood for a moment looking in. He saw inside a woman—a woman familiar, and yet not familiar. A woman on whose face death had set its stamp, and whose features were so sharpened and changed that he scarcely recognized them. Yet, it was his mother. Hayward saw this, and he saw also by the same light on the table, which flickered and fell on his mother's pale face and on her pale, thin hand, that she was reading one of his own letters. A letter that he had written from Massam, when his heart had been full of hope. There she sat, reading, and re-reading her son's words, as she had read them many a time before. She smiled as she did so; smiled, and then a sudden flood of hope, of joy, almost of inspiration, seemed to pass over her heart.

"O God!" she murmured, looking upwards.

"Let me see my dear boy's face before I die."

When Hayward heard these words he came slowly forward, and the next moment he was clasped tightly in his mother's arms.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

THE

Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XIV.

ALMONTE, Ont.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE VILLAGE BY NIGHT AND BY DAY—SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH—ITS MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES—MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

I remember, when a boy, having seen at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, London, a representation of that enchanting story about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and the darkened scene showing the fairy palace far away in the distance, with its countless windows twinkling like so many stars, has ever since been indelibly impressed upon my memory. The picture was recalled vividly to my mind on the evening when, a passenger from Annapolis by the evening train, I first caught sight of the village of Almonte. The train had passed through a dark stretch of country when, quite suddenly, the roar of rushing waters was heard, and simultaneously there appeared before us a scene which reminded me at once of the fairy palace at the Polytechnic. The Canada Central R.R. runs along an elevated ridge, and down in the murky depths of the valley there stood a vast building, the outlines only vaguely defined, but with its rows upon rows of windows brilliantly illuminated. Then, further ahead, other large buildings, also lit up, came into view, and, when the train slowly crossed a bridge spanning a series of cascades, we saw lights here, there and everywhere, telling of a busy community. Such was my impression of Almonte by night. Seen by day I found it not wanting in picturesque features. It is a most quaintly-situated place, quaintly laid out. The river, rather absurdly named "The Mississippi," runs through the centre, and is divided by an island just where there is a fall in the bed of some eighty feet. Before the construction of the multifarious dams now to be seen, the falls must have been exceptionally fine, but there are still a few places where the water rushes on in its natural channels over rocky ledges and great boulders, as if rejoicing in its freedom.

The village site is hilly, and the older portion is laid out in an hap-hazard sort of way. One theory is that the first builders followed the line of a cow-path, but I presume the settlers naturally built near the shore of the river, and that, not being by any means straight, the streets subsequently made show all the windings. Anyhow, a great portion of the village is made up of streets which wind about and go up and down with a degree of independence which I rather liked after an experience of villages and towns where the streets are severely straight and level. A taste for the irregular is discernible among the buildings. It is very rare to find two houses exactly alike, and many are located as though the owners had suddenly got tired of moving them around. As for material, there are buildings of wood, of brick and of stone, the large mills, the schools and the churches being built of the latter—a capital stone quarried in the vicinity.

SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH.

In the years 1819-21, the British Government assisted one Col. Marshall to bring out a number of Scotch emigrants, principally residents of and about Glasgow and Paisley. They were mostly settled in what is now the Township of Ramsay, County of Lanark. Such of the pioneers as survive, give a doleful account of their early experiences—a long sea voyage, a poor reception at Quebec, a dreary trip to Montreal, thence by scow, towed by oxen, to Prescott, and, finally, a weary journey through the "wilds" to Lanark village, where the families waited while the fathers went out and selected land up the country. Some made scows and transported their families as far as possible by this means, using the scow afterwards as a roof for a rudely-constructed hut. The first year was one of considerable suffering; some of the elders and the weak children succumbed. As in the case of the settlers along the St. Lawrence, the Government gave such families as were in need provisions for a year, a few tools, blankets, &c., and a sum of money, which, though at first considered as a loan, was afterwards made a free gift. Happily, excellent crops rewarded the exertions of these stout-hearted people, and thenceforward their progress was sure, if slow.

In 1823 the peaceful settlement was unpleasantly disturbed by the advent of a body of immigrants, who were brought out from about Cork and Limerick by the Hon. Peter Robinson, brother of the late Chief-Justice. There were among these many industrious people, who at once took up land and prospered as their Scotch neighbours had done, but there were others who seemed to have "left their country for their country's good," and these, being accommodated with board and lodging by the Government in buildings by the river side, in the very centre of the settlement, showed no disposition to get to work. As Dr. Watts says—"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." At first the idlers fought amongst themselves, and many a head was cracked in Ballygiblin, as the "bhoys" dubbed their camp. But some of the more active sighed for "fresh fields and pastures new," and accordingly they began to interfere with the industrious farmers, seeking all manner of excuses