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AN UNJUST DISCRIMINATION. ernment to encourage native industry. agriculture in every part of the Unit The aim of the federal government is not Kingdom has been for some time suffering only to take obstacles out of the way of the native producer but to give him all of land almost a necessity. The Imper other countries. This is why the trade work of really a provincial and municip policy of the Dominion Government is nature it has been forced to neg dicted for it by its advocates, has, on the whole, been acceptable to the people of Municipalities Act may lessen this grievmachinery and the expense of carriage sidered not very far off. So the Welsh are quite as much as men of moderate agitators if they only wait, will, in the capital can afford. But here the Govern ment steps in and tells the miner that he desire without interfering in the slightest must pay it more than one-third the pur- degree, even in appearance, with the chase money of his plant before he will be unity of the Empire. What the Welsh allowed to land it on British Columbian and Scotch Home Rulers appear to want soil. This would be hard enough if the is to exchange the present legislative machinery he needs were manufactured union of the three kingdoms for a federal in Canada. But it is not made in any union something like that which obtains part of the Dominion; so the duty the in Canada. But public opinion in Great miner has to pay on it, while it is a griev- Gritain is strongly opposed to any such ous burden and a great drawback to him does not benefit in any way any and Scotch Home Rulers will agitate for Canadian producer. It is an obstacle causelessly placed in his way-to many an Ireland is somewhat different. If the insuperable obstacle-by the Government whose distinctive policy is the protection that what the Irish really want is not a of native industry. The industry in which form of federal union but complete sever he is engaged is a native industry, but the ance from Great Britain, the prospect of Government in direct opposition to its the Irish Home Rulers attaining a measur own principles does all it can to discour- of self-government would be much age him. It prevents him from making a brighter than it is. fair start, and forces from him a very large proportion of his profits if he is successful, and hastens his ruin if he meets unlooked for difficulties. This is not the position in which the Government of a country should place itself with regard to any industry. The British Columbia miner does duty on the product of foreign mines. A high duty, if it were imposed, would be of no benefit to him whatever. He therefore does not ask the taxpayers of the Dominion to help him in the slightest degree. He is quite willing to pay his share towards the encouragement of the protected industries; but he looks upon it as the greatest injustice that while paying for the encouragement of other industries, the industry in which he is engaged, which wants nothing from anyone, should \$20,000, will, before he begins his work, have to pay to the Government the very considerable sum of \$7,000. What does he get in return for this very heavy coning whatever. The duty is imposed for the purpose of encouraging the manufacture of machinery in the Dominion, but the machinery he wants cannot be purchased in the Dominion. It must be

tries of this province. Many natural dif-ficulties lie in the way of its successful prosecution, and it is not for a protection-The revenue and expenditure for the first four mouths of the current financial year are very encouraging. If the year continue as if has begun the Government will on the 1st of July next have a handsome surplus on hand. The revenue for the month of October, on account of Converting to 28, 421, 409

> WELSH NATION ALITY. The Welsh as well as the Scotch

Irish are agitating for Home Rule. amounted to \$2,437,906.70 against \$2,to a greater share of self-government the 541,309.03 in October 1887. The expenditure for the four months ended 31st they now enjoy. They demand the de October amounted to \$9,255,041.94, against \$9,379,125.39 for the corresponding period of last year. Deducting \$9,255,041.94 expenditure for the last \$9,255,041.94 expenditure for the last four months from \$12,949,053.52 revenue tenure and compensation for all agricultural improvements. The majority the Welsh people being dissenters it but natural that they should not look It is the policy of the Dominion Govthe advantage it can over the producers of Parliament being so overburdened with called a "national policy." This policy, measures which are looked upon as of the if it has not produced all the results -pre-Canada. But there is an industry in ance, but it cannot afford a remedy for British Columbia which is not only not the principal evils complained of by the fostered by the general government but is Welsh National Council. There are, by its policy greatly burdened and however, those who believe that Church grievously discouraged. There was a time establishments are doomed in England and when mining in this province was a very Scotland as well as in Wales. Disestabsimple process. All that the miner required was a few simple tools which could time, and there are many staunch churchbe made anywhere, a cradle to wash the men who believe that the severance of the "dirt" and provisions enough to keep him Church from the State will not be in any in working condition for a few months.

But that time is past. Mining is now an elaborate and difficult process requiring, laws of Great Britain is regarded by many in order to carry it out profitably, expen- thinkers as inevitable. A precedent has sive machinery. The cost of conveying already been created in Ireland, and this machinery to the mining district is legislation on the same principles for frequently very great. The price of the England, Scotland and Wales is con-

MORMONS IN CANADA.

The Mormons are trying to get a foothold in the Canadian Northwest. They have formed a colony at Lee's Creek, Alberta. They are doing well. They are industrious and frugal, and they help one tend protection to him by placing a high another, consequently, if they have half They are applying to the Dominion Government for favors. The Government, if it is wise, will be very cautious in its dealings with these people. They are not desirable as settlers. At first they declared that they had given up polygamy, and there were people simple enough believe them. Now they are not so strong in their repudiation of their peculiar institution and ask the Government to permit those of them who have already more than one wife ice. The miner who needs for the successful prosecution of the work in which When they get stronger they will no he is engaged machinery costing say, doubt throw off the thin disguise thay still retain and insist upon practising polygamy according to the tenets of their re ligion. They will then be a separtribution to the general revenue? Nothdistinction between Mormon and Gentile wider and wider as time progresses until they will not only be separate from their neighbors, but bitterly antagonistic. Christians will not mix with Mormons, and imported. He needs the very best ma-Mormons will have as little dealings as chinery that is made. He requires all possible with Christians. It will not b the newest patents, the latest improvewise to aid in the introduction of such an ments. He cannot get them in Canada. element of discord and demoralization in Under the circumstances, even if mining to the Canadian Northwest. If the Mor machinery were manufactured in the Dominion, the British Columbia miner would not be asking any great favor to be allowed to import his plant from a mining country in which the manufacture of mining machinery and mining tools is made a specialty; but since he cannot get they should be given to understand that made a specialty; but since he cannot get should be given to understand that such machinery in the Dominion at all, he is only asking the Government to act their illegal practices, and that if they in conformity with its own principles and violate the laws of the land regarding mar-

policy when he demands that he be riage they must abide by the cons allowed to import it duty free. This is quences. the only protection that the Government can extend to him, and it can grant him his request without doing an injury to any industry or any individual from one end of Canada to the other. We hope that the Government will give this matter its most serious consideration. Machinery is as much the raw material of the miner's industry as raw cotton is the raw material of the cotton spinner's industry. Raw cotton is very properly allowed to enter the Dominion of the cotton of the

A SERIAL STORY BY BERTHA M. CLAY. He was kneeling by his dead wife's side when these conditions were brought to him, and the dumb white lips could not open to say, "Love her because she was mine," the cold hands could not be clasped in supplication to him, the mother's heart could not speak in the closed eyes. The only human being who could have saved ful face, so calm in the majesty of death he turned to the bearer of the messag

"Tell Assunts di Cyntha that in pr portion as I loved my wife I dislike the her, never wishing to see her or hear

At the same time he was just. He offered to settle a certain sum of money on the little one, more than suff sunta's pale face flushed crimson when she heard it.

"I touch that accursed English gold!" she cried. "I would see all Venice perish first!"

Without another word she took the child in her arms and left the house Even in death she refused to look the face of her sister again. Then came for Jasper a long blank

He remembered in after years that he had stood by the grave of his wife-he remembered falling upon it with a loud pitter cry-then came a blank. The roses and passion-flowers were in full bloom when that happened; when he recovered his senses, the roses had withered, the passion-flowers were dead, and the winter was coming. He was lying, not in his own house—wise doctors had forbidden that-but in one of the large hotels in Venice, fighting for life. He lived, but the world we never the same to him again. His youth, his love, his hopes, his heartill lay in the grave of his young wife, He was never the same. When he was strong enough to travel, he returned home, and his parents were almost beside themselves with grief at his chang-

"A fever caught in Italy," explained t all. Lady Brandon sighed mournfully over it. "Ah, if he had but been

ontent to stay at home!" Then he realized what he had done what he had suffered what he had lost He was not ashamed of his marriage but he shut up the sweet sad love-story n his heart, guarding it as a mise quards his gold-not to have saved his life could he have spoken Giulia's name. It seemed impossible to him hat any one should ever understand that weet mad love of his. How should they? And he could not tell them. He could not bare that wound to any human eye. It would have been easier not very distant future, obtain all they than to talk of Giulia and Venice. He shut up the sweet sad story in his hear and lived on it. People called him proud and cold, reserved and silent they never dreamed of the burning love beneath the ice: there was no one who ever suspected nim of a wild passionate love and a sorrow that would be his until he died. No one knew that h had loved as few loved, and that his change, and it is likely that the Welsh peart lay buried in a dead wife's grave Time passed on, he grew stronger; th a very long time in vain. The case of full tide of health and strength returned to him, and with it came a longing to people of England were not convince take his share in the full active lif

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I fel before the strife, When I had my days before me, and the tumuli

That was his one cry-work, toil, labor—anything that could teach him to forget. He plunged into the hottest fray of political life: his speeches ran through all England; men named him with deepest admiration. He was power in the State; he spent his days work his nights in study. Did he forget? At times, when busy member ound him were disputing vehemently. he found himself standing on the Rialt at Venice, gazing at a sweet girl-face He found himself under the vines, with roses and passion-flowers clustering s feet, white hands warmly clasped in his own, and a golden head lying on his breast. They wondered, those who watched him, why at times he rose suddenly with a stifling cry, flinging out his arms as though the breath of life failed him. They thought the passion of his own words moved him. How should they guess of the sweet short love and

the tragedy which had ended it? Once, and once only, he was induce to enter a theatre; it was when one of the finest living tragedians was to ap pear. He never thought of asking wha the play was, but when the curtain rose and he saw Venice, he almost swoone like a dead man, smitten with a terrible pain. Still no one knew the cause; it was all buried in his own heart-h himself was the sepulchre of his love. Time passed on. Sir Francis grew old and feeble: his one longing was to see his son married before he died. The first time that he mentioned it Jaspe drew back with horror on his face.

"Marry!" He with his heart in that ar-off grave l And the father, looking nto the son's face, saw a tragedy there. He said no more to him for a long time; but one day, when he was weak and ill, he cried out:

"Jasper, you must marry. My son, let me see your children round my knees before I die."

The words touched him greatly; and that same day his mother came to his with a pleased, expectant look on he

"Jasper," she sai !, "the daughter of

my dearest friend is coming to Queen's Chace—Marie Valdoraine—and I should die happy if I could see her your wife. Lady Marie came—a handsome ani mated blonde, with the worship of mammon in her heart. She was most lively and fascinating. She won the heart of Sir Francis. She made Lady Brandon love her; even Jasper, with the shadow of dead love darken life, was pleased with her. Lady Marie Valdoraine was of the world worldly; she knew the just value of everything She saw that there was no position England more enviable than that of Lady Brandon of Queen's Chace, and

"If you are really going to de your life to politics," said a frien him one day, "you should marry Lady Marie. She could manage everything

pleasure to his parents, he marri Lady Marie. But he was quite hon of his marriage—he could not have borne her questions, her wonder, he remarks, and have lived-his dead lo er that he had no love to give her, but honor and esteem only.

Lady Marie smiled in the

charming manner. She mentally con-gratulated herself—if she could have all he good things that belonged to Queen's Chace without being teased about love,

The marriage took place, and ever one thought well of it: people said it was the most suitable match they had ever known—universal approval fol-lowed it. Sir Francis declared he had nothing left to live for. Lady Brandon was quite content. As time passed on, it became more and more evident that the marriage was a most suitable Lady Marie Brandon flung herself heart and soul into her husband's interests he owned himself that she was his right hand. When his reasoning, his clear, pitiless logic, failed, then her powers of fascination succeeded. Lady Marie Bran-don became a power in her way, her season in town was always one brill ant success, her drawing-rooms were always crowded, people attended her halls and soirees as though they

Jasper had his reward. When old Sir Francis lay dying, he called his son hands in blessing on him. "You have been a good son

had received royal bidings.

Jasper," he said. "You have never given me one moment's sorrow or pain So in dving I bless you and thank you. They were pleasant words; they renaid him for having sacrificed his inclination and married Lady Marie Valdoraine. Old Sir Francis died with smile on his face, and Jasper succeeded him. Some months afterward a little daughter was born to him, who by his mother's wish was called Katherine, and when Katherine was a child of seven Lady Brandon died. Then Sir Jasper and his wife took up their abode at Queen's Chace. The time came when his name was a tower of strength in the land when men rejoiced to see him at

more gracious than any she had eve the head of the mightiest party, when should rejoin her sister-the young wife he had so dearly loved-and that rom his clear calm judgment, his earnest truth, his marvellous talents. No she could not die until her child was one ever asked if he were happy in safe and well provided for. the midst of it all. He was courted, popular, famous, but his face was not the face of a happy man, and once—his asleep after perhaps the most brilliant reception ever accorded to a public man, and when Lady Brandon went t rouse him, the pillow on which his head had lain was wet with tears. CHAPTER II.

Seventeen years had passed since the birth of Katherine Brandon, and no other child had been given to Queen's Chace. The long-wished-for heir ha never appeared, and the hopes of both parents were centred in the beautiful oung heiress. She was just seventeen, and a more perfectly lovely ideal of an English girl could not have been found. To look at her was a pleasure. The tall slender figure with its perfect lines and curves, the face with its glow of youthful health, the subtle grace of movement, the free easy carriage, the quick graceful step, were all as pleasant as they were rare. Like her mother, she was a blonde beauty, but she had more color, greater vigor. Her hair was o golden brown-pure gold in the sun-

light, brown in the shade. Her eyes were of a lovely violet hue they looked like pansies steeped in dew Her face had a most exquisite color lilies and roses so perfectly blended that it was impossible to tell where one began and the other ended. It was an English face-no other land could have produced such a one. The mouth was peautiful, the lips were sweet and arch, revealing little white teeth that shon like pearls: a lovely dimple chin, white rounded throat, and beautifu hands, completed the list of charms There was an air of vitality and health about her that was irresistible.

She was as English in character as i face. She was essentially Saxon, true in thought, word, and deed, sincere, earnest, transparently candid, generous, slightly prejudiced and intolerant, proud with a quick, bright pride that was but 'a virtue run to seed"-a most charming, lovable character, not perhaps of the most exalted type. She would never have made a poetess or a tragedy queen there was no sad, tragical story in he lovely young face; but she was essentially womanly, quickly moved to sweetness pity and compassion, keenly sensitive, nobly generous. All her short sweet life she had been called "Heiress of Queen's Chace." She was woman enough to be more than pleas it. She loved the bright beautiful world and, above all, she loved her own share in it. She would rather have bee heiress of Queen's Chace, she declared than Queen of England. She loved the place, she enjoyed the honors and a vantages connected with it. She had inherited just sufficient of her mother's character to make her appreciate the advantages of her position. The great difference between them was that Lad Brandon loved the wealth, the pomy the honors of the world, while Kathe rine loved its brightness and its pleas

Sir Jasper was very much attached to his daughter; his own wife never re-minded him of his lost love, but his daughter did. Something in her bright, glad youth, in her sunny laughter her bright eyes, reminded him of the peautiful Venetian girl whom he had loved so madly. In these later years all the love of his life had centred in his daughter, all the little happiness that he enjoyed came from her-with her he forgot his life-long pain, and was at

plished in the full sense of the word oud, handsome eyes dilating in unhe spoke French, Italian, and German She sung with a clear, sweet voic She danced gracefully, and was no mean artist. Her father had taken care ese years?" He con that no pains should be spared in he education, no expense, no labor. The result was she developed into a brilsneers, the comments about the great statesman's love-story. Ah, if it had liantly-accomplished girl. He was de-lighted with her.

Katherine Brandon had mad he debut: royal eyes had glanced kindly at the fair, bright young face. She had nore lovers than she could count; a beauty, a great heiress, clever, accom plished, with a laugh like clear musi and spirits that never failed, no wonder that some of the most eligible men in England were at her feet. She come afterward. If there was one she liked a little better than the rest, it was

Lord Wynleigh, the son of the Earl Woodwyn, the poorest earl in England. Lord Wynleigh was handsome an clever. He had had a hard fight with was like. he world, for he found it difficult to keep up appearances on a small income; but he forgot his poverty and everything else when he fell in l with charming, tantalizing, imperious Katherine Brandon. Would she even care for him? At present the diffe in her behavior toward him and he other lovers was that she laughed more at him, affected greater indifference t him, but never looked at him, and she

work and rest for a time. In order

do this, the illustrious statesman decid-

ed on going to Queen's Chace, the home

that he loved so well. Someone sug-

So the whole family went to Queen's

Chace. Sir Jasper invited a party of

friends for Christmas, Until Christmas

he promised himself perfect rest. I

was at the beginning of October that he

received the letter which so altered the

course of his life and that of others. It

was from Assunta di Cyntha-written

on her death-bed. Perhaps her ap-

proaching dissolution had shown he

that she had misjudged some things and

mistaken others. She wrote to the man

whom she had hated with such deadly

used before. She told him that she

"If I had money of my own," sh

wrote, "I should not trouble you; but I

and the old palace that has been my

own passes into other hands. I have

nothing to leave my beautiful Veronica

and you must take her. She is beauti-

ful and gifted but she is unlike other

girls, because she has led a lonely life

She knows nothing of her parentage or

of her hirth. I have taught her-

Heaven pardon me if I have don

wrong !-to hate the English. My les

sons may bear evil fruit or good-

know not. I understand the child s

no one else ever can, and I say to yo

most decidedly, if ever you wish to win

her love or her heart, do not shock her

at first by telling her that you are

her father: remember she had been

taught to hate the English, and to be

lieve that her father is dead. Let her

earn to know you and to love you first,

then tell her when you will. I impress

this on you, for I know her well.

will forward by her all papers that are

Veronica at once. I know that I have

He was sitting in the drawing-room at

Queen's Chace when that letter was

brought to him. His daughter Kath

erine was at the piano, singing some of

the old English ballads that he loved.

Lady Brandon lay on the couch, en-

grossed in a novel. A clear, bright fire

was burning in the grate; the warm air

was perfumed with the odor of flowers.

He raised his haggard face as he read

Great Heaven, what was he to do? He

had almost forgotten the very existence

of the child. She had faded from his

memory. His passionate love for he

as full of life as it had been on the first

day he met her: but the child he had

disliked: the child had cost her mother

her life. Why had Assunta given her

that sweet, sad name of "Veronica"

What was he to do with her when she

came? He looked at his handsome wife.

with her high-bred face and dignified

manner, he looked at his lovely young

daughter, and then bowed his head in

A thought had pierced his soul. Dur

ing all these years he had forgotten the

child; she had passed, as it were, out

of his life; Assunta had taken her, and

help, she would have nothing from him

She would take no money, nor anything

else from him. She had told him that

he must wash his hands of the child

and he had done so. If ever he thought

about her, he concluded that she would

be brought up in entire ignorance of

marry some Venetian; but of late he had thought but little of her, and dur-ing the past three or four years she had

So the letter was a terrible blow

nim. He asked himself what he should

do, for it had suddenly occured to him

and that she-not the golden-haired girl

that Veronica was his eldest daughter,

faded from his mind.

would keep her. She had refused

beautiful mother was as keen as ever

not many hours to live."

ne believes that her father is dead.

have none-my income dies with me,

hate and the words she used were

gested that he should go abroad.

shrunk with horror from the idea.

flushed crimson at the mention of That same year Sir Jasper was much overtasked with work: he was so ill as your help." to be compelled to consult a physician, who told him that he could not always live at high pressure, and that if he wished to save himself he must give up

don opened her book again—matters of that description never interested her. "The fact is," continued Sir Jaspe "that a friend of mine has died lately n Italy, and has left me a ward." "A Ward!" cried Lady Brandon

"A ward!" cried Katherine. strange, papa!" .
Sir Jasper turned quickly to his wife. He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed his

"But who is it?" cried her ladyship. "Of course, if it be anyone of posi that would make a difference

di Cyntha—is descended from one the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have, a large fortune." "And is that too placed in your hands?" asked his wife.

plied, briefly. "But, Jasper," cried her ladyship surely you are going to tell us more? Who is, or rather who was, your

drawing-room and back before he reolied : then he said, briefly : "I have nothing to tell. I met the

can account for it." Lady Brandon had studied her husband long enough to know that when he spoke in the tone that he now did it was quite useless to persevere in mak-

"Some friends whom he met in Italy." she said to herself. "Most probably, a he is so reticent, it was a political friend -indeed, now I come to think of it that solves the mystery. There is a political secret hidden under the mys-

band's keeping. Italy, papa?" asked Katherine.

necessary to prove her birth. Send for Sir Jasper turned his care-worn face

"That is the difficulty, Katherine, ne replied; "her property will be in England, and she must come to live with us."

empt on her face.
"That is impossible, Sir Jasper," she aid: "I could not think of receiving a

nswering her, and then he said, gently:

"Would it be of service?" she asked, nuickly. "Most assuredly it would," he replied.

Sculty." "Then," said Lady Brandon, "if it will serve your interests I will do it. withdraw my opposition."

white jewelled hands. "You have always studied my interests," he said, "and I am always grate-

"It will be just as though I had s sister," said Katherine—and the words struck Sir Jasper like a blow. "I wonder what she is like, papa? Dark, I suppose as she is Italian? We shall contrast well. I need not be jealous it the is a brunette. I will be very kind to her. Is it her father or her mother who has just died, papa?"

Again he shuddered as the careles words fell on his ear. He made a pretence of not having heard what she said; and Katherine, with her quick instinct, seeing that the question was not agreeable to him, did not press it. Both ladies settled the matter in their singing with the clear voice of a bird—own minds and according to their was the heiress of Queen's Chace, and highes. Lady Brandon concluded that the thought pierced his soul like a sharp sword. What should he do?

His first impulse was to tell his story; then second thoughts came—he would not. Of all people living his wife was, perhaps, the most unsympathetic; he living his wife was, perhaps, the most unsympathetic; he living his wife was probably someone whom her father had known in his youth. They were both content, and talked ould not take the treasured love-story quite amiably about it. Sir Jasper bor from his heart and hold it up to public it as long as he could; then he quitted

wealthy it will be an acquisition rather

Katherine aughed at her mother's very sunta's letter in his hand. He found afterward that he had missed one paragraph, in which she told him that she had prepared Veronica to live for the future with her English guardian.

Sir Jasper Brandon suffered keenly. He was an English gentleman, with English notions of right and wrong. He hated all injustice, all concealment, all deceit, all fraud, all wrong-doing, all dishonesty; yet he did not, on receip of Assunta's letter, tell his wife and daughter the truth. He said to himse that he would come to no decision, that he would wait and see what Veronics "You look perplexed and thoughtful, papa," said Katherine Brandon: "Let

me help you. Women's wits, they say, are quicker and keener than men's." "It is a libel," he replied, trying speak lightly. "I may well look r plexed, Katherine—I am dismayed."

Lady Brandon closed her book and looked at him.
"You dismayed?" she cried. "W

has happened? Has Brookes voted with the Opposition or what?"
"It is nothing of that kind," said the politician. "This is a domestic diffiulty, about which I shall have to ask

At the word "domestic" Lady Bran

"How intolerable! What a liberty to

"Do not say 'intolerable,' Marie; nust make the best of it."

"The young lady-my ward, Veronica

"That also is in my hands," he re-

friend? Tell me: I want to know the whole history." He walked to the end of the

Di Cynthas when I was abroad, and that accounts for the trust so far as I

ing inquiries.

Once feeling sure of that, Lady Bran

don resigned herself to circumstances A political secret, she knew quite well could never be forced from her hus "But what will you do with a ward in

to her, and it cleared a little as he met the gaze of the bright sweet eyes.

Again Lady Brandon looked uphis time there was some little con-

tranger into the very heart of my

He paused for a few minutes before "You have always been so kind to ne, Marie, so attentive to my interests. that I am sure you will never refuse anything that will be of service to me.

You would help me out of a real dif-

Sir Jasper bent down and kissed the

gaze; he could not have uttered the name of Giulia, nor have told how she died, when the sun was setting, with her head on his breast. It would have

ried the girl. "I have always felt the vant of a sister; now I shall have one. "I would not say snything about that,

They discussed the matter in all its bearings; there was complete confidence between this mother and child. her worship of Mammon. But she was very lond of her, while Lady Brandon

thought there was no one like her in she was capable the love of heart and soul, was centred on and in her dar-

ling.

Mean while, Sir Jasper was in a fever of dism.sy. What should he do? It was as though the dead ghost of his youth had suddenly risen up before him; he was utterly unnerved it became clear to him that he must send someone to fetch her. Whom could he send? He could not go him self-he was not strong enough to travel; nor aid he care to see again the place where he had suffered so much. He decided that the best person to send would be his agent, John Segrave, a sensible, experienced man of the world. He wrote at once to summon Mr. Segrave; and, when he had reached ame story that he had told his wife. "I want you to go to Italy," he said,

"to bring back with you a young lady. my ward, who is for the future to make her home with Lady Brandon." The agent set out, amply provided with funds; and then Sir Jasper spent day and night in a state of terrible sus bense. What would she be like, this aughter of his lost Giulia? Would she torture him with her mother's facewith her mother's eyes? If so, he could not bear it—he should go mad. By night and by day he asked himself that

mestion-what would she be like? December came with its frost and cold its biting wind and snow-bound earth, before that question was answered. It was on the second of Decemb that he received a letter from Mr. Segrave, saying that he hoped to reach the Chace with his charge on the follow-

ing day. Sir Jasper was greatly agitated, although he beat down his e with an iron hand. She was coming-Giulia's little child, who had nestled for one brief moment in her mother's dving arms-Giulia's little daughter-the babe from whom he had turned with something like bitter hate in his heart. What would she be like? He asked about her rooms, and Katherine took him to see them-s

pretty suite of rooms in the western wing; they looked very bright in the winter sunlight, with their cheerful fires and choice flowers. "She will like these rooms, papa," here—all the Italian views and photographs that I can find. See-here is the Arno, here is the Riolto in Venice."

She stopped suddenly. Why did he pause and turn from her with a sharp, sudden cry? There was the very spot on which he had stood when Giulia's fair face first shone down upon him! "It is nothing, child," he said, in answer to her anxious inquiries-"less han nothing—a sharp sudden pain that burts but will never kill me." "How do you know that it will never

kill you, papa?" she asked. "Because, my darling, if it could have shortened my life, it would have done so long ago," he replied. "Now show me all the arrangements you have made

or my ward." "Papa," cried generous, beautiful Katherine, "she will be very dull, she will be very lonely. Do you suppose that she is alone in the world—that sh has no other friends but us? If she had but one, it would be something."

"I cannot tell you, Katherine," he replied. "You must ask her when she

He was pleased to see the arrange ments his wife and daughter had made for her, yet, as the time for her arrival drew near, he trembled and shuddered like one seized with a sudden cold. He had to meet the child he had literally given away—Giulia's daughter.

CHAPTER III.

Veronica stood before her fathertall, beautiful woman, with a noble Venetian face. She was quite unlike anything he had pictured. He had fancied a girl with Giulia's sweet face, with her golden hair and sensitive lips. The girl beforehim looke like a Roman Empress butthat she had Giulia's eyes-her dark, tender, passionate eyes—the eyes that had made for him the only light that he had ever known-with hair as black as night, and worn after the old Grecian fashion. She was more beautiful than her young mother had ever been, but it was a different type of loveliness.

As he gazed upon her, Sir Jasper Brandon owned to himself that it was the most beautiful and the saddest face that he had ever seen. The dark eves had a story in their depths, the proud tips trembled even as she smiled. "Where have I seen a face something

like it?" he asked himself. Then he remembered that it was in one of his avorite pictures hanging in the Louyre. He had gone himself to the station to meet her. Lady Brandon was very shrewd, and Katherine was shrewder still. He felt that he might betray him self. So he had decided on meeting Veronica, that the first shock migh pass unperceived. And a shock it was when she looked up at him with Giulia's eyes. He stood still for a few moments, beating back the anguish that almost mastered him; then he held out his hands in greeting to her. "Veronica," he said, gently "welcome to England!" He did not kiss the

beautiful face—he dared not trust him self. "Welcome!" he repeated, adding

"Do you speak English?" To his surprise she answered him in ring.ah; sue spose use anguage exseding.y well but with a slight foreign ocent that was very musical and

"Yes, I speak English; it was my own wish. I learned by my own desire; my aunt was very unwilling."
"Why did you wish to learn?" he

aid. "It is harsh after your beautiful

"I cannot tell; but sor ed always to stir in my very mention of England. I hardly knew whether it was pain or pleasure, for it was unlike either. Now I know

"What?" he asked, wondering if any ides of the truth had occured to her. "It was a foreboding," she replied; "it was because I had to come to England." Then she glanced at him again. "Are you my guardian?" she asked,

"Yes," he replied. "I came to meet you; I thought you would feel dull at first in a strange country."

aid, with a smile—the saddest smile he

"We must try to make you happier." "Why are you my guardian?" she asked. "I cannot understand it. My aunt never spoke to me of you until she was dving, and then she told me that far away in England there lived a rich gentleman who would be my guardian when she was dead—that I was to live with him in England and be docile to him. It will not be difficult to be very

"Why?" he asked. "Because I like you." she answered. simply. "I can always tell at first sight her I shall like anyone or not, and

I do like you." He helped her into the carriage and sat down by her side; the servants were busy with her luggage. Mr. Segrave drove home with Sir Jasper and his

ward, and all the way the baronet was "This is Giulia's daughter; that beauiful head lay on Giulia's breast-that is Ginlia's child !" He longed to clasp her in his arms, to say: "You have your mother's eyes, child; you have the

same sweet voice and the same loving All his fancied dislike melted as he gazed on her. He wondered how he could have hated her, how he could have forgotten her. He reproached himself for it with bitter reproaches.

How could he have been unkind to Gralias come? "I nave occil my life," she had said, and the words smote him with pain. He longed to say to her, "I am your father, Veronica, but my love for your mother is shut up in my heart. It is my most cherishe secret; it is so sacred to me that I cannot talk of it; I cannot tell others of it; it is the very core of my heart." He was sorely tempted, but "Not yet," he said to himself-"not yet." He turned

to her suddenly. "Tell me about your life, Veronica." he said "What made it so dull? How have you spent it?"

(To be Continued.)

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