



E. N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

HONORE'S FATE.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lady Lawrence and Honore spent the autumn of that year in Italy. The old lady's health was fading slowly, and so they went to the south of France to leave England. Each took her trust friend, and the absence involved no sad and bitter parting.

Since Honore had told her life's one secret to this warm, motherly friend, the two had been, if possible, drawn more closely together. To the old lady, the comforting voice there had come a tone of cheering hopefulness, too; and this hopefulness, ever since, had moved her on this subject.

"I have no fear," she said. "You did wrong ever to credit as his such absurd words, Honore. I heard Theodore Trent tell you, but I never thought you could believe them, because I could not do so myself. But I think that will all be made clear in good time. You are true and steadfast and there is time."

Such words as these she would say whenever—as only at rare intervals—they would talk of Royden; and such words as she had been saying on that last day, when the sun glanced brightly on the waters of the Adriatic, and the fair southern morning seemed to bring health and vigor with it.

"Honore, I could have left you in his care without one fear or doubt; but it is not to be. Still, darling, wait and hope. If you can never give your love elsewhere, I know that you will never leave elsewhere. Be brave and true, my dear, in either life. Remember the power I leave with you. Remember the great responsibility you hold, and above all, remember who alone can help and guide you."

This was the last time Lady Lawrence mentioned her wealth, or Royden's name; and Honore never forgot the words.

Before nightfall on that day Honore was alone.

Both Mr. Stafford and Lady Lawrence's chaplain were in attendance upon her when she died, and they, with the courier and the servants, took every responsibility and trouble from Honore; yet that knowledge did not prevent Lawrence Haughton hurrying over to Italy the very hour in which the news of Lady Lawrence's death was received in England. For the first few minutes Honore's surprise at seeing him was a pleasant surprise, for she was in a strange country, in grief, and this was a face from her old home; but after that his presence only added every hour more and more heavily to her grief.

His old unwearied pursuit of her had been as nothing compared with this new, eager courting, which harassed and disconcerted, and even in all her heartiest grief, she could not prevent her mind from being drawn to the new words. His old pleas were more persistently urged, and his old efforts were redoubled. She was weary of the only one for whom she had loved and whose heart had ever yearned. She was even more beautiful now than she had been in those old days, and she was marvelously rich—the richest girl in England, as he assured himself with unctuous reiteration—and so to win her to win her, while other men tried so hard in vain—he could count on no effort—poor Honore!—too mean or base.

So it was that, upon that journey home, when he was Mr. Stafford, and the old clergyman supposed, traveling with him to be a comfort to his cousin, he struck the blow which his suspicion and his jealousy had threatened long.

It was but seldom that Honore allowed herself to be alone with him, so weary was she of the old plea, but on this day she could not help it. He had urged his suit, of course—what opportunity did he ever let slip?—but he had been slow and cautious, evidently determined not to allow himself to lose the command over his temper. Most firmly, yet very quietly, Honore had answered him; and when at last she rose to leave the room, the indecision which had caused his mind to hesitate over this last blow had vanished, and whatever wound his words could give was to be given now.

Honore stood and listened, her eyes fixed wondrously upon his face, but before he had finished her cheeks had grown as white as death.

"Why do you say this to me?" she asked slowly; why do you come to me to talk of Royden Keith?

"I hardly know," he answered with an absurd assumption of ignorance, "except that you used to be curious

about him. I thought you would be glad to know who he was."

"I did know who he was," she said, "I have known Mr. Keith, of Westleigh Tower, for a long time."

Lawrence Haughton turned aside his head with a momentary laugh.

"If you felt sure, Honore, you would hardly utter the assertion so eagerly; and you really believe as strong as I do, that Royden Keith and Gabriel Myddelton are one?"

"I do not!" she cried. "I never could—"

But there the words broke off and the flash died suddenly out of her angry eyes.

"You mistake your own feelings," said Mr. Haughton, in his slow, convincing tones; "and I have no need to glean proofs for you."

"Proofs!" she echoed; "you spoke of proofs before, when you hinted at some sin you would lay to his charge. If you have one to lay now, bring your proofs. You have none—of course, you have not—nor will you ever have; but I ask, how dare you assert a gentleman to be a criminal from only your own base, suspicious convictions? How dare you do it to me? These are calumnies built on your own mean jealousy and hatred of one who never injured you! Go from this room, Lawrence; I am mistress here."

He smiled a little; a smile of bland consideration for her youth and excusable petulance; a smile of pity for her apparent infatuation; a smile which brought the passionate crimson into her white cheeks.

There was a pause then, while she tried to regain her voice and ease, and while he, in cool defiance of her order, stood gazing down upon her, with this menacing smile still hovering on his lips.

"You take this information oddly, Honore," he said at last, "as if you had the most peculiar interest in Gabriel Myddelton. It would be a pity if you had, because he is a married man."

"Can cousins take no interest in each other if they are married?"

Lawrence, in all his spleen and selfishness, started at these words. The tone in which they were uttered was so heavy with misery that the feigned lightness was almost terrible.

"What is it, Honore?" he said, advancing toward her in sudden fear. "Do you feel ill?"

"No, no! Have you—did you say—proofs of our last assertion?"

"No, no proofs yet, but I shall have them."

"Shall have them?" she echoed proudly. "Then perhaps your words may have some weight. Why did you not procure them first? Will not one satisfy you, but you must wound and wound, to see what pain can be?"

"You ought to be grateful to me for pointing out to you where treachery—"

But she had left him then, and the words were useless.

"I shall never mention it to her again," he muttered, angry with her, but doubly angry with himself, "until I can bring in my hands the evidence of his guilt. How strangely she took it all! Had she expected me to tell her that he was a married man? As for his identity with the murderer of old Myddelton, that hardly astonished her; she will believe it presently, though she is so set against it now. It was the last news which bore her down, and she yet, somehow it struck me that she was not unprepared for it. I wonder how that could be. But my plans must wait, for I am sure Honore shall be made to listen to me."

It was the night of Miss Craven's return to England, and the mansion was lighted and warmed and carefully prepared for her, yet it was but a sad and solitary home-coming after all. In every room and every minute of that long evening Honore missed the step and voice and smile of the old lady whom she had learned to love so well, and who had given her so generous and so trusting an affection. True, every comfort and every luxury awaited her, and the large drawing-room when Mr. Stafford joined her after dinner (leaving the chaplain and the Indian secretary happy over the letters which she had awaited them), that he plunged into what he had intended only to say by-and-by. Craven, what immense rooms these are! This one wants at least half a dozen voices to break its stillness, and that reminds me of it was quite as well to say that that reminded him, as to say that her black-robed figure in its solitude had reminded him—"that it falls to me, now Mr. Haughton has put us, to propose that you engage a lady companion, Miss Craven. May I undertake the preliminary steps for you?"

To be continued.

IN HER FAVOR.

"Socrates was very patient with his wife," remarked one man.

"Well, was he?" replied another, "ought to have been. She may have had her faults, but history doesn't indicate that she took him shopping with her, or wrote her name Xantippe."

The will of Rev. George H. Houghton, rector of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, who died recently, bequeathed his property to his niece, Annie Morse Houghton, for life, and he bequeathed to the Church of the Transfiguration.

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Municipal Nominations.

Candidates Who Are Seeking Civic Honors

In Various Sections of the Province—A Number of Elections by Acclamation.

Nominations took place yesterday throughout Ontario as follows:

Whitman—Reeve, A. Gilchrist, E. Donnelly; councilors, M. Gillespie, John McCullum, Robert Tait, Charles Binder, John Cummings.

Franklin—Mayor, B. V. Stefford (acc.); reeve, M. D. Graham (acc.); councilors, John Miller, Moses Leeson, deputy reeve, J. M. Huffman and John Kaiser; councilors, Ward No. 1, Dr. Fear, W. S. Caron, A. Poustle and Geo. Harp; Ward 2, D. McEwen, Thos. Potts, C. O. Leary, T. Wooster, T. Hammond, John Kaiser, W. B. Purdy, Geo. Cope, land, H. H. Wright, Dr. Augustine; Ward 3, J. W. Glover, R. C. McKinney, R. Dawson, G. F. Clark.

Ayr—Reeve, John R. Foster; councilors, Henry G. Melin, John D. Paxton, Walter Wilson, David Clark—all by acclamation.

Acton—W. H. Storrie, reeve (acc.); Barrie—Mayor, Dr. Willis (acc.); Belleville—Mayor, J. W. Johnston, Allan T. Petrie.

Bowmanville—Mayor, R. R. Loscombe; reeve, John K. Galbraith; deputy reeve, Joseph Jeffery—all by acclamation.

Brantford—Mayor, Thomas Elliott, W. G. Raymond, Joseph Stratford; reeve, Wm. Logie, Frank Thomas; second deputy, R. S. Oliver, M. B. Proulx, third deputy, J. R. Laidlaw; councilors, E. P. Watson, W. F. B. Colter, T. Manchester; second deputy, P. C. Watson, T. Maxwell, J. B. McCrea, R. J. Hamilton, Jas. Watson; third ward, W. H. Minifie, G. A. Proctor, H. Yard, J. R. Logan, John Barron, J. Needham; fourth ward, David Milne, W. J. Proctor, A. Shepherd.

Sandwich—Mayor, E. Girard; reeve, Henry Morand; reeve, Jos. Allan, Geo. Jesson, sen., Richard McKee; water commissioners, C. F. Pequegnot, Jules Robine, elected by acclamation; councilors, James Laidlaw, sen., Edward Dwyer, Robert Jackson, Jos. Lussanthe, W. C. Harwood, Odilon Desrochers.

Tilbury East—Reeve, H. Wilson, J. P. Sader, deputy reeve, Jas. Ross (acc.); councilors, John Wands, Wm. Graham, Henry Powell, A. D. Smith, E. Brown, W. McGregor, J. Fletcher, James Campbell, John Richardson.

Tilbury West—Reeve, L. Dunmore, R. E. Dodson; deputy reeve, W. Dalgetty (acc.); councilors, A. Sandwick, R. J. Gahan, I. Smith, John McFadden.

Toronto—Mayor, Mayor Shaw and E. A. McDonald.

Toronto Junction—Mayor, G. W. Clendenen (acc.).

Uxbridge—Reeve, John Delbridge and Thos. Hawkins, Councilors, No. 1, John Hunter, No. 2, W. F. Harkin, No. 3, W. Debridge (by acclamation); No. 2, Walter Keady, Thos. Hawkin, and John Allison, jun.

Woodstock—Mayor, Dr. Andrew McKay, Dr. John Means, John A. McKenzie; reeve, Benson McNichol, James S. Scarf; first deputy, John Soper MacKay (acc.); second deputy James Rapson (acc.); third deputy, R. N. Ball, R. T. Stalker; fourth deputy, Dr. John Means (acc.); water commissioners, Alex. J. McIntosh, R. M. Revell, James Hay.

Walkerton—Mayor, J. McKies (acc.); reeve, Dr. Stalker (acc.); deputy reeve, J. Standish, R. H. McKie, C. W. Cryderman.

Warkenton—Mayor, Thos. Reid (acc.); Councilors—St. Andrew's ward, H. A. Walker, C. M. Walker, John E. Doble, John H. Linford, Joseph Pitcher, St. George's ward, E. G. Swift, E. C. Cashell, Andrew Reid, Robert Kerr; St. David's ward, W. E. White, W. Charter, E. F. Ladora, P. Walsh.

Waterloo—Mayor, J. R. Davis (acc.); water commissioner, E. W. S. Bauer, Aldermen—First ward, J. H. McConnell, D. H. Bedford, F. B. Hewitt, W. A. Bryan, Dr. Bell, John H. Ney; second ward, Jas. Dixon, Geo. Sewell, N. J. Clinton, J. H. Sheppard, J. E. D'Avignon, John Harmon; third ward, J. E. Connelly, R. Connelly, R. L. Dunn, John Martin; fourth ward, James McMurray, Charles Baxter, P. Vigneux, Jos. Martin, H. Seibert.

NO CHANGE THERE.

[Chicago Times-Herald.]

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It is just as much a man's duty to look after the health of his family from day to day as it would be to give them every day a new and precious moment of shipwreck or peril.

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ton. Rochester—Reeve, Jos. Ladouceur; deputy reeve, J. J. Dewhurst; councilors, F. Sylvester, Pat Mailoux and Alfred Wilson—all by acclamation.

Simcoe—Mayor, Fisdale; reeve, Burt; deputy reeve, Guntion—all re-elected by acclamation.

St. Marys—Mayor, C. Richardson (acc.).

St. Catharines—Mayor, W. B. Gil-land (acc.).

Stratford—Mayor, John O'Donoghue (acc.); Aldermen—Aron Ward, D. M. Ferguson, James Stampe, John Vanstone, Jos. Johns, Wm. Daly; Falsfast ward, E. H. Bitt, N. McMillan, Geo. Larkworth, J. S. Bradshaw, James Trow, Donald McLennan; Hamlet ward, William Davidson, A. A. Mayer, T. Bantans, Jun., Richard Baker, Robert Murray, Walker McMillan; Romeo ward, Wm. Gillespie, J. Ho-

garth, G. F. Ingram, J. Furk, J. Scarb; Shakespeare ward, P. Paul, J. Hodd, E. J. Kneith, J. Ridgeale, Wm. Gordon, F. C. McLeod.

St. Thomas—Mayor, Fred W. Wright (acc.); water commissioners, John Farly, Chas. Serase, sen. (acc.); Aldermen—No. 1 ward, George Ponsford, Robert McCully, Adam W. Grant, George R. Pennington; No. 2 ward, C. F. Maxwell, Thos. Meek, Robert McLachlin, Wm. R. Jackson; No. 3 ward, A. E. Walcott, Angus Murray, J. S. Robertson, Angus Murray; No. 4 ward, Charles W. Regan, Jesse Wallie, Richard Sanders, John Campbell, W. Cornforth, N. A. Clarke, J. S. Robertson, Angus Murray; No. 5 ward, Wm. Trot, D. McCullum; No. 6 ward, A. Lochead, S. Chant (acc.).

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WHILE
HALF THE WORLD
IS IN DARKNESS
THE OTHER HALF
IS BURNING
EREDY'S MATCHES

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EREDY'S MATCHES

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