

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1872

## HELEN MOIR

OR

LOVE AND HONOUR.

A TALE OF THE CLYDE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VOYAGE AND ITS TERMINATION.

"As you are aware the vessel is sinking, we have signalled the steamer to come and take us on board. Once you and your daughter are safe on the Dutchman's deck, we are in your power. Now, to be plain with you, I am urged to take steps to prevent that, and I have refused, in the belief that, for the sake of your own life and that of your daughter, you will engage to be silent as to the circumstances of the voyage. What do you say? Do you promise to be so?"

"If I did make you such a promise, would you rely on it?" said Bridgenorth, regarding him with a full and steady look.

"I would Monsieur. I can read a man's character in his face, and I am convinced that whatever promise you make will be kept. Again what say you?"

"I promise," answered Bridgenorth, readily. "To no one on board the steamer will I or my daughter mention the cause of our being here."

"I am satisfied," returned the captain; "and you and Mam'selle shall be the first to leave the vessel."

The result of the conversation Rossell conveyed to Dubosque in a few brief words.

"Then am I foiled and baffled," hissed the Frenchman, clenching his teeth and swearing a furious oath, as he and the hunchback went forward to their old position at the bow.

The steamer was now at hand, and not a moment too soon, for scarcely had all on board reached her deck when the little vessel which had settled deep into the water gave a plunge forward, and sank almost silently out of sight.

At an early hour on the following morning the steamer landed them on the quay at Rotterdam. Fortunately Bridgenorth had a large sum of money in his possession, so that their situation was by no means serious, and while on board the steamer they had, to Helen's intense satisfaction, resolved to proceed up the Rhine in the hope of meeting Edwin Abbott and Ritchie Dunlop, and hearing tidings of Heymann.

As they were quitting the quay by one of the narrow bridges they saw aquin and Dubosque standing near as if watching their masters.

Bridgenorth's whole frame stiffened with anger at the sight, and drawing Helen's arm firmly within his own, he walked towards them.

"My promise has been kept to the letter, but know that the hour of forbearance is ended, and that of punishment will in due time come. We are on equal terms now, and I warn you that you have incurred my implacable resentment."

With an ironical bow and smile Dubosque lifted his hat.

"For the present," he observed "we are constrained to bid Monsieur and Mam'selle adieu. But we cannot go without assuring them that we shall meet again, for Victor Dubosque never relinquishes a pursuit or fails in any of his undertakings."

"And neither does Jasper Jaquin," said the hunchback, with a malicious grin. "Master Bridgenorth has learned by this time that my power is not to be despised. He thinks he has got the best of it just at present, but I can wait for my revenge, and will have it some day. You are not yet done with Jasper Jaquin."

"And you Mam'selle, are not yet done with Victor Dubosque," said the Fenelman, addressing Helen. "You hope, no doubt, to be united to your German lover; but know that I mean to seek him in the battlefield and kill him with my own hand. Then, when my presumptuous rival is effectually out of my way, I do not despair of securing the fair hand of Mam'selle."

"Begone, wretches!" roared Bridgenorth, in scornful indignation. "Bid us of your hateful presence, or I shall call the police to rid us thereof."

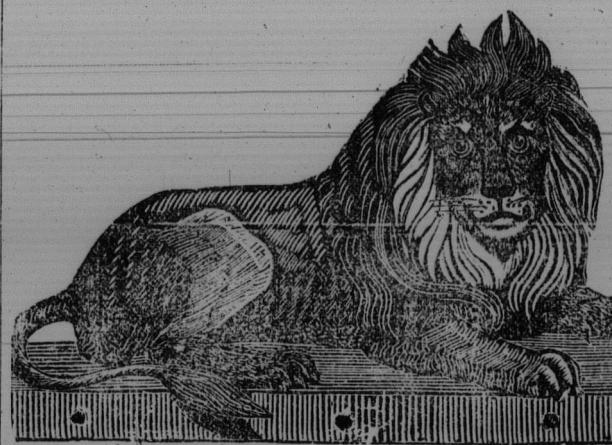
"No need, Monsieur; we are going Adieu—may, notwithstanding, au revoir, that is more correct. *Au revoir*, Monsieur; Mam'selle Moir, *au revoir*."

Saying so, he bowed again with insulting politeness and turned away, followed by the hunchback, who at parting favored them with another diabolical grin.

The Book Trade in Toronto.

The correspondent of the London *Advertiser* says, among the new books to be brought out by Adam Stevenson & Co., are Mr. Teign's racy and entertaining "Notes on England," and his less remarkable work on English Literature. Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" will, no doubt, enjoy a large sale, as many will desire to be able to wait in the gubernatorial presence the delicate incense so flattering to His Excellency's genius as an author. As peers are coming out vigorously in the literary line, not a few may be attracted by Lord Ornithwaite's "Astronomy and Geology compared." His Lordship is not of the easy school of which His Grace of Somerset is a high priest, as all will see who follow out his careful and polished comparisons. Those who are fond of historical controversies will do well to take up Dean Stanley's Lectures on the history of the Church of Scotland, and Dr. Bainey's vigorous reply thereto. More who are devotees of science alone will enter enthusiastically upon the hard reading in Huxley's and Lubbock's latest productions, in which we are told all about the anatomy of vertebrate animals and the manners and customs of savages in prehistoric times. But there is a class, far too numerous, who delight in another kind of reading, and to them it may be whispered, as a great secret and a terrible temptation, that Charles Reade has another novel in the mill, and probably Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. will let us know the result ere long. That enterprising firm is getting fairly to work again, and will soon have ready three novels by Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant and George Macdonald, all of which will be highly appreciated by the public. The importers and publishers are hampered in their operations by the unsatisfactory condition of the tariff and the copyright law.

Mr. James Zimmerman, well known in Galt and vicinity, brother of the late Samuel Zimmerman, who was killed at the Desjardine's accident on the G.W. Railway fifteen years ago, has become a king among the railroad men of the west, and is likely to become a very wealthy man. His last operation was securing the contract for building the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad from Clam City to Traverse City.



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