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THAT THE FATHER COULD FIND COMFORT AND PLEASURE IN THE SOCIETY OF ANOTHER,
NEARLY BROKE HER HEART.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER I.

ARTHUR TREMAINE was bringing home his bride.

The autumn sunlight was slanting through the trees, whose foliage was changing from green to gold and russet brown; the broad, shallow river crept silently through the meadows and the cornfields, from which the harvest had already been gathered, the afternoon breeze blew damp and chill as the carriage drove through the high street of the little village, where the people were standing at their doors

and windows, with smiles and bows and curtsies, to see the bride pass.

From the tower of the old church came a peal of merry bells, ringing a glad welcome, and startling the solemn rooks, whose homes were in the tops of the trees that grew in the churchyard.

The little children shouted with glee as Mr. Tremaine laughed at them and flung them handfuls of copper; while their elders regarded curiously the dignified, handsome girl at his side, who was to be the mistress of the Towers, and their future Lady Bountiful.

"She's handsomer than our first dear lady," said one old woman, with a doubtful shake of the head. "Yes, no doubt she's more of a beauty than our dear dead lady, but she don't look as kind and gracious to my thinking."