



Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

HER SECOND LOVE.

Continued from page 6.

over; for, though she did not know it, such a state could not last. She fell sick, and lay for a while, hating even the daylight. Ill of misery, after that, she became quiet in comparison.

The old woman's life slid calmly on by the side of Georgy's; and there was a power in that simple, holy life, and unconscious goodness, which could soothe and quiet others. How quietly there time passed on in that great, struggling city; so near the tumult, yet so far separated from it! One had never heard of it, and the other was too dead and dull at heart. There was little change till Miss Sparrow fell ill; then the two were drawn nearer together, for Georgy nursed her.

It was difficult to say if Georgy grieved for her aunt; she was engrossed by the selfishness of her one idea, and on that all the virtue that was in her was spent. She did not feel for anything, or any one there, but through the thought of another life and another death, in which she should never bear a part. All her feelings were vicarious, and nothing touched her but through the medium of that one idea. Then again she became remorseful for her insensibility.

When her aunt recovered, they resumed their former existence. Sometimes Georgy talked out her thoughts, and once her aunt led her on to talk of James Erskine.

"He is very clever, is he not? I have often heard of him from his mother," was all the art of her beginning.

"Yes," said Georgy, abruptly, and then talked on by degrees, in the incoherent yet guarded way in which people sometimes talk of those they love. They will criticize, and then presently contradict themselves. They would not endure a hard word concerning their idol from another, although they will blame it sometimes themselves, and prolong the pleasure by the most wilful of stratagems.

"It is very long since I was young, but Georgy, I was in love once, though it seems ridiculous now to tell you of it."

"Why, aunt?"

"You are like the rest of the world, dear, and you will look back upon yourself with wonder, some day. I do not mean to say that married people are not happier; not that I wish my fate to have been different; I have been very happy, but still, any one I love I should wish to see married; and you will be some day, I hope. One has no children, else. It is very foolish; children bring trouble, too—but nobody who is in love can help wishing for children, I suppose," she added, simply; and her thoughts went back to Georgy to her niece's children, and thence back to her own youth.

"But I have had a great deal in this world, and there will be heaven some day, soon, perhaps," she said, softly.

Heaven! that was heaven to her, whilst to the other it meant nothing more than the grave. Was it not a land where there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage? and therefore it had no meaning to Georgy.

They were often together now, and Georgy knew that her aunt knew whom she had loved; yet, she never abandoned the form of talking of James Erskine as of an utterly indifferent person. Perhaps it was not always interesting to the aunt to hear that one often-recurring subject of conversation; and the last evening that they ever sat downstairs together, the aunt still remained listening to Georgy, while she longed to be away, to say her prayers, and sleep, or try to sleep. The next day she fell ill, and insisted upon sending for her nephew, Mr. Sandon. Georgy wished at first to dissuade her.

"No," she answered, "my time is short; and Georgy, you must be reconciled to him before I die."

Very soon Georgy and the servants knew that she was dying. "Tell me all your real history, and what was James Erskine to you?" she said, and her niece told her.

It had been a melancholy day for Stephen Anstruther, that on which he had arrived at Grainthorpe. Georgy's letter of refusal had not reached him, and when he wrote to announce his arrival in England, it was clear to Mr. Sandon that he knew nothing of the change which had taken place.

Two days afterwards, Poppy ran upstairs to say that Captain Anstruther had arrived, and Aunt Jane hurried down from the first floor on her way, however, to see Mr. Sandon to see about dinner.

version on the kitchen to see about dinner.

"Georgy was in London with Miss Sparrow," said Mr. Sandon. Stephen was surprised, but Mr. Sandon went on to talk of the suddenness of his arrival and Miss Sparrow's last attack, while he was preparing to break the real cause of Georgy's non-appearance.

Aunt Jane was secretly wishing that Stephen might be made duly alive to Georgy's wickedness. The children were all gone except Poppy, who, sitting on a low stool, with a picture book upon her knee, was eagerly listening to every word which fell from the lips of her elders.

"Where is your sister now?" asked Mr. Sandon of Stephen.

"She has a pretty house in the New Forest. Georgy would like that country very much. I will take her there soon, if I can."

"Georgy is not going with you," said a grave, distinct voice; "because she says she won't marry you, because she won't; and because papa says he's sure she likes somebody else, and he is very angry about it."

Except the mother, who gasped out "Poppy!" nobody spoke.

Then Mrs. Sandon took away the unfortunate Poppy, and the other two remained together.

"Confound that child, she is always in the way! Her mother never remembers that she is in the room, and talks of everything before her. I must have told you, Stephen, so I may as well begin now; you have not received either Georgy's last letter of mine, I fear. Nearly five months ago, she told me, without assigning any reason for her change, that she would not marry you."

"She has forgotten me, is that what you mean?"

"I do not exactly know that; girls are changeable."

"I should not have thought that Georgy was," Stephen answered, stoutly. "And so you think that she has forgotten me? It was not your fault, Robert; I am sure you would have done all you could to prevent it. It was a foolish thing in me to go away for three years. I have thought so sometimes since."

Stephen blamed no one, but his look and tone bespoke his disappointment, poor fellow! "Three years, three years," he muttered to himself.

Mr. Sandon went on to recount Georgy's departure, or rather flight, her eccentric return to Millthorpe Grange, and that she had left Mrs. Erskine's protection, and was living with her aunt.

"No one was unkind to her, asked Stephen?" more sharply than he usually spoke.

"I have had enough to bear from her, without being asked that," was the answer.

"I am not blaming you, for I know nothing about it; but you cannot look upon it all in the same light that I do, Robert. I should like to see Georgy myself, indeed I should."

Stephen did not wish to leave Grainthorpe immediately. For three years he had looked forward to his return, and to his marriage; and now that the whole prospect had vanished, and nothing had as yet taken its place, poor Stephen felt a perfect castaway.

He played with the children, who three years ago had ruled him, and who now quickly resumed the practice. He obtained Poppy's forgiveness next morning; he found her crying up stairs in the school room, because she was too wicked to come down. He evaded orders by taking her into the garden, and would not return to the drawing-room till she was allowed to do so. Stephen's opinion of Aunt Jane's unkindness to Georgy was rather increased by Poppy's revelations and remarks. Poppy and her play fellow were constantly going into the garden; which place of resort always drew on a conversation about Georgy.

He soon received another letter from her, which he answered, acquiescing in her decision, but saying that he wished to meet her again, and have one farewell conversation with her at least.

CHAPTER XX.

Miss Sparrow's summons was immediately answered, not only by Mr. Sandon, but by Stephen. Georgy had not expected the latter, and it seemed to her as if three years had been put back when she heard his voice. When she entered the room, a stout, florid, but originally fair-complexioned man was standing by her uncle.

"Georgy," he said warmly and cheerily, as if it were a matter of course to meet her again, "it is a long while since I have seen you; how pale you are looking!—nursing your poor aunt does not agree with you."

This cordiality was very acceptable just then, and she felt grateful to him for it. It seemed so natural to see him again. Perhaps those other people whom she had known since his departure, were all an uneasy dream; and altogether she disliked the meeting less than she thought she would have done.

One day more, and the time had come for which even the indifferent shrink from watching; their aunt was dying, and Mr. Sandon had not arrived too early. The old woman fell into a heavy slumber, and a three weeks' illness followed.

was death.

Last words and deathbed scenes occur oftener in books than in reality.

Last words are oftener the mutterings of some perhaps trivial dream, the request for some comfort, or some change of pillows; the grateful recognition of some loved one, than phrases which contain the full expression of the life-thought, or maxims which shall be the guidance of those who remain behind. Our lives, not our deathbeds most furnish these.

Georgy was terribly alone; there was no one now to call her "child" any more. The last link between herself and her youth seemed gone in that kind old woman whose goodness she had at first so little valued. Mr. Sandon, when away from the influence of his wife, soon became more placable, and readily forgave Georgy, who could not refuse, in the first warmth of the reconciliation, to return to Grainthorpe with her uncle.

"Then you will not marry Stephen?" said Uncle Robert sadly.

"No, I cannot."

"Well, I will tell you what you have brought upon him," and he put on the hopeless air which a man assumes when a man is called upon to explain what he is perfectly aware will never be understood.

"You know how much your great aunt has left?"

"Yes: ten thousand pounds."

Well, you are safe from all the chances of fortune; but Stephen, who entered into partnership with me, has of course suffered along with me; I was against it at the time, but he would not be gainsaid. He considered himself one with you, and embarked his money with the little which your father left you: that is all gone; and his, and mine, have both suffered."

"A great deal?"

"Yes, a great deal. I am poorer now than I was twenty years ago, and Stephen has not, besides his pay, fifty pounds a year," and he looked at the empty fireplace, while his thoughts wandered from Georgy and her misdeeds to the harsh realities of the coal-trade. Such things, too, can bring sorrow and sleepless nights, as well as love, which people in love do not always remember.

"But I don't want my money, indeed I don't. It is hard to think that Stephen should have lost almost everything for me; cannot my money go, and his be saved?"

"Don't talk nonsense and be romantic. What are you to Stephen now? Do you think he could take money from you? Had you been his wife, then all would have been different; but now—"

"I never thought of this too, she said sadly. "Is there no other way?"

"But to marry," burst out Mr. Sandon, who was divided between a desire that the marriage should take place and some dislike to match-making, in spite of his previous anger against Georgy.

Stephen lingered on in town with the uncle and his niece until the funeral and all the business which it involved was over, and then Mr. Sandon arranged that he should return with them to Grainthorpe.

Once again Georgy was obliged to go to Mrs. Erskine's house to bid her good-by. James was not there, she knew, and Mrs. Erskine had just returned from Edinburgh. She was in her room with a pile of beautiful lace before her.

"Georgy dear, I am glad to see you again, and very glad that you have made it up with your uncle; I have not quite forgiven you for leaving Millthorpe Grange in such an unmannerly way. Are you quite sure there was nobody you wanted to see in London?"

Georgy did not laugh much at this simple jest. "Have you heard my news; the only news I have, or ever shall have again?"

"Tell me," said Georgy. She ought to know if any one did.

"James is going to marry pretty Constance Everett; she is a winning creature, my future daughter-in-law. I have sometimes fancied that this might be, and you see I was right."

"She is the most charming woman I have ever seen."

"Yes, very charming; you are right. She quite fascinated me, sometimes, old woman as I am. Yet I suppose that I wish James some impossibility of a paragon; I wish"—and she crumpled up the lace in the intensity of her feelings, whilst the wish was still unexpressed. "Look, this is for Constance. I have hoarded it for a long time. I would not give it all to the girls. James has a weakness for lace, and will like to see it on his wife. I got it in Belgium, when I was travelling with my husband; wearing it always bothered me; but Constance is made for pretty things."

"It is lovely. I know that you must have lived in great dread of tearing it."

"I never knew a happy evening when I wore it; how people can enjoy themselves in point lace, I do not understand; my flounces were never out of my head."

"Well, Mrs. Everett will have them now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thomas K. Haywood was sentenced at Bournemouth to three years in Kingston Penitentiary for robbery.

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THE WANSTEAD CATASTROPHE.

Mr. McGuigan in discussing the accident at Wanstead, says that if it had not been for the blinding snow storm the collision would not have happened; that the engineers would have seen one another at that point and avoided coming together. But while there is a good deal of force in what Mr. McGuigan says, it is not quite to the point. The accident occurred, for more than any other reason because the men disobeyed orders. Another thing that contributed largely to the accident, and a thing that Mr. McGuigan ought to take into account, is the fact that the passenger train was late. This, we believe and as we have tried to point out before, is the great cause for railway accidents on single track roads. Why should trains be late under the slightest pressure of weather or of increased business? The railway train should be equipped and manned for both bad weather and for press of business. As far as the public is concerned, the moral of it is that those who can afford it should not travel in bad weather, and that they should not travel at times when the traffic is crowded and liable to make trains run behind time.

Also that one should travel in a heavy pullman at the end of the train, rather than in a day coach near the engine. But the moral for the railway man is that every road should manage its lines so as to be able to run trains on time, even in bad weather, and to handle increased traffic when it presents itself, without delaying its trains.—Toronto World.

The Verdict in Full.

Wyoming, Dec. 31.

The inquest held at Wyoming before Coroner Harvey, to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of Albert Ricketta, of Sarnia, killed in the collision at Wanstead, came to a close last evening. The jury retired about eight o'clock, and after being out some hours brought in the following verdict:

In the first place we found that Albert Ricketta was killed in the collision at Wanstead, on the evening of Friday, December 26th.

2nd.—That said collision was caused by wrong orders being given to the express train No. 5 at Watford. We are not agreed upon the responsibility for said wrong orders as between Carson and Kerr.

3rd.—That after No. 5 had left Watford, through the issuance of wrong orders, we consider that the accident could have been averted by the operator at Wyoming or Kingscourt Junction, had the railway company had more experienced operators at these points, at each of which places the despatcher, having ample time to do it, endeavored to get the opposing train stopped.

J. W. Smith, Foreman.

Mr. Pope, of Belleville, solicitor for the G. T. R., said in conversation with a press representative after the verdict had been given, that he considered it equivalent to a disagreement, and did not think the crown authorities would proceed against either Carson or Kerr, though they might proceed against both.

It was brought out in the evidence during Tuesday that the operator at Kingscourt was a new hand, about sixteen years of age; that he heard the calls for minutes but did not understand that they were for him and when at last he did answer it was too late to stop the express as it was just going by.

The Wrecked Engines Taken to Stratford.

The two locomotives that were in the Wanstead wreck passed through London Thursday, arriving early in the morning and leaving for Stratford shops in the afternoon. They remained in the yards a little west of the East London station while here, and were inspected by quite a number of people. The passenger engine was mounted on its own big drivers, the engine of the freight engine in fact appeared to be nearly ripped to pieces and was a mass of twisted iron. The front part of the freight engine was knocked right out, leaving a hole large enough to admit a big man. The two engines were a ghastly memento of the frightful wreck.

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Happiness is the proper goal of human effort, and health is indispensable to it—take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Angus McGillivray has been appointed judge of the County of Antigonish in succession to the late Judge McIsaac.

Great precautions are being taken at Vancouver against the bubonic plague entering at that port by vessels from San Francisco.

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