

# "A LIFE SENTENCE."

BY ADELÍNE SERGEANT,

Author of "THE LUCK OF THE HOUSE," &c., &c.

392 Pages, Paper Cover, 30 Cents.

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The plot in this novel is intense and well sustained. The story opens by introducing Andrew Westwood as a prisoner accused of murder, he being sentenced to death, although he protested his innocence. The victim of the murder was Sydney Vane, a wealthy landlord, while his supposed murderer was an acknowledged poacher. Vane left a wife and child, the former dying a few months after her husband's murder. Among the inmates of the Vane household was Miss Lepel, a distant relative of Sydney Vane's, her position being that of a governess. Vane fell in love with her, and on the night he was murdered he intended to abandon wife and child, and flee to India with his paramour. Hubert Lepel heard of the intrigue, and meeting the couple together spoke rather plainly to Vane, the interview closing with a duel, in which Vane was killed, Lepel, using the poacher's gun, which he unfortunately found near the spot where the duel took place. Westwood's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He left a daughter which Hubert sent to school, but she ran away from it in a year or two, made her way to London, and meeting Hubert, who had developed into a successful dramatist, asked his assistance under the name of Cynthia West. He found that she had a rare voice, paid for her musical education, and in a few years she captivated by her singing and beauty the fashion of London. Hubert and Cynthia fall in love with each other, and after many vicissitudes brought on by a quasi-engagement with the daughter of the murdered Vane, Hubert admits he was the murderer. Cynthia's father escapes from prison, returns to London, meets her, is arrested, whereupon Hubert admits his guilt and is sent to prison for two years. Some time after his release he marries Cynthia, and the bride and groom leave for America, where her father had "struck ile." There are other plots equally strong, introducing numerous characters, the whole making a book that cannot be laid aside until it is read through.—*Mail*, Toronto.