

Jeannie Sinclair, THE LILY OF THE STRATH.

CHAPTER IV.

'Do not go just yet,' added Nell; but the words were spoken so low that Ned had to bend his head to catch them.

'I want to speak a little more to you. I want to tell you what I did not mean to tell to mortal, but you have been so kind that I must confide in you, and I know you will not use the information injuriously.'

'Ye may depend on that,' said Ned, emphatically. 'I will not again when ye are stronger and hear.'

'Now—now—you must hear it how or never,' said the invalid, mournfully, and Ned, anxious not to increase her excitement, made a motion to the effect that he would remain. He therefore removed his broad blue bonnet, and bent his shaggy head still lower to hear her words, for these now came in the lowest whispers.

'I was my lady's attendant in a large and noble mansion far, far from this. I had been educated with her own daughters, and therefore cherished thoughts and aspirations above my station. I was considered pretty, and many of the visitors at the mansion took notice of me. One man came there, whom it would have been a thousand times better for me that I had never seen. I will not seek to excuse myself. I will not attempt to palliate my weakness—my folly—my sin. In a word, I trusted and was deceived, and had my eyes opened to the true character of my betrayer when it was too late. Soon, very soon, he deserted me, and came no more near the mansion. I managed to conceal the consequences of my folly till only six days ago, when my lady discovered my condition. In anger that was inappreciable she ordered me to quit the mansion, and never come into her presence again. I was turned adrift and had nowhere to go. I knew that soon, very soon, I would become a mother, and the knowledge plunged me into terror and desperation. I could not go in my shame to the village, to meet the scorn and contumely of those who knew me, and in the crisis of my despair I formed the resolution to seek my betrayer and seek from him that succor which his baseness had caused me to require. Only the extremity in which I was could have prompted me to undertake such a journey, for most of it had to be done on foot.

It was with much difficulty and many interruptions that Ned was able to tell her compassionate listener this brief and sad story of her latter history. Ned listened to her fitful and oft-suspended whisperings with breathless attention. It was the old, old story, repeated everywhere with melancholy similarity—the story of man's falsehood and cruelty, and woman's frailty and suffering—but never listened to by a true honest heart without producing the saddest interest, the profoundest pity, and the sternest indignation. Wandering Ned felt all these feelings stirring in his bosom as Nell's artless recital progressed, but when they closed they were over-matched by curiosity. She had indicated that the man who had done her the grievous wrong was to be found in Strathmae, but his name she had not mentioned, and Ned was at a loss to imagine who it might be.

She read the question in his face which he had not the courage to utter in words. 'You would know the name of my betrayer?' she said.

'Weel, I mean say that I wad like to ken wha the villain is,' returned Ned.

'Lynedoch Sinclair,' said Ned, rising up. 'F dot, I dot, ye may expect little at his hand. He has a smooth tongue, but I aye thocht it a false one.'

'I shall now ask nothing from him,' whispered Nell. 'I feel that it will be better that he should never know of this. Let me die unknown, and unknown to me be buried. I mean if this be possible, but I fear it, for there is another in this neighbourhood who knows all that I have told you.'

'Is that Mrs. Carrick?' asked Ned.

'No; I told her nothing. It is a youth who cherishes for me an unreturned affection, and who, when rejected by me, left his work and has joined the gipsies. In travelling on the Moor to-night I went to one of their tents to inquire my way. He was there and recognised me. He followed me and spoke cruelly and threateningly. He knows—Will Sanderson is his name—that Lynedoch Sinclair is the father of my child.'

She had grown so weak now as to be nearly inaudible, and Ned, kindly patting her hand, assured her he would befriend her as far as he was able. She smiled gratefully, and raised her eyes to his, eloquent with thanks.

He again looked at the upturned face of the sleeping infant. 'Lynedoch Sinclair's, shure enough,' he murmured. 'The dark complexion and the black hair prove the parentage of the woe beyond a dispute. And a big, bonny, weel-grown infant it is. What a father!'

Ned had tenderly lifted one of the child's hands into his palm, and looked with admiration on the plump little arm that came with it. As he looked at it his eye was attracted by a dark mark a little above the elbow, and a closer examination showed this to be an indelible mark on the skin, in shape like a small pear. Ned looked curiously at it for a moment, then laid the arm back to its place and prepared to depart.

The mother's eyes were closed now, and her white, white face had assumed an expression of perfect repose. Thinking she had fallen asleep, his chief care was to quit the room without disturbing her. He therefore crossed the floor with noiseless step, and closed the doors of the house without so much as a stir.

Poor Nell was not asleep yet, but she was at the moment sinking slowly yet surely into a deeper repose than the Wanderer thought of—into the calm, untroubled, dreamless sleep of death. Very solemnly and peacefully did the last moments of life ebb away. Death, as if in pity for her youth and misfortunes, dealt gently with her when she came into his grasp, and led her by a painless path through the dark valley. There was no struggle. She was not even conscious that she was leaving to the care of strangers the little being for whose birth she was made a sacrifice. After she had spoken her last word to Ned, she yielded herself to the exhaustion and prostration which had come upon her, and doubtless after murmuring a prayer for pardon, gradually sank into unconsciousness, breathing out her young life at last with a long-drawn sigh, leaving the infant to sleep on in a bosom where affection no longer throbbled—on a pillow whose softness and warmth must so give place to the cold rigidity of lifeless clay.

Poor, hapless, but may we not hope Divinely forgiven one, she was an orphan and an outcast no longer. A Father's love had encircled her; a Father's home had received her, and she had gone for ever beyond the region of temptation and desertion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is said to be good foundation for the report that the Hon. Mr. Rose is to be made a Baronet. Mr. Hugh Allan personally contradicts the report that he is to be knighted.

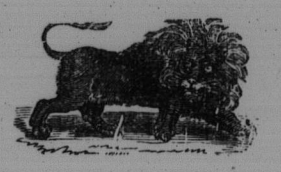
Toronto had a fashionable wedding on Tuesday last, the parties being Captain J. Lee, of the 13th Hussars, and Miss Maggie Austin, daughter of Mr. James Austin.

Louis Denoyer, one of the founders of the *Charivari* and the *Si-De*, an able journalist and charming romance writer, has just succumbed, after a long and painful illness. Few men among the *litterateurs* of the day will have so many regrets behind them.

Fearful Slaughter.

JOHN HOGG'S

WONDERFUL



CHEAP SALE,

Commencing on Thursday, Jan. 7, 1869.

Extraordinary Bargains Given!

All the Goods offered will be put at and under actual Cost Prices.

AMAZING INDUCEMENTS ARE TO BE OFFERED AT

THE GOLDEN LION

\$30,000 Worth of Staple & Fancy Goods

BELOW IS A LIST OF SOME OF THE LEADING LINES THAT I WILL OFFER

UNDER Actual COST!

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Coloured Cobourgs and Mohairs, Fancy Plaids, Rich Fancy Dresses, French Merinoes, Coloured Winceys, Balmoral Skirtings, and Double Long Shawls.

MANTLES AND JACKETS, HALF PRICE.

Jacket Cloth, Double Width, at 50c. per yard. Jacket Cloth, Double Width, at 75c. worth \$1.25. Jacket Cloth, Double Width, 88c. worth \$1.50.

Men's Fur Caps, Half Price.

Cotton Flannels at 12c. worth 25c. All Wool heavy Canadian Tweed, at 50c. worth 75c. All Wool Canadian Cloth at 50c. worth 75c.

An immense Reduction in White and Grey Cottons, Shirting Flannels, Shirting Winceys, &c.

\$9,000 Worth of Ready-Made Clothing!

AT HALF PRICE IN MEN'S AND BOY'S COATS, PANTS AND VESTS.

This is the Greatest Chance to obtain Goods at a Trifle that has ever occurred in Guelph.

Call at the Golden Lion before parting with your Money.

The Golden Lion has got his "back up." Don't you hear him Roar?

JOHN HOGG.

Golden Lion, Guelph, January 6, 1869.

Any Goods Booked will be at my Regular Prices.

CASTLE GARDEN SALOON.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the public that he has leased the above premises for a term of years, and has refitted it in a very superior and substantial manner, and hopes to share a portion of the patronage of the public.

THE BAR

well supplied with the best Wines, Liquors & Cigars

LUNCHEON!

Every day from 1 to 3 o'clock

OYSTERS AND GAME,

Etc. Dinner and Supper parties provide on short notice at reasonable charges.

GREAT POWERS

Are always neutral in small squabbles.

PREST & HEPBURN

In the leather war now going on between their opponents on the south side of Wyndham-st.

WE do not believe in hush and bunkum, but deal with facts, and leave the verdict in the hands of the intelligent people of Wellington. We are prepared to prove, and we positively affirm, notwithstanding all the puffing and blowing which has become the order of the day, that PREST & HEPBURN, Wyndham Street, Guelph, manufacture more

BOOTS AND SHOES

And employ double the number of Workmen of any other establishment in the County of Wellington. We invite the public to call and look through our Factory, and they will be convinced that we are telling the truth, and nothing but the truth.

A great deal has been said for and against machine-made Boots and Shoes. Now we believe, and we are confident that very well-balanced mind in Wellington will agree with us, that the less machinery used in manufacturing Boots and Shoes the better. All our staple Boots and Shoes are made by hand, which must be admitted is far superior to any machine-made Goods. We have now on hand the largest and best assortment of Boots and Shoes ever offered to the people of Wellington which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Remember that all our work is warranted, and no second price. Repairs done as usual.

PREST & HEPBURN.

Guelph, 2nd November. dw.

EXTRA DARK HINK ROYAL EMERALD SIBERIAN SQUIRREL RIVER HUNTERS' HOODS

And a full assortment of CHILDREN'S FURS, GENTS' MUFFLEIS and GLOVES, SLEIGH ROBES, &c.

The highest price paid for Raw Furs.

F. GARLAND.

Market Square, Guelph, 2nd Nov. 1868.

GIFTS AND PRESENTS FOR NEW YEAR.

Notwithstanding the tremendous rush at Christmas, there is still at

J. HUNTER'S,

Wyndham Street, Guelph.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

suitable for this season of the year. To be found west of Toronto. Call and see.

Writing Desks Dressing Cases Work Boxes, Ladies' Companions

At less than Toronto Prices. Slippers, Ottomans, Woods, Toys and Fancy Goods of infinitum at

J. HUNTER'S,

Opposite the English Church, Wyndham-S Guelph December 29th. dw.

LUMBER & WOOD YARD.

CHARLES HEATH

Has opened a Lumber and Wood Yard on Quebec-St. West of English Church, Where Lumber of all kinds can be had in lots to suit purchasers.

CORDWOOD

For sale by the cord, half-cord and quarter cord, and delivered in any part of the Town.

FLOUR & FEED

Also for sale, Flour and Feed, delivered in any part of the Town according to order.

All orders from Town or Country will be promptly attended to.

CUNARD OCEAN STEAMERS.

LEAVING New York every Thursday for Queens-town or Liverpool.

FARE FROM HAMILTON First Cabin, - - - 85; gold value Steerage - - - 20.

Berths not secured until paid for. For further particulars apply to CHARLES T. JONES & CO. Exchange Brokers, Hamilton Agents for the Erie and New York Railway. Fare from Hamilton to New York \$7, gold value Hamilton 1st June, 1868. dw.

New Advertisements.

JACKSON & HALLETT,

GROCCERS, NO. 7, WYNDEAM STREET, GUELPH.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

AT JACKSON & HALLETT'S, Wyndham St., Guelph.

New Prunes and Fruits at Jackson & Hallett's.

Splendid Mixed Tea at 75 Cents per lb.

AT JACKSON & HALLETT'S.

Very Fine JAPAN and HYSON TEAS, at Jackson & Hallett's CIGARS, the best Brands, at JACKSON & HALLETT'S.

VERY FINE OLD PORT AND SHERRIES

AT JACKSON & HALLETT'S. The Lowest Prices at JACKSON & HALLETT'S.

LANGDON.

MY STOCK OF

GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES AND LIQUORS

Is now complete, and I am prepared to sell Goods as low as any House West of Montreal, no matter what their pretensions may be. Give me a call and prove it. In stock.

Very fine Black, Young Hyson and Japan Teas Coffees, Tobaccos, Sugars Pickles, Sauces, Lobsters, Sardines Bottled Ales and Porter.

Wines and Liquors--Best Brands

Martell Brandy, Jules Robia Brandy, Pinet Castillon & Co's Brandy, Seignette Brandy, Holland and Old Tom Gin, Rum, very fine Old Port Wine, Pale and Brown Sherry, Hay's Scotch Whiskey, Camachie Scotch Whiskey, Stewart's Scotch Whiskey, Dunville's Irish Whiskey, Windsor Pure Rye and Malt Whiskey, Bourbon Whiskey.

Labrador HERRING, Lake Huron Herring, White Fish, Salt, &c., very low.

Guelph, 5th January dw. J.J. LANGDON.

1869 FEARFUL PANIC. 1869

\$15,000 WORTH OF CANADIAN GOODS

To be rushed off before the 1st March, at the BRITANNIA HOUSE.

IN ORDER to make room for Spring Goods HEFFERNAN BROS. are determined to clear out their Immense Stock of Canadian Goods.

AT PANIC PRICES!

Consisting in part of TWEEDS, FULL CLOTHS, SATINETTS, FLANNELS, BLANKET, caps, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, &c. Call at once, and call early.

THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW CHANCES THAT RETAIL PURCHASERS have of Buying Goods at LESS than Wholesale Prices.

HEFFERNAN BROTHERS. Britannia House, Wyndham-St., Guelph. Jan. 9. dw.

Card of Thanks.

I beg publicly to thank MR. G. B. FRASER, Merchant, Guelph, for the Present of a Handsome Silk Dress, made to my wife, in accordance with his offer of such a gift, to the largest purchaser at his recent Great Gift Sale.

WM. EVANS. Lot 7, Con. 3, Puslinch Puslinch, Jan. 6, 1869. dw.

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FRUITS SOLD

EXTREMELY CHEAP

DURING THE

HOLIDAYS

AT

E. CARROLL & CO'S.,

Day's 2 Block.