

(Continued from page 6.)

rying to draw, a d looking pale and nervous. Suddenly the door opened and Gilbert appeared.

"Bessie, will you come and see father?" he asked.

Bessie got up, shaking a little, and they went away together. Gilbert was looking pale and excited too, but not distressed.

While they were gone, I told Anna what Bessie had said to me on the night before, and she looked very grave. She said nothing; but I knew she feared, as I did, that so much mystery must hide something unpleasant.

Bessie came back in half an hour, pink and tremulous; she seated herself, and made another heroic attempt at her drawing. Anna and I would not question her but presently she said—

Your father will not sanction our engagement till he has heard from Mr. Drewitt. He was so kind; he looked very grave, but he kissed me. He called me 'my dearie,' just as he does Anna and you. And your mother was kinder still. She said, 'Heaven care for you, my dear!'

She put down her pencils, and we kissed her, both very much moved by love and compassion.

She was to stay with us a month longer, she said. Our father was writing to Miss Parsons also, and mother had asked her to stop. The cloud almost cleared off as she told me this; and I began to feel hopeful.

We had another happy week. The children went back to school, and Eva returned home. Tom was obliged to resume his studies in London directly after the departure, and we were left a peaceful quartette, with only the babies to enliven us.

Mr. Drewitt's letter was long in arriving, and we did not know when it came. I had taken to pocketing his letter, and breakfast-table and walking with them then upred. But one morning, Eliza came to our sitting-room and said that father begged Miss Beale to go to the study; he had something particular to say to her. So Bessie went.

It was an hour before she returned, and then she only put her head in at the door, and said in a strange rough voice, unlike her natural one—

"Laura, will you come and help me to pack? I want to catch the 5.30 train, and there is hardly time."

Anna and I exchanged glances of grief and dismay, and I followed Bessie upstairs. Somehow I did not dare to speak to her. I hardly ventured to look after the first glance, for her face was so altered—white and drawn and frightened. She packed steadily and carefully and put on her hat and cloak at the glass as if her dazed unhappy eyes could see her reflection. I could not bear it, and went and put my arms round her.

"Don't!" she said almost roughly, and shook me off. Then she looked at my face and, seeing what was written there, said, "Don't be unhappy, don't pity me, dear little Laura. I have been told that Gilbert and I are to be parted forever, and your father, just and good as he is, will not say why. If any one pities me, I shall break down. Something dreadful must have been said about me. I do not know what it is; but I mean to know."

"But where are you going?" I asked, crying. "To Miss Parsons."

"No, I am going to Mr. Drewitt to make him tell me what he knows. When he has told me—if the secret is anything like what I think and fear—I shall go away, and no one I have known will ever hear of me again, except Gilbert just once."

She kissed me with cold lips, and Anna too, and hugged the little ones whom she had petted, and then, getting into the dogcart, drove off with Tim the groom. She had already hidden good-bye to mother and father, she said. Gilbert was nowhere to be seen. She refused to let father drive her, and would not stop till the next day, though we implored her with tears.

Anna and I went back to the sitting-room, and passed a mournful evening alone. Gilbert did not appear; nor did mother and father; they went off after dinner to their own room. We knew our parents would tell us all directly; it was their way to take their children into their confidence, and of both their joys and sorrows we were kept informed. So, when we were sent for to mother's room next morning, we knew why she looked pale and troubled, and as if she had not slept.

"Dear children," she said, "poor Gilbert and Bessie are to be made very unhappy. Your father refuses to consent to their marriage, and says that he can never change his mind; and I think his decision is right. Better than my own boy and that poor child should suffer than that an almost eternal wrong should be committed. How I wish she had never come here? There is Mr. Drewitt's letter. Take it, my dears, and read it."

I looked over Anna's shoulder and read a follows—

"St. Clement's Rectory, January 30, 187—.

"My dear Sir,—With great pain of mind I answer your letter of the 24th.

Of Miss Bessie Beale I have nothing to say but praise; she is good, affectionate, patient, true, and, I need hardly say, possesses great personal beauty. But the circumstances of her birth are most unfortunate; and it is for that reason alone that I have kept her away from my family. I have sons, and feared some such complication as has happened in yours. You will see how very painfully I was placed; I could guard my own, but others I could not. I have always hoped that poor Bessie would be fortunate enough to place her affections on some person who would find what I am about to state no insuperable barrier to marriage; but I perceive from your letter that it is not so, and that my poor ward must continue to suffer even more painfully than she has hitherto done.

"Miss Beale is the only daughter of William Holbrook Beale, who was, I dare say you remember, condemned to death for the murder of his friend, Raymond Smith, eighteen years ago. The case caused much sensation at the time, the victim and the murderer being both educated men, well known in a certain set. The cause of the murder was a too well-founded jealousy on Beale's part. His wife died directly after the horrible, and his sentence was finally commuted to penal servitude for life. He also died in the course of the first year. He had been my dear friend at college, and committed his unhappy little daughter to my care. He was himself penniless, but his wife's relatives, who had always disliked him, handed over to me sufficient funds to produce for Bessie an income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. They were wealthy, ill-bred, purse-proud people, and stipulated that they should never see her again.

"Allow me to express my deep regret for the pain that all this will cause you and yours. Try to recognize the difficulty of the position to me. The girl is all she should be—how could I condemn her to isolation for life? I hoped weakly that some fortunate chance would save her. I need not, I think, beg you to deal kindly with her and withhold this story, if possible. I trust her feelings and those of Mr. Gilbert Wynyard are not too deeply engaged. Tell my poor little ward I shall see her as soon as possible after her return to Miss Parsons; I should write to her at once, but that I am so much puzzled to account for my conduct without giving her information that would only increase her distress. In some way I must try to escape explanation.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"PAUL DREWITT."

Anna and I looked at mother grieved and horror-stricken. Here indeed was grief for us all—and what anguish for Gilbert and Bessie!—for we knew that Bessie had by this time compelled her guardian to tell her all.

"Poor Bessie!" we cried, with tears. "And poor Gilbert!" sighed mother.

"Does he know?" asked Anna.

"Yes. He asked father if he had any objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said 'of course not.' Gilbert wants to think the matter over in quiet, away even from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him. And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gilbert drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drewitt. He told father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all, in spite of his pity and disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to a hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family but himself, and without saying whether she was going.

Poor Mr. Drewitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gilbert, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and also compelled him to promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. He seemed to have ceased in this short time to be the boy we had always thought him, and to have become a grave, stern, thoughtful man.

Mother told us what Gilbert had said to her and father on his return. He had promised father not to disobey him. He said that he did not share his opinions about hereditary birth—at least in full—and that he thought the family pride in our own purity was hard and selfish. Had there been madness in Bessie's family, or any disease of body known to be hereditary, he and she would have said good-bye to each other forever in this world. But Bessie's father had committed a crime in a moment of passion excited by a great wrong; and he

could not see how that should affect Bessie. If he had only himself to think of, he would have married directly, proud to share her troubles and even her undeserved disgrace. But, then, Gibbie owned that often, when he had thought father mistaken, he had in time found him to be right after all, so he would wait and think, only begging father to think on his side and not without long reflection condemn Bessie to so much misery.

Father and mother were greatly pleased with Gilbert's strength and patience and obedience, and were very tender with him. Father promised to reflect well on all that Gibbie had said, and wrote a kind little note of sympathy to Bessie, which Gibbie forwarded.

That was a sad summer to us; even Anna's happiness could not brighten it. Mother looked drooping and sad, and father and Gilbert went about with grave thoughtful faces. At midsummer Anna was married, and went away; and though she was not far off, and Mab came home from school "for good," it was still a hard parting and a pain to miss her.

I do not believe that Gilbert and father exchanged words about Bessie all that year. We supposed, mother and I, that their opinions were unaltered, and we knew that Gilbert would be patient. But, when Christmas came round again, he was evidently very much tried. Eva Dennis came again, and her father and brother; John and Anna arrived to stay a month; Charlie Spurr—to whom I was by this time engaged—was also invited; Tom and the children were at home; and we could not help laughing and being happy.

One day in the first week in January I was standing at the hall window, when I saw a telegraph-boy coming up the drive. I opened the door to him, rather frightened; for we do not send telegrams in our family unless for serious reasons. It was for father; and I took it to his sanctum up-stairs. He opened, read it, and then, looking pale and disturbed, handed it to me. It was in French, and said—

"Miss Bessie Beale begs Mr. Wynyard to allow his son Gilbert to come over. She is not expected to live. She implores him to hasten, or it will be too late."

It came from a convent at Rouen. "Find Gilbert and bring him here," said father.

I ran off and brought him. Father said, "My poor boy!" and handed him the telegram. As he read it, he turned pale; but he set his lips, and said—

"I must go, sir."

"Surely," said father, a little surprised, and then he procured a time-table and examined it. "If Laura can fill a carpet-bag for us in ten minutes, we can catch the packet at Newhaven," he added presently, and rang the bell.

I heard Gilbert's exclamation of thanks as I flew out of the room. In less than ten minutes I was in the hall with the carpet-bag, and snatched a hasty kiss as they jumped into the dog-cart. Then I ran up-stairs to find mother and tell her father's hurried message of love.

It was four days before we got a letter. Then mother had a long one from father. He said that he had found Bessie veiled, so ill that her death was hourly expected. It appeared that there had been an outbreak of scarlet fever in the town; and Bessie, who had been boarded at the convent and working with the sisters, had insisted upon doing her share, as usual, though she was already drooping and out of health. Naturally she caught the fever, and had it in its most severe form. She got over it, however, but, instead of getting well, she began to sink with terrible rapidity; and when she knew that all hope was over, she had begged the sisters to send that telegram. Father said that her life was still trembling in the balance, but that she had survived so long was a slightly hopeful sign.

Two days later we heard from father again. Bessie had "turned the corner," and was, he hoped, saved. But they could not leave her, of course. Mother must forgive him for staying away so long, and must be prepared to receive Bessie, too, when he and Gilbert came. They could not leave her weak, alone, and heart-broken in a strange country. The rest of the letter was filled with reports of the sister's praises of Bessie, Father thought they might perhaps begin their journey home in three weeks, but it of course depended on the progress of Bessie's convalescence.

Mother wrote at once to father, and enclosed a little note for Bessie, saying that she was longing to have her back again, and begging her to get well enough to travel early; we should soon make her strong at the Grange.

At last, at the beginning of February, they came home. Gilbert sprang joyfully from the hired close carriage which had brought them from the station. Then father got out, carefully supporting what looked like a bundle of shawls. Was that white, worn face, with its great sad, brown eyes, Bessie's? I hardly knew her.

Mother had come down, and she had the poor child carried into the sitting-room, where she was put upon a couch and petted, caressed, and fed till she was fit to walk upstairs. She looked round the room with eager eyes, and her face quivered. Then Gilbert, who was standing behind her couch, stooped over and kissed her solemnly on the forehead; and we knew that all was well, and that father had yielded.

"Yes," he said, talking it over later, "Bessie is as good as gold, and she has been tried like gold. I still think my general principle the right one; but this

is an exceptional case. And as for the disgrace," he went on, with a slight painful quiver of the lip—"why, we are so many and so strong that we can well bear Bessie's burden amongst us"—and he ended with a smile.

By dint of careful and continued nursing, Bessie got well. But she was a long time about it—as long that the wedding had to be put off till the following Christmas. Then Gibbie and Bessie and Charlie Spurr and I were married at the same time; and Bessie became "deputy-mistress" at the Grange, as Gilbert is "deputy-governor." And father and mother love her no less dearly than they love their own daughter.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

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Who's the Best Physician.

The one that does most to relieve suffering humanity of the thousand and one ills that befall them, is certainly the best of all physicians. Electric Bitters are daily doing this, curing where all other remedies failed. As a spring tonic and blood purifier they have no equal. They positively cure liver and kidney complaints. In the strongest sense of the term, they are the best and cheapest physician known.—[Daily Times. Sold by Geo. Rhyas, at 50 cents. [3.]

Nine Physicians Outdone.

It is generally considered a pretty difficult task to outdo a physician, but the following will prove conclusively where nine were completely outdone. Mrs. Helen Pharviz, 331 Gayton St., Chicago, was treated for Consumption by nine physicians, and all pronounced her case incurable. Seven bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption completely cured her. Doubting ones, please drop her a postal and convince yourselves. Trial bottles free at Rhyas's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00. (4)

The widow of the late Luke Nable, of Cottam, Essex, has gained an unenviable reputation by marrying her deceased daughter's widower, just eleven weeks after the death of her husband. This is the first known instance in Canada of a man actually marrying his mother-in-law. Such a marriage is contrary to the laws of this country. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. V. Smith, of Windsor, who, of course, did not know the relationship the parties bore to each other.

Parties just returned from the Qu-Appelle district report upwards of eighty squatters on the proposed Bell farm in that district. They declare their intention to remain, as they were squatted before they knew of the sale of the tract of land.

An insect resembling the army worm has appeared at Halifax. On Saturday they were in such numbers at one place as to change the color of the ground. Places where they have passed are as brown as though from weeks of drought.

The Doctor's Last Happy Event.

Such a marriage is contrary to the laws of this country. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. V. Smith, of Windsor, who, of course, did not know the relationship the parties bore to each other.

Phosphate, or Nerve Food.

A private letter from England states that the review held recently at Chatham, England, Lieutenants Maclay and Stranberg, Royal Military College, Kingston, were highly complimented by General Sir Evelyn Wood on the admirable manner in which their companies had been drilled. They have carried off the highest honours in the recent competitive examinations at Chatham. Maclay is the son of the ex-Assistant Warden of St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, and was for two years reporter on a Montreal newspaper.

to the Medical Profession, and all whom it may concern.

Phosphate, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element, based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin, M. D. of Boston, Mass., cures Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Nervous Attacks, Vertigo and Neuralgia and all wasting diseases of the human system. Phosphate is not a Medicine, but a Nutrient, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opium, Narcotics, and no Stimulants, but simply the Phosphate and Gartic Elements sufficient to convince. All Druggists sell it. \$1.00 per bottle. LOWEY & Co., sole agents for the Dominion 55 Front Street East Toronto

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Begs to acquaint the ladies of Goderich and vicinity, that she is now showing

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At her shop, Hamilton Street, in great and beautiful variety. She has secured the services of a city milliner, and feels assured that she can give

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She has been favored with a visit from her patrons, and the ladies generally.

MRS. WARNOCK.

CHEAP GROCERIES!

DEAN SWIFT!

Begs to announce to the people of Goderich and this section of Huron, that he has purchased from Mr. A. Phillips his stock of Groceries, etc., and will continue the business in the old stand, on the

Corner of Victoria and Bruce Streets.

Having bought the goods for cash, and as I intend to make all my purchases from wholesale men for cash also, I will be in a position to sell at

Very Low Prices for Cash. My stock will always be fresh. I will keep the best brands of teas, good sugars, and everything in the grocery line from the best producers. Bacon, Spiced Meats etc., always on hand in season. I am determined to please, both in quality and price.

Call at the stand, Victoria street, opposite the Fair Ground, near D. K. Strachan's machine shop.

Goderich, March 9th, 1882.

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