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n the Province.

M. C. DUNCAN.

BY GIVEN THAT ate I intend to apply sioner of Lands and tense for the privilege one thousand acres in Crac-oft Island, oughton Straits, and Commencing at a pof Baronet Passage, acro t Island; thence westerly 100 y 100 chains; thence o point of commence S. A. SPENCER, er, 1880. nov2

J. C. MACLURE.

R. SCOTT, C. DUNCAN, Agt. Oct., 1889, nov3 BY GIVEN, THAT

the I intend to apply mmissioner of Lands see 200 acres of land, ser the head of Rivers the N. W. corner of sence south 40 chains, a more or less to the south thence following the linet in an easterly of commencement. McLAUCHLIN. ocis-2mo

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MIRIAM!

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1889.



in the suggestive black crape. The dark folds lie softly against the slender throat in a caressing manner, and they remind me, as I look

Oh! yes: and more than that memory is hidden within the folds of that black gown.
There is a triple story of bereavement and
of anguish of soul keener than that felt for
the dead, but, as yet, I do not know it quite

She is a mystery to me, and I fall to com-prehend her many times, although I know her history to be crowded with incidents ner instory to be crowded with incidents sad and tragical.

The afternoon sun comes through the lattice in bright golden bars, and falls lovingly on her dark hair, revealing to me that it is not really black, as I had thought, but of a deep brown color, but she is not conscious

The scent of the fragrant roses comes up from the little garden below, with the breath of carnations and violets growing plentiful there, but her soul is shut against She is so strange and lives within her-self, in such an atmosphere of deep sorrow, that I have never been able to penetrate it, and understand the heart throbbing out its existence to the music of its dirges.

existence to the music of its dirges.

I would love to talk freely to her this afternoon, but am at a loss to know how to begin. I am, at best, a poor comforter; my heart is sympathetic enough, but its emotions fail me in words. In this, as in many other things, I am very unfortunate, and the good that I would do is never realized. But finally I venture: "Miriam, would you enjoy a drive on the beach, or shall it be a stroll in the woods to fill up this remaining piece of a day?"

Out there bewond the trees and swell.

plece of a day?"

Out there beyond the trees, and swelling shoreward, lie the blue waters of the bay, and beyond booms the broad Atlantic. There is a lovely drive along the sands, and the weather is glorious, and this is why I offer myself and pony phaeton to her, as accessories of a pleasant afternoon by the sea. But I have missed it again, and my suggestion grates on her optional pleasure. Slowly the great dark eyes are lifted to mine in sorrowful negative, and I know I have swept an irresponsive chord.

have swept an irresponsive chord.

I am answered further by a doleful shake of the head; but she essays no word. Small need; I understand her.

She crunches a letter in her hand savage-

ly—s letter addressed to me, yet more here than mine—as if to remind me that its con-tents are all she has room for in her thoughts, and that a drive on the sunny sands would only mock the shores of noth-ing to which her soul drifts this after-

Then she gets up as if I have annoyed or disturbed her by my question, which I pre-sume I have, and goes down the walk to the little wicket opening out to the clustering trees in front of my cottage. The great white lilies that droop either side the way are hardly paler than she, or more inno-

had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the grate, as I might have done, seeing it was addressed to me.

fore it received its destination, or that I had had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the grate, as I might have done, seeing it was addressed to me.

While I am indulging thus in self-condemnation she comes down stairs, calm enough outwardly, the glossy hair freshly brushed, and I doubt not the tear-stains bathed carefully off the placid face, so as not to grieve me. She comes forward and takes my hands in her two hot ones, looks pleadingly into my face, and makes a strange request, a request that sends the blood surging back to my heart, leaving my dheeks blanched, I am aware, for she pauses, looks troubled and doubtive, and inesitates. But finally she has finished, and I have promised to grant her desire, although in ten minutes after she has kissep me thankfully and settled down on the shadow-flecked steps with a great sigh of relief I regret having done so.

She knows it is my intent to visit a relative living in the suburbs of Hastings, shortly, and she has asked me "while there, take a little run over beyond Fairlight, and—visit Heatherleigh." But that isn't the strange part of her request, though it is all surprising. She looked me calmly in the eyes and asked me to "bring her portrait away from the fated gallery with me." How on earth am I to accomplish this?

At first it seems easy enough to me, but on reflection the undertaking grows stupendous, and borders on the impossible. I sit very still, revolving the request in my mind, and every moment its magnitude is intensified. But I made no sign, and she sits with clasped hands, gazing out at the water, fully confident that I will be able to fulfill my promise, and I haven't the courage to undeceive her.

So we sit out the piece of a day talking some but thinking more until the sun goes down behind the hills, and the shadows grow longer and denser over the carnations and roses, and reach out darkly for the gleaming satin of the illies which they envelop later.

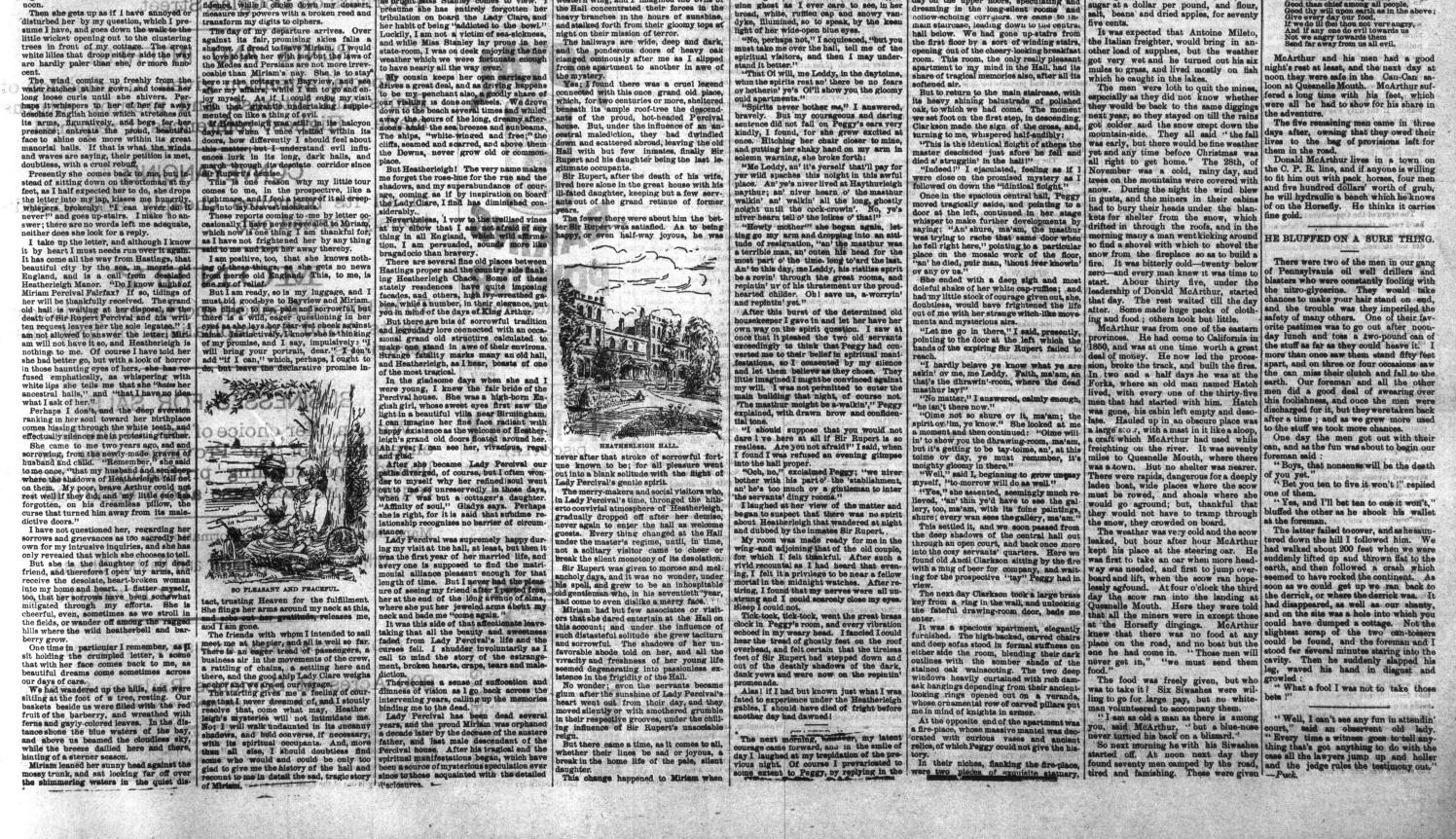
Mrisam—I always say simply Miriam—looks satisfied o

house, because I am not to reveal her whereabouts—it is her request.

Miriam thinks, however, that I am the one all-powerful equation of her life, and sits over there sipping her tea in full condense, while I choice down my dessert, measure my powers with a broken reed and transform my digits to ciphers.

transform my digits to ciphers.

The day of my departure arrives. Over against its fair, promising skies falls a shadow. I dread to leave Miriam. I would so love to take her with me, but the laws of the Medes and Persians are not more irrev-



This is why, I tell myself, I have undertaken this journey, although the sunny face of my cousin Gladys, in her far-away English home, pops up to mental vision, and claims its share in the visit to be.

Ah! yes, dainty little Cousin Gladys, whose fair blue eyes first saw the day in the dreamy light of the poetical Cetswold hills in the very heart of merrie old England, and who fought my "going to Hamerica" to live, was expecting me.

She was to day, doubtless, sitting in her vine-covered porch overlooking suburban Hastings, and gazing seaward, wondering the while when "'Attie, who lived in Hamerica, would harrive." With this thought I gather myself together and seek my cabin.

CHAPTER II. I am in the suburbs of Hastings, where the delicious and invigorating sea breezes wander over the hills and whisper down the

wander over the hills and whisper down the green lanes.
Cousin Gladys' little cottage is a veritable paradise to my quiet-loving soul. Perched away up here on a height and nestling in its wealth of blossoming creepers, it seems a very sweet haven of all 1 desire. In the distance I can get a glimpse of the sea, and West Cliff and a bird's-eye view of High Wickham, but it is the picturesque beauty and blessed content of the bright fields and green hedgerows that please me most.

Above the distant downs a few fleecy clouds hover, then drift lasily out over the sea and fade into the infinitesimal. I sit down on the porch, over which the ivy runs



rowfully and alone, among the late lilles, and thinking—of me.

I am back again in Cousin Glady's bright little cottage home. I have been several miles into the country since I sat in this vine-covered porch and listened to the recital of country-side episodes. And I have met with such strange experiences, and listened to such a blood-curdling story, that I am half persuaded I have lost my identity. Some way I feel like crying out with the old dame who took a nap in the King's highway: "Lauk a mercy, 'tis none of I."

We do sometimes have adventures that leave us in doubt as to dur individuality, and to say that I am just waking up from the nightmare of the Heatherleigh visit would be, perhaps, the correct statement to would be, perhaps, the correct statem

would be, perhaps, the correct statement to make.
Yes, I have been there; the fine portrait of Miriam hanging in the little drawing-room yonder, and which Gladys admires very much, is a silent but magnificent sponsor, not to be gainsayed by any means. And now, as my domestic cousin is elbowdeep in the brewing business this fine morning, let me sit here, where the roses have all fallen off and been swept away by the autumn winds, and tell you the story of Heatherleigh. I will, however, preface the story proper by a description of my visit and the appearance of the Hall as it now stands, knowing, as I do, that my friend's tradition, knowing, as I do, that my friend's tradition, history and experiences would be unsatisfactorily given without it.

factorily given without it.

It is fitting that the roses have fallen, and that the scurrying breeze tosses the dry alder leaves into my lap. It all murmurs with the tone of the legend, voicing a volume of bitterness. And the old housekeeper told me, too, that was why my sorrowing friend over the sea was called Miriam. Because her lot was one of destined woe the christening was Miriam—bitterness. I confess that such things rising before us bring the question of Hamlet out in vivid coloring, as we watch the merciless wheel of fortune crush out the beauty and joy of life for some, when the fault lies generations back.

CHAPTER III.

The tall biack chimneys stood out against the gray October sky like ghostly silhoutette, and the evening breeze sweet around the story," I said, as we sat around the gray october sky like ghostly silhoutette, and the evening breeze sweet around the story," I said, as we sat around the story, and presently cousin Gladys joins me for a chat.

We talk of many things, over which falls the glamour of Auld Lang Syne, and by the lime she excuses hereid to see after the liste climes, I have had a goodly number of pleasant, and not a few unpleasant, reminist cences of suburban Hastings.

My friends of the voyage are staying with relatives near Ecclesbourne, and are pleased to notify me by post that they are going farther into the country, and desire my company.

This I can not do, as I am "bound for the hall." in the language, but not the spirit, of Tennyson. While thinking of my friends, as bright Miss Stanley comes to view. I presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "saddicted to the bowl." In presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "saddicted to the bowl." In presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "saddicted to the bowl." In presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "saddicted to the bowl." In presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "saddicted to the bowl." In the Hallways are wife, deep and dark, and the ponderous doors of heavy on the first of weather which we were fortunate enough to have nearly all the way over.

The lallways are wife, deep and dark, when he present year to see, in her state-room, I was on deek enjoying the fine weather which we were fortunate enough to have nearly all the way over.

The lallways are wife, deep and dark, with runfine cap and snowy vandance was a prest deal, and as driving happen



tance, and a look of almost happiness came into the prifect face. I sat watching her, wrapt in admiration, and hoping that the dawning of brighter hours had come. She turned to me with animation, saying: "This is pleasant; so pleasant and peaceful!" and I was glad to answer: "Yes."

That was last year, and since then the fluctuating tidee of peace and disquietade have run so often into a sea of counter currents, ebbing and flowing over that first great hope, that I am not certain of any thing permanent.

Ah! yes, dainty little Cousin Gladys, whose fair blue eyes first saw the day in the dreamy light of the poetical Cetswold illis in the very heart of merite old finglish home conducive of my good, but after all I have done see and regretted it immediately afterward. I fold up the letter now, wishing something had happened to it be fore it reached its destination, or that I had had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the grace, and all among the proventing many done in the private and proventing in the while when "Attie, who lived in Hamerica" to the was expecting me. I have done see and regretted its destination, or that I had had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the grace, and all among the late little cottage home. I have done seeing it was a limitch have done seeing it was a limit have done seeing it was a limitch have done seeing it was a limit have done seeing it w

silence alone.

These two old servants, I soon found, were very much devoted to the memory of their dead mistress and the long-lost



"HOWLT MOTHER!" SHE BEGAN.

tions for the "young mistress," and beheld
their tears, I was tempted to disclose her
whereabouts to the sorrowing twain, but
on reflection I remembered she would never
return as they desired, nor hold converse
with any one within the environs of herbirth-place, and as she was virtually dead
to them I might as well hold my peace.
But when the conversation turned on Sir
Rupert, they had but little to offer in his behaif; although their tones were respectful
enough, I could see they had not forgiven
him for the merciless doings of an unnatural
father.

him for the merciless doings of an unnatural father.

"You must show me the hall and tell me the story," I said, as we sat around the cheerful wood fire kindled in the great chimney that filled up nearly one whole end of the apartment. This room was so cheerful and pleasant in the glamour of the firelight, as I looked about me and enjoyed its comess, that I could not clearly connect its genial air with the huge, shadowy pile I had viewed with such distrust from the outside; somehow it seemed impossible and I said as much to my entertainers.

"Oh! indade, an' it's your own swate self.

most important apartments of the hall.

The rooms were just as Sir Rupert left them, the housekeeper said, with the exception, of course, of growing old from neglect and the accumulation of dust, which was ruining the silken curtains, damask hangings and once bright-hued carpets. "It is such a pity," I said to Peggy, "that these must be doomed to desolate decay."

"Yis," she answered, as I ran my hand over the narrow gold-striped and gray sain of the upholstered furniture, and found it full of ruinous breaks. "Ohl yis, but who's a goin' to dust this foine furniture for nothin', ma'am, but only to see the ex-

nothin', ma'am, but only to see the ex-quoisite patherns?"

quoisite patherns?"
I did not reply to her negative question, for I knew she was right, and I could but have said, "no one," at best.
"There was taste here," I said, looking shout me, and making a note of the refinement in detail languaged forth in the faultless appointment of each stately-looking, but silent apartment.
"Ahl yes; an' the misthress had illigant taste to be shure, ma'am, an' the loikes o' her was not to be found in many a day's roide."

ly-inlaid cabinet on the opposite side of the room.

But she vouchsafed no reply, simply making the sign of the cross and looking superisticously around the room. Then, as if to avoid my gaze, she dropped her eyes to the tosselated rug at her feet.

After spending the greater part of the day on the upper floors, speculating and dreaming in the long-silent rooms and anollow-echoing corrulors, we same to the man starcase, leading down to the central hall below. We had gone up-stairs from the first floor by a sort of winding stairs, opening out of the cheery-looking breakfast room. This room, the only really pleasant apartment to my mind in the Hall, had it share of tragical memories also, after all its share of tragical memories also, after all its share of tragical memories also, after all its

standing out in ghostly relief in the shadows.

The shining surface of the polished floor was covered here and there with costly rugs of "Tarkish desoign," as Peggy said.

But after all there was an unbending, uncompromising air about the drawing-room that prompted me to be brief in my visit. Our footsteps made an unwelcome sound of obtrustye impression that grated on my ears as we walked about in the hollow silence, and I felt a repugnance creeping over me which I had not experienced in the other apartments.

provisions enough to last them until they got home, and McArthur and his men pushed on again. In some places the road was full of water and they got soaking wet, but went on till dark. When they room at an on taking of his shoes and stockings, found that his feet were badly frozen. But he drew the frost out with snow, got bandages and salve from his pack, and dressing them, again prepared for the night's campaign.

The temperature had fallen, it seemed The temperature had fallen, it seemed

me which I had not experienced in the other apartments.

"The gallery nixt," murmured Clarkson, locking the door of the drawing-room behind us. "Ol don't moind the gallery, ma'am, though its histhory is forninst the whole of Haythurleigh in its theribleness." I made no reply. I was coming closer to the object of my visit, the portrait of Miriam, and my promise to be fulfilled.

"The temperature had fallen, it seemed to him one hundred and sixty degrees below zero. The Indians, overcome with weariness, squatted around the fire and would not lift a hand to get a stick of wood for the fire. McArthur worked all night chopping wood, only sitting down a few minutes to rest.

Next day they met Antoine Mileto the Next day they met Antoine Mileto the Italian. He was almost dead from starvation, so they gave him hot tea and biscuit, which soon brought him round. He said that he had endured it as long as he

(To be Continued.) AN ADVENTURE IN CARIBOO.

The Following is one of the Prize down and die when they found him. Stories Written for

From Antoine's report they knew that the men behind were in a perilous con-dition, but hoped they had reached Wood-chunk creek before this, and McArthur oher was not to be found in many a day's come to the found in many a day's roide."

After according two flights of stairs we came to Sir Rupert's apartments.

Baughter of the Revd Mr.

Ladaer, Kamloosy, B. C.

It was the autumn of the year 186—
This suite of rooms overclocked the park and a conce beautiful lawn. And fearight and the park like a slive research.

This suite of rooms overclocked the park and a conce beautiful lawn. And fearight to the rabble, be said." prefaced Glarkson as also put her hand on the park like a slive research.

"All ov these were perfectly illigant in their designation of the research o

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ointer Plows, ARROWS.

EBY GIVEN THAT
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in Renfrew District,
Commencing at the
land applied for by
west 80 chains, thence
e east 80 chains, more

given that 60 days end to apply to the f Lands and Works hase 320 acres, more in Renfrew District, Commencing at the ad applied for by J. ts 80 chains; thence ceast 50 chains, more; thence southerly, ings of the said river nocement.