## The Foster Brother; The Corporation of the County of Wellington.

The Orphan of the Wreck. CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO BROTHERS—THE FACTOR'S JOURNEY
—HOMEWARD BOUND.

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The bit of sigar lying smoking at his feet sufficiently explained the cause of his disturbance.

"By Jove, Thomas, did the cigar hit you?" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Yes, sir—right in the eye, sir."

"Didn't see you, 'pon my soul; but here is something to buy a lotion for it."

And with a light laugh he tossed out half a sovereign, which fell exactly where the cigar lay.

Of course, after such munificent compensation, a futher manifestation of distress would have been ungracious, so. Thomas took his hand from his inflamed optic and picked up the coin, thinking he could afford to have his other eye struck on, the same terms. He then gave the letter-bag into Stephen's outstrehed hand, and walked away.

The contents of the bag that evening were more than usually numerous—consisting of a whole lot of papers and letters which he tumbled out in a heap upon the table. On examining the address it was found that the missives were for both brothers in about equal proportions; and the necessary seperation having been made, Stephen pushed Malcolm's share towards him, and drawing his own to the opposite side of the table sat down to open and read.

Some expressions of disgust escaped from the lips of both, for the greater portion of their letters were frome creditors eagerly pressing for payment.

"Here is one for you amongst mine—a black bordered one—postmark, Ardrossan Some one there you know, must be dead."

"I know nobody at Ardrossan," replied Stephen.

"Don't you; then who can it befr.—?"

Some one there you know, must be dead."

"I know nobody at Ardrossan," replied Stephen.

"Don's you; then who can it befr ——?
By Jore!" he added, with sudden emphasis "the address is the handwriting of that beggar Bruce."

"Art sure of that?" asked Stephen.

"I could swear it."

"Then pitch it into the fire."

"What! without opening it? It is a black-bordered letter. What if it announces Lucy's death?"

"Bah, no such thing. He must have got to know of uncle's death, and thinks there may be a legacy for Lucy. Into the fire with it, I say."

"Well—but—may it not be as well to make sure that it is from him?"

"Of course it's from him?"

"Of course it's from him?"

"Am I to throw it into the fire, then?" asked Malcolm turning towards the grate. "Undoubtedly."

Malcolm moved his hands to chuck the letter upon the flaming coals and threw it, but it fell short, and alighted only within the fender. He rose to complete the act, and lifting it up, was about to drop it into the heart of the grate, when a doubt as to the propriety of destroying it unopened again crossed his mind.

"I do think that you should see that its contents are such as you imagine," he observed, holding it irresolutely in his hand.

"Well satisfy yourself by opening it," growled Stephen, "only I tell you before hand that my supposition is correct."

And, with the utinost indifference, he went on with the perusal of an epistle from a brother officer, when suddenly a loud exclamation from Malcolm made him pause and look up.

"What's the matter?" he cried startled at the sight of Malcolm's extraordinary appearance. His brothers face was pale as ashes, and his eyes, opened to their full extent, seemed to leap from his head.

"My God!" exclaimed Malcolm, with a spasmodic gasp.

"Good heaven, what is it? Does it annonnee Lucy's death?"

"My God!" exclaimed Malcolm, with a spasmodic gasp.
"Good heaven, what is it? Does it announce Lucy's death?"
"It announces cousin George's death," roared Malcolm.
"What?" shouted Stephen, leaping to his feet and making a bound to Malcolm's side and grasping his arm.
"Speak, man, speak. Are you raving? You said George's death."
"Yes; George's death. The Eglantine was wrecked in the storm the other night—wrecked on the Ayrshire coast, and every one drowned but a man and a child. George's body came ashore, and is lying in the house where Kenneth and Lucy are staying. At least, I think that is the purport of the letter so far as I have read; but I am so dooced shaky that—"

that—"

Malcolm clutched at the letter, and holding it together, they each, in silence and with reeling eyes, made themselves acquainted withits contents. Then when they had read it to an end and fully understood its purport, they sunk like logs of wood into their respective chairs, and gazed at each other speechlessly.

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logs of wood into their respective chairs, and gazed at each other speechlessly.

The effect of the intelligence was rushing and straggling tunnultaously in their minds. It was not grief for the death of their cousin which agitated them—it was the result of that event to themselves. What a change it would bring—what alteration in their circumstances and position?

The same light seemed to dawn on their minds at once. The same thought grew and grew upon them, and manifested itself in the expression of their countenances, till each read it in the other's looks—in the gleanning eyes, the flushed brow, the forcibly compressed yet almost bursting exclamation. They saw that each had realised the same fact, yet they uttered it not in words. Stephen would not, and Malcolm in his frenzy of excite ment lacked the power.

They sat thus over against each other for fully a minute. At last Malcolm spoke, and the expression of his face, far more than the tones of his voic, indicated the feelings under which he labored—

"Ardgovan is yours."

"Ha." shouted Stephen, bounding to his feet with an uncontrollable impulse, it has been spoken at last. The air has received and proclaimed the news—Ardgowan is mine—mine—mine! Ha, ha, ha! Malcolm, I must repeat it, and ropeat it, or the weight of the shock will undo me. Ah, this—this will steady my nerves."

And with shaking hands he seized a

And with shaking hands he seized a decanter, poured out a large quantity of wine, and drank it at a draught.

Maleom likewise applied himself to the same sedative, and the liquor, which should in common circumstances have intoxicated, had upon them a sobering effect.

The death of the veteran city missionary of Boston, Father Cleveland, was one of the events of the past week. Had he lived sixten days longer he would have reached the great age of one hundred years. There is scarcely one in that eity and neighborhood who does not feel as it bereaved by the loss of this Christian articard.



BYLAW No. -

THE TOTAL TOTAL STATES AND A CONTRIBUTION OF THE STATES AND A CONT

of Wellington, \$13.396,308.

And whereas for paying the interest and creating an annual sluking fund for the payment of the principal of the said sum of twenty thousand deliars it will require an equal annual special rate of one-fourth of a mill in the deliar to be levied in addition to all other rates.

And whereas the amount of the existing debt of the Corporation of the Country of Wellington is for principal the sum of \$90.049.00, and for interest the sum of \$90.080.32.

And whereas there is no interest in areas.





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Making Room for New Stock at PERRY'S GROCERY STORE.

Higinbotham's Block, Guelph.

To the Township of Arthur and State of Land Between the townships of Peal and Maryborough from Dayton to D

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A large and varied assortment f-

**TOILET ARTICLES & PERFUMERY** 

AT THE MEDICAL HALL. Also a fresh supply of Carbolated Glycer-ne Jelly. E. HARVEY & Co.
Family and Dispensing Chemists
Guelph, May 9, 1872.



## WM. STEWART

Is now opening out a very attractive Stock of New DRY GOODS for early Spring use.

Notwithstanding the great advance in Dry Goods, I will be enabled to offer these Goods at last Season's prices. See advertisement next week.

WM. STEWART.



Guelph, March 16, 1872

NEW

Fancy Spring Goods, UPPER WYNDHAM STREET.

The subscriber begs to inform the lactes of Guelph and surrounding country that sho has just received a large and carefully selected stock of Spring Goods, comprising

All the Newest Styles and Patterns!

A SPLENDID STOCK OF BERLIN WOOLS ALL CCLOURS.

Braids, Switches, Chignons, General Fancy Goods, and Toys.

STAMPING DONE. Lock-stitch Sewing Machines for sale.

Next to the Wellington Hotel.

CASH FOR WOOL, HIDES, SHEEP-SKINS, CALF † KINS, and WOOI, PICKINGS.

PICKINGS.

The highest marke price paid for the above at No. 4, Gor on Street, Day's Old Block, Gustph.

Plasterers Halrooms and workers. Block, Guelph.

Plasterers Haircons antly on band for sain M JULTON & BISH, dw. Guelph, April 19, 11 L.