

(Continued from first page.)

been a bad dream; only the basket of apples, and the handbox, still tied up in the spotted handkerchief, confirmed his recollections, and when he went down, the patters, still, on his writing-table, added their testimony. But where was his mother? All the servants could tell him was they had found her bedroom door open when they had come down in the morning, and the front door unbarred and unbolting, and that was all.

"She had gone back to Sunnybrook," he said to himself, with a very sore heart; "she saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart! I will go and bring her back; she will be ready to forgive me nearly before I speak."

He looked at the train paper, and found there was an early, slow train by which his mother must have gone, and an express that would start in about an hour, and reach Martel only a quarter of an hour after the slower one. This just gave him time to make arrangements, and write a line to Violet, saying he was unexpectedly called away from London, but that he would come to her immediately on his return, for he had much to tell and explain. The cab was at the door to take him to the station, and everything was ready, and he was giving his last directions to Mr. Hyder.

"I shall be back to-morrow, Hyder, without fail, and I shall bring my mother with me." He brought out the word even now with an effort, and hated himself for the flush that came up into his face, but he went on firmly, "that was my mother who was here last night, and no man ever had a better."

I don't know how it happened, but everything seemed topsy-turvy that morning; for all at once Dr. Carter found himself shaking hands with Hyder before he knew what he was about, and the deferential, polite Hyder, whose respect had always been slightly tinged with contempt, was saying, with tears in his eyes, "Indeed, sir, I see that along; and I don't think none the worse of you, but a deal the better for saying it out like a man; and me and cook and the gals will do our best to make the old lady comfortable, that we will!"

Dr. Carter felt a strange, dream-like feeling as he got into the cab. Every one and everything seemed changed and he could not make it out; even Hyder seemed something more than an excellent servant. It was quite a relief to his mind, on his return next day, to find Hyder the same imperturbable person as before, and the little episode of handshaking and expressed sympathy not become a confirmed habit. It was a trifling relief even in the midst of his anxiety and disappointment, for he did not find his mother at Sunnybrook, nor did she arrive by either of the trains that followed the one he came by, though he waited the arrival of several at Martel. So he came back to London, feeling that he had gone on the wrong tack, but comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be able to trace her out wherever she had gone. But it was not so easy as he expected; the most artful and experienced criminal, escaping from justice, could not have gone to work more skillfully than the old woman did quite unconsciously. All his enquiries were fruitless: she had not been seen or noticed at Paddington, none of the houses or shops about had been open or astir at that early morning hour. Once he thought he had a clue, but it came to nothing, and, tired and despairing, he was obliged, very unwillingly, to put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find the old woman before another day was past.

It was with a very haggard anxious face that he came into the pretty drawing-room in Harley Street, where Violet sprang up from her low chair by the fire, to meet him. How pretty she was! how sweet! how elegant and graceful every movement and look, every detail of her dress! His eyes took in every beauty lovingly, as one who looks his last on something dearer

than life, and then lost all consciousness of any other beauty in the surpassing beauty of the love for him in her eyes. She stretched out both her soft hands to him, with the ring he had given her, the only ornament on them, and said, "Tell me about it?"

Do not you know some voices that have a caress in every word and comfort in every tone? Violet Meredith's was such a voice.

"I have come for that," he said, and he would not trust himself to take those hands in his, or to look any longer into the red caves among the glowing coals. "I have come to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque, and yet do justice to the kind, simple old heart, trying to make Violet see the great difference between the old countrywoman and herself. And then he told her of her having come to him, to end her days under her son's roof. "I could not ask you to live with her," he ended sadly.

She had clasped her hands round his arm, shyly, for it was only a few days since she had had to hide away her love, like a stolen treasure, out of sight.

"It is too late to think of that," she said, with a little coaxing laugh; "too late, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago. Yes, John,"—the name came still with a little hesitation,— "a whole week ago, and I will not let you off. And then, I have no mother of my own; she died before I can remember, and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? And what does it matter what she is like, you silly, old John?—she is your mother, and that is quite enough for me. And don't you think I love you more ridiculously than ever because you are so good and noble and true to your old mother, and are not ashamed of her because she is not exactly like other people?" And she laid her soft cheek against his sleeve, by her clasped hands, as she spoke.

But he drew back with almost a shudder.

"Love me less, then, Violet; hate me, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one should know, not even you; and I hurt and wounded her—her who would have done anything for her 'Laddie,' as she calls me—and she went away disappointed and sad and sorry, and I cannot find her."

To be continued.

William Wallace,
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Corner Earl and Water Streets,
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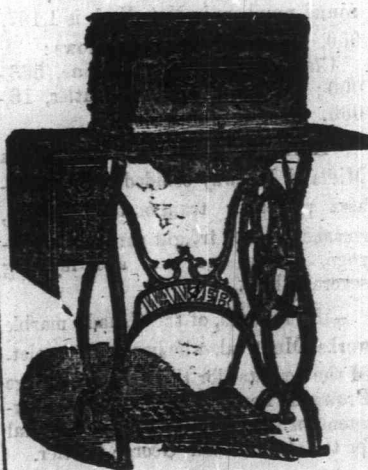
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W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Exp. Daily.		
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leave		5 50	1 45	
74 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23	
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 57	
42 Aylesford "		8 32	3 30	
47 Berwick "		8 55	3 43	
50 Westerville "		9 10	3 50	
59 Kentville dep	5 40	10 40	4 20	
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33	
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38	
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46	
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54	
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08	
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30	
116 Windsor June "	10 00	3 10	6 50	
130 Annapolis arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25	
GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M. W. F. daily.	Accm. daily.	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 30	
14 Windsor Jun "	8 00	8 30	3 30	
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	6 35	
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 20	6 53	
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	7 20	
61 Grand Pre "	9 58	12 05	7 33	
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	7 46	
68 Port Williams "	10 30	12 50	8 10	
71 Kentville "	10 50	1 02	8 30	
80 Westerville "	11 05	2 17		
83 Gerwick "	11 18	2 40		
88 Aylesford "	11 48	3 47		
102 Middleton "	12 23	4 52		
116 Bridgetown "	1 00	5 50		

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Empress leaves Annapolis for St John every Tues Thrus and Sat. p. m. Steamers Secret leaves Annapolis for Boston every Tues. p. m. Steamer Dominion leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Sat. p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.
P. Innes, General Manager.
Kerville, 1st Sept. 1884

Death-blow TO LARGE PROFITS



XMAS! CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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etc., etc. In King's County, which I can sell at a reduction from 25 to 50 percent beneath the Jewellery Fraternity of King's County. The public will find my stock of a superior quality to what is generally sold by traveling mountebanks, and others not legitimately brought up to the jewellery trade. Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to give me a call before going elsewhere.

My Stock consists of Gold and Silver Watches, Necklaces, Earrings, Brooches, Gold Wedding Rings and Keepers, Bracelets in gold and silver, Gents Alberts in gold and silver, Scarf Pins, Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons gold and silver, Lockets, Fancy Dress Rings, Silver Thimbles, Charms, Pencil Cases etc., etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE! I have for sale the largest selection of English Jewellery out of Halifax in fine Gold Lockets, Ladies' Gem Rings set in precious stones, Brooches, Earrings, Chains, Gents' Gold Rings, etc, etc, too numerous to mention.

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