

who have given me, after God, your first and pure affections; trust me, the desire of my heart is to merit them through life."

CHAPTER XVI.
A PAINFUL DISCOVERY.

The remainder of Lord Stanmore's visit at Marsden Park was occupied with preparations for the public career that now lay before him; and by the excitement of a threatened change of ministry, which, after various endeavors to form a better cabinet under a different chief, was reinstated, with some partial modifications. The Marquis of Seaham became minister for foreign affairs, and his previous office for the colonies was filled by the Marquis of Penzance, who had, till then, held the woods and forests. Lord Seaham had been mostly in London, or at a villa he had purchased at Richmond, but which could not be termed, like the one on Windermere, "Holiday Cottage"—transfers and assumptions of office always involving additional labor. It now became doubtful whether Lord Claud Chamberlayne, instead of returning to Munich, would not be sent to Vienna, as an important step towards becoming one day ambassador. In the midst of these various plans of public and private interest, Lord Stanmore and Lady Violet had one more long and private conversation, the evening before his departure from Marsden to join the marquis in London. All guests had departed save the Moorlands, Lord Claud, and our hero; and on the evening in question, the former trio were seated together in deep private discourse near the fire, while at the further end of the room, sheltered by musical instruments, sat Lord Stanmore and Lady Violet, making some final arrangements, among the rest, a correspondence while in London, to be conducted under the names of "Arthur" and "Violet," an immediate renewal of the betrothal, by each taking off the ring of the other, kissing it, and replacing it on the loved hand; a promise of miniatures from the skilful hand of the most eminent artist of the day, the which last arrangement led, most unexpectedly, from joy to sorrow, in the following manner:—

"I have already shown you the miniatures of my parents," said Lord Stanmore, "and I have seen several portraits of your father, dear Violet; but, to my surprise, I can nowhere discover any portrait, or even sketch, of your mother, the late Marchioness of Seaham. This surprises me the more, as Lady Clara has taken pains to leave no vacuum in your family line of pictures. Is there any portrait of her—of your mother? However badly executed, it would be interesting, and we could have it copied by some skilful artist. Can you remember her?"

A long pause, then the words, scarcely audible—"I was only three years old when she left me."

"When she left you for a better world," added Lord Stanmore. "But the duchess led me to think that you were in the slight mourning preparatory to resuming colors, when I first saw you at the Lake of Windermere, a few months ago."

"I was nearly thirteen years old when she died," said Violet.

"Where did she die?"

"In Italy."

"Ah, she was taken to Italy for her health and there died. But who were with her of the family?"

"No one," said Violet, weeping; "they could not. She had obtained leave to enter the strict branch of the Franciscan Order called the 'Entombed Alive'—*Le Sepolto Viva*."

"Who gave leave?"

"Papa gave leave, and then the Pope."

A sudden light flashed on the mind of Lord Stanmore. He felt inexpressibly shocked, and could only say:

"Oh, my poor Violet!"

"Uncle Claud will tell you," whispered she; "he was very kind to poor mamma. I shall see you to-morrow before you go, if not, we shall meet in London next week; and I have requested Dr. Rollings for to-morrow's mass to be for you, Arthur."

As Lady Violet passed the still consulting trio to bid good-night, she bent to her uncle's ear the entreaty that he would "explain about poor mamma to Lord Stanmore." Lord Claud immediately complied, and found our hero with his hands clasped over his face in a state of the most painful emotion.

"My dear Stanmore," said Lord Claud, "I trust that this cruel family blot and affliction will cause no chance in your sentiments towards our angelic Violet. It is not as if she had been educated by a frail mother. She was only three years old when that unfortunate mother left her—an abandonment of duty that poor Lady Seaham expiated by the most heartfelt and severe penance. I am ready to reply to any questions."

"Thank you, Lord Claud. My first question is—Why was I never told this history?"

"I may safely reply that there has been no intention, on our part, to keep you in ignorance of a thing so publicly known that it has been taken for granted you were aware of it."

"Who was the seducer?"

"Lord Edwin Fitzjames, brother to the present Marquis of Penzance."

"Is he alive?"

"He is."

"The wretch! Oh! if I ever meet him!"

"My dear Stanmore, he has been met by one whom he has far more grievously injured than you, or any man. He was shown last year into a room where my brother was waiting to speak the first lord the treasury. These two men, the injurer and the injured, stood opposite each other as if struck motionless. At length, Lord Edwin sank on his knees and said, 'she is dead. Let me die forgiven!' My brother said, 'you are forgiven,' and fell back fainting into the chair, from which he had started up. He had an illness of three weeks; but that heroic act will send him a happy death and favorable judgment, when that supreme hour shall arrive."

Yes, yes, it was heroic—too heroic. But the marquis was already injured. And you, Lord Claud, you have known all this so many years that you are accustomed to it. With him, and with you all, the guilt, the blot is irremediable; you cannot escape from it."

"Good heavens! Lord Stanmore, escape from us if you wish it," cried Lord Claud. "Clara, will you come here?"

Lady Clara immediately arose, but Sir Henry detained her first, saying in his usual tone of voice:

"Is he worth all this?" Then adding loudly to Lord Stanmore, "come my young viscount the world has hitherto smiled a little too softly on you; some humiliation and adversity will do you no harm."

"Mon Dieu," cried Arthur, suddenly leaping from his seat and clenching his hands, while he continued, rapidly in French, "is this the man to be taunting me with being a spoiled boy, has caused the one great adversity of my life, and who continues selfishly to occupy the whole time and attention of her who used to be the 'light' the real 'Clara' of her house."

"What is all that?" inquired the general, of Lady Clara.

"Oh!" replied she, "do permit me to soothe him: the blood is going to his head. He is speaking in delirium—"

"Well, I hope so. But go to him, for God forbid that any one from want of care or skill should have a stroke."

"My cousin, Arthur," said she, gently approaching him with her hand-

kerchief steeped in eau de cologne, "sit down here, and let me lay this across your forehead. If we could have prevented this shock to you, we would have done so. God has permitted it; we must permit it. There now; is it not refreshingly cold?"

Lord Stanmore did not reply but by kissing the ministering hands; at length he said:

"It was you wished it."

"Exactly so," replied she, "I take the whole responsibility on myself. I did wish it, and I do wish it. Violet has been my child, my pupil, my congenial companion, the object of my tender solicitude and affection. I wish to make her happy by confiding her to your warm and generous heart. To-morrow, my brother Claud and I will edify you by a recital of the penitent years of our lovely and unfortunate sister-in-law. Her fault having been public, her penance became so; and the expiation has been deemed sufficient in the sight of her erring fellow-mortals. No shadow can fall on her innocent child. Do you feel better?"

"If he does not," said the general, feeling for the bell-handle, "he must be bled moderately; and if he is better, we should all go to repose, for it is past eleven o'clock."

"Of course, I feel better," said Arthur, in a low voice, to the brother and sister. "Thank you, Lord Claud, for bearing with me so patiently. And you, Lady Clara, what can I say to you?"

"Just what you have said, that you really feel better. A good night will restore you."

During the excitement in the room below, the young Violet, perfectly unconscious, in her inexperience of life, that her mother's fault could react on herself, after a few tender tears to that mother's memory, and the accustomed prayers for the repose of her soul, fell asleep amid thoughts of pleasantness and peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. and a bonus of one per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution has this day been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after

FRIDAY, 1st DAY OF JUNE NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House in this city on Wednesday, the 20th June next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.
Toronto, 26th April, 1894.