

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY MISS MULLOCK.

CHAPTER XIII.

Just finished by long letter to Lisabel, and lingered over the direction, "Mrs. Treherne, Treherne Court."

How strange to think of our Lisa as Mistress there. Which she is in fact, for Lady Treherne, a mild, elderly lady, is wholly engrossed in tending Sir William, who is very infirm.

It sometimes crosses my mind what Dr. Urquhart said, about his life being "owed." All our lives are, in one sense, to ourselves, to our fellow-creatures, to God; or, in there some point of union which includes all three!

Perhaps, according to Colin Granton's lately learned doctrine—I know whence learned—it is the having something to do. Something to be, your fine preacher of self-culture would suggest; but self-culture is often no better than idealized egotism; people sick of themselves want something to do.

Yesterday, driving with papa along the edges of the camp, where we never go now, I caught sight of the slope where the hospital is, and could even distinguish the poor fellows sitting in the sun, or lounging about in their blue hospital clothes.

No, while there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment; in which there is but one supreme Adam, one perfect specimen of humanity, namely, himself.

So I keep reasoning with myself. If I could only find a good and adequate reason for some things which perplex me sorely, about myself and—other people, it would be a great comfort.

To-day, among a heap of notes which papa gave me to make candle-lighters of, I found this note, which I kept, the handwriting being peculiar—and I have a few crotchets about handwriting.

"DEAR SIR: Press of business, and other unforeseen circumstances, with which I am fettered, make it impossible for me to accept any invitations at present. I hope you will believe that I can never forget the hospitalities of Rockmount, and that I am ever most gratefully your faithful servant, MAX URGU-HART."

Can he, then, mean our acquaintance to cease? Should we be a hindrance in his busy, useful life—such a frivolous family ours? It may be so. Yet I fear papa will be hurt.

This afternoon, though it was Sunday, I could not stay in the house or garden, but went out, far upon the moor, and walked till I was weary.

"I must have been the over-accident of this day; but I felt as if, had I not cried, my temples and throat would have burst with a choking pain, that lasted long after Lisabel was gone."

They did not alter their stay more than four hours. Augustus talked of riding over to the camp, to see his friend, Dr. Urquhart, whom he has heard nothing of since the wedding-day; but Lisabel persuaded him against it.

country, not to her—when, just for one minute, he held her tight, tight in his arms—Max, I mean. Death afterward could not have been so very hard.

I am beginning to give up—strange, perhaps, that it should have lasted so long—my belief in the possible happiness of life. Apparently, people were never meant to be happy.

It does not much matter after all—it does not indeed! I never wanted anybody to think about me, to care for me, half as much as anybody to look up to—be satisfied in—to honor and reverence. I can do that still!

Like a fool, I have been crying again, till I ought, properly, to tear this leaf out, and begin afresh. No, I will not. Nobody will ever see it, and it does no harm to my humors being.

"God bless him!" the old woman said. I might say something of the like sort too; for he did me a deal of good; he was very kind to me.

CHAPTER XIII. HER STORY. Papa and Penelope are out to dinner. I myself was out yesterday, and did not return till they were gone; so I sit up for them; and, meantime, shall amuse myself with writing here.

The last date was Sunday, and now it is only Tuesday, but much seems to have happened between. And yet nothing really has happened but two quiet days at the Cedars, and one gay evening—people would call it gay.

It has been the talk of the neighborhood for weeks, this amateur concert at the camp. We got our invitation, of course; and such and such regiment (I forget which; at least I forget one) presenting their compliments to the Reverend William Henry and the Misses Johnston, and requesting their company.

Papa shook his head, and Penelope was indifferent. Then I gave up all thoughts of going, if I ever had any.

The surprise was almost pleasant when Mrs. Granton, coming in, declared she would take me herself, as it was quite necessary I should have a little gayety to keep me from moping after Lisabel.

Driving along over the moors was pleasant, too, even though it snowed a little. I found myself laughing back at Colin, who sat in the box occasionally turning to shake the white flakes off him, like a great Polar bear.

I have a habit of growing attached to places, independently of the persons connected with them. Thus, I cannot imagine any time when it would not be an enjoyment to drive up to the hall door of the Cedars, sweeping round in the wide curve that Colin is so proud of making his carriage wheels describe.

I love the place. If I went away for years—if I never saw it again—I should always love it and remember it; Mrs. Granton, so, for she seems an integral part of our life.

There were many of our neighbors and acquaintances whom I knew by sight or to bow to—and that was all I could see every corner of the room—still that was all.

The audience seemed in a state of exuberant enjoyment, especially if they had a bit of sea-breeze, which nearly every one had, except ourselves.

"You'll be quite ashamed of poor Colin, in his plain black, Dora, my dear!" Not very likely, as I told her, with my heart warmly grateful to Colin, who had been so attentive, thoughtful, and kind.

Altogether a gay and pretty scene. Grave persons might possibly eschew it or condemn it; but no large liberal spirit judges all things liberally, and would never see evil in anything but sin.

I sat, enjoying all I could. But more than once ghostly imaginations intruded, picturing these young officers elsewhere than here, with their merry mustached faces pressed upon the reddened grass, their goodly limbs lopped and mingled; or, worse, themselves, their kindly, lightsome selves, changed into white soldiers, as must be, in battle—friends rather than men, bound to execute that slaughter which is the absolute necessity of war.

By-the-by, he inquired after you, if you were better. Colin had told him you were well.

I testified my extreme surprise and denial of this. "Oh, but you looked ill. You were just like a ghost the day Mrs. Treherne was at Rockmount—my son noticed it. He says, you need not finish up so angrily; it was only my Colin's anxiety about you—"

"I smiled, and said his old play-fellow was very much obliged to him. So this business is not so engrossing but that Dr. Urquhart can find time to pay visits somewhere. And he had been inquiring for me. Still he might have made the inquiry at our own door.

Ought people, even if they do lead a busy life, to forget ordinary courtesy—accepting hospitality, and neglecting it—cultivating acquaintance, and then dropping it? I think not; all the respect in the world cannot make one put aside one's common sense judgment of another's actions.

Mrs. Granton discussed him a little, and spoke gratefully of Colin's obligations to him and what a loss it would be for Colin when the regiment left the camp.

"How fortunate that your brother-in-law sold out when he did. He could not well have done so now, when there is a report of their being ordered on active service shortly. Colin says we are likely to have war again, but I do hope not."

And just then Colin came to fetch me to the green-houses, to choose a camellia for my hair.

Likely to have war again! When Mrs. Granton left me to dress, I sat over my bedroom fire, thinking—I hardly know what. All sorts of visions were flitting through my mind—of scenes I have heard talked about, in hospital, in battle, on the battle-field afterward.

Especially one, which Augustus has often described, when he woke up, stiff and cold, on the moonlight plain, from under his dead horse, and saw Dr. Urquhart standing over him.

Colin whistling through the corridor, Mrs. Granton's lively "Are you ready, my dear?" made me conscious that this would not do.

I stood up, and dressed myself in the silk gown which I wore at the ball, tried to stick the red camellia in my hair, but the buds all broke off under my fingers, and I had to go down without it.

However, Colin insisted on going with a lantern to hunt for another flower, and his mother took a world of pains to fasten it in, and make me look "pretty."

They were so kind—it was wicked not to try and enjoy one's self. Driving along in the sharp, clear twilight, till we caught sight of the long lines of lamps which made the camp so picturesque at night-time, I found that compelling one's self to be gay sometimes makes one so.

We committed all sorts of blunders in the dark—came across a sentry, who challenged us, and, nobody thinking of giving the password, had actually leveled his gun, and was proceeding in the gravest manner to do his duty and fire upon us, when our coachman shrieked, and Colin jumped out, which he had to do a dozen times, tramping the snow with his thin boots, to his mother's great uneasiness, and laughing all the time—before we discovered the goal of our hopes—the concert room.

Almost any one else would have grown cross, but the good mother and son had the gayest spirits, and the best tempers imaginable. The present—the present is, after all, the only thing certain. I begin to feel as cheery as they.

There were many of our neighbors and acquaintances whom I knew by sight or to bow to—and that was all I could see every corner of the room—still that was all.

The audience seemed in a state of exuberant enjoyment, especially if they had a bit of sea-breeze, which nearly every one had, except ourselves.

"You'll be quite ashamed of poor Colin, in his plain black, Dora, my dear!" Not very likely, as I told her, with my heart warmly grateful to Colin, who had been so attentive, thoughtful, and kind.

Altogether a gay and pretty scene. Grave persons might possibly eschew it or condemn it; but no large liberal spirit judges all things liberally, and would never see evil in anything but sin.

I sat, enjoying all I could. But more than once ghostly imaginations intruded, picturing these young officers elsewhere than here, with their merry mustached faces pressed upon the reddened grass, their goodly limbs lopped and mingled; or, worse, themselves, their kindly, lightsome selves, changed into white soldiers, as must be, in battle—friends rather than men, bound to execute that slaughter which is the absolute necessity of war.

To have gone on pondering thus would have been dangerous. Happily, I stopped myself before all self-control was gone.

The first singer was a slim youth, who facing the footlights with an air of fierce determination, and probably more inward cowardice than he would have felt toward a whole regiment of Russians, gave us, in a rather uncertain tenor, his resolution to "love no more," which was vehemently applauded—and vanished.

Next came "The Church and Crown," an excellent very independently, none of the vocalists being agreed as to their "opening day." Afterwards, the first soprano—a professional, informed us

with thrill expression that, "Oh, yes, she must have something to love; which I am sure I hope she had, poor body! There was a quiet of some sort, and then the primo tenore came on for an Italian song.

Poor youth! a fourth-rate opera-singer might have done it better; but 'tis mean to criticize; he did his best; and when, after a grand roudale, he popped down, with all his heart and lungs, upon the last note, there arose a cordial English cheer, to which he responded with an awkward duck of the head, and a de-lightful smile; very unprofessional, but altogether pleasant and natural.

The evening was now half over. Mrs. Granton thought I was looking tired, and Colin wrapped my feet up in his fur coat, for it was very cold. They were afraid I was not enjoying myself, so I let my whole appreciative faculties to the comical-faced young officer who skipped forward, hugging his violin, which he played with such total self-oblivious enjoyment that he was the least nervous and most successful of all the amateurs; the timid young officer with the splendid bass voice, who was always losing his place and putting his companions out; and the solemn young officer who marched up to the piano-forte as though it was a reagan, and pounded away at a heavy sonata, as if feeling that England expected him to do his duty; which he did, and was deliberately retreating, when, in that free-and-easy way with which audience and stage intermingled, some one called him "Andell."

"Who wants me?" "Urquhart!" At least I was almost sure that was the name.

There was a good deal more of singing and playing; then "God save the Queen," with a full chorus and military band. That grand old tune is always exciting; it was so, especially, here to-night.

Likely to have war. If so, a year hence, where might be all these gay young fellows, whispering and flirting with pretty girls, walked about the room by proud mothers and sisters? I never thought of it, never understood it, till now—I who used to ridicule and despise soldiers! These mothers—these sisters! they might not have felt it for themselves, but my heart felt bursting. I could hardly stand.

We were some time in getting out of the door through the long lines of capulets and swords, the owners of which—I beg their pardon, but cannot help saying it—were not too civil; until a voice behind cried:

"Do make way there—how do you expect those ladies to push past you?" And a courteous helping hand was held out to Mrs. Granton, as any gentleman ought to any lady—especially an old lady.

"Doctor, is that you? What a scramble this is! Now, will you assist my young friend here?" Then—and not till then, I am positive he recognized me.

Something has happened to him—something has altered him very much. I felt certain of that on the very first glimpse I caught of his face. It shocked me so that I never said "how do you do?" I never even put out my hand. Oh, that I had!

He scarcely spoke, and we lost him in the crowd almost immediately. There was a great confusion of carriages. Colin ran hither and thither, but could not find ours. Some minutes after, we were still out in the bitter night; Mrs. Granton talking to somebody, I standing by myself. I felt very desolate and cold.

"How long have you had that cough?" I asked him, and he turned round. We shook hands.

"You had no business at here on such a night. Why did you come?" Somehow, the sharpness did not offend me, though it was rare in Dr. Urquhart, who is usually extremely gentle in his way of speech.

"I told him my cough was nothing—it was indeed as much nervousness as cold, though, of course, I do not confess that—and then another fit came on, leaving me all shaking and trembling.

"You ought not to have come; is there nobody to take better care of you, child? No—don't speak. You must submit if you please."

"Never mind me! I am used to all weather. I'm not a little delicate creature like you."

I said, laughing, I was a great deal stronger than he had any notion of—but as he had begun our acquaintance by taking professional care of me, he might just as well continue it; and it certainly was a little colder here than it was that night at the Cedars.

Here Colin came up, to say "we had better walk on to meet the carriage, rather than wait for it." Me and Dr. Urquhart exchanged a few words, then he took his mother on one arm—good Colin, he never neglects his old mother—and offered me the other.

"Let me take care of Miss Theodora," said Dr. Urquhart, rather decidedly. "Will you come?" I am sure he meant me to come. I hope it was not rude to Colin; but I could not help coming—I could not help taking his arm. It was such a long time since we had met.

with thrill expression that, "Oh, yes, she must have something to love; which I am sure I hope she had, poor body! There was a quiet of some sort, and then the primo tenore came on for an Italian song.

Poor youth! a fourth-rate opera-singer might have done it better; but 'tis mean to criticize; he did his best; and when, after a grand roudale, he popped down, with all his heart and lungs, upon the last note, there arose a cordial English cheer, to which he responded with an awkward duck of the head, and a de-lightful smile; very unprofessional, but altogether pleasant and natural.

The evening was now half over. Mrs. Granton thought I was looking tired, and Colin wrapped my feet up in his fur coat, for it was very cold. They were afraid I was not enjoying myself, so I let my whole appreciative faculties to the comical-faced young officer who skipped forward, hugging his violin, which he played with such total self-oblivious enjoyment that he was the least nervous and most successful of all the amateurs; the timid young officer with the splendid bass voice, who was always losing his place and putting his companions out; and the solemn young officer who marched up to the piano-forte as though it was a reagan, and pounded away at a heavy sonata, as if feeling that England expected him to do his duty; which he did, and was deliberately retreating, when, in that free-and-easy way with which audience and stage intermingled, some one called him "Andell."

"Who wants me?" "Urquhart!" At least I was almost sure that was the name.

There was a good deal more of singing and playing; then "God save the Queen," with a full chorus and military band. That grand old tune is always exciting; it was so, especially, here to-night.

Likely to have war. If so, a year hence, where might be all these gay young fellows, whispering and flirting with pretty girls, walked about the room by proud mothers and sisters? I never thought of it, never understood it, till now—I who used to ridicule and despise soldiers! These mothers—these sisters! they might not have felt it for themselves, but my heart felt bursting. I could hardly stand.

We were some time in getting out of the door through the long lines of capulets and swords, the owners of which—I beg their pardon, but cannot help saying it—were not too civil; until a voice behind cried:

"Do make way there—how do you expect those ladies to push past you?" And a courteous helping hand was held out to Mrs. Granton, as any gentleman ought to any lady—especially an old lady.

"Doctor, is that you? What a scramble this is! Now, will you assist my young friend here?" Then—and not till then, I am positive he recognized me.

Something has happened to him—something has altered him very much. I felt certain of that on the very first glimpse I caught of his face. It shocked me so that I never said "how do you do?" I never even put out my hand. Oh, that I had!

He scarcely spoke, and we lost him in the crowd almost immediately. There was a great confusion of carriages. Colin ran hither and thither, but could not find ours. Some minutes after, we were still out in the bitter night; Mrs. Granton talking to somebody, I standing by myself. I felt very desolate and cold.

"How long have you had that cough?" I asked him, and he turned round. We shook hands.

"You had no business at here on such a night. Why did you come?" Somehow, the sharpness did not offend me, though it was rare in Dr. Urquhart, who is usually extremely gentle in his way of speech.

"I told him my cough was nothing—it was indeed as much nervousness as cold, though, of course, I do not confess that—and then another fit came on, leaving me all shaking and trembling.

"You ought not to have come; is there nobody to take better care of you, child? No—don't speak. You must submit if you please."

"Never mind me! I am used to all weather. I'm not a little delicate creature like you."

I said, laughing, I was a great deal stronger than he had any notion of—but as he had begun our acquaintance by taking professional care of me, he might just as well continue it; and it certainly was a little colder here than it was that night at the Cedars.

Here Colin came up, to say "we had better walk on to meet the carriage, rather than wait for it." Me and Dr. Urquhart exchanged a few words, then he took his mother on one arm—good Colin, he never neglects his old mother—and offered me the other.

"Let me take care of Miss Theodora," said Dr. Urquhart, rather decidedly. "Will you come?" I am sure he meant me to come. I hope it was not rude to Colin; but I could not help coming—I could not help taking his arm. It was such a long time since we had met.

But I had my tongue, as I had been bidden, indeed, nothing came into my head to say. Dr. Urquhart made only one observation, and that not particularly striking:

"What sort of shoes have you gotten?" "Thick ones."

who make the offer. The Government failed in its duty in not advertising for tenders and letting it be known in a general way it was prepared to give in the matter of money and lands. If the offer is a bona fide one and the names at the foot of it are those of responsible persons who are able to give good security for the due performance of the contract, Parliament cannot afford to ignore it. Parliament is the trustee of the people, and is responsible for the proper disbursement of the public funds. To contract to hand over several million dollars and several million acres of land more than the work of building the road can be done for, would be to do that for which there could be no justification. The business of Parliament is to make the best possible bargain for the country, or a week's delay, or a month's delay, or a year's delay, will save what is equal to ten or fifteen millions of dollars there is no possible excuse for hastily pushing the present contract through. It may be quite true that the Government is pledged by the contract; but Parliament is not pledged, and without the endorsement of Parliament the Government's pledge goes for nothing. This was quite understood by both parties to the contract when it was signed. Looking at the matter from a national point of view, without regard to the interests of either party, we feel free to say that the Government will not be justified in calling upon its supporters to ratify the contract while a better offer is before it. This is not the assumption, of course, that the new syndicate has not been formed with a view to selling out.—[Telegraph.]

The Liberal Leader. Mr. Blake was fortunate in having been called upon to assume the leadership of the Reform party at the time he was. The syndicate contract is such a splendid thing to attack, that it almost looks as if it had been made on purpose to provide him with a platform to go before the people. It has given him an issue upon which all sections of the Opposition may stand together, and it has enabled him to take the platform and make some of the finest speeches of his life. Whether he wins or loses in asking Parliament to reject the contract very little difference; from purely Opposition point of view it would be better for his purposes if he did not win, and the contract went through, for then he would be provided with a telling cry for the general election. Mr. Blake's weak point as a leader is his want of warmth, and what is so marked in Sir John Macdonald, personal magnanimity, although socially he is of the most genial disposition. It is a great misfortune to him that he is short-sighted, not mentally, but physically. That has a very great deal to do with his lack of personal popularity. He does not see people, and often, in the corridors and on the street passes his own friends and supporters. Naturally, people do not like to be ignored, and when they do not understand the reason they set it down to glaucousness, self-importance and pride.—[Globe.]

Banking. BANK OF MONTREAL. CAPITAL, \$10,000,000. RESERVE, \$2,000,000.

Goderich Branch. C. R. DUNSFORD, Manager. Allows interest on deposits. Drafts, letters of credit and circular notes issued, payable in all parts of the world.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. Paid up Capital, \$5,000,000. Res., \$1,500,000.

Goderich Branch. A. M. ROSS, MANAGER. Interest allowed on deposits. Drafts on all the principal towns and cities in Canada, Great Britain and the United States, bought and sold.

W. S. Hart & Co., PROPRIETORS. GODERICH MILLS, (Late Piper's.) A LARGE QUANTITY OF choice

Buckwheat Flour ON HAND. Carpet Weaving! In new patterns and new Warps.

DINING-ROOM CARPETS! and all work in the weaving done carefully, neatly and promptly done.

Kingston street, Goderich. NOTICE—THOSE OF OUR READERS desiring to obtain a profitable employment, or valuable reading matter, should send 25 cents to the FRANK LEECH PUBLISHING CO., 15 DEPT ST., New York, for a complete set of their publications.

premiums, etc., or \$1.00 for a complete agent's kit of 12 beautiful Chromos and our Premium Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, with twenty copies of all our publications, etc. An active agent wanted in every town. Their illustrated Catalogue can be made weekly. Premiums, take at sight. Do not delay if you wish to secure your territory. Address FRANK LEECH PUBLISHING CO., 15 DEPT ST., New York.

The first offer over which Lisabel sided, was taken afternoon. The was made up of Betsy Grant, a and a couple of Owa Riffa. O was a number of eminent citizens and a large of His Honor of Chamber amid. He delivered the congratulatory which the House of Speaker, and

It affords me the first occasion as Lieut.-Governor sentatives of his welcome them t change of the congratulate yo commercial prospere abundant harv the revival of t increased dema cepts from whi say, have consid mate of last ses

It is much t Dominion Govt step to obtain, no intention of the Parliament confirming the northerly and Ontario, made t most distinguis by the two Gov before them all for the most part in America and light during the ing on the subj ment in this res ment and organ of country; to d an order which all others, are e withdraw from t benefits which territory would

It is obvious construction of Ontario and the ex of the very g interest of this ction having b by an Act of a Legislature, a n ed to you for c Act with the le The Commis quire into mat agriculturists ind close and unri duties a signer large amount interest ing chat The evidence a sioners will be course of the publication of stimulate and spirit of impro of the Provin produce a favor of the opening the capital and and experience you will agree s under no t gentlemen, a sary recompu Government, s of satisfaction ed in low or ings of the Co guarded by the

The subject Provincis B B the keeping due perform business of t proper accom and the Pr the safety, an and other per service, has r tion of the plans were a designs, by a submitted. I was entirely those of v have most conditions o under the t secured for th authors of the plain other co plans experts ably, to mo with a view t merits by a altered. Th this that to p the common and the ear worthy of t not exceedin that for pur The repor of the public you.

I am glad institutions of the Govern satisfactory which Provi ively perfor it fully c afforded the The repoi as usual pos as it does, excellence, g tries, the ec has attaine v be spared t state of eff provent arly educati has been i than prev sion has b higher edu I come of the adm continued sifting by

Full Text of the

The first offer over which Lisabel sided, was taken afternoon. The was made up of Betsy Grant, a and a couple of Owa Riffa. O was a number of eminent citizens and a large of His Honor of Chamber amid. He delivered the congratulatory which the House of Speaker, and

It affords me the first occasion as Lieut.-Governor sentatives of his welcome them t change of the congratulate yo commercial prospere abundant harv the revival of t increased dema cepts from whi say, have consid mate of last ses

It is much t Dominion Govt step to obtain, no intention of the Parliament confirming the northerly and Ontario, made t most distinguis by the two Gov before them all for the most part in America and light during the ing on the subj ment in this res ment and organ of country; to d an order which all others, are e withdraw from t benefits which territory would

It is obvious construction of Ontario and the ex of the very g interest of this ction having b by an Act of a Legislature, a n ed to you for c Act with the le The Commis quire into mat agriculturists ind close and unri duties a signer large amount interest ing chat The evidence a sioners will be course of the publication of stimulate and spirit of impro of the Provin produce a favor of the opening the capital and and experience you will agree s under no t gentlemen, a sary recompu Government, s of satisfaction ed in low or ings of the Co guarded by the

The subject Provincis B B the keeping due perform business of t proper accom and the Pr the safety, an and other per service, has r tion of the plans were a designs, by a submitted. I was entirely those of v have most conditions o under the t secured for th authors of the plain other co plans experts ably, to mo with a view t merits by a altered. Th this that to p the common and the ear worthy of t not exceedin that for pur The repor of the public you.

I am glad institutions of the Govern satisfactory which Provi ively perfor it fully c afforded the The repoi as usual pos as it does, excellence, g tries, the ec has attaine v be spared t state of eff provent arly educati has been i than prev sion has b higher edu I come of the adm continued sifting by

The formation of a new syndicate prepared to build the Canada Pacific Railway at less cost to the country than the syndicate with which the Govern- ment entered into a preliminary con- tract will have an important bearing on the subject now before the Parliament. The pretence that the offer of the new syndicate has come late will not hold good. It is in the fact; the fact is with the Government and not with the

January 21st.