

"Same to you, and many of 'em!" returned Mr. Hobday. "You must speak your own language if you want me to understand you. I suppose you are in high glee over my failure."

"As a Conservative, I naturally rejoice that my side has been victorious," replied Staveley; "but I feel that our triumph will be short. You are not a man whose name can be associated with failure, Mr. Hobday. You are like Antæus, who gathered fresh strength from Mother Earth every time that he was overthrown. Soon you will be very strong—if you go on as you have been doing lately, for I think Lord Rye gave you a rather nasty fall the other day. My dear sir, what made you imagine that you could bribe a man like that?"

"I didn't bribe him," said Mr. Hobday, sullenly. "I made him a devilish handsome offer, and I shouldn't have thought he'd be such an ass as to go talking about it. However, now that you know, you can judge for yourself whether I haven't got his lordship under my thumb, and whether I ain't as likely to prove as strong as old Antics, or whatever his name was. Those Dennes are in my power, and they shall feel it when I choose."

That was his consolation. He had the power. He did not care to use it just at once; but it pleased him to think that he could do so, and that the enemy knew that he could. This attitude of menacing quiescence he maintained during several weeks, while Stillbourne—the bustle of the election being over—sank back into its accustomed stagnation. Lord Rye had gone away, nominally to recruit his health at the seaside, but in reality to practise that economy which he had such difficulty in reconciling with the dignity of his station. Egbert also had left for London, intending to lay the foundation-stone of a permanent artistic renown. The inmates of Sheldon Park found life very tedious at this time, and if it had not been for Staveley, who sometimes walked over to discuss the topics of the day with him, and Mr. Sampson, whom he bullied from morning to night, Mr. Hobday would have been brought to the verge of melancholy madness. And after all, to one of his temperament, there was little pleasure to be derived from conversation with a friend who did not think it worth while to, and a subordinate who dared not, contradict him. He almost jumped with joy when, one afternoon, a card was brought to him bearing the name of Viscount Grinstead, and it was with an exhilarating sense of coming strife that he hurried into the drawing-room to meet his visitor.

He was a good-humoured but rather dissipating young man, who wore clothes of a sporting cut, and who, like his father, possessed a fine Roman nose. It presently appeared, however, that there were no other points of resemblance between him and Lord Rye. Nothing, indeed, could have been in stronger contrast to the *morque* of that old-fashioned nobleman than the easy and familiar address of his heir-apparent.

"Well, Mr. Hobday," Lord Grinstead said, after offering some preliminary observations about the weather and the hunting prospects, which were rather gruffly responded to, "I thought the best thing I could do was to look you up, as I have a day or two to spare just now. They tell me you hold a lot of my paper."

"Pretty well all of it, I believe," answered Mr. Hobday, contemplating his victim with grim complacency. "At least, it comes to a trifle over £20,000."

"Ah, you're speaking of the nominal value, of course. So you bought it all up? what a funny thing to do! What could have tempted you to go in for such a doubtful spec.?"

"Never you mind, young man," answered Mr. Hobday, recognizing at once that he was in the presence of a far more tractable representative of insolvency than Lord Rye. "I had my reasons; you may take your oath of that."

"Oh, I suppose so; I was only wondering what on earth they could be. I hear that you actually offered to hand over the whole of my acceptances upon condition that they let you get in for Stillbourne."

"That is so," replied Mr. Hobday, who was now a little ashamed of the transaction which he had suggested, but who would have died rather than confess as much. "I made that offer; and an uncommon liberal offer it was, I think."

"So do I," agreed Lord Grinstead, cordially. "Only wish I had had the chance of accepting it. I really believe the old man would have accepted it if you had taken him the right way. With your knowledge of the world, Mr. Hobday, you must be aware that many people require to be let down easy."

"I don't, as a rule, trouble myself much about that kind of thing," said Mr. Hobday, dryly.

"Ah, but you should, you know. You would find life so much pleasanter if you would consent to study people's peculiarities and smooth them down properly. I always go upon that system myself, and I can assure you that, when once you get into the way of it, it is not a bit more trouble to be civil than to be rude."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Hobday. "Maybe you're right: but I'm a plain man myself, and I like to put things in a plain way. I suppose you didn't come here to give me a lesson in manners, did you? Perhaps you came to pay me."

"What—twenty thousand pounds? Hardly. No, my dear Mr. Hobday, you can't get blood out of a stone, and I am sorry to say that my luck has not been as good of late as I should have liked it to be. Still, I have picked up a few crumbs, and what I wished to do was to try and arrange matters as comfortably as is possible in the interests of all parties. In point of fact I am in hopes of persuading you to renew."

"I am not a money-lender," answered Mr. Hobday, uncompromisingly. "Of course not."

(To be continued.)

ERRINGTON GIBSON, Door, Sash & Moulding Factory, AND PLANING MILLS, 81 and 83 Pleasant Street, HALIFAX

Tongue and Grooving, Turning, Scroll Sawing, Band Sawing, &c.

And every description of work usually done in a first class Factory. Estimates furnished for every description of work. Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

ANOTHER PROOF!

PORT HAWKESBURY, N. S.

I beg leave to certify that I have used "Puttner's Emulsion with Hypophosphites" with great satisfaction, and in cases where Cod Liver Oil was called for. I can heartily recommend it as an agreeable mixture, disguising so successfully the nauseous taste of the oil, that in no instance have I seen patients refuse to take it.

D. M. JOHNSON, M.D.

WINANS' HOTEL.

(Formerly the Tremont.)

TRURO.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

The house having been entirely renovated, I am sanguine of success in pleasing all patrons.

Ample stabling and good attendance.

J. T. WINANS.

MOIR, SON & CO. MAMMOTH WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,
Biscuit,
Confectionery,
Fruit Syrups, etc., etc.

Salesroom—128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

WM. BANNISTER

IMPORTER AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
SPECTACLES,
PLATED WARES.

Repairs Neatly and Carefully Executed.

144 Granville St., Halifax.

Refined Sugars!

THE
Halifax Sugar Refining Co.,
(Limited.)

This REFINERY situated at Woodside, Dartmouth, Halifax Co., is prepared to supply the Wholesale Trade throughout the Country with the best Refined Sugars at lowest market prices. For terms and prices apply to

S. CUNARD & CO.,
Agents Halifax Sugar Refining Co., (Limit'd).
Upper Water Street, Halifax.

R FLEMING,
Ladies' & Gents' Hairdresser,
WINDSOR, N. S.

The Immortality of the Soul,

BY LEON AND HARRIET LEWIS,

COMPRISING

1. Why and how the soul is immortal. 2. Actual nature of the change we call death. 3. Where is the spirit world? 4. What occupies the soul there?—5. Do our lost little ones grow to maturity in spirit life? 6. Is the spirit world material? 7. Does sex exist in spirit life? and why? 8. Is the spirit world natural? 9. Is the immortality of the soul a characteristic of the inhabitants of the worlds around us? 10. What are the actual facts of the current 'spiritual manifestations'? 11. 10 cents each, postpaid, or all neatly bound in one vol., 8s. Address LEON LEWIS, Publisher, GREENPORT, N. Y.

WM. READ,

Pork-Butcher, etc.

Fresh and Salt Pork, Hams, Bacon, Sausages, Brawn, Lard, Eggs, &c., &c.

TERMS CASH.

20 & 22 Spring Garden Road.

Oranges, Lemons,
Raisins, Figs.

80 barrels very fine sweet Oranges,
40 cases new Lemons,
400 small boxes Eleme Figs,
200 boxes Valencia and Eleme Raisins,
100 " London Layers, } New California Raisins,
100 quarter " } very fine
50 boxes Loose Muscatel, }
2 bags new Almonds and Filberts,
50 boxes assorted Confectionery.

—ALSO—
250 barrels choice Foxberries,
30 " Cranberries,
200 " Onions,
250 choice Factory Cheese,
200 half chests good to choice Teas.

FOR SALE LOW BY

CHAS. H. HARVEY.

TEAS.

248 half chests, Ex NEWCASTLE CITY
108 half chests, Ex YORK CITY
450 half chests, Ex ELYSIA
100 half chests, Ex GOTHENBURG CITY
100 half chests, Ex AUSTRIA
602 Packages Ex CALEDONIA

AT LOWEST RATES.

J. E. MORSE & CO.,

Tea Importers,
77 Upper Water Street,
Halifax, N. S.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,

CHARLES AuCOIN, Proprietor.

This Hotel is conveniently situated for traders by vessels, and others.

MILLICAN & CO.

CUSTOM

SHIRT MAKERS,

156 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.

Shirts of every description made to order from measurement, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Blanks for Self-measurement, and Samples, sent to any address on application.

JOHN H. BARNSTEAD,

LEATHER & SHOE

FINDINGS!

HALIFAX, N. S.