

## Robert Mitchell

FAMILY GROCER.

CANNED FINNAN HADDIE,  
NOBLE'S LOBSTERS,  
KIPPERED HERRINGS,  
MACKEREL (in Tomato Sauce),  
GALLON APPLES,  
EVAPORATED APPLES,  
McLAREN'S IMPERIAL CHERSE, (in Glass Jars)

See our Window for  
**FANCY FLOWER POTS.**

ROBT. MITCHELL,

No 21 Wyndham-st

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

**The Latest**

A large consignment of Ladies' Den-  
gola Kid But. Boot Hand Tans,  
\$2.00.  
The greatest value in the trade.  
We are determined to clear out our  
stock of Boots and Shoes, Crochery,  
Tinsware, Glassware, etc., at a great  
reduction.

Please come and inspect these goods.

**HENRY'S**  
Sole Room, Market Square

**Money Saved is Money Earned**

We consider that owing to our  
light expenses we are in a position to  
sell a little cheaper than more ex-  
pensive places of business, and we  
do not hesitate in advising you to  
give us a trial, satisfied that if you  
do so, you will be convinced that  
there are no other facts. A full as-  
sessment of

**GENERAL GROCERIES**

of the Best Quality only kept in  
stock.

**Lillie & Hadden,**

GROCERS, QUEBEC STREET

**TEAS A SPECIALTY.**

Telephone No. 39

**NOW IS THE TIME**

TO GET YOUR

**Strawberries**

for preserving.

**FIRST PICKINGS ARE ALWAYS**

**BEST QUALITY.**

Special bargains by the crate at

**BUCKLE'S**

Try Buckle's genuine Home Made Bread.

Telephone 196 Hot Peasants

**BENEFIT DAY**

**NO. 2.**

Next Monday and every Mon-

day until further notice we will

**GIVE TO EVERY PURCHAS-**

**ER OF 1 LB. OF OUR 50c**

**TEA: 1 can Tomatoes, 1 can**

**Green Peas, 1 can Corn or 1 can**

**Pumpkins. Your choice of either.**

**REMEMBER OUR TEAS ARE**

**the finest imported, and are 10**

**to 20 per cent. below tea pur-**

**chasers' prices.**

**Hugh Walker & Son.**

DIRECT IMPORTERS,

47 and 49 Wyndham St.

**For Summer Use**

**Belfast Ginger Ales.**

**Wilson & Pilgram's Ginger**

**Ales.**

**Wilson's Soda Water.**

**Apollinaris Water.**

**St. Leon Water.**

**Pure Ginger Wines.**

**Lime Juice.**

-ALSO-

**Imported French Brandy.**

**Port and Sherry Wines.**

**AT**

**J. HALLETT'S**

**LIQUOR STORE,**

WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH

marked

**POES, POTATOES**

**All the New and Seedling**

**Varieties.**

**EARLY Crown Jewel, Ohio Sun-**

**rise, Puritan, Conveys, Red Au-**

**stralian, Rose and Beauty of He-**

**bron.**

**LATE-Rural New Yorker, Mun-**

**roe Seedling, Empire State.**

**Queen's, Dempsey's Seedling,**

**Slavoy and Elephants of the**

**very best quality.**

**All the Choice Kinds of Sweet Corn, Garden**

**Peas, Butter Beans and Garden Seeds of all**

**kinds.**

**Shadocks, Carrots, Rape and**

**various seeds of all varieties at lowest possible**

**prices at**

**JAMES HEWERS,**

**45 Macdonnell-st., East.**

marked

**Still to the Front.**

**WEST END BAKERY, KENNY &**

**CO. Our wagons on the old route**

**daily to serve all our old customers and any**

**new ones who may favor us with their patron-**

**age. You can order anything you want either**

**bread, cakes, pies, rolls, scones, groceries,**

**etc., either from the wagons, at the shop, or by**

**telephone, and rely on getting them right and**

**prompt. Our baker, Mr. Ryan, takes no second**

**thought his profession. Pure hop yeast. No**

**chemical compounds. Manitoba patent flour.**

**Telephone 415.**

## Norah Machree

-OR-  
The Squire's Wife.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH BEGINS WITH ANDREW IN TROUBLE AND

ENDS WITH TERRY IN LUCK—AN ADVER-

TURE WITH A REEL.

It is now time that the reader made the

acquaintance of Mary Kendal and her

father. We have the opportunity of

listening to a conversation between them

which will explain itself.

"I don't like Malvin Blantire. He is

not at all to my taste: besides he is what

may be termed a 'fast young man.' He

likes to gamble, and rumor says he

may be accused of still wilder things.

"Oh, you degenerate daughter of the

house of Kendal! To dislike an Irishman

because of the very things that make an

Irishman great and glorious! To be

sure he races and gambles, as all young

Irish gentlemen should do. And maybe he

gets into a fight at times—I don't know—

I hope he does. As for his tricks with girls

why, he couldn't be an Irishman if he

went about with them. You stupid puss,

you have just enumerated the qualities

which should make you like him, for he is

the man you are to marry. I am sure

"No, indeed, papa, he is just the man I

will not marry. I do not merely dislike—

I absolutely hate him.

"Hate him for racing, gambling, fight-

ing, and rollicking with the girls? Pooh,

pooh! He only does what all spirited

young fellows do, but he'll sober down all

right, just like me. I raced and gam-  
bled and fought too, when I was young,  
and liked nothing better than to dance with  
the girls; and where will you find a more  
respectable Irish squire than I am? Hey,  
tell me that?"

"Nowhere, indeed, I am sure. But I

am quite certain, papa, that when you

were young you were not a bit like Malvin

Blantire. You must have had a true

warm, open heart, and been always full of

gentle, kind good humor."

"Of course I had, and so has Malvin."

"I do not think so—I have a bad opinion

of his principles and his disposition. I

am a very good reader of the counten-

ance, papa, and there is that in the face of

Malvin, though he may studiously try to

hide it, which tells me he is anything but

gentle and kind."

"For shame, Mary Kendal, to take away

a man's character because he looks so

happy to please you. God help us all if

our hearts were to be judged by our faces.

But we needn't bother one another by any

arguments about it. You are a romantic

most girls are, I suppose, and, of course,

we can't help it. But I must take care

that your juvenile romance doesn't spoil

you for life. You are my only child, and

the last of the house of Kendal—and the

honour and glory of the family rests on

your marriage, for your second son, if

you have two—as please God I hope you

will—will be the heir to Kendal Castle.

Now, Malvin Blantire is the only man in

the district whose station makes him fit

for my son-in-law and your husband; and

he wants you to be his wife, and there is

not a bit of reason why you shouldn't.

I have told him as much, and I expect him

here tonight to have a little more conver-

sation on the same matter."

"But, papa, you would not wreck my

happiness? You would not make my life

one of misery?"

"Misery! Hear to her! Marriage is a

misery!"

"Many marriages are miserable."

"Yes, when the parties marry out of

their station."

"Or when they unite their hands with-

out their hearts?"

"Both! That's all romance, and you'll

forget it when you grow older. Now go

and amuse yourself, for I have some

letters to write before Malvin comes."

Squire Kendal was a frank, hearty,

honourable man, free from vice and de-  
ceit in himself, and unsuspicious of bad

qualities in others. Hence it was not a

difficult matter for Malvin Blantire to

gain from him his good opinion; and as

he was the representative of a good

family, and, in fact, the only suitable man

in the district, the squire warmly en-  
tertained the idea of a union between

the youth and his daughter Mary. When

the latter intimated her dislike to Malvin,

he considered it no more than a romantic

youthful impression, which would be no

serious hindrance to the alliance. He

therefore listened to her objections with

great good humor, and looked upon the

marriage as a settled affair.

Mary Kendal was a lively, spirited, and

unintelligent young girl, of a fresh, rosy

complexion, with features fine and regular,

without being beautiful according to an

artificial standard. But it she had not

the surface beauty of countenance which

provokes every gaze to admiration, she

had what was better—a sweet and cap-  
tivating expression. Her soul shone out of

her eyes; her warm feelings played

visibly to and fro on her face. You read

the minutest traits of her character.

Her character was true and womanly.

It was pure, guileless, and deeply af-  
fectionate. She had a nature full of sym-  
pathy with all that was lovely, beautiful,

and good, because these were reflections

of herself, and these alone satisfied or

pleased her. It was impossible, therefore,

that Malvin Blantire could find favor in

her eyes. By her quick instinct and

clear perception, she saw a considerable

distance in his cold and selfish nature,

and was of course disgusted and repelled.

All his art could not hide his true char-  
acter from her, and when she learned that

he sought her hand in marriage, she

divined the motive, and loathed him the

more, and as we have seen, did not hide

her thoughts and feelings from her father,

who, foolish man that he was, attributed

them to youth and romance.

When Mary quitted the room after the

conversation which we have narrated, she

went to her own apartment, and arrayed

for the night in a white, and a bright gold

summer evening. The slanting sun shed

a splendid light over the valley, casting the

shadows with a deep distinction, and

illuminating with a mellow radiance the

rich foliage of the woods, the beautiful

green of the meadows, and the grey slopes

of the upland. The valley, with its

mansions and castles, its woods and corn-

fields, lay in peaceful quiet, clad in its

summer luxuriance, under a blue and

smiling sky, and no lover of nature could

behold it without a throbbing joy, and a

desire to ramble away into the heart of so

much beauty.

Mary Kendal was a great lover of nature

and a fine sunnier landscape was to her

an exquisite delight. She therefore

sauntered on beyond the bounds of the

Kendal estate towards the mansion house

of Dundarra, which stood in the middle of

the fine park, and was half shrouded, half

revealed by some ancient trees which grew

around it.

Mary frequently wandered in this

direction. It was a quiet secluded place,

for the mansion was as good as shut up

an old woman being its only occupant. It

was a sad thing to see such a fine place

deserted, and left to desolation and neglect.

The building was comparatively modern,

and was a handsome and substantial

structure, but the windows were boarded

up, the doors closed, and everything silent

around it. The avenue was overgrown

with moss, the lawn once smoothly shaven

was tufted and rank, and weeds grew close

to the principal entrance.

Mary Kendal was never tired of wan-  
dering in the vicinity of this solitary man-

sion. There was a romance in its solitude

and desolation, more than there is even

about a ruin, for it had been deserted not

by time but by circumstances. It had all

the elements of life and usefulness—the

rooms were entire and full of furniture, its

walls were strong, its appointments com-  
plete—and yet it was left empty and silent,

a solitary and forsaken thing amid

the life and summer beauty of the valley.

Musing over some sad thoughts which

the appearance of the place called into her

mind, Mary was