STATES Mails.

#### 1884 Summer Arrangements 1884

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<u></u>			
Circassian Saturday, July 19			
Polynesian			
Parisian Saturday, Aug. 2			
Pernyian Saturday "9			
Sarmatian Saturday, " 16			
Sardinian Saturday, " 23			
Circassian Saturday, " 30			
Rates of Passage from Quebec:			
Cabin			
Intermediate\$36.75			
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The Steamers of the Glasgow and Quebec Service are intended to sail from Quebec for Glasgow as follows:—			

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FROM HALIFAX: Nova Scotian......Monday, July 28 Nova Scotian. Monday, Aug. 11

Hanoverian. Monday, "27

Monday. "27 Caspian ......Monday, Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's. Cabin . . . . . \$20 00 | Intermediate . . . \$15 00 Steerage . . . . . . . . . . . . \$6 00

The Steamers of the Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderty, Galway, Queenstown and Beston Service are intended to be despatched as follows from Boston for Glasgow direct :-

FROM BOSTON: Prussian.....about July 19

Manitobau	**	Aug.
Scandinavian	64	
Hibernian	.2.6	" 1
Prussian	14	" 2
Austrian	"	" 3
The Steamers of the Glasgow,	Lon	donderr
and Dhiladalahia convice are inte	ande	d to be

and Philadelphia service are intended to despatched from Philadelphia for Glasgew— FROM PHILADELPHIA: Phonician ..................................about Aug. 6

Pessons desirous of bringing their friends from

Pessons desirous of bringing their friends from Britain can obtain Passage Certificates at Lowest Rates. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Betths not secured until paid for.

Through Bills of Lading granted at Liverpool and Glasgow, and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada and the Western States, via Halifax, Boston, Baltimore, Quebec and Montreal, and from all Railway Stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow, via Baltimore, Boston, Quebec and Montreal.

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H. & A. ALLAN. 80 State street, Boston, and

25 Common street, Montreal. July 18th, 1884.



WANTED-Ladies and Gentlemen in town have steady work at their homes all the year round, and can make from \$10 to \$15 per week; no canvassing; work sent by mail. Address OAKLAND MFG CO., Box 5222, Boston,

## PROVINGE OF QUEBEC; Municipality of St. Anicet, No. 2.

For the 1st of September next three Female Teachers for Districts No.2, 3 and 4 in this municipality. Must be Catholic and fold first class elementary diploma; salary fiften dollars per month. Apply to P. LEEHY, Sec. Tress. St. Anicet, July 24th, 1894.

and was as helpless as a child. After using all sorts of salves, continents, letions and plasters, her case was given up as hopeless. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil as a last chance! She began to improve from the time the first application was made, and by covered.

A factory in Holyoke, Mass., makes 1,300,000 envelopes daily. One at Waterville, Me., makes 409 miles of yarn a minute.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing or using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, WA. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10-19 cow

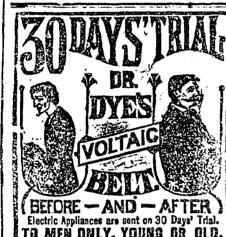
KING ALFONSO A FREEMASON. ROME, August 13.-The Vatican has learned with surprise that King Alfonso is a Free-mason, and an inquiry will be made concerning the matter.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid Liver and Biliousness. One is a dose.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLING TON.

London, Aug. 13.-The Duke of Welling. ton dropped dead at Brighton to-day while entering the train.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale overywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal.



to men only, young or old HO are suffering from Narrous Debilits Lost Vitality, Lack of Nerve Force and a, Wasting Weaknesses, and all those disease of a l'ersonal nature resulting from Abvase on: Otumi Causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration of Health Vicorand Manucop Qualanted The grandest discovery of the Nincteenth Century Send at once for Illustrated Pamphl: free, Address

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#### A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city state, and country, and among all people, as

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RIFLIMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bedies of which I was completely cured. I sold large quantities of your SARSARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public.

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

WANTED—Two female school teachers holding elementary diplomas, with good references; duties to commence about the first of September next. For further particulars apply to WILLIAM HART, Sec. Treas., St. Columban, Co. Two Mountains, P.Q. 52-8

WANTED-For the Separate School at Portage du Fort, P.Q., an Englishspeaking Male Teacher holding a Model School
Diploma; one able to teach French preferred.
Applicants will please state salary required.
Address, Chairman of Separate School Trustees,
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NEAR MONTREAL. AFFILIATED TO LAVAL UNIVERSITY. OUEBEC.)

Fathers of the Holy Cross. Course-Classical and Commercial.

lish language.

The Commercial Course is also thorough. Studies will be resumed September 2nd.
For further particulars address
REV. L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C.,
1-Sept-15
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President. بداء

BY C.L. THES, READE.

J. S. Serr Too Late to Mend.

"Le ID Cash." "Put Tourself in His

CHAPTER XVI:-Continued. "I asked you to mend my prospects, but you can't do that. They are desperate. You can do nothing for me now but comfort, me with your kind-voice. And mend my poor wrist-ha! ha! ha!-oh! oh!", (Hysterical) "What!" cried Hope, in sudden alarm "is it hurt? Is it sprained"?"

Mary recovered her composure. "Oh, no," said she; "only twisted a little. Papa was so reagh."

Hope went into a rage again.
"Perdition" cried he. "I'll go and end this once for all."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said the quick-witted girl. "Oh, Mr. Hope, would you break my poor heart altogether, quarrelling with papa? Be reasonable. I tell you he couldn't help it, the old monster insulted him so. It hurts for all that," said she naively, and held him out a lovely white wrist with a red mark on it.

Hope inspected it. "Poor little wrist," said he. "I think I can cure it."

Then he went into his office for something

to bind it with. But he had spoken those few words as one speaks to an afflicted child. There was a mellow softness and an undisguised paternity

But Mary's car was so acute that these tones carried her out of the present situation, and seemed to sir the depths of her memory. She fell into a little reverie, and asked herself had she not heard a little voice like that

many years ago. She was puzzling herself a little over this when Hope returned with a long thin band of white Indian cotton, steeped in water, and, taking her hand gently, began to bind her wrist with great lightness and delicacy. And as he bound it. he said:

"There, the pain will soon go." Mary looked at him full, and said slowly "I believe it will." Then, very thoughtfully-"It did-before."

These three simple words struck Hope as rather strange. "It did before!" said he, and stared at

er. "Why, when was that?"
Mary said, in a hopeless sort of way "I don't know when, but not long before your time. '

"Before my time, Mary? What, are you older than me?" And he smiled sweetly on her. "One would think not. But let me ask

ou a question, Mr. Hope?" "Yes, Mary."
"Have you lived two lives?
Said Hope solemnly:

"I have lived through great changes, but only one life."
"Well, then," said Mary, "I have lived two: or more likely it was one life, only some of it in another world—my other world,

mean. " Hope left off binding her wrist, and said: "I don't understand you,"

But his heart began to pant. The words that passed between them were now so strange that both their voices sank into solemnity, and had an acute observer listened to them he would have noticed that these two mellow voices had similar beauties. and were pitched exactly in the same key, though there was, of course, an octave be-

tween them. 'Understand me? How should you? It is all so strange, so mysterious: I have never told a soul; but I will tell you. You won't laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you? Only fools laugh at what they don't understand. Why, Mary, I hang on to every word you say with breathless in-

"Dear Mr. Hope! Well, then, I will tell you. Sometimes in the silent night, when the present does not glare at one, the past comes back to me dimly, and I seem to have short. My long life in a comfortable house, with servants and carraiges and all that. My short life in different places; not comfortable places, but large places; all was free and open, and there was always a kind voice in my ear-a voice like yours; and a tender touch-like yours."

Hope was restraining himself with difficulty, and here he could not help uttering a faint exclamation.

To cover it he took her wrist again, and

bending his head over it, he said softly, almost in a whisper: "And the face?"

Mary's eyes turned inward, and she seemed to scan the past.
"The face?" she said—"the face I cannot

recall. But one thing I do remember clearly.
This is not the first time my wrist—yes—and it was my right wrist too—has been bound up so tenderly. He did it for me in that other world just as you do in this one." Hope now thrilled all over at this unexpect-

ed revelation. But though he glowed with delight and curiosity, he put on a calm voice and manner, and begged her to tell him every-thing else she could remember that happened in that other life.

Finding him so serious, so sympathetic, and so interested, put this remarkable girl on her mettle. She began to think very hard, and show that intense power of attention she had always in reserve for great occasions. "Then you must not touch me nor speak to

ne," said she. "The past is such a mist."
He obeyed, and left off binding her, wrist and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, ner very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Let-me-see Then she paused. "I remember WHITE SWANS."

She paused.

A pause.
"Were they swans?"
"Or ships?" "They floated down the river to the sea.

"And the kind voice beside me said: " 'Darling?' Papa never calls me 'darling.' "Yes, yes," whispered Hope, almost pant

other land, for we are poor.'"

She paused and thought hard.
"Poor we must have been; very poor.
can see that now that I am rich."

She paused and thought hard.
"But all was peace and love. There were

two of us, yet we seemed one.

Then in a moment Mary left the past, her no hearer of hers from John Baker to William Mr. Hope. It was a perfect puzzle to her.

Hope ever resisted.
"Ah! sweet memories, treasures of the "Ah! sweet memories, treasures of the logue between her and watter, for it set her past, why are you so dim and wavering, and mind speculating and guessing at Walter's gentleman said this world so clear and glaring it seems cut mind, and thinking all manner of things just out of stone? Oh, if I had a fairy's wand, I'd at the moment when an enemy, smooth as an "Well, sir," said the man." it was left at

and fardour that could embellish ever eloguence, when a choking sob istruck her ear. She turned her head swiftly, and there was William Hope, his hands working, his face convulsed, and the tears running down his cheeks like rain.

是现在了一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间 第一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们就是一个时间,我们

he adored, yet had parted with to save her from dire poverty, remembered that sad condition to ask for it back again, because of his love that made it sweet to her after all these years of comfort. And of late he had been jualous, and saw, or thought, he had no great place in her heart, and never should have.

Ah, it is a rarity to shed tears of joy! The thing is familiarly spoken of, but the truth is that many pass through this world of tears and never shed one such tear. The few who have shed them can congratulate William Hope for this blissful moment after all he had

done and suffered. But the sweet girl who so surprised that manly heart, and drew those heavenly tears, had not the key. She was shocked, surprised, distressed. She burst out crying directly from blind womanly sympathy; and then she

took herself to task. "Oh, Mr. Hope! what have I done? Ah I have touched some chord of memory. Wicked, selfish girl, to distress you with my

dreams. "Distress me!" cried Hope, "these tears you have drawn from me are pearls of memin his tones—and what more natural, the girl being in pain?

Joy and drops of balm to my sore, tired heart.

I, too, have lived and struggled in a bygone world. I had a lovely child; she made me rich in my poverty, and happy in my home-lessness. She left me—"
"Poor Mr. Hope!"

"Then I went abroad, dredged in foreign mines, came home and saw my child again in you. I need no fairy's wand to revive the past; you are my little fairy—your sweet words recall those bygone scenes; and wealth, ambition, all I live for now, vanishes into smoke. The years themselves roll back, and all is once more peace—and poverty—and

"Dear Mr. Hope !" said Mary, and put her forehead upon his shoulder.

After a while she said, timidly, "Dear Mr. Hope, now I feel I can trust you with anything." Then she looked down in charming Then she looked down in charming confusion. "My reminiscences-they are certainly a great mystery. But I have another secret to confide to you, if I am permit-

ted. "Is the consent of some other person neces-

sary? "Not exactly necessary, Mr. Hope. "But advisable."

Mary nodded her head. "Then take your time," said Hope. He took out his watch, and said: "I want to go to the mine. My right-hand man reports that a ruffian has been caught lighting his pipe in the most dangerous part after due warning. I must stop that game at once, or we shall have a fatal accident. But I will be back in half an hour. You can rest in my office if you are here first. It is nice and

cool. Hope hurried away on his errand, and Mary was still looking after him, when she heard horses' feet, and up came Walter Clif-ford, escaped from his father. He slipped off his horse directly at sight of Mary, and they came together like steel and magnet.

"Oh, Walter," said Mary, "we are not so unfortunate as we were just now. We have a powerful friend. Where are you going in such hurry?' "That is a good joke. Why, did you not

order me to the lakes?" "Oh, yes, for Julia's bracelet. I forgot all about that

"Very likely; but it is not my business to forget your orders."
"Dear Walter! But, dearest, things of

more importance have happened since then. We have been insulted. Oh, how we have been insulted!" "That we have," said Walter, sternly.

"And nobody knows the truth."
"Not yet." "And our secret oppresses me

me-degrades me." "Pray don't say that." "Forgive me. I can't help saying it, I feel it so bitterly. Now, dear, I will walk a little way with you, and tell you what I want

you to do this very day; and you will be a darling, as you always are, and consent."

Then Mary told how Mr. Hope had just shown her singular affection; next she reminded him of the high tone Mr. Hope had taken with her father in their hearing.

"Why," said she, "there is some mysterious compact about me between papa and him. I don't think I shall ever have the courage to ask him about that compact, for then I must confess that I listened: but it is clear we can depend upon Mr. Hope, and trust him. So now, dear, I want you to indulge your little wife, and let me take Mr. Hope into our confidence.

To Mary's surprise and disappointment. Walter's countenance fell.

"I don't know," said he, after a pause. "Unfortunately it's not Mr. Bartley only

that's against us."
"Well, but, dear," said Mary, "the more people there are against us, the more we need one powerful friend and champion. Now you know Mr. Hope is a man that everybody loves and respects, even your father."
Walter just said, gloomily:
"I see objections, for all that: but do as

you please. Mary's tender heart and loving nature

couldn't accept an unwilling assent. She turned her eyes on Walter a little reproachfully.
"That's the way to make me do what you

please, "I don't intend it so," said Walter. "When

husband and wife love each other as we do. they must give in to each other." "That's not what we said at the altar." "Oh, the marriage service is rather one

sided. I promised very different things to get you to marry me, and I mean to stand by them. If you are impatient at all of this secrecy, tell Mr. Hope."
"I can't now," said Mary, a little bitterly.

"Why not, since I consent?" "An unwilling consent is no consent."

"Mary, you are too tyrannical. How can I downright like a thing I don't like? I yield my will to yours; there's a certain satisfacion in that. I really can say no more." "Then say no more," said Mary, almost

severely." "At all events give me a kiss at parting."
Mary gave him that directly, but it was

not a warm one. He galloped away upon his errand, and as she paced slowly back to Mr. Hope's office she was a good deal put out. What should she say to Mr. Hope now? She could not defy Walter's evident wishes, and make a eyes resigned the film of thought, and shone clean breast of the matter. Then she asked-with the lustre of her great heart, and she herself what was Walter's objection; she burst at once into that simple eloquence which | couldn't conceive why he was afraid to trust Indeed this was a most unfortunate diapeople that now he was carrying it in his hand, and it blazed in the meridian sun. This logue between her and Walter, for it set her

Leonard Mondkton, who had about waiting to catch her alone im poverty—andlove. ing about waiting are ling about waiting from Walter Clifford, and took.
Her arms were stretched out within grace her returning from Walter Clifford, and took

off his hat very respectfully to her, and said Miss Bartley, I think, 4 Mary lifted her eyes, and saw an elderly man with a pale face and dark eyebrows, and a cast of countenance quite unlike that of any of her friends. His face repelled her directly,

of her friends, ritis and the pleasure of and she said very coldly.

"Yes, sir, but I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

And she quietly passed on. Monckton affected not to see that she was

declining to communicate with him. He walked on quietly and said : / "And I have not seen you since you were child, but I had the honor of knowing your

mother. "You knew my mother, sir?"

"Knew her and respected her." "What was she like, sir? "She was tall and rather dark, not like von. ' "So I have heard," said Mary. "Well,

sir, said she, for his voice was ingratiating, and had modified the effect of his criminal countenance, "as you knew my mother, you are welcome to me. The artist in decoit gave a little sigh, and

said: "That's more than I dare hope. For I am here upon a most unpleasant commission; but for my respect for your mother I would not have undertaken it, for really my acquaint-ance with the other lady is but slight."

Mary looked a little surprised at this rignarole, and said: "But this commission, what is it?"

"Miss Bartley," said he, solemnly, yet gravely, "I have been requested to warn you against a gentleman who is deceiving you."
"Who is that?" said Mary, on her guard

"It is a Mr. Walter Clifford." "Walter Clifford !" said Mary, "You are slanderer; he is incapable of deceit."

The rogue pretended to brighten up. "Well, I hope so," said he, "and I told the lady as much; he comes from a most honorable stock. So then he has told you about Lucy Monekton?",
"Lucy Monekton!" cried Mary.

who is she ?" "Miss Bartley," said the villain, very gravely and soleanly, "she is his wife." "His wife, sir?" cried Mary, contemptuous-

ly-" his wife? You must be mad. I'll hear no more against him behind his back.' Then, threatening her tormentor: "He will be home again this evening; he has only ridden to the Lake Hotel; you shall repeat this to his face, if you dare."

"It will be my painful duty," said the serpent, meekly.
"His wife!" said Mary, scornfully, but

her lips trembled. "His wife," replied Monckton, calmly: "a respectable woman whom, it seems, he has described these fourteen years. My acquaintance with her is slight, but she is in a good position, and, indeed, wealthy, and has never troubled him. However, she heard somehow he was courting you, and as I often visit Derby on business, she requested me to come over here and warn you in time."

"And do you think," said Mary, scornfully "I shall believe this from a stranger?"

"Hardly," said Monckton, with every appearance of candor. "Mrs. Walter Clifford directed me to show you his marriage certificate and hers."

"The marriage certificate!" cried Mary, turning pale.

"Yes," said Monckton; "they were mar-ried at the Registry office on the 11th June, 1868," and he put his hand in his breast pocket to search for the certificate. He took this opportunity to say, "You must not fancy that there is any jealousy or ill feeling after fourteen years' desertion, but she felt it her duty as a woman-"

"The certificate!" said Mary-"the cer tificate!"

Ho showed her the certificate; she read the fatal words, "Walter Clifford." The rest swam before her eyes, and to her the world seemed at an end. She heard, as in a dream, the smooth voice of the false accuser, saying, with a world of fictitious sympathy, "I wish I had never undertaken this business." But Bartley was not to be put down the Mrs. Walter Clifford doesn't want to distress you; she only felt it her duty to save you. Don't give way. There is no great harm done, unless you were to be deluded into marrying

him.' "And what then?" inquired Mary, trem

bling.
Monckton appeared to be agitated at this question.
"Oh, don'tspeak ofit," saidhe. "You would be ruined for life, and he would get seven years' penal servitude; and that is a sentence few gentlemen survive in the present day when prisons are slaughter-houses. There I have discharged the most disagreeable office I ever undertook in my life; but at all events

you are warned in time. "Then he bowed most respectfully to her, and retired, exhaling his pent-up venom in a

diabolical grin. She, poor victim, stood there stupefied, pierced with a poisoned arrow, and almost in a state of collapse; then she lifted her hands and eyes for help, and saw Hope's study in front of her. Everything swam confusedly before her; she did not know for certain whether he was there or not; she cried to

that true friend for help.
"Mr. Hope--I am lost-- I am in the deep waters of despair—save me once more, save

Thus speaking she tottered into the office, and sank all limp and powerless into a chair, unable to move or speak, but still not insensible, and soon her brow sank upon the table. and her hands spread themselves feebly out before her.

It was all villainous spite on Monckton's part. He did not for a moment suppose that his lie could long outlive Walter Clifford's return; but he was getting desperate, and longing to stab them all. Unfortunately fate befriended the villain's malice, and hus band and wife did not meet again till that diabolical poison had done its work.

Monckton retired, put off his old man's dis-guise behind the fir trees, and went toward another of his hiding places, an enormous oak tree whick stood in the hedge of Hope's cot tage garden. The subtle villain had made this hollow tree an observatory, and a sort of sally-port, whence he could play the fiend.

The people at the hotel were, as Mary told Julia Clifford, very honest people.

. They showed Percy Fitzroy's bracelet to one or two persons, and found it was of great value. This made them uneasy, lest something should happen to it under their charge so the woman sent her husband to the neighborhood of Clifford Hall to try and find out if there was a lady of that name who had left it. The husband was a simple fellow, very unfit to discharge so delicate a commission. He went, at first as a matter of course, to the public house; they directed him to the Hall, but he missed it and encountered a gentleman, whose quick eye fell upon the bracelet for the foolish man, had shown it to so many

was the gentleman. He had come back some anxiety to see whether Hope had fied Mary, or whether he must exert to make matters smooth with hereas Whilst he was examining the bracelet should appear but Parcy Fitzroy, the one Not that he came after the bracelet i on a coutrary, that impetuous young sentent

had discovered during the last two hours the her valued. Miss Clifford's love a great deliberation of the real deliberati more than all the bracelets in the world more than all the processes in the world, all that he was delighted at the unexpected sight of his property.

"Why, that's mine," said he. "It's hearloom. I lent it to Miss Julia Chiford.

"When I saked her for it to day she

and when I asked her for it to day she coul not produce it.'; "Oh toh!" said Mr. Bartley. "What to house of Clifford on in the

the ledies of the house of Clifford go in clandestine marriages?" "Certainly not, sir," said Fitzroy. "Dog you know the difference between a wedding ring and a bracelet?" Then he turned to the man, "Here's a sovereign for your trouble

my man. Now give me the bracelet," To his surprise the hotel keeper put it hind his back instead of giving it to him. "Nay," said he, shaking his head knowing

hands but hers."

solving the mystery. Bartley came to the assistance of his under. standing, but with no regard to the feeling of his heart. "It's clear enough what it

That went through the true-lover's heart like 2 knife, and poor Percy leaned in despair against Hope's workshop window, transfired by the poisoned arrow of jealousy.

At this moment the voice of Colonel Clifford was heard, loud and ringing as usual Julia Clifford had decoyed him there in horse of falling in with Percy and making it up; and to deceive the good Colonel as to her in tentions she had been running him down all the way; so the Colonel was heard to say in a voice for all the village to hear, "Jealous, is he, and suspicious? Then you take my ad vice and give him up at once. You will easily find a better man and a bigger." Af ter delivering this, like the word of command upon parade, the Colonel was crossing the turf, a yard or two higher up than Hope's workshop, when the spirit of revenge moved Bartley to retort upon his insulter.

"Ay, Colonel Clifford!" The Colonel instantly halted and marched down with Julia on his arm, like a game cock when another rooster crows defiance.

"And what can you have to say to me, sir?" was his haughty inquiry.
"To take you down a peg. You rode high horse pretty hard to-day. The spotles honor of the Cliffords, eh?"

or trickery? Coal merchants, coal heaven and coal whippers may defile our fields with coal dust and smoke, but they cannot defit our honor. "

"I don't know about lions and snow, have often seen a lion turn tail, and the snow is black slush wherever you are. But the Cliffords being gentlemen, are brave, and be

how comes it that your niece there-whom name is Miss Clifford, I believe-spent what this good man calls a honey-moon, with young gentleman, at this good man's inn?" Here the good man in question made

faint endeavor to interpose, but the gentle folks by their impetuosity suppressed him.
"It's a falsehood!" cried Julia, indignant

time. He snatched the bracelet from the

"And left this bracelet there to prove vas no falschood."

Then Julia got frightened at the evidence and the terrible nature of the accusation. Oh !" cried she, in terrible distress, "cu any one here believe that I am a creature # lost? I have not seen the bracelet these two months. I lent it-to-ah, here she is

Mary, who was standing at the window Hope's study, came slowly forward, pale at death from her own trouble, to do an act de

This she said right in the middle of the

would not let a poor fellow get a word in edgeways." He retired with an obeisance.

then remained passive. A dead silence fell upon them all, and sort of horror crept over Mary Bartley what must follow; but come what might, me power should induce her to say the word the

should send Walter Clifford to jail for seve Bartley came to her; she trembled, and he ands worked. What are you saying, you fool?" he will be wil

there with a gentleman." Mary winced. Then Bartley said sternly:

"I must not say.". "You will say one thing," said Bartle, or I shall have no mercy on you. ecretly married ?' Then a single word flashed across May

held her tongue. "Can't you speak? Are you a wife."
He now began to speak so loud in his ger that everybody heard it. ger that everybody heard it.

Mary crouched a little and worked hands convulsively under the torture, but answered with such a doggedness that

This apparent insult to his common say

er cross the threshold."

(Continued on 3rd Page)

'Nay, said ne, shaking his nead knowing ly, 'you are not the gentleman that spent the honey-moon with the lady as owns it. My mistress said I was not to give it into no

This staggered Percy dreadfully, and ha looked from one to another to assist him in

means, sir; your sweetheart is playing you false."

Then, of course, it was fixed bayonets and no quarter. "Have the Cliffords ever dabbled in trade

"The men are brave as lions, and the me men as chaste as snow," succeed Bartley.

ing ladies, are chaste."
"Oh, indeed!" hissed Bartley. "The

"You scurrilous cad" roared the Colone and he shook his staff at him, and seemed a

man and held it up in triumph.

Mary, save me from shame; you know I at

womanly justice.

"Miss Clifford," said she, languidly, as on to whom all human events were comparatively indifferent—"Miss Clifford lent the buck let to me, and I left it at that man's inn."

The hotel-keeper took the bracelet fm the unresisting hand of Bartley, touched in hat, and gave it to her. "There, mistress," said he. "I could have told them you was the lady, but the

Mary handed the bracelet to Julia, and

"Who was your companion?"

lmost distracted mind—SELF-SACRIFICE.

pieces sooner than said more "I—don't—know."
"You don't know?" roared Bartley. Mary paused, and then, with iron dogs, "I-don't-know."

dently she would have let herself be cut

drove Bartley almost mad. triumph over me," he cried, "you'll brought shame to my door; but it shall a