

Harold the Outlaw

—OR—
The Gauger of Skene.

CHAPTER I.

CHANGES AT MOUNT CAIRN—A TRIUMPHAL RETURN.

An may well be supposed, Jabez M'Garry was thrown into a dreadful state of consternation by Adamson's visit. If it was true what the advocate had said—and he knew Walter Adamson was too truthful to utter a downright falsehood—Gilmour's fortunes were tottering to their fall, and his likewise. Frank, deceit, evil machinations of every kind had been resorted to to raise them and prop them up. For a time it seemed as if these were to prove eminently successful. Now, in a moment when they deemed themselves secure, a whirlwind had come to hurl the fair yet false structure to the ground, and crush them amid the ruins.

Turn in what direction he might, M'Garry saw with dismay that all was lost. Had the child's claim been all that they had to meet they might have fought that battle successfully. Gilmour was in possession, though, unfortunately, he had not yet completed his service. Still he was in possession, and that fact gave him an immense, almost an irresistible, advantage in maintaining a contest where strong military points could be raised. In fact, M'Garry had come to believe that it would be nearly impossible for Adamson to establish the child's claims, and he had begun to regard the putting forth of these with comparative indifference.

But the enfranchisement of Harold from the meshes of the law was another thing altogether. For the moment the sentence of outlawry was reversed, his claim to the title and succession could not possibly be disputed. That cut away every prop with which Gilmour's case was propped up. No skill, no cunning, neither force nor fraud, could keep him and Lady Logan a day longer at Mount Cairn.

And when they quitted it, M'Garry knew he must quill his case, and under the intense mortification of having the tables turned on him by the reinstatement of Adamson.

To lose the factorship of Mount Cairn was to suffer a heavy loss, but this was not all—the factorship of Benachray was also in danger, and the loss of both meant absolute ruin. M'Garry smote his brow in despair, and groaned deeply. His long, his fertility of unscrupulous ruse had deserted him—helplessness and impotency rendered him distracted.

We pity a man when misfortune overtakes him, even though the misfortune may have come through his imprudence. Ay, some men are pitted in their distress, even though they have been culpable—Malcolm Gillespie being a notable instance close to our hand. But we look in vain for pity to creep into our bosom for such a man, unprincipled trickster as Jabez M'Garry. We feel that such a man as he is deserving of no sympathy, and he obtains none from us. Nay, we rejoice with a feeling near akin to vindictiveness, so thoroughly have his doings earned our indignation, and so much do we despise him. Our only feeling is a wish to see him kicked out of our sights. Well, we shall enjoy that pleasure soon, and knowing that, we can endure his presence a little while longer.

Within two hours after Adamson quitted him M'Garry left his office to depart for Mount Cairn. But he did not get clear of the city without being made aware that the news of Harold Logan's innocence had spread—was in everybody's mouth—and producing excitement and pleasant sensations. It was intelligence which most people rejoiced at, and M'Garry himself gnashed his teeth with rage when accosted by acquaintances at every step who expected him to be equally pleased with the news. Few of them suspected that the fact on which they congratulated him was the fat of his ruin.

In the circumstances Mount Cairn was the place to which he was instinctively impelled to go. There, and there only, was the reality to be discussed and the crisis met. He wished to know if Gilmour had returned, and to learn from him full particulars of the failure of the numerous enterprises he had taken in connection with Allan M'Pherson.

On his arrival at the lodge gate he was told by the keeper that Sir Gilmour was from home—had returned, and that he was now with a Highland gentleman, and was not yet returned. This was an ominous confirmation of Adamson's report, and on his passage up the avenue M'Garry considered what course he should follow. Lady Logan knew nothing of the bloody mission on which Gilmour had gone with Allan M'Pherson. It had been thought best not to acquaint her with that piece of criminality. They thought she would not be bold enough to sanction it as she had sanctioned Lizzie's abduction, and the factor debated with himself whether he should ever tell her. He concluded that he would. He was rendered so bitter and savage by the ruin which was coming on them all that he had no inclination to spare her any of the pain which the prospect produced. Why should he have any consideration for her, who was as deep in the rest of the plot as any of them?

He had scarcely entered the library when her ladyship joined him in haste and anxiety.

"Where is Sir Gilmour?" she asked.

"Why is he so long from home?"

"From home," he replied, laying peculiar emphasis on the last word. "This is why he is so long from home for either him or you."

"Why?"

"Why? what mean you?" she demanded, turning as pale as ash.

His answer was as brief as it was crushing—

"Harold's innocence is discovered."

The miserable woman was stricken to the soul. The blood stood in her heart. She grew rigid as a statue, and M'Garry felt a positive relief in seeing that his dismay was shared by another.

Lady Logan recovered herself by a desperate effort.

"M'Garry," she hissed, "how dare you offer me such an insult by such a jest?"

"A jest!" he echoed.

"A jest it must be," she returned, "else you had never told a truth so basely, with such brutal abruptness."

"What need for shilly-shallying?" rejoined the factor. "Adamson made an scant preparation in giving it to me, and I pass it on in the same fashion."

"Adamson—he told you? But you don't believe it? Never tell me that you believe it. Speak, man, speak, and say you do not."

"I'd be like the hunter's ostrich, thrusting its head into the sand, if I did. The whole of Aberdeen is ringing with the news. Oh, it's true enough, you may depend."

"True enough!" she gasped. "Then all is lost—all is lost!"

She tottered to a chair, and fell into it, bereft of power. But in a few moments a fierce energy returned to her.

"No," she exclaimed, starting again to her feet, all in a new lease of life. "I dare not press his claim against me. We have his wife and child as a shield between us and him. We have but to threaten injury to them, and he is paralyzed."

"A vain hope," said M'Garry. "His wife and child are out of our keeping now."

"What?"

"The true, Harold and a band of his smuggling friends rescued them from the island four days ago."

"Hush, hush," she breathed and shivered.

"A vain hope," said M'Garry. "Every word makes it more complete. All is lost. The work of my life since I became the

wife of Sir Phillip is blasted in the hour of its success."

"And you and your son are reduced to beggary," said Mr. M'Garry, with a reckless bluntness amounting to mal-evilence.

"To beggary!" screamed her ladyship, with a sudden start, and a drawing up of her figure to its full height. "No, not to beggary. I foresaw the possibility of a catastrophe like this, and provided for it so far as gold could. You made the work difficult by your exactness; but, in spite of your greed, I have provided for this calamity."

"That to say—you have been feathering your nest for ten or twenty years back," sneered the lawyer.

"Follow, you forget to whom you speak," said her ladyship, turning laughingly upon him. "I am Lady Logan. You have had my patronage. You owe me no more respect."

"All very well, my lady, if, in return for your patronage, I had not helped you in matters which had best be kept in the dark. But it so happens that we have been sailing in the same boat, and as we are thrown into the water together, our common misfortunes make us pretty equal. But don't let us wrangle over points of pitiful inequality, when we should be sticking together to face the coming evil. Your son, Madam, is in danger."

"Ah—Gilmour in danger," cried his listener, her tone and aspect instantly changing from angry pride to maternal alarm.

"So I judge by the fact that he has not returned."

"Where is he—where did he go? With Allan M'Pherson? Quick—tell me! Hide nothing, but tell me all."

"Just what I mean to do—at least as far as I know it. They went off to murder the prisoners on the island. They were in the upper part of the city. Harold and his ferocious friends came upon them, and—"

"Killed them!" shrieked her ladyship, in wildest agony.

"No, they were not on the island without the means of quitting it."

"They will perish—perish of hunger."

"Not at all likely. Joe and Mother Barnacle are never without a large stock of provisions, more than sufficient to serve them till Ronald can come and deliver them. Then there's the garden stuff, the cows, pigs, and poultry. No fear that they'll starve for want of food."

"Oh, this was a rash, a deplorable undertaking! It will incense Harold beyond all else. He will proceed against us with every power at his command."

"This was such a likely supposition that M'Garry did not attempt to dispute it, and, full of fear, mortification, and suspense on Gilmour's account, her ladyship left the library and shut herself up in her own room, where she remained for the rest of the day.

A Broken Engagement.

A Thrilling Story.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening in the dawn of summer. Two forms were sitting in close proximity to one another by the window of a \$12,000 house—heavily mortgaged—in the upper part of the city. The hand of one rested lovingly on that of the other, and the arm of one described a semi-circle around the other's waist. It is hardly necessary to say that they were lovers, and this was as far as the young man could go in geometry. The was to light in the room, but there was no occasion for any, with her taper waist and sparkling eyes and flaming words. This is a sample of their small talk:

"Dearest Flora, tell, oh tell me what I can do to make myself more worthy of your love. Bid me undertake any mission you please, and I will obey. Ay, even though it be to cut my hair short—sacrifice my moustache—wear large boots, or work for my living—speak, any thing you may command me."

"Oh, Charles! calm yourself. Do not speak in this terrible strain; you make me shudder. No, Charles, I love you for yourself alone. Then, placing her hand gently upon his brow, she murmured, "Soft, my love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do you love me as much as ever, and will I ever be the same to you as I am now?"

"Hear me swear!" cried the ardent youth, dropping upon his knees for the first time in his life, but suddenly arising with a troubled expression of the countenance, as something put him in mind of the tightness of his necker apparel.

"Oh, Flora, there is not a coat that adorns Wilson's establishment that has so high a place in my affections as yourself! You are to me what slender and costly are to young church members, or furbles to married women—my life, my ambition, my all! A few days more and we shall be united forever. I can scarcely realize my happiness."

The fair one blushed and nestled closer to the vest pattern of the happy youth. So we leave them.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dark, gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles bent his way—full of joy, hope and supper—to the mansion of his beloved. He rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. Flora was not there, and after waiting a few moments, he resolved to descend the stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek for her, but most probably with visions of spoons dancing through the ever-trembling brain. With stealthy steps he approached the door and suddenly opened it, when there burst upon his astonished gaze a sight which froze the blood within his veins.

Upon the dining-room table lay many dishes and other articles of crockery. Before it, with disheveled hair and tucked-up gown, stood Flora, a huge carving knife in her hand, which she was in the act of plunging into a pan of hot water.

She had been caught in the act of doing housework! With one loud shriek she fell to the floor, while her distracted and bewildered lover rushed from the house.

It is needless to add that the engagement, along with several brittle cups, was broken the spot. Thus were twofold and dotting hearts irrevocably separated.

If my story, dear reader, will be the means of persuading one young woman never, under any circumstances, to do any work about the house, but always to let her mother and the other servants do it, my object is more than accomplished. Farewell.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and misdeeds of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. The great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. Sept. 18, deoduly

Cheapest and Best Frames, Mouldings, Oil Paintings, Chromos, and Engravings.

In great varieties, at rock-bottom prices. Upholstering: Carpets made and laid; Floor Cloth Fitted; Mattresses remade and made to order. Punctuality and good quality at all times.

WATERS BROS., 148 Quebec Wood Yard



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37 Cases

NEW GOODS

—AND AMONGST THEM—

5,000 pairs No. 1 Josephine French Kid Gloves

In all the newest shades and lovely tints for day and evening wear. These gloves are all-weather, having our name inside as a guarantee for their genuineness.

Black Lustres.

750 pieces, best make (the Lion brand), Black Lustres, made from Alpaca wool. The exclusive right to sell this unexcelled Lustre, suited in ourselves, ranging in price from 25 to 60 cents. You will buy no lustre but these once you see them. To be had only at the Lion.

Black Silks.

80 pieces rich Glace and Gros Grain Silks, bought by our agent in France, during the great depression in the silk market. Every lady should see these silks. Such lovely goods and rare value unequalled anywhere.

Dress Goods.

750 pieces Plain and Fancy Dress Goods. A grand lot this—every style—a rare treat to look at. Amongst them, goods worth 75 cents, will all be sold—choose where you like—at TWENTY AND A-HALF CENTS. Still another cargo of those justly celebrated Fancy Silks, in grey as well as other leading colors, now 75 cents. These goods are only to be found at the above price at the leading store, the Golden Lion.

Hosiery, &c., &c.

500 dozen fine finish Balbriggan Hosiery, sold elsewhere at 25 cents, but sold at the Lion at a York shilling.

New Lace Mitts, Lace Gloves, Lace Ties, Silk Ties.

A full line in the leading shades of Costume Cambrics, such as navy blue, new green, new brown. Costume Linens—a special class of goods—only 5 cents, worth 12.

Millinery.

In the Millinery, up stairs, open 30 cases new Hats, Flowers and Feathers, and 75 rich sample Mantles, bought in our value, exquisite goods, and will be sold at very low figures.

1,000 pieces new Lace Curtains.

25 Boxes in the new shades of Ribbons.

The Reason Why!

The question is asked daily, How is it you are always so busy at the Lion, when all the other stores are doing little or nothing? We answer that it is our prices and immense stock having three times more goods than can be found elsewhere. Such a thing as cheap goods was never known in Guelph till our Mr. Williamson made them so. But how can you undersell others so much as you do? We buy 10 to 1, we sell 10 to 1. We do a wholesale trade as well as a retail, consequently we are the only house in Guelph that can buy direct from the manufacturers, thereby giving a profit to our patrons. We sell at prices that others have to pay. We were raised amongst the British manufacturers, and know every place where the best value is to be obtained.

Tweeds.

Our stock in Tweeds is unequalled in Canada, having 1,500 pieces to show. Our own make of clothing is great variety. Every stitch warranted. By leaving your cash at the Lion you will find assured you have done the best for your own interest.

J. D. WILLIAMSON & Co.
Proprietors.

To my Friends

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Having retired from the Furniture Trade, I take this opportunity of thanking you for the very generous support accorded me during the forty years I have been in business.

It gives me infinite pleasure to assure you that my success has been complete, and that I have every confidence in my successors, Messrs. Burr & Skinner, who have made the requisite arrangements for sustaining the famous reputation of the stone house with the chair on the roof.

I would therefore remind you that though I have retired altogether from the business, you will still find the same wonderfully cheap bargains in furniture at my old stand.

I will be thankful if all to whom I am indebted will render their accounts at once.

I have placed my books in the hands of Messrs. Sweetman & Hazelton, and trust that they will meet with success in the collection of accounts.

Thanking you once again, I am, ladies and gentlemen,

Yours very truly,
JAMES HAZELTON.

P. S.—I have a number of Pianos and Organs, which I will dispose of at half-price, in order to clear out No. 78 Wyndham street, which is now to rent.

AT THE NEW GROCERY

82—Wyndham Street—82
(NEXT DOOR TO HAZELTON'S FURNITURE STORE.)

Teas. Sugars Cheapest House
Teas. Sugars Groceries.
Teas. Sugars Immense Rush for Bargains.

Every body satisfied that there is at least one house in the town where goods are sold cheap—very cheap—for cash. Call and examine, and don't you forget.

Motto—Cheap for Cash, and Satisfaction to Customers.
JOHN A. CAMERON.

American made Boots and Shoes.

Just received a complete assortment of
Children's Boots & Shoes Ladies' Kid Walking Shoes
in plain and fancy colors. large supply, extra quality.

T. MITCHELL'S, 20 Wyndham Street.

ALSO A LARGE FRESH STOCK OF
Spring and Summer Goods

from the best manufacturers, which, as I sell strictly for cash, I am prepared to dispose of at the lowest figures. Call and see them.

In **CUSTOM WORK** the best material, the finest workmanship, and a perfect fit guaranteed. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

Guelph Cloth Hall

LINEN DUSTERS. LISLE THREAD UNDERCLOTHING.
LIGHT COATS of all description. ALL WOOL GANZE do.
SILK UNDERCLOTHING. MERINO, do.

And a general assortment of GENTS' HOSE.
SHAW & MURTON, Merchant Tailors.

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INCORPORATED 1833.
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Whale Oil Soap,
For destroying Caterpillars, &c.

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Musical Emporium.

New, Novel and Astonishing.
Metallic Steel Wire for 1st Violin Strings.
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Metallic Steel Wire for Guitar Strings.
Metallic Steel Wire for Piano Strings. Guaranteed to last from 18 months to 2 years, at the lowest rates.

REMOVAL.

J. THOS. BROWN
HAS REMOVED TO QUEBEC ST., next to Knox Church, where he will make to order all kinds of Boots and Shoes, and do repairing in a manner that will give satisfaction to all who may kindly favour him with their patronage. Remember good Boots and Shoes are the cheapest, and much more comfortable on the feet. They can be had at moderate prices at Brown's, if you leave your measure. Terms cash.

Mrs. Jeffrey

BEGS TO INFORM THE LADIES of Guelph that she has opened a
Millinery and Mantle Establishment
on Upper Wyndham Street, next door to Mr. Hazelton's—up stairs.
All orders entrusted to her will meet with prompt attention.

All outstanding accounts not paid

on Saturday next, 30th June, will be handed in to A. H. Macdonald for collection.

MONEY ON HAND FOR INVESTMENT

MENT in sums of from \$100 to \$5,000, on terms more favourable to borrowers than can be obtained elsewhere. Also, for sale some of the best and cheapest FARMS in the County of Wellington. Several town and park lots well located, will be sold on liberal terms. Apply to Thompson & Jackson, Douglas-st., opposite the new post office.

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In sums to suit borrowers. Interest eight per cent—charges moderate.
GUTHRIE, WATT & CUTTEN
dw Guelph

MONEY—A FEW THOUSAND

dollars to lend on personal security. Apply to
DUNN & JOHNSTON.
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Of all kinds, made to order
Grove's Iron Works,
Iron Fences, Tie Posts, Ploughs, Stoves, &c. &c.
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MRS. KYLE
HAVING REMOVED FROM QUEBEC ST. to the Market Square, next door to Mr. Cooke's drug store, respectfully solicits a call from her numerous customers, and by having a larger store, and a more complete stock of goods to retain and increase the patronage so kindly given in the past. She respectfully invites an inspection of her stock of Berlin and other wools, and under clothing. All special orders for under clothing or hair work promptly filled, and done neatly in any style.

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USE THE PEST POISON,
WHICH IS THE ONLY SAFE, SURE and clean destroyer of the Potato Bug, Curculio and Colorado Beetle. Also the Cabbage Worm destroyer. **Warranted not Poisonous** but thoroughly effective.

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The undersigned begs to inform the public that he has leased the above Saloon, opposite the Market House.

From his long experience in business he hopes to merit a share of the trade.

Meals at all hours. Oyster and game suppers kept up on short notice.

Heavy stock of Barclay & Perkin, London, England, Porter in stock. The quality is superior.

WEST END LIVERY.

Having purchased from Mr. James Ewing the Livery Stable on Woodwich Street, I intend to keep on hand a first-class stock of horses and carriages, for hire by the day or hour. Prices moderate, and prompt attention. Horses and carriages bought and sold on commission. Orders left for calls will be promptly attended to.

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DELIVERED DAILY. ICE. ICE. DELIVERED DAILY. ICE. ICE. DELIVERED DAILY. ICE. ICE.

BAZAR PATTERNS

AND THE QUEEN'S, SOLD AT MRS. PARR'S, Dress and Mantle Maker. Real and imitation HAIR always on hand. Watch Guards, Brooches, Rings Bracelets, etc., neatly mounted with gold. Combs made up. Straw and felt hats cleaned, dyed, and altered. All the newest styles. Jack-knives cut and fitted. Miss Andrew's old stand, St. George's Square. Apprentices wanted.

Walter J. Fairbank,

OF THE NORTH END MEAT Mart, having an extra lot of **CORNEB BEEF** will sell for the next few days at 5c, and 1 cent per pound. Come early to get the best choice.

Guelph Axle Works

FORMERLY OWNED BY O. CLARK. IS NOW RUN BY T. PEPPER & Co. All orders promptly attended to.

CORK-ST. COAL YARD

THE UNDERSIGNED WHILE RE-TURNING thanks to his numerous customers for past favours, would beg to inform them that he has just received a large supply of all kinds of COAL, which he will sell as cheap as any in the trade here, and hopes by attention to business to retain that liberal support hitherto accorded him.

GEORGE MURTON,
Proprietor