Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE AND NEWS.

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THE

Summerside Journal,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Almanac for January, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 9th day, 4h. 10m. mornin, S. E.
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 40m., evening, S.W.
First Qtr. 20th day, 8h. 14m., evening, S.W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 9h. 17m. evening, N. E.

D. of W.	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. south	moon rises	LENG DAYS
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Frid	7 50	4 19	2 58	58 57	8 33	8 30
2	Sat	50	20	4 29	53 56	9 44	30
3	Sun	50	21	4 54	47 47	10 55	8 31
4	Mon	50	22	5 21	41 81	morn	22
5	Tues	49	22	5 48	34 48	0 6	33
6	Wed	49	23	6 15	27 38	1 15	35
7	Thurs	48	25	6 41	20 1	2 23	37
8	Frid	48	26	7 6	11 59	3 28	38
9	Sat	48	28	5 31	3 30	4 33	39
10	Sun	47	29	7 56	54 35	5 29	8 41
11	Mon	46	30	8 19	45 15	6 25	42
12	Tues	46	31	8 43	35 29	sets	43
13	Wed	46	33	8 5	25 18	5 52	45
14	Thurs	45	34	8 27	14 43	6 48	47
15	Frid	45	35	9 49	3 43	7 50	49
16	Sat	44	37	10 9	52 18	8 47	50
17	Sun	43	39	10 29	40 31	9 47	8 53
18	Mon	42	40	10 48	28 19	10 44	56
19	Tues	42	41	11 7	15 45	21 42	58
20	Wed	41	42	11 24	2 37	morn	59
21	Thurs	40	44	11 41	49 27	0 44	9 2
22	Frid	39	45	11 57	35 46	1 46	4
23	Sat	38	46	12 13	21 42	3 46	9 6
24	Sun	37	48	12 27	7 17	3 54	8
25	Mon	36	49	12 41	52 31	4 59	9
26	Tues	35	50	12 54	37 25	rises	14
27	Wed	34	55	13 6	21 53	4 52	16
28	Thurs	33	54	13 17	6 11	6 9	18
29	Frid	32	55	13 27	50 5	7 32	20
30	Sat	31	57	13 37	33 40	8 38	21
31	Sun	7 29	4 58	13 46	16 57	9 50	23

Summerside Markets.

Jan. 7, 1869.

Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	14d a 15d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	11d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Island Flour per cwt	19s to 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5

Business Cards.

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Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

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President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
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Barrister - at - Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

North British and Mercantile

INSURANCE COMPANY.

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CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.

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61 Threadneedle Street, London.

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G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent for P E Island.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y*

DR. J. N. FULLER,

Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, N. Y.

Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,

*** All calls promptly attended to.

Summerside, October 15, 1868.

Business Cards.

R. & W. T. HUNT,

Commission Merchants,

GENERAL AGENTS AND

AUCTIONEERS.

SALESROOM AND OFFICE

Head of Queen's Wharf.

(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)

Summerside, P. E. Island.

April 2 1868 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

And General Agents,

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant,

And Auctioneer,

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

JOHN McKAY,

Commission Merchant

And Auctioneer,

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

SUMMERSIDE..... P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside, P. E. I.
J. D. McLEOD, Merchant, Char'town, "
J. H. ALLEN, St. John, N. B.
Nov 19, '68

WILLIAM BEARSTO,

Commission Merchant,

Auctioneer & General Agent,

WATER STREET,

Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island

A. W. ANDRES,

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A. W. ANDRES.

Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

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Commission Merchant,

And Dealer in Provisions, &c.

MARKET STREET,

St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.

May 9, 1868.

DR. J. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street

SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.

October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS

Has Removed His Residence to the House

(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)

next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.

St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,

Kent Street, Charlottetown,

SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.

Ch'town, June 13, 1868.

HANFORD BROTHERS,

Successors to Thomas Hanford,

Commission Merchants,

And General Agents.

11 NORTH MARKET WHARF.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Chas. U. Hanford Fred. S. Hanford

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

North side King Square,

(next to Park Hotel)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES W. THOMPSON, - - - - PROPRIETOR.

THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.

St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.

No. 9, King Square,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.

ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.

J. CRAWFORD & SON.

Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Invitation to Shipbuilders!

3000 BLOCKS,

NOW READY FOR SALE

AT COSTIN'S BLOCK SHOP, SUMMERSIDE!

THE subscriber begs leave to direct the attention of SHIP BUILDERS and SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP, where he has now, and will constantly keep on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS. of all sizes, which will be sold at the lowest Island prices, and 25 PER CENT. off for CASH.

Remember those are not the Blocks you read about which have no Bushing in the Sheaves, and 2 Rivets where 3 is required. Parties purchasing Blocks should always drive out the pins and examine the inside, as many vessels have been lost in consequence of bad Blocks.

The fastest vessels that ever sailed from this Island were furnished with Blocks from the subscribers Factory, (the *New Dominion, Undine, Zuleika, Kewadin*, and others.)

ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neatness and made substantial. Deck Plugs, Pumps, &c.. &c.

Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope, John Yeo, Esq., and Capt. Richards.

JOHN COSTIN.

Feb. 27, 1868. 1y

New England Self-Acting

HAND LOOM!

Just what every Farmer Requires

WILL weave from 15 to 30 yards per day. Any style of goods required. A dozen different twill can be woven upon the same warp. Also

Seamless Bags,

AND CLOTH, DOUBLE-WIDTH.

Can weave a web six feet ten inches wide. Also, winds its own quills; and while it weaves one quill it winds another. Can also be folded together and taken through a common door with the webb in. The whole operation is performed by turning an easy crank, and can be operatad by a BOY or GIRL ten or twelve years of age.

S. WELLS & CO.,

General Agents, No. 113, Federal Street, Portland, Me. Also Agents for the LAMB & BRIDGEPORT FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE. (Send for a Circular).

October 22, '68. tf

HALL'S

Threshing Machines,

AND OTHER

Farming Implements.

FARMERS wanting the very best THRESHING MACHINES, such as will enable them, to get their grain threshed early for market, made of the best material, having the latest improvement, and much superior to the old style, will find them at the Establishment of the Subscriber.

FARMERS having mowing machines out of order and wanting them refitted and thoroughly repaired, can have it done at Halls Establishment.

FARMERS wanting a good set of FANNERS that will "raise the wind, can purchase them cheap at Halls Establishment. In fact Farmers can obtain at Hall's Establishment every Farming Implement required on a farm.

T. B. HALL, Machinist.

Summerside, July 2, 1868.

Wool! Wool!

THE STANFIELD WOOLEN MILLS at TRYON, having been thoroughly reconstructed and enlarged by additional machinery and Steam Power, will continue to manufacture Cloth from custom wool as heretofore, and at the usual rates. Having doubled their facilities for manufacturing, and procured skillful operatives for every department, the Company feel confident of giving their customers greater satisfaction generally, by manufacturing a better quality of Cloth, and making quicker returns for wool left with them. In addition to the various kinds of CLOTH previously made, they are manufacturing SEVERAL NEW STYLES FOR MEN'S WEAR, and full width Blanketing.

☞ Wool, which must be clean washed, free of mats and coarse locks, and of good quality, may be left at Hon. H. J. Callbeck's, Charlottetown, or at the mill.

STANFIELD WOOLEN CO.

Tryon, May 14, 1868. [m21

REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY

TOBACCO FACTORY

has been

Removed to Water Street,

To the Store lately occupied by Mr. GEORGE CRABB, Harness Maker, in the House of Mr. GEORGE O'NEILL, where

Tobacco of all Kinds,

Twist, Flat and Natural Leaf, will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at

Lower Prices than ever!

☞ People from the country will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere,

PATRICK REILLY,
Proprietor.

Summerside, July 23, '68.

REMOVAL!

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to return thanks for past favors, and acquaint his Customers and others that he has

Removed his Boot & shoe Store

to the building lately occupied by Mr. P Brown, nearly opposite the *Journal* Office, and will be most happy to receive a continuance of their favors.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and settle their accounts.

MAJOR RAMSAY.

Sept. 24, 1868.

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W. W. Colpitts, Margate.

December 3, 1868.

"The Hand-writing of God"

A FEW COPIES of this celebrated work have been received by the Agent for P.E. Island, the Rev. ALBERT S. DESBRISAY. Library Edition $4; Cloth Extra $3.50, N. S. Currrency.

Dec 3, '68.

POETRY.

HOW THE WINTER COMES.

He comes! The tardy Winter comes!
I hear his footsteps through the nights!
I hear his vanguards from the heights
March through the pines with muffled drums!

His naked feet are on the mead—
The grass blades stiffen in his path,
No tear for child of Earth he hath!
No pity for her tender seed!

The bare oak shudders at his breath:
A moment by the stream he stays—
Its melody is mute! A glaze
Creeps o'er its dimples as of death.

From fettered stream and blackened moor
The city's walls he silent nears—
The mansions of the rich he fears!
He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth,
The frost-rimmed greybeard's power defy;
He curses—as he hurries by—
And strikes the beggar dead to earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares,
A hundred heartless hovels hold
Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold,
Watched by a hundred grim despairs!

The forests grow by His command,
Who saith, "He lendeth to the Lord
Who giveth to the poor!" Your hoard
Is His! Ye stewards of the land!

Here is your mission! ye who feed
Your lavish fires! Not afar,
But at your doors your Heathen are!
God's poor—your creditors! Take heed!

The path is long to Pagan shores;
Their skies are sunny; God's oe'r all!
The Winter's deadly harvests fall
Around you! Deal your Master's stores!

Select Literature.

ROSE TERRACE;

OR,

The Trail of the Serpent.

Continued.

AT dinner the next day mamma was unusually bland and talkative, and asked with much kindness how I enjoyed yesterday's expedition. I told her very much indeed, and then, as the subject which had so engrossed my thoughts rushed afresh into recollection, I asked,—

"Mamma, did you ever see Lady Trevanion?"

"Lady Trevanion!" She echoed the name with a sort of terror, and grew deathly pale. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, madam," I replied, startled by her agitation, "we met her at Mr. Vere's studio—she and her daughters; and oh, mamma! one of the young ladies is precisely like me!"

"Like you?" she repeated, with an attempt at laughter which proved a miserable failure. "Nonsense! Your imagination is unruly, child!"

"But indeed she is, mamma. Even Mr. Vere observed it, and commented upon the resemblance to me."

"Did you remain long after their arrival? Did they observe you?" she asked, anxiously.

"I think not. Lord Chester brought me away immediately upon their entrance."

"That was wise; I would not have you breathe the air for one moment that is tainted by that woman!" mamma vehemenently said, with a fierce motion of her little white hand.

"Is she so very wicked, then, mamma?"

"What childish questions you ask, Lillian!" she pettishly replied. "Does it follow that she is wicked, as you call it, because I hate her? I *do* hate her!" she continued, fiercely, bringing her tiny pearls of teeth firmly together. "I hate her because they say she is good and wise—I hate her because she is beautiful—and I hate her—oh! how I hate her!—because *he* has given her his love!"

"He, mamma? Who?" I asked, frightened by her wild words.

But she paid no heed to the question, and left the room, leaving me to waste much thought on the problem of her conduct.

Presently I wandered out into the garden to consult Bent, the gardener, on the transplanting of some pet plants. I succeeded in only finding his assistant, a man hired but a few days before, and while awaiting the arrival of Bent an approaching carriage attracted my idle attention to the road. It was an elegant equipage, and bore a party of four—a gentleman whose face I did not at first see, and three ladies, whom I immediately recognized as Lady Trevanion and her daughters. As they passed closely by our gates the gentleman, who was tall and grand looking, with flaxen hair, bent forward to scrutinize me, and I thus saw his face. With a bound I sprang to the gate, screaming wildly,—

"Papa! Papa!"

He started and paled, while the lady turned on him a quick glance of suspicion, and the girls cast on me glances of wonder and surprise. He gave a rapid order to the coachman, who dashed forward at a reckless speed, and the next moment they were out of sight. Sick and faint I turned to the under-gardener, who stood watching me with undisguised surprise.

"Brown," I asked, with feverish anxiety, "do you know the name of that gentleman?"

"That I do, miss; it be Lord Trevanion; did you note the coachman, miss? he—"

"Lord Trevanion?" I echoed, a dreadful conviction entering my mind; "not the father of the young ladies, Brown?"

He seemed much surprised at the imploring tone of the question, but answered, stolidly,—

"That's just what he is, miss, and the husband of that beautiful lady there."

"O Heaven! O Heaven!"

I turned and fled with this wild cry, nor paused till I found myself crouching on the floor at mamma's very feet, trying vainly to speak.

In looking back upon that scene now, I think a premonition of the truth must have flashed across mamma's mind, for her voice was harsh and strained when she presently spoke, after waiting some time for words from me.

"For Heaven's sake, Lillian, what is the matter?"

"O mamma! O mamma!" was the gasping response. "It is not true! Tell me it is not true!"

"Is the girl mad? Of what does she speak?"

"Of—oh, I cannot say it! Mamma, oh, mamma!"

"Do not act like a baby, Lillian! Tell me what this means," said mamma, with a voice which would have been angry had it not been tremulous.

"Alas! if I were but an innocent, helpless babe again!" I moaned. "Or if I had died before this day's knowledge came to me! But it is not true—it cannot be true! I will not believe it."

There was a moment's silence; then mamma said, with much harshness, as if to reassure herself by that means,—

"Once for all, Lillian, what do you mean? I insist upon an explanation."

I stopped sobbing suddenly, and asked, in a steady voice—but ah, how my heart ached,—

"Mamma, who is my father?"

She started, and drew a quick, gasping breath.

"My God, Lillian! You know—"

"No—no; do not admit that what I have heard is true. Oh, I cannot bear the knowledge; and yet—yet—ah, I am such a pitiful coward."

My very extremity of anguish seemed to aid mamma in recovering her self-possession; she suddenly shook off whatever feeling of shame or remorse her daughter's agony fostered, and impatiently drew her robe from my hand; for I had seized it in my imploring agony.

"Do you know you have seriously torn my dress, Lillian?" she coolly asked. "Pray do not lie there, clutching and writhing like a maniac. Rise, and I will answer what questions you choose."

"Let me stay here," I sobbed, helplessly. "And, madam, answer me. My father—"

"Is Lord Trevanion; you are a nobleman's daughter," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Are you satisfied?"

"*Satisfied!* Wretched that I am! Mamma—what is my father to you!"

"Nothing. *Once* I was—"

"Well, mamma?" was feverishly prompted.

"What the world calls his mistress?"

"And I—I—"

"You are his child and mine," she said, pitilessly, heedless of the effect of her cruel, scathing words. "Have you concluded your catechism?"

"Catechism! Oh, madam, you have so little pity! My heart is breaking, I think, with this dreadful shame!"

"Pity!" she fiercely repeated. "Why should I pity you, ingrate? Are you not rich—beautiful—independent of the worlds opinion? Away with this sentimental folly! Rise and leave the room. Your presence offends me!"

I rose wearily, putting back the tangled hair from my swollen face, and tried to control the suffocating sobs.

"I am very sorry to have displeased you, madam; but you see I have been so proud of your beauty—talents—everything for I thought you were so good; and now—I cannot, cannot think of it. Mamma, mamma, how *could* you degrade yourself!"

Biting was her answer.

"How long may it be since you thought it proper to judge your mother, Miss Melville, and call her to account?"

"I do not mean to reproach you, madam," I answered, humbly. "Forgive me; do not speak so harshly, for indeed, I am very, very miserable!"

She gave me a look half of pity, half of wonder, as though she could not understand why I should be so wretched.

"Listen to me, little fool," she said, contemptuously. "I was but seventeen when I met Lord Trevanion—just your age when you met Lord Chester. He was handsome, polished and fascinating—just so is Chester. He devoted himself to me praising my beauty and flattering my pride till I thought he loved me. Just so does Chester, I think? I loved him with my whole heart, and then—his task was easy. Look to yourself, Lilian, else you will one day say the same of Chester!"

"Mamma!"

"Yes, you may look horror-struck and innocent, and pretend that you have no guile within you! I say look well to your own honour ere you dare to question me of mine! The past cannot be undone—let it be never again mentioned between us."

A new horror had risen before me; I scarcely dare to frame into words the question I longed to ask, but stood gazing piteously into mamma's beautiful, cruel face.

"Madam, did Lord Chester—"

A breathless pause.

"Well, Lillian?"

"Ever speak to you of me? Ever say words which led you to suppose that his intentions towards me were such as you have hinted?"

"Oh, girl, what an imbecile you are! Where was the need of speech when action spoke so loudly? Are not his visits to Rose Terrace sufficient proof! Have you the folly to dream that his love for you—an actress' daughter—could be such as he would acknowledge in the sight of the world?"

"I do not think he loves me at all, madam," I answered, in a low, agonized voice scarcely recognizable by myself. "And I know he is too good and honorable to seek to do me an injury."

Mamma laughed.

"An injury, no; of course he would do you no injury; an elegant residence and a handsome settlement will be no injury, Lillian; and these are at your disposal if you choose to smile upon Lord Chester's love."

Sight and hearing almost left me for a moment; but I rallied and asked,—

"And if he dared to make me such an offer you would have me accept it, mamma?"

"Why not? What are you that you should look upon such a destiny with disdain? It is your lawful heritage, girl. Accept it as such."

"Never!" I answered, roused to something like anger by her undisguised and contempt and unconcern. I would rather die than so degrade myself! But why do I answer! You speak falsely, madam! Lord Chester is not the contemptible villian you represent."

You dare say that to me!" was the angry response, and for a moment the small white hand was lifted threatingly. "You dare—leave me instantly! I am tired of your presence!"

There was no more said: I staggered from the room, weeping bitterly all the way, and bent my steps toward a secluded part of the garden. I understood all, now—all; the mystery which had ever encompassed my life was explained. And I had been so blind! Yet how should I suspect, unsophisticated child that I was, that my beautiful home was the abode of infamy, and my own mamma chief among the bad, fair faced women who had cursed it with their presence? And then the events of my thirteenth birth night rushed through my mind—my strange meeting with mamma—the Earl of Malmsbury's devotion: and as a realization of this new shame came home to me my grief gathered force.

But I did not doubt Lord Chester. In my very heart of hearts I knew that mama's words were false, and I almost despised her for them. I would not doubt him; for to do this would rob me of every hope in life: and I had so little to live for! The conversation I had that morning overheard came before my mind, plain in meaning now, thanks to mamma's words to me: and she would have sold me to him—I, her own daughter—to further her own selfish ends! Oh, what a depth of griet and shame was here!

In that time of misery every happy hour of my life seemed to rise in mockery before me, and in my wretchedness I craved death.

The yielding sod gave me no warning of an approaching step, and I was not aware of Lord Chester's presence until he lifted me from the ground. He looked startled and greatly agitated.

"Lillian, why this grief? What has annoyed you?" he asked tenderly. "Speak, my child; what is it?"

"Oh, my lord, it is something dreadful—horrible!" I wildly cried. "Let me hide my face from you and every one, for it is stamped with shame and dishonor!"

"Shame! Dishonor?.. For heaven's sake explain! what has dishonor to do with you, my spotless Lily?"

"I cannot tell you—you will turn from me in loathing, even you my kindest, best friend. Though perhaps you know it already, Lionel? Every one knew save myself."

A sudden light dawned on him; he *did* know. I turned my face away in an agony of shame.

"Oh, my mamma—my mamma."

I broke into a passion of weeping. As if scarce conscious of what he did Lord Chester drew me close to his heart, murmuring in a broken breathless way loving tender words, and beseeching me to be calm—for my own sake and his. At another time these unusual caresses must have driven all other thoughts from my mind; now I scarcely heeded them. But when at last my grief spent itself, and I remembered where I was, I made a quick movement away from the clasping arms. He held me fast, and there was a certain persistency in his refusal to let me go which seemed strange in one usually so cold and undemonstrative.

"My lord," I said bitterly, "why will you not release me? I am unworthy of your notice."

I had not looked at his face, else its expression would have prepared me for what followed. There was a moment's pause, and then I was crushed in an embrace almost fierce in its intensity.

"Because, Lillian, darling—*my* Lillian—I love you."

"My lord!"

"Hush—let me speak the words that I have kept back for months—let me say them over and over again—I love you; I love you! Look into my eyes, Lilly, if you doubt it. Look—"

He raised my face towards his own, and as his eyes, burning with a strange fire, met mine, they almost terrified me with their intensity of expression.

"O my darling," he continued, covering the downcast face which hid itself upon his bosom with passionate, importunate kisses. "Forgive me if I have appeared cold and stern of late. Ah, you little know the struggle my silence cost me; for, Lily—forgive me if I tell you so—I could not subdue the pride which was in my nature—I could not ask Marguerite Bernard's daughter to bear my name."

I shrank suddenly from him as he said this; he observed the half-involuntary movement, and drew me closer.

"Nay, proud-heart, do not shrink—that folly is over now; my love has conquered all pride, Lillian. We will depart from England forever, my own beautiful one, and leave all shame behind us. You, as my wife—my spotless, honored wife—must forget the sorrow of your girlhood, and my whole life shall be devoted to make you happy. Lillian, my darling say that you love me—say that you will be my wife."

The passionate voice ceased, and loving caresses took up the entreaty. But not a word was spoken in response. Overcome with this great happiness I could only cling shyly to him, and keep hidden my blushing face.

"My darling, look at me—give me an assurance of your love; for I know you love me, little one—those downcast eyes have said so many a time, and by their mute eloquence shaken the hard resolve which made me keep aloof from love of yours. But now I take upon myself the shame shadowing your pure life. Let him question me who dares. One little word, Lily—only one. Will you not speak it?"

All the anguish of the past hour rolled away from me—all the happiness of a future spent with him seemed close at hand, as I whispered in a tone so low that naught but a lover could have heard the words,—

"With all my heart, and mind, and soul and strength, I love you, Lionel."

(Concluded next week.)

Ten tons of frozen smelts, were sent lately from Richibucto, N. B., to the New York market for sale. If these fish continue plenty, the shipper thinks that he will realise a fortune out of the business.