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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the business of the late Charles Matheson, Painter, will be carried on by the undersigned until further notice.

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The Ladies belonging to the Sodality connected with Notre Dame Convent intend holding a Grand Empire Tea and Fancy sale in the B. I. S. Hall, Kent St. on Monday and Tuesday, the 25th and 26th of June. Strawberries and Ice Cream Home-made Candy. The best the season affords will be offered. Nothing will be spared to make the Festival most enjoyable. Entrance 10c.

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July 19, d4.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

Theora, whose gaze had been fixed on Captain Hervey's leaning figure, raised her head with a swift, vindictive glance, which she could not suppress in time.

"Honor Craven," she said, with cruel deliberation, "is, as every one says, arrogantly proud of the money of which she so illegally obtained possession; and is, besides that, a most unprincipled coquette."

He had risen from his seat as she spoke, but waited beside her until the last word was uttered, then answered with quiet composure:

"On this subject it is utterly impossible for us to agree, Miss Trent, so it is better that we should not speak of it. I consider Miss Craven as far opposed to your description as light is opposed to darkness; and so you understand how I must answer you, if I answer you at all on this subject."

He stood a moment or two after he had ceased speaking; then, with a low bow, he walked away.

It was as he passed on his slow way from group to group that presently he joined the coterie which lingered about Honor; and she put her hand into his, and smiled her beautiful smile. Yet, even in his first momentary glance, he read the truth—Lawrence Haughton had told her what he threatened to tell. Afterward, when he was alone, he tried in vain to remember how he had read this fact. Her smile was not flashing in its brilliancy as it used to be, and her words were not prompt and piquant, as of old—yet it was not these facts which told him. There had been no word or glance of suspicion or even of curiosity; no sign of coldness or repugnance; yet, as Royden said to himself again and again in his solitude, she had heard Lawrence Haughton's story.

The ball was only half over when Royden Keith bade adieu to his host and hostess, sorely against their wish. But he had not descended the staircase when Captain Hervey Trent came up to him.

"Keith," he began, with a rather eager assumption of familiarity, "stay a moment, will you? Honor has been asking me where you were, and she will be pleased with me, I dare say, if I take you to her. Will you come?"

"Thank you," returned Royden, showing no impatience for the speaker; "but Miss Craven did not, I fancy, send you to summon me."

"Oh, certainly not."
"If she had done so, I would have returned with you at once. As it is, you must excuse me."

"She did really wonder where you were," persisted Hervey. "They were talking of something nobody seemed to know anything about, and she said you would tell us, if you had not left. I know she would be glad if I took you back with me. Come."

Quietly, and in very few words, Royden resisted the warm, familiar invitation; but still Captain Trent was not to be so easily shaken off.

"Why is it, Keith," he asked very skilfully, as he fancied, treading ground which led to the solution of a troublesome speculation of his, "that you have avoided Honor all night? Has anything occurred?"

"Anything occurred!" repeated Mr. Keith, with a glance of slow and grave inquiry into his companion's face; "I do not understand."

"I mean," explained Hervey, not comprehending this glance, "I mean—you will not mind what I am going to say, I hope"—he added, blushing like a girl, although they were in comparative solitude on the staircase, "I mean have you, or I should say, is there anything serious between you and Honor? You won't mind my asking, because I really am anxious on this point."

"Any affairs of Miss Craven's which

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she wishes you to know, she will doubtless tell you herself."

"But just assure me of that," persisted Hervey, with his characteristic density; "it will not make any real difference to you, and it might make a world of difference to me."

"I fail to see the possibility."
"Stop," cried Hervey, overtaking him as he walked slowly down the stairs and linking one arm in his; "don't be vexed, for after all it is a natural question, and would give you no trouble to answer."

"No trouble! Just then, too, when he had formed the determination never to seek her companionship again, even, as it had ever been, only for a few minutes at a time.

"Let me, as the elder man, Captain Trent, advise you to leave every man to manage his own affairs without interference."

But Royden's reticence and his advice availed him nothing. Hervey Trent was so determinedly bent upon setting his own mind to rest upon this one important point, and so terribly anxious to hear from Mr. Keith's own lips that Honor Craven and he were nothing to each other beyond ordinary acquaintances, that he intruded his company upon Royden up to the last moment such a thing was feasible, and reiterated, in varied forms, his urgent request to be enlightened.

His heart, sore and troubled in its newly gained knowledge of that barrier which, perhaps forever, must be reared between them, Royden answered with a sadness which was yet free from sarcasm or scorn.

CHAPTER XXX.

That London season was a perfect dream of delight to Phoebe Owen. She had never been accustomed to indulge in fancies of any kind, but, if she had, the wildest flight of her fancy could not have soared to such splendor, and ease, and variety as that in which she revealed now in Honor's shadow. But not until months afterward did she understand how much more of this happiness and unmixed pleasure had been owing to Honor herself than to the constant round of gaiety and brilliancy to which she gave the credit.

Never had Honor's nature held a grain of selfishness, but in this wealthy, courted life of hers the fact was more apparent to Phoebe than it had been in those old days at the Larches. Perhaps this was because Phoebe's perceptions were widening a little, now that the one idol on which for years they had been centered was—unwilling, forsooth, but not the less ruthlessly—being withdrawn; but perhaps it was because the power which now lay in Honor's hands was broad and great. In any case, the Kensington house was a home of almost unreal happiness and splendor to Phoebe, and the example of her cousin's life was of untold benefit to her.

Nor was she the only one to whom Honor made the grand old mansion into a beautiful and tempting home. From what, by her bright, unvarying kindness, and gentle, steadfast help, she had rescued Hervey, he could only fully recognize a year afterward, when he declared, with a humiliation which was new to him, yet of which he felt no shame:

"I can often see the pitiful sight of idle men lounging about town, who are only just what I myself should have been if Honor had not saved me; and, if I could do for them what she has done for me, I would; but, then, it is only the few who can do it."

Thus, for Hervey and for Phoebe, Honor made a home to which they were brightly welcomed, and in its happy light, and under her loving influence, the old idle and selfish habits fell from them, too sickly to bear this pure, bright atmosphere.

But this was not all the good that Honor did, even in the very heart of that world of gaiety and unrest, while she reigned a queen triumphant, wielding her three-fold sceptre of beauty, youth and wealth. Few who met her in the brilliant saloons, where she was ever the prominent figure—worshipped openly as one whom it was natural to worship—could have guessed where many hours of the day had been spent, or how those hours had been used. Few could have guessed what generous gifts had been distributed quietly by the small, white hands, which it was a privilege to touch. Few could have guessed what comforting and strengthening words had been uttered by the lips whose smile was reward for hours of indefatigable attendance; and few could have guessed how anxious to do good was the girlish heart whose zest in all amusements was as fresh as if that heart were not strong and steadfast for its work in the solemn battle of life.

No; few could have guessed, although there were times when the girl drooped wearily under the burden of her great responsibility, and could almost longingly recall that old life, whose only gleam of brilliancy had been day-dreams of wild and sweet impossibilities. Her dreams were of the future still—poor Honor!—when she allowed them to come at all; but her own was not the central figure now, as it had been in

those old times; indeed, her own was rarely there at all; and those dreams were all gray, and chill, and lonely. Now and then, but rarely, came back to her that autumn day when she had walked beside Royden while he told her how he loved her; or that evening when, in his own home, she had turned with negligence from the same story. But when such memories did come, she stifled them as if they hurt her, and then returned those haunting dreams of the future, in which she saw him always alone, solitary and unhappy;

watched and suspected; always alone in the crowds which clustered about him, and even in whose meriment he joined—a man standing apart. So she saw him, chastened in heart and intellect; and it was this constant haunting thought of his grave and solitary life which brought that dreamy sadness to her eyes so often, and kept at bay all thought of love and close companionship.

They met often. In the whirl of life into which both were so eagerly tempted, it was impossible it should be otherwise; but there was always now a barrier between them which, though invisible, was inexorably impassable; and which it must be impossible ever to pass again, because neither could speak of it unless in that horrible alternative of Lawrence Haughton's carrying his threat into execution, and making his suspicion public. As yet Mr. Haughton had taken no step toward this result, beyond one more threatening interview with Honor, in which he had shown her the burned scrap of paper which he had so long guarded under lock and key, and of which he had before only told her. Honor, standing opposite him, while he insisted on showing it to her, bent and examined it, though apparently the scarred fragment possessed little interest for her. Lawrence could not see her eyes, and waited so long in vain for any remark which might betray her conviction of fear, that at last, in despair, he reminded her harshly of this incontrovertible evidence. She raised her face slowly, and answered in her usual tones:

(To be continued.)

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