

DIRECTORY OF L. O. Association in York Co.



ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER NO. 1

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER No. 1 meets at Orange Hall, Queen St. Frederickton, on the 14th of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.
WM. ROSSBOROUGH, W. C. in C.
ANDREW LONG, Scribe.

YORK COUNTY LODGE holds its meetings quarterly. The next quarterly meeting will be held at St. Mary's, in the Orange Hall, on Tuesday, 10th November next, at 8 p. m.
WM. ROSSBOROUGH, C. M.
R. B. ROSSBOROUGH, Sec'y

ROSSMORE L. O. L. No. 21, meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month in the Orange Hall, St. Mary's, at 8 o'clock p. m. Flag raised on night of meeting.
ROBT. COCHRAN, W. M.
T. MURRAY BREWER, Sec'y

WALKER L. O. L. No. 35, meets on the 1st Tuesday and 3rd Monday in each month, at the Orange Hall, Queen street, Frederickton, at 8 o'clock p. m. Flag raised on night of meeting. Visiting Orangemen to the city cordially invited to attend the meetings.
A. L. HAINING, W. M.
W. M. CLARK, Sec'y

PICKARD L. O. L. No. 40, meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, in the public hall, Marysville, at 8 o'clock p. m.
G. F. ROBBIE, W. M.
G. W. BROWN, Sec'y

DIRECTORY OF L. O. Temperance Lodges

ROSSMORE L. O. T. LODGE No. 1 meets in the Orange Hall, St. Mary's, on the 2nd and 4th Mondays in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.
J. L. BOYD, Pres.

PROHIBITION L. O. T. LODGE No. 8 meets in the Orange Hall, Queen street, Frederickton on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.
W. H. ANDERSON, Pres.
F. J. LODD, Sec.

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CHAPTER XXV.

A STORM IN A TEACUP.

(Continued.)

What made Garton suddenly look up and wring his brother's hand?

Too late! God bless you, Robert, Yes, I will go anywhere—anywhere; but she shall never know why—never, never!

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE DARK.

Robert rather congratulated himself on having done a good stroke of business that night; he had struck when the iron was hot. He drew a long breath of relief when his brother had left the room. Thank heaven, that bit of troublesome business is over for good and all, he ejaculated devoutly. Poor old Gar! he continued, with a pang of natural sympathy; who would have imagined that he would have been so bitten?

And he thought with some degree of bitterness of the hand that had dealt this fresh blow. His heart was full of pity as he heard Garton's restless footsteps overhead. He lay and listened to them far into the night; a touch of compunction haunted him as those weary footsteps passed to and fro. He was glad to remember now that his words had been wise and temperate; considering all things, he had rebuked Garton's thoughtlessness very mildly; the poor fellow's hot denials and reproaches, his indignant refutations, his irate defence, had been far from displeasing to the elder brother. I did not think he had so much in him, he said to himself over and over again.

Robert's sympathy was very real; but he had no conception of the fierce misery that was making the night a long torment to Garton. The incessant movement, the long restless strides, the hasty stumbles in the darkness, when the candle had guttered to its feeble end, were so many proofs of the intolerable feelings of the young man, who took no heed of the cold and darkness—groping from end to end of the narrow room in a blind helpless way.

Sometimes he stood, with folded arms, looking blankly through the darkness, or rocking himself in his old accustomed manner. A little glimmer of light from a street lamp cut into the darkness and showed him like a swaying gray shadow on the wall. A dull surging broke the silence. Under the lamp there was a stretch of white shining road; a barrier of darkness seemed to close in. As he stood and looked out at it a dull hopeless gloom seemed to settle round his heart and rob him of all courage.

He wondered now how it had come about. Robert's shewdness had brought this sudden revelation of his own feelings home to him. He was racking his memory to discover when it was that he first loved her; but his mind was too confused, his pain too real, to follow out any given clue of reasoning. He had called his love friendship, and under this disguise had tasted of her sympathy and found it very sweet. He had blundered out all his troubles to her with an eagerness that should have revealed his own feelings. No other woman had ever seemed so sweet and gracious to him. And now all this pleasantness of intercourse must be broken up. She was the light of his eyes and the desire of his heart—ab, he knew this now. The one woman whom he could and would have dared to love, despite his beggary, but who was never to know—never, never—that he had dared to love her.

He wondered with a sort of terror how he should bid her good-bye. A sudden anguish filled him as he thought of her youth and graciousness. What a simple kindly friendship had existed between them! On his side he had always been very loyal, but with a sturdy independence of opinion which she had found amusing. What nonsense she had talked to her, and how patient she had always been with him! She had never been weary of his discontent and moodiness. Her eyes would shine with a tender pity as he blurted out his grievances. She always seemed pleased to see him, no matter how troublesome he had been. She would meet him half a dozen times a day with the same shy bright smile; a kind hand would be put out frankly to him. Sometimes she would indulge in a little joke at his expense, but the joke never hurt him.

He thought of that day in the Burnley Woods, and the wonder with which she had regarded his simple castle-building. She had been a little disappointed with his lack of ambition, he thought, and no marvel. How paltry it all looked now—the little cottage with the bow-window, Reuben, Johnnie Forbes, the lame boy, with Deb to keep house. Ah, what a different castle he would build now! A dull misery of longing took possession of him as he cherished the bitter-sweet fancy—a little room all sunshine, gleaming white lilies outside, a tall slim girl with a plaintive face with sweet frank eyes.

Oh, my God! cried the poor fellow in his anguish. And I must never tell her that I shall love her to my dying day.

It was the hour of his weakness. By and by a certain strength of acquiescence came to him—he struggled no longer, in a word, he accepted his fate.

One by one he put away his hopes from him. One by one he looked the bitter conditions in the face; his love was hopeless—unrequited; he must give that up—he must renounce all hopes of entering the Church. He had given his word that he would go anywhere; he would keep his promise. There should be no delay, no looking back, no undue dallying with regret. The stern asceticism of Garton's nature came to his assistance here. As soon as possible he would leave Blackscar and England. The sacrifice might be a cruel one, inasmuch as it involved all that he held most dear, but at least it should be complete.

He did not tell himself that he should not dare to trust himself often in Rotha's presence, but, all the same, he knew that such was the case. A few bitter drops, of which even his manhood was not ashamed, were wrung from his eyes when he thought of his boy-friend Reuben, who would fret after him sorely. The thought was a bitter one, but he put it away from him as soon as possible.

He has a friend in her—he belongs to her now, he repeated, with a vague pleasure in this mutual property, and a fresh dimness crossed his eyes as he thought how Reuben would never allow her to forget him.

There was much painful work in store for him. It was nearly morning now, and he was terribly jaded, almost worn out; but with that unselfishness which was part of his nature he resisted the temptation to seek his bed, but lay down for an hour in his clothes that he might not over-sleep himself, and so that old Sarah, who was very ailing, might find the fire lighted as usual.

He went through his self-imposed tasks as studiously as ever. He smiled bitterly once or twice as he blacked his own and his brother's boots. What would she say if she saw me do this? he thought, with an odd mixture of pride and pain. Fancy a hewer of wood and a drawer of water daring to love the mistress of Bryn! He looked up and nodded to his brother as he came whistling through the courtyard with his arms full of faggots. The whistle was very sweet and shrill, but Garton's eyes had purple rings round them, and the dark face was as pale as a girl's.

Good morning, Robert, he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. Sarah has the rheumatism very badly this morning; I hope you are not in a hurry for breakfast.

Pretty fair; I suppose I shall catch the usual train, returned Robert carelessly. Sally would do very well if you did not spoil her so. I'll be bound you were up at six chopping that wood; and I don't think we, either of us, had too much sleep last night. I might have had a dozen men overhead, to judge by the tramping.

Did I disturb you? I am sorry, answered Gar. I always walk a mile or two if I am restless. If you are waiting for breakfast I may as well put on my coat, for I want to speak to you. He broke into whistling again as he followed his brother upstairs.

What a fine fellow he is, after all, thought Robert. He was full of pity at the sight of the dark rings—Garton's pale face and puckered forehead haunted him through the day; once or twice he had twinges of remorse. How he had undervalued him! A hundred instances of the poor boy's goodness of heart rushed to his mind; he had nursed him in that long illness of his; and he remembered how Garton lay for hours parched with thirst rather than wake him, when he knew he was overtired; he had broken down under the strain of that watching, and then Garton had nursed him in his turn; he recalled Garton's clumsy attempts, his odd mistakes, the patient way in which he set himself to retrieve his queer blunders. Those strong brown hands had been as gentle as a woman's. It made Robert's heart very soft to remember these things; it struck him all at once how he would miss Garton, and how empty his daily life would be with out him. He looked up when Garton's whistle ceased.

Did you say you wanted to speak to me, Gar?

Yes, but begin your breakfast, please, or you will lose your train. Of course, I want to speak to you. I did not waste much time in sleep last night, as it happens, so I went over everything in my own mind; and I want you to know that, as far as I am concerned, it is all settled.

What is settled?

That I will go to New Zealand—Timbuctoo—wherever it is; and the sooner the better. I will go for my outfit to-morrow if you like.

It won't be much of an outfit, I am afraid, returned Robert ruefully, but I have a few pounds at your disposal, to which you are heartily welcome. And you have really made up your mind, Gar?

Yes, Bob.

My dear boy, you are doing very

right, and I honour you for it old fellow; you are just the sort of a man to get on over there. I should not wonder if you come back with no end of money.

I don't much think I shall come back, Robert.

No, not for some years—eight or ten, perhaps. It's a bit of a wrench, Gar—I know that; but anything is better than this rusting life down here. It will make a man of you—it will indeed.

A faint smile came to Garton's lips. Robert was kind, very kind; but how could he know—how could any one know—that death would rather have been preferable to him than this lifelong separation from those he loved? Come back? He would never come back. Reuben might come out to him by and by; but Blackscar, and Kirkby, and Bryn he should never see it again! A profound sadness seized on the unfortunate young man as these thoughts occurred to him. Robert cleared his throat once or twice as he looked at him.

You must not lose heart over it, Gar. I don't see that it matters what I lose; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. I suppose you and Austin will write sometimes; I shall tell Miss Maturin—a new strange falter over the word—to send Reuben out to me. I forgot if you said it was to be New Zealand, Robert?

Well, Mathias has offered you a free passage there; so, unless you prefer Canada or Melbourne—

All places are the same to me, interrupted Garton indifferently—out of England, I mean. Oh yes, of course, New Zealand will be the best. What made Mathias offer me a free passage I wonder? Have I ever heard of him before? I forgot all about it.

I was of great service to Mathias once. It does not matter, so I need not refresh your memory, returned Robert hurriedly. It was his way to ignore any good deed he had done. A man is always grateful to the person who happens to help him, but few men make so much fuss over it. He heard me talking about this emigration business, and then he offered me that free passage for you.

I thought you were too proud to accept such a favour, Robert?

One must swallow one's pride sometimes—I am learning that. And then I have done Mathias more than one good turn. It was a great many years ago, when we were young fellows. In short, he owes me money.

Ah! that is a very different affair.

Anyhow, it would not do to loose such a chance; and then Mathias has an influential friend or two over there, to whom he will give you letters of introduction. The whole thing speaks for itself—it does indeed.

I am quite of your opinion, Robert, that it will be the best possible thing for me to do—under the circumstances, I mean.

I am so glad you agree with me, Gar.

Of course I felt you were right, Austin and you, from the first; but now it is doubly my duty. Whatever happens, remember you have nothing with which to reproach yourself.

You will tell Austin what I say. I don't care to go into the matter again with any one—least of all with him. The decision was for me, and I have made it; and there is no one to blame, but only circumstances. As far as I am concerned, as I said before, I am ready to get my outfit to-morrow. Shall I go up with you to Thornborough to-day and do it?

Gently, gently, my dear fellow; we have not spoken to Austin or Mathias. There is plenty of time, plenty. You need not get into a fever about it.

Things have gone worse with him than I imagined, he said, as he put a stop to the conversation by rising from the table.

Garton eyed him wistfully as he went out.

I suppose he will miss me when he finds things are not quite so comfortable, said the poor boy sadly as he took down his cassock from the peg.

Old Widow Larkins was cleaning the church when he went in. He nearly stumbled over her pail as he went swinging down the aisle. He had plenty of work to do there that day. There were a village wedding and two funerals, and later on a baptism. Some strangers to the place commented afterwards on the strange dark young man who seemed to do everything for everybody. When the people had all gone away he locked the door on the inside and went up and knelt down alone before the flower-decked altar. He was only a young man, very faulty and not over wise, not much more than the hewer of wood and the drawer of water to which he had likened himself. But, as he knelt there, Garton Ord prayed the noblest prayer but one that ever was prayed—Oh Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me! And he prayed thrice with a patient sigh, as though his heart were broken. Was his manhood less strong when he invoked another and a higher Strength? Surely such men as Garton Ord are the little ones of the Kingdom?

Rotha could not understand what had become of her friend. She had not seen him for three whole days, and she was as restless and uneasy as a woman could be. He had gone down to the shore

with her and the boys on the afternoon in question, and she had brought in Reuben and Guy to tea, not extending the invitation to Guy's uncle as Mrs. Carruthers would be out. She had noticed, or fancied she noticed, a shade of disappointment on Garton's face at the omission, and he had lingered more than a moment at the gate, as though unwilling to break up the little party. This had been on the Monday evening, and the next day she had a cold and did not care to stir from the fireside.

The next day it was no better. Rotha's cold was still troublesome, and the weather was unusually inclement. Rotha, who was an unwilling prisoner, grew slightly ruffled in spirits towards evening. To add to her discomfort Mary came in on her way to church, and was very sympathising on the subject of Rotha's cold, and slightly mysterious on every other subject.

You are feverish—a bad cold always makes one feverish, said Mary, with a placid sigh. You must take care of yourself, and we shall see you about in a few days. Rotha shed a few tears when she was left alone. She had only been a prisoner two days, and already something had taken place at the Vicarage which she was not to know, and then it was so strange of Garton. She determined nothing should keep her indoors on the morrow, but when she awoke the next morning she was forced to reconsider her resolution. A damp drizzle of mist and rain threw a metaphorical wet blanket over everything, her cold was still obstinate, and it would be little short of madness to stir from the fireside.

Rotha thought it the longest morning she had ever spent in her life. The whole world was against her, and the weather too. What was this thing they were keeping from her? Rotha had not long to ask herself that question, for just then, to her surprise, the door bell-rang and Reuben Armstrong came in.

It was not a half-holiday, but he had come to Bryn with a message. As though he gave it—standing cap in hand, as though in haste to be gone—she noticed the boy's eyes were red and swollen, and his face was flushed with crying.

Why, Rube, she said reproachfully, you have not got into any trouble with Mr. Dentry, surely?

Reuben shook his head and looked rather indignant at the supposition.

What is the matter, then? she continued impatiently. Rube, you must tell me; you look as though you have made yourself ill with crying.

Don't you know? Haven't they told you? he began eagerly. No one has told me anything, returned Rotha, with a touch of the old soreness; there is some mystery—I am quite aware of that; but no one has thought it worth while to tell me anything.

And you don't know that they are sending him away?

Sending whom—do you mean Mr. Garton? Something sharp seemed to shoot through Rotha's heart then. She caught her breath once or twice. Why don't you speak out plainly, Reuben? I think you are under some mistake. If this were true, don't you think they would have told me themselves? said the girl, with a little natural impatience.

Perhaps Mr. Garton told them not. Oh, Miss Maturin, he is so unhappy; he could hardly speak to me last night when he told me about it. I think, I do think, they will break his heart between them.

Reuben, you are very wrong, said Rotha rebukingly; her face was very pale, and she spoke hurriedly. My dear boy, I don't think you know what you are saying. Why should they send him away?

Of course, it is his own doing; he is too noble to eat another man's bread—don't I know that?—but, all the same they have driven him to it. He is never to be a clergyman—never; and he is going away to the very end of the world.

Oh, Rube, God forbid! and a hot flush of pain came to Rotha's cheek. We must not let him go, Rube. You are right; it will break his heart. Why did you not come to me last night and tell me this.

I thought you knew, returned Reuben mournfully. It is no use; they will not let you do anything, Miss Maturin—it is all as good as settled. One of Mr. Robert's friends is to give him a free passage to New Zealand, and he is going to Thornborough to-morrow to get his outfit.

Without telling me! exclaimed Rotha.

It is all Mr. Robert's doing—every bit; he will try to prevent my going out to him, I suppose, but I will go if I work my way for it; in a few years I shall be a man. He saved my life, said the boy, I can't bear to see him go away. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? And Reuben laid his head down on the table in a perfect agony of crying.

To be Continued.)