

DIRECTORY OF L. O. Association in York Co.



ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER NO. 1

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER No. 1 meets at Orange Hall, Queen St., Frederick, on the 14th of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.

WM. ROSSBOROUGH, W. C. in C.
ANDREW LONG, Sec'y.

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 meeting night.

ROBT. COCHRAN, W. M.
T. MURRAY BREWER, Sec'y

WALKER L. O. L. No. 35, meets on the 1st Tuesday and 3rd Tuesday in each month, at the Orange Hall, Queen street, Frederick, 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.
WM. 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. ROHRKE, 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, Frederick on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.

W. H. ANDERSON, Pres.
F. J. TUBB, Sec'y

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FRESH GROUND

SILVER HULL

Buckwheat Meal.

The first in the market. Extra good.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LOVE IDYLL.

(Continued.)

She put out a soft hand again, and half led, half drew the excited young man to the door. She let him out herself into the wind and storm. It might have rained showers of roses on them both. A shy good-night followed him through the darkness. Garton, turning round in the garden-path, saw her still standing, with flowing dress and hair, on the doorstep, with the silver lamp in her hand. The radiant figure haunted him all night long.

Rotha went up to Meg when she had let out Garton. Meg was not asleep when she entered. The elder woman knew at once by the girl's kisses and silence that something had happened. She drew her into her arms without a word, and let her cry softly to herself. Rotha shed a few tears of wonder, and happiness, and excitement on Meg's shoulder. The strain and flurry of the last few hours had worn her out. This natural outlet to her pent-up feelings soothed and relieved her. By and by she sat up and told her friend all.

Meg was not much surprised; she lay and listened with a throbbing head to the shy recital. How strange and yet how familiar it all sounded!

Do you love him? Are you sure you are happy? He is very good, but not good enough for my darling, says Meg, when Rotha had finished.

Good! I wish I were half as good as he is, thought Rotha, when she went up to her room. She was a little disappointed at Mrs. Carruthers' reception of her news. Meg had said very little, but she had kissed Rotha and wept over her.

It is too late to ask my advice now, Meg had said very solemnly, and perhaps, after all, I should not have cared to give it. You have accepted Garton Ord's love, and I pray that he may be worthy of my darling's choice, but I would have her be very sure of herself and of him too.

Rotha had gone upstairs with these words ringing in her ears. In spite of her happiness they had a little sobered her. It was clear that Meg had been thinking of her own unhappy choice. To her such a subject must always be more or less invested with gloom. Nevertheless the words had been said, and Rotha had felt herself somewhat sobered by them.

Do you love him? Are you sure you are happy? Meg had asked her anxiously, and then she had averred it as her conviction that he was hardly worthy of her friend's love. Doubtless it was rather chilling to the girl's enthusiasm; she sat down a little troubled as she pondered over Meg's words.

Was she sure? Of course she was. Rotha repelled the doubt indignantly. Was he not the best, the noblest, the dearest? Her breast heaved, her eyes filled with tears, as a hundred recollections of the young man's goodness crossed her mind. Rotha was right when she felt that she loved him dearly. Nevertheless Meg was right too. Mrs. Carruthers had grasped the truth intuitively when she told herself that Rotha's affection for Garton Ord was more a sentiment than a passion, and that the imagination had as much to do with it as the heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.

As for Garton, he went home through the wind and rain as though he were treading on air. He came back once and put his lips to the stone where the silver lamp had been gleaming. He murmured a thousand blessings as he looked up at the curtained window, where the firelight was still playing on the blind. He imagined her still sitting there in her gray dress, with downcast eyes, thinking of him. He would have lingered there, Heaven knows how long, in the rain and darkness, keeping watch and ward over that hallowed threshold, but for Rotha's little Skye terrier Fidgets, who flew barking at him round a corner. He quitted the dim garden-walks with reluctance. Rotha would have wondered if she had seen him pacing up and down underneath the soaking evergreens. Garton would have paced on there quite happily for hours, entirely oblivious of his outer man, but for Fidgets' annoying attentions. The dog positively refused to recognise his friend. He growled at Garton's wet overcoat, till Garton gave up the contest and retired.

He performed a few more acts of worship, however, in the front of the house, leaning on the gate which Rotha and he had so often entered. Was Rotha or he the happier now? Oh, God bless her for all her dear love and goodness to me! cried Gar, lifting his hat in his youthful chivalry. How many more delicious things he would have said and done are doubtful, but Fidgets found him out again and grumbled through an aperture in the wall. Jock and Jasper from the

Vicarage joined in the duet inside, and all the village dogs took up the chorus, while Garton, baffled by the canine music, took himself and his raptures to the seawall, till he felt sober enough to go back to Robert.

The study looked very cosy when Garton entered. The fire was blazing, the lamp freshly trimmed, and the Vicar sat in the arm-chair which Garton usually occupied opposite to Robert, with Cinders comfortably curled up on his knee. Garton could hear their voices as he climbed up the dark staircase. The cheerful light almost dazzled him coming in from the gloom outside.

Robert broke off directly at Garton's entrance. His face looked flushed and excited, his eyes sparkling, his whole appearance and manner changed. The Vicar also looked beaming. The two confronted him with some curiosity. Garton, with his radiant face, his wet coat and muddy boots, presented a strange appearance to his two brothers. Austin put his hand on his wet shoulder rather anxiously, and Robert exclaimed in surprise:

Why, where have you been, Gar? It is nearly eleven o'clock; and, my dear fellow, just look at your boots.

Yes, I know, returned Garton, not looking at them, however, and shaking himself like a water-spaniel. I have been with a friend a part of the evening, and since then I have been taking a walk by myself on the sea-wall.

He did not add that his friend had been Rotha, and if Robert had any suspicion as to the cause of his radiant looks he did not say so.

Austin was the next to speak.

Making the most of your liberty, eh? Now I'll be bound your friend was Rube Armstrong, and that you were both making a night of it up to Bryn. Here have Robert and I been waiting for our patience waiting for you. Mary has sent in once to know when I was coming, but I could not go till Robert had told you the news.

What news? It ought to be pleasant to judge by Bob's face, replied Gar dreamily. He wondered with a sort of pride if they could guess how little their news could affect him. It was something to see Robert look happy, however.

Listen to me, Gar. You recollect Aunt Charlotte's oldest friend, Mr. Ramsay of Stretton?

Remember him? Of course I do. Emma Ramsay was a pretty girl, too, he added mischievously for his brother's benefit, and for a wonder, Robert did not resent the joke.

Well, she is Emma Tregarthen now—Lady Tregarthen, I should say; and is prettier than she ever was, only rather stout. Well, what should you say, Garton, at Mr. Ramsay sending for me early this morning in quite a friendly way and telling me that he had accidentally heard that I was managing clerk at Broughton and Clayton's, and not getting on so well as I ought in the world, and then making me the most brilliant offer you ever imagined?

I should say he was a jolly old fellow and no end of a brick, cried Garton rapturously. Is he going to take you into the works at Stretton? Bravo, Bob! The star of the Ords is rising now, and, boyish as ever, he clapped his brother gaily on the shoulder.

No nonsense, Gar; you have not heard me out. He can't take me in at Stretton, though I see he wants me, because Carter refuses to be superannuated, and very sensible too of Carter. By the bye, he told me, Austin, that he had always hoped to see me at the head of that concern, in poor Bob Ramsay's place, but of course the fate would not have it, moralised Robert, looking very handsome and sentimental, as behoves a man who had had to choose between two beautiful girls.

That was when he hoped you would be his son-in-law returned the Vicar, smiling. It is getting late, my dear fellow, and you are leaving Garton a long time in the dark.

Not in the dark now, answered Gar, with a happy laugh, but of course his brother misunderstood him.

What do you guess? asked Robert in surprise. I was utterly taken aback when Mr. Ramsay told me that, knowing how my abilities were thrown away, he had taken the liberty to recommend me to the house of Fullagrove and Barton, old correspondents of his, who had applied to him for a well-qualified English manager.

An American house! exclaimed Garton, opening his eyes.

Yes, I should have preferred England, if only for Belle's sake. Of course I know she will be willing to accompany me, he continued, with a smile; still it is hard parting her and Mary. It is all arranged; Mr. Ramsay has the power to arm me with full credentials. I have given Broughton and Clayton three months' notice. My salary is to be six or seven hundred a year, and I trust, before two months are out, Belle will be well enough to marry me. Mr. Ramsay says there can be no objection to my taking a wife out, as we are to have a house rent free on the premises. So Belle will be quite a rich woman, finished Robert; but his voice was a little husky as he thought how late, how very late, all these good things had

come to them. More than once the fear had crossed his mind that evening that Belle was hardly fit for the new duties she was to take on herself.

Have you told her? asked Gar excitedly. My dear Bob, I heartily congratulate you. He was a little absent now and then; he wondered when a break in his brother's talk would allow him to bring out his news. It was glorious to think that Belle and Robert were at last to be married, and there could be but one opinion at Robert's good fortune; but he must be forgiven a little natural egotism if he wished that Robert would not be quite so prolix.

No, I have not told Belle yet; Mary begged me to say nothing to-night. Garton, you don't look half surprised enough, and you don't ask me why you are not going to New Zealand.

No, returned Garton, trying to suppress his impatience; I forgot all about that part of it, Robert.

Well, I am coming to it now. Mr. Ramsay did not send for me this morning only to tell me the news, but because he thought I should be a likely person to assist him in a sudden difficulty; he has no sons, as you know, and his staff, though efficient, is somewhat small, and he wants a trustworthy person with a fair amount of brains to discharge rather a delicate commission for him.

Well! ejaculated Garton. Robert was decidedly prosy in his happiness; these particulars were not at all interesting to Garton; he began to think of Rotha standing out in the dark with a silver lamp in her hand; he could hear the sweet good-night echoing among the trees; he shifted his place and moved restlessly, somewhat to Austin's amusement, as Robert went on with his explanations.

You see he is rather in a fix just now, as the Yankees say; he has just heard from very reliable sources that the Vera Cruz mines in South America are not yielding profits to the shareholders; that, in fact, there are rumours of immense losses. Mr. Ramsay is not one of the directors, but he has dabbled very largely in shares, and the person he has appointed to watch his interests over there has not quite come up to the mark. Some of the most influential shareholders have been selling out, a panic has been the result, and the directors want to hush it up; in fact, Mr. Ramsay cannot satisfy himself whether there be serious cause for alarm or not;—do you follow me?

Of course I do, returned Garton impatiently; he could not understand what Robert was driving at, or why these lengthy particulars should be interesting to him. The Vicar, who was watching him, exchanged a droll smile with Robert.

It does not strike you particularly interesting, does it? Well, it will soon; don't be in a hurry, Gar; it is coming presently. Well, Mr. Ramsay would go over himself, but he is not as young as he was, and he dreads the voyage; but he asked me if I knew of any one tolerably trustworthy who would go over there, and who would watch the whole thing for him and keep his eyes and ears open. The process, as Mr. Ramsay explained it, is very simple. His principal business would be to seek out a certain retired Spanish merchant, of whom Mr. Ramsay has lost sight of for many years; this Don Gomez would give you—I mean the person in question—every reliable information that was to be had. You see it is very simple. The only thing is, there's not a moment to be lost; Mr. Ramsay wants immediate action.

It was evident Garton was getting very restive; he understood now at what Robert was aiming; he would have to bring out his news in a very different way than he intended; this long business talk was intolerable.

Well, Gar, continued Robert good-humouredly, I suppose you know what I am after now! Mr. Ramsay offered very handsome terms, and I owed him a good turn for what he had done for me. Of course I told him that my brother would be the person. Aren't you glad it is South America and not New Zealand, Gar?

You told him I would go! burst out Gar. How dare you?—I beg your pardon—what right had you to say such a thing without my leave, Robert?

Tut! lad, don't lose your temper. Austin, just look at him. Do you think I would have answered for you if I had not been sure of your consent? Have you not been breaking your heart days enough over the New Zealand scheme? and didn't you tell me that you would go anywhere, to Timbuctoo if I liked?

Circumstances alter cases, returned Garton; his muscles were quivering, his whole frame seemed strung up to the contest, he looked every inch an Ord. I hope you have not given your word, Robert; for I do not mean to go to New Zealand or South America either.

Hear him, returned Robert in calm exasperation; did you ever see any one so provoking in your life, Austin?

I thought you would have been overjoyed, Gar, said the Vicar reprovingly. Robert thought he was doing the best for you; he knew how you hated the thought of leaving England. The whole thing would not occupy you more than five or six months; it would simply be

a pleasant change, and Mr. Ramsay held out the hope to Robert that if you pleased him in the way you discharged your commission he would take you into his works at Stretton.

And, put in Robert, with an uneasy glance at Garton, I would not have given my word to Mr. Ramsay if I had had a doubt of your approval; but there was not a moment to be lost—not a moment Garton. He wants you to start by the *Phoenix* next Wednesday.

And what did you say, Robert? asked Garton, trying to keep himself still.

I told him you would go, returned Robert steadily. Why, Gar, what's the matter with you?

Oh, good heavens! give me patience, cried poor Gar. Robert, you were wrong, very wrong to pledge your word to Mr. Ramsay. How am I to go now? indeed I cannot. Miss Maturin and I are engaged!

A dead silence followed Garton's hasty words. If a thunder-bolt had fallen between the three they could scarcely have appeared more astonished; the Vicar especially could hardly believe his ears.

Engaged! You and Rotha! he gasped out; but Robert interrupted him.

Do you intend to tell us that you have had the meanness to propose to her? he almost thundered. But perhaps it is not well to repeat the words of a man when he is angry; forbearance and a tolerant estimate of other men's motives were not among Robert Ord's virtues. The Vicar too was at first scarcely less displeased. Neither could rid himself of the impression that Garton had taken an ungenerous advantage of the young heiress.

Go on, said Garton, with a little scorn: I shall not defend myself.

He folded his arms and listened with pale face and fiery eyes to Robert's brief cutting speeches. The Vicar looked disturbed, as well he might, at the high words that raged between the brothers. Oh, the Ord temper! Garton had his share of it, without doubt.

Hush! that will do, Robert, said Austin in an authoritative manner.

His great calm voice seemed to have an instantaneous effect on the excited young men. He put his hand on Robert's shoulder as he spoke.

I don't think we ought to be so hard on him, Bobus, using unconsciously the name that belonged to their boyhood. Let us rather hear what the lad has to say for himself.

He ought to have gone away like a man without saying anything, returned Robert bitterly; he told me he would.

I never said that I would go away without bidding her good-bye, replied the other vehemently. Would you have me slink off like a thief or a coward? Was it my fault that I loved her, burst out Gar, when every one in my place must have done the same?

No, no, broke in the compassionate Vicar. He began to estimate the force of Garton's temptation. He held out his hand to the poor boy kindly.

We've been too hard on you, Gar. Tell us how it all happened, lad.

That touch of real sympathy beat down all Garton's stubbornness in a moment. His eyes glistened. The sullen look passed out of his face.

I will tell you, Austin, he said eagerly; but I will have nothing to do with any of his questions. If Robert chooses to insult me, he may take the consequences. I never went near Bryn at all till she sent for me.

Sent for you! echoed the Vicar in surprise.

Yes; she sent me a message by Rube. She had heard all about my going away, and wanted to prevent it; you, who know so much about her generosity, Austin, can guess what she offered me. She was pressing it on me as innocently as though she were my sister, and I got up and flung her hand away. I don't think I quite knew what I was about, Austin, and then it all came out.

Hush! don't say any more. Yes, I understand. He turned his back on Garton, and began to walk up and down the room as though somewhat agitated; understand—of course he did—he could see it all clearly. The frank offer of assistance and the abrupt refusal, the girl's innocent reproaches and the poor fellow's sudden burst of anguish; he could fancy the sternness with which Garton flung away the little hand and rose to depart. Perhaps she saw his look of despair, and—

Yes, yes, I see how it was, muttered the Vicar. He turned back and put his hands on Garton's shoulders, and looked up in the young man's face with kind wistful eyes.

Do you think you are worthy of her, Gar? Oh, Gar, you are both so young for your age; are you sure that you know your own minds?

Garton was silent a moment, and an expression almost of sadness crossed his face. I shall try my best, Austin, you may depend on that; but how can I ever hope to come up to her?

The Vicar smiled a little sadly; he seemed about to speak and then checked himself.

You were going to say something, Austin?

(To be Continued.)