

IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Here rose the minister where Augustine taught; Beneath our feet here slumbers one whose life, 'Twas hostile King and Dane, was one long strife—

A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

"I can't see those three palm trees," said the major, a gray-headed "ranker," who supported a wife and a family of six in West Kensington, out of his pay.

He and the best part of his regiment under his command were winding their way across the desert, through thick thorny scrub, between treacherous looking low parallel ranges.

"I can't make out those palm trees," said the major; "Lieut. Lovett, shoot the guide at the first sign of his playing false."

"Lieut. Lovett's gone with two file of men and the guide to the top of the ridge to reconnoitre, sir."

"Lieut. Lovett and the two file of men never came back, and the major said no more, for a volley from the ridge stretched him lifeless.

Officer after officer, sergeant after sergeant fell, marked out by their uniforms as distinctly as if they had been branded. The Arabs evidently had some renegade among them well up in English uniforms.

Still the column fought its way on doggedly. At last there was only one commissioned or non commissioned officer left—a smooth-faced boy, fresh from school, just rushed through Sandhurst. But still the magic of discipline held the men together.

And then he, too, was picked off by the sharpshooters; and if he had been a Crimean veteran, the effect could not have been more instantaneous. The men, who were half of them little better than recruits, commenced a *saute qui pout*, each man rushing for the nearest boulder or thornbush to shelter himself for one minute from the murderous hail of bullets, which poured from the ridges. The Arabs had been waiting for this, like vultures waiting for a lion to die, and sprang out of the scrub with spear and knife to make shambles.

Next moment one of the rank and file sprang forward to where the dead boy lay, sword in hand, clutching the colors which he had seized as the color-sergeant fell. Quick as lightning he caught hold of the sword, and waving in the air, thundered out the command, "Form company square."

The men, when they saw the familiar signal and heard the familiar word of command, sprang into their places with one accord. They were again a regiment and not a flock of sheep without a shepherd. They had a strange commander; a fine man enough must have been once, but his ruined complexion and bloodshot eyes, with their look of devil-may-care, told the tale of dissipated years. Still the men felt that they had a master among them once more, and neither bullet nor blade could make any impression on their firmness, though their numbers diminished woefully fast, and, owing to their commander being one of the rank and file like themselves, the sharpshooters could not pick him out.

Their ammunition was failing, and they knew that in a few minutes death must await them as surely as it did an hour ago, when each was cowering to save himself, when suddenly they heard the noise of a machine gun and saw the swarthy hordes of Arabs mown down. The heart of every one but the man with the bloodshot eyes beat high. He did not value his life. In another moment he was dead, pierced to the heart with a shot fired by an Arab in his flight—at random. A moment after the General dashed up at the head of his cavalry, and the main force appeared at the top of the ridges. The Arabs were in full flight, and the hussars were ordered to complete the rout. It appeared that there had been double treachery. The regiment's guide was one of the enemy, who had led them into a trap, and with the enemy was an Arab in the service of the English, who had slipped away at the earliest opportunity and taken the alarm to the general, who had hastened to the rescue with his whole force. The general found the soldiers crowded round a fallen comrade, a man in a private's uniform, with the regimental colors in one hand and an officer's sword in the other.

He leaped from his horse, and while the saved men told the story of the man whose presence of mind had saved them he unbuckled the dead man's tunic and shirt, for he had caught a glimpse of a slender gold chain round the swarthy neck. The chain was attached to a leather wallet, brown with sweat and wet with the blood from his death wound. It hung next his skin. The general opened it reverently, and as he examined it the rough soldiers standing round him were moved, for tears rolled down his cheeks. The wallet contained only three things, a tress of hair, fair and silky, the miniature of a beautiful young girl with a delicate, highbred face, and a letter, worn by being carried about in the pocket, addressed: "Captain the Honorable Charles LeGrey, White's." The paper inside was coroneted and the writing splashed with tears; the note was very brief:

"My first and last darling! "After this terrible morning I can never, never marry you. I can never see you again. But, by my hope of heaven, I am yours and yours only till I die. She whose fondest wish on earth was to be your wife. G. C."

"G. C., Gwendolin Carbis," said the general in a husky voice, and he kissed the letter and miniature fondly, and returned them to their wallet, put them in his pocket. "Bring the body to my tent," he commanded, and they hastily knocked up a stretcher, and on it they laid the body of Pte. Harris, with the boy-officer's sword in his hand, and the tattered colors of the regiment laid over his body as if he had been by commission as well as by fact their commander.

Ladies, Washington's Ice Cream Parlors are elegant and his ice cream par excellence. Try it.

CHAPTER II.

The castle of Doom, where the long line of the Earls of Morvah had reigned in feudal splendor, commanded St. Ives bay, and, like most of the Cornish castles, was quite close to the sea. On the orrinary map it was marked Carbis Castle, but for generations and generations Cornishmen had called it the Castle of Doom, for its owners had always met with some horrible fate. Not one earl of Morvah, not one Baron de Carbis before them, had died in the natural course, and the gloomy Norman keep on the brow of the beeding cliff, with the waves roaring in the galleries they had honeycombed beneath, seemed itself ominous. And now the long Morvah had dwindled down to two persons, Petrock, 18th earl, and Lady Gwendolin Carbis, the lily of Cornwall. The earls had been all sorts—soldiers of fortune, bandits, debauchers, spendthrifts, black-legs; they had only tallied in coming to a violent end. Earl Modred, the last, had been a miser and usurer, so grinding, so fiendishly brutal to his debtors and tenants, that a family of stalwart sons, ruined by one of the life tenancies in vogue in Cornwall, and enforced upon their father's death with more than ordinary heartlessness, had turned upon their ruler and killed him, though they all swung for it afterward. His miserliness made him keep up the family tradition; it had also an effect upon this history, for he left his savings to his daughter, which made her the highest heiress in the west of England. Earl Petrock had no very distinguishing vices except his ungovernable temper, he was a member of two or three crack fast clubs, at one of which he saw much of Charles Le Grey, the brother of a peer and a captain in the Rifle Brigade. How Capt. LeGrey lived was a mystery; he had long ago squandered his patrimony. Lord Morvah knew this, but for a man of his temperament the captain had a strong fascination. The Morvah blood was wild enough in all conscience, and there was nothing in gambling daredevilry that would stagger LeGrey. He had lived life to the dregs. At last, in an evil moment, the captain thought of Lady Gwen Carbis' jointure as a means of satisfying his creditors. Lord Morvah was one of his most intimate friends, and he imagined that his consent went without asking. Hers was a more delicate matter. She might not think so well of a rouse and debauch. Making her acquaintance was not difficult; he had only to learn from mutual friends what houses she went to, and as a member of the same set there were sure to be some where he would have the entrée. So it proved, and Lady Gwen proved an easy victim. She heard so much of his exploits from her brother, and she, too, had the wild blood running strongly in her veins. The pure young girl gave her whole heart to her base hero, whose exploits, it must be admitted, had many of them been on the battle field.

Not so Lord Morvah. Capt. Le Grey might be good enough to be his friend, but he was not good enough to be his sister's friend, much less her lover. Lady Gwen's spirit was equal to her brother's, she was her own mistress, and marry Charles Le Grey she would. Lord Morvah forbade him the house.

CHAPTER III.

On the highest point of ground of the St. Ives peninsula in Lord Morvah's park stood a disused engine house, such as one sees dotted all over Cornwall, like castles battered in the civil war. One of the earls had had the resemblance heightened by adding battlements and putting in windows. It did for luncheon at shooting parties, for it saved going down to the castle and back, and the telescope at the top swept land and sea for miles and miles.

Outside this tower one autumn morning, while the mist was still thick enough to hide every thing a few miles away, stood Capt. Charles LeGrey. He was kept some time waiting, and occupied the time—for his breakfast had been of the very scantiest—in picking the glorious blackberries that grew across the mouth of the disused and unprotected shaft. As it is usual in break-neck places, they grew to perfection, but he had to use the greatest precaution in gathering them, for it was hard to make out where was *terra firma* and where only matted vegetation veiling the black abyss below.

At length from out of the mist emerged a beautiful young girl, having the line nostrils and the short upper lip, and the slender, well poised figure and feet which we associate with high breeding, as well as the sky-colored eyes and sun-colored hair which have been goodly in the eyes of man since Helen of Troy made them the fashion. She flung herself into his arms passionately.

"My darling, my darling, they shan't separate us." Then recovering herself quickly, she held up the key of the tower and entreated him to release her and open it. "The mist will be off soon and my brother may discover my absence. From the windows of the tower we could mark his movements."

"Stay," cried a voice, furious with passion; "your brother has discovered your absence." And Lord Morvah appeared, carrying a horse-whip, attended by two or three of his servants with cudgels. Capt. Le Grey was unarmed, except for the walking-stick he had used in climbing the hill. Lord Morvah made a dash at him to horse-whip him. The captain eluded the blow and the peer fell forward. There was a crash of breaking brambles, then a horrible silence, and then—it seemed an age afterward—a yet more horrible splash.

The Earlom of Morvah was extinct. The servants struck at Le Grey with their cudgels, but Lady Gwen stepped between, who as a sheet, though too thunderstruck to weep. "Lord Morvah is killed; you are my servants; leave this gentleman alone and go to the nearest mine for a relief party." Capt. Le Grey—Charlie—go with them, I entreat you to return to town, I cannot see you now; I will write to you at your club." She never saw him again. He received the note found upon him when he died, his hero death in Africa. He was too proud, or knew Lady Gwen too well, to attempt to alter her decision, and as without her property his affairs were desperate, he resigned his commission and enlisted in the ranks of another regiment as Private Harris.

A plucky miner was let down the shaft in a bucket, and brought up the body of the earl, stone dead, but hardly buried, for he had fallen into deep water; only, whether it was due to the passion in which he died or

Moore's Almond and Cucumber Cream. Removes Sunburn, leaving the skin cool, smooth and soft. See advt.

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to his fall through so many feet of air, the expression of his face was ghastly beyond description. Those who saw the last Earl of Morvah, lying on a tavern table awaiting the coroner's inquest, were haunted by the scene till they died. The Castle of Doom was suffered to fall into decay. It seemed to have fulfilled its bode when its last owner followed the tradition of his family. The remainder of the history is contained in two letters:

I. From Major Gen. Hon. John Le Grey, commanding Her Majesty's forces at the battle of Wady Issek to the Right Hon. Lord Hexham, Hexham Priory, Northumberland, England.

My dear Brother,—Our favorite, but too wild brother Charles, has finished his stormy career which opened so brightly. I arrived just too late to save him at the battle of Wady Issek, where he had saved the regiment in whose ranks he was serving by his gallantry and presence of mind in assuming the command, which as a former captain, of course, he was qualified to do, and when it was routed by the enemy, he was buried in a spare uniform of the captain of his company, killed in the same action. Our dear old brother made up for his life with his death. I can assure you I wept over him like a child, when I found him only just dead, after having been lost to us for so many years. I have kept the sword he died with. I feel so thankful that I arrived in time to give him a last kiss and follow him to his grave. I have much to write, but my heart is too full. I am, My dear Hexham,

Your affectionate brother, JOHN LE GREY, Major-General.

II. From Major-General the Hon. John Le Grey, commanding Her Majesty's forces at the battle of Issek to the Right Hon. Lord Hexham, at the convent of the Watchers, Rome.

MADAM—Herewith I beg to return to you the miniature of yourself which you gave to my late lamented brother, Capt. Charles Le Grey, together with the letter written by you to him. The stains on the letter and picture are blood, for he was carrying them next to his body when he fell fighting gloriously in the service of his country, at the battle of Wady Issek. (Here, as in the last letter, followed a description of the battle.) Madam, you must excuse a stranger venturing to address you thus, but I felt that you would like to hear of the noble ending of one who had such a tragic influence on your life. Madam, excuse a bad, ungrateful letter from a sorrowing brother, and believe me yours faithfully,

JOHN LE GREY, Major-General.

The poor sinful body of Charles Le Grey does not lie in the sands of the desert, but in the great cathedral, whose golden cross shines over the last beds of Nelson and Wellington, whither it was transported at the cost of the last of the house of Morvah. A memorial brass, inconspicuous, but with an exquisite relief of the battle, showing him in his private's uniform, holding up the sword to give the signal for forming the square, records that it was erected by Sister Gwendolin, in affectionate memory of Private, the Honorable Charles LeGrey, of the Queen's Own, late Captain in Her Majesty's Rifle Brigade, who fell in the moment of victory while gallantly commanding his regiment after it had been denuded of its officers at the battle of Wady Issek.—Douglas Staden.

Words cannot express the gratitude which people feel for the benefit done them by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Long-standing cases of rheumatism yield to this remedy, when all others fail to give relief. This medicine thoroughly expels the poison from the blood.—Advt.

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ON and after 1st June, the CITY OF MONTREAL CELEO will leave from the Company's wharf, Reed's Point, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

7.45 a.m., local, for DIGBY and ANnapolis. EXCURSION TICKETS 5 lbs issued on Saturday at St. John, Digby and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare. Tourists and invalids paying full one way, and desiring to return same day, will be entitled to return tickets free, on application at the Purser's office on board.

Returning same days and due here at 6.45 p. m. H. D. TROOP, Manager.

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"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing July 8, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

18.45 a. m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock. 3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, for St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock and "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a. m.; 13.35 p. m. Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Fredericton at 17.15, 10.55 a. m.; 7.10 p. m. Woodstock at 17.50, 11.30 a. m.; 8.20 p. m. Houlton at 17.40, 11.30 a. m.; 8.20 p. m. St. Stephen at 19.00, 11.40 a. m.; 7.15, 11.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 17.55 a. m.; 5.25 p. m. Fredericton at 16.00, 11.20 a. m.; 8.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 18.20 a. m.; 12.10, 17.10, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 17.55 a. m.—Connecting with 8.45 a. m. train from St. John. 1.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. 1 Daily except Saturday. 2 Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 7.00 a. m., and Carleton at 7.30 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 a. m.; St. Stephen, 11.55 a. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.00 a. m., St. George, 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.40 p. m. St. John at 1.00 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 9 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. Stephen, N. B., June 17, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889--Summer Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.30 Express for Sussex..... 16.25 Fast Express for Quebec and Campbellton..... 16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.20 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.50 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 20.10 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All times 1889 by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows: No. 1. No. 2. Lv. BUCTOUCHE 7.30 Lv. MONCTON..... 16.45 Little River..... 7.48 Lewisville..... 16.49 St. Anthony..... 8.04 Humphreys..... 16.53 Coagone..... 8.20 Trishtown..... 17.15 Notre Dame..... 8.22 Cape Breton..... 17.25 McDougall's..... 8.28 Scotch Sett..... 17.33 Scotch Sett..... 8.50 McDougall's..... 17.45 Cape Breton..... 8.58 Notre Dame..... 17.50 Trishtown..... 9.08 Coagone..... 18.03 Humphreys..... 9.20 St. Anthony..... 18.19 Lewisville..... 9.24 Little River..... 18.35 Arr. MONCTON..... 9.38 Arr. BUCTOUCHE..... 18.53

Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R. trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax. Moncton, June 9, 1889. C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

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