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"JARVIS RECORD."

Is published every Thursday at Jarvis, Ont., and is the largest and best paper printed in the counties of Haldimand and Norfolk. Its columns are always filled to the brim with the latest local news from the surrounding villages, which is eagerly looked for and read by every subscriber. It's circulation is rapidly increasing, in fact it is a welcome visitor to nearly every dwelling in this section. As an advertising medium it is acknowledged to be the best in the two counties. The subscription price is only $1.00 per year, or 50c. for six months. No subscription received for less than six months.

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FRANK N. PETTIT,
Editor and Publisher.

Michigan Central Railway,
CANADA DIVISION.

Trains leave Hagersville station on and after June 10th, 1883, as follows:

GOING WEST.

Chicago Express, daily	2:18 a.m.
St. Louis Express, daily	9:40 a.m.
Pacific Express, daily	2:56 p.m
*Mail and Accommodation	8:45 a.m.

GOING EAST.

Atlantic Express, daily	12:55 p.m.
St. Louis Express, daily	5:48 p.m.
Limited Express, daily	6:04 a.m.
*Mail and Accommodation	4:18 p.m.

* Daily except Sundays.

Persons wishing to go West from Jarvis via the Michigan Central, should take the 7:10 a.m. train on the N. & N. W. for Hagersville, as the 10:15 a.m. train does not make close connection with the morning trains on the Central.

AT A BITTER COST.

And D'Eyncourt answered with a hundred tender words, but did not tell her where the wound lay. He saw how she had misunderstood him, and would not enlighten her; for her own sake the mistake had better remain. But he did not go out that evening, as he had intended doing; he could not.

A night or two afterwards, he came to her as she sat near the window, trying to read by the last gleams of daylight. She got up hurridly.

"Are you come to say good-bye? Are you going out?" she said brightly.

"Kiss me once before I go," was all Eric answered.

Half superstitiously he thought those innocent lips would somehow keep him from harm. And Verna, as she gave the kiss, not once, but twice, little knew why he had asked it.

* * * *

As the daylight faded the groups at the club were some of them drifting off to the card and billiard rooms; others still lingered over their wine and cigars, or in the reading and morning rooms. Presently one of the members, looking up, said languidly to some one who had just come into the morning-room—

"How do, D'Eyncourt? 'Pon my word, you're a bit of a stranger!"

"Hallo, D'Eyncourt!" said another man—Hamilton by name—who had so keenly regretted the loss of "the best hand at cards."

"Is that you really and truly? Be a good fellow, and give one a chance. I haven't enjoyed a game since you went into the country."

"Poor fellow!" said D'Eyncourt, laughing. "Perhaps I'll take pity on you; but first let me have a look at the *Globe*. Done with it, Marley? Thanks."

"Hang the *Globe*!" said Hamilton, who was never happy unless he was throwing dice or dealing cards. "There is nothing in it; and, if we wait all the tables will be occupied. Come, D'Eyncourt."

Eric laughingly put aside the hand that was stretched out for his paper, and with a smiling lip and throbbing heart ran his eye over telegrams and paragraps. Then he flung the *Globe* aside, and rose.

"Come then!"

A table in a comfortable corner of the room was found to be vacant; a fresh pack of cards was brought, and the game commenced. At first D'Eyncourt played badly, for he was not thinking of the game at all; he was wishing in his heart that he might lose, sure that success would rouse again the demon that had been laid to rest—thinking of Verna with an almost irresistable longing to throw himself at her feet and tell her all, hear her say "I forgive you, Eric," and turn away for ever from the feverish pleasure that he despised even while he joined in it.

"I say, D'Eyncourt," said Hamilton, coolly possessing himself of an advantage which his opponent had let slip, "I expect you didn't touch a card while you were at Weston St. Mary, or your wits are wool-gathering. Wake up, my boy; you're dreaming!"

Eric roused himself with a start; it was only the last words that he had heard, he had been so lost in his own thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I've not played for weeks."

Hamilton's remarks drew several men to the table—there was always an onlooking group when Eric D'Eyncourt was one of the players.

"Mind your laurels," said one, with a hand on the young man's shoulder.

Eric involuntarily shrank from the touch. They were all so friendly now. His lip curled in scorn—what laurels these were to win! But he put thought aside and gave himself up to the game—he would not be beaten without a struggle.

Somebody called for wine, then another, then Hamilton for liqueur. D'Eyncourt raised his dark eyes.

"Keep your head steady," he said, with a slight tone of contempt in his voice. "You've got the best of it now, but you'll have to be on the alert to keep it."

"Pooh—a little drop like that! I'm not a girl," said the other, laughing. "Have some wine, you abstemious fellow!"

"No, thanks."

"Afraid of losing your head?" said young Lord Marley, who still stood close to Eric.

"I never take wine at odd times," replied D'Eyncourt. "I can't think what stuff you fellows are made of to stand the amount you do. Upon my honor, Hamilton if you touch any more," he said, half laughing, "I'll through up the game! Suppose I win; where will be the honor if that wretched curacoa has stupified you? Take it away, Marley—don't drink it—throw it away."

After this brief interruption, the play went on, Hamilton grumbling in mock annoyance that that was the worst of playing with D'Eyncourt—he never would let the wine go round properly. The speaker was certainly keeping the advantage he had gained at the beginning, playing his best, which was very good. But presently D'Eyncourt seemed to have regained his old form; he felt with pain that he was also regaining his old interest and was determined to win. He forgot, as he always did, that to win meant gold, entirely losing sight of that end of the game. Hamilton, as he saw his opponent gradually improving his position, began to grow warm; Eric seemed perfectly cool. He never showed excitement, though he felt it probably more than less easily moved and less nervous temperments. He put forth all his energies because he could not bear to be beaten, because it was his delight to conquer—he would have been as earnest over the game if there had been no money at stake. Perhaps too to-night there was some pride about it—not a very high pride, as no one knew better than himself; he had been reckoned first in all games of chance or skill, and the men around had thought that he had become unskillful and would fail. He would not fail—he would hold his place. The onlookers became as excited as the players—it was a close tussle. First one seemed gaining, then the other, and Eric grew paler and paler, but smiled and chatted carelessly with the others, while Hamilton had eyes and ears only for the cards.

"Wish I could keep as cool as you, D'Eyncourt," said Lord Marley.

"Cool, when heart and head were on fire!

"Don't take wine when you play," Eric answered, glancing up.

Oh, it isn't that!" said Major Montagu. "I believe I [illegible] stand any quantity; I do not drink at play however, yet I am never so cool as you. That's partly what gives you an advantage. It must be a matter of will with you, for I am sure you're not of the temperament to care nothing whether you win or lose."

It was growing late; but, as the Effingham was a night-club, that was of no importance. The windows were set wide open; without there was the ceaseless roll of carriages bringing their occupants from theatre and Opera, or taking them to ball and reception. Above the streets, bright with the streaming lights from club and hotel, and noisy with the myriad sounds of a great city that is living its fullest life, shone the moon in a sky of grayish blue. The garishness below, the glory of purest light above—Eric glanced at both, with a rush of recollections; he remembered as a little child lying and looking at that same moon and thinking the flood of light around it must be like heaven, where his mother was—his mother who must have loved him. Would she love him now—a gambler? He did not look out again during the night.

Presently one or two began to depart. Big Ben boomed out the twelve strokes that seem endless, interrupting many a prosy speech; and D'Eyncourt said that he must be going.

"You don't want to be off at twelve?" cried Major Montagu, laughing. "It is not like you. And this is the prettiest game."

"I don't want to be very late," said Eric, who certainly showed courage by such a speech. He had never been heard to say such a thing before.

"Poor fellow! Afraid of a lecture?" murmured Lord Marley. "Don't tell her where you've been, my boy."

D'Eyncourt was on the point of retorting, but the last peice of advice closed his lips. It was only a jest, and he was in earnest. Hamilton called him to order, and he overlooked the remark.

The game was near its end. Steadily Eric won his way—step by step he had gained, first one advantage, then another, and deeper had grown his interest; then the last cards were played. There was an exclamation from Hamilton, a crowding round of the spectators, each commenting, discussing, or applauding—a perfect buzz of tongues; and D'Eyncourt leant back, drawing a long silent breath. That kiss on his lips hours before—how bad it saved him?

"There you are, old fellow!" said Hamilton's voice—it was a rule of the club to pay debts before leaving.

D'Eyncourt stood up, stretched his hands above his head, dropped them, and then became aware that Hamilton was holding a cheque towards him. His dark face flushed; he half drew back, with the impulse to refuse the proffered paper; then he laughed a little.

"Oh, thanks! I'll give you your revenge at another time," he said; while the cheque seemed to burn his fingers.

Then he said he must go, and shook his head when he was asked to adjourn to other places familiar enough to him, but the mere thought of which sickened him now. He had had enough already of "old times."

"Is she afraid of bogies?" asked a young member insinuatingly.

"Don't know—never asked her. Perhaps she is, though; there are ghosts in London houses," D'Eyncourt answered, pulling on his overcoat.

"Will you come to Richmond on Sunday?" said Marley. "I've got a new team I want you to see."

Eric wondered scornfully whether his youthful lordship, who never had his purse with him, had bought his team only the previous day.

"Thanks," he said; "but I am sorry to say I am already engaged."

For he had promised to take Verna to Maidenhead and up the river to Cliveden, and perhaps Marlow—it would be her first view of the glories of the Thames. Richmond was flat, stale, and unprofitable in comparison with that pleasure; and, besides, he had promised.

It was past one when he reached home; and, for the first time, he half feared to meet Verna, lingering in the moonlight, hoping that she might not still be up, then fortifying himself by repeating that what he had done had been done for her sake—only for her.

Verna did not utter even a half-jesting reproach; she was not one of those women who expect their husbands to give up everything, however innocent, that they have been used to before marriage, and find no [illegible] with them. She would not [illegible] such a thing with Eric, [illegible] fear that he might [illegible] trusted him. Nor did she [illegible] that tiresome question, "Where [illegible] you been?" Instead, she welcomed him brightly. She gave no hint that she had been lonely—it was her first long evening by herself since her bustling school-life. But he knew she must have been so, though he too was silent about it. He petted her more than ever, as if to make amends, and the next night [illegible] her to the Philharmonic; and the Sunday on the river, in the dreamlike backwaters beloved of all Thames frequenters, out on the wide reach where Verna surrendered herself to the many-coloured glories of Cliveden, was so cloudlessly happy that he wondered how he could ever care for other pleasures.

CHAPTER XIII.

To Verna just now life was particularly sunny, although there was a shadow of that undefined fear which had not been laid to rest by Eric's assurances. He had never told her that he gambled. She knew, of course, that he played occasionally, as did others of his age and class, but there was a wide gulf between that and gambling; nevertheless she grew uneasy without seeing any ground for it. She might have been pardoned if she had mistrusted him when he was out late, but she did not. Perhaps, if she had been older, even her love for him could not have produced such absolute faith. Nor did she resent such absences; but she was apprehensive of his being in the companionship of men for whom he had no friendship, and who, if they did no harm, could do no good.

As the summer weeks went on, Verna began to think that there must be a discrepancy between the money spent and the allowance likely to be made by Mr. D'Eyncourt. She remembered Eric's telling her, before they were married, that when he first went to Oxford his father gave him more than he granted him later on. Then how came it that there seemed to be so much money in hand? Surely he was not borrowing? Once she made a slight remonstrance when he wanted to take stalls for some very high-priced theatrical representation.

"You are an awfully extravagant fellow!" she said. "Numbers of people better off than we are will go to the dress-circle, and be glad to do it."

D'Eyncourt looked suprised, and then laughed.

"But my dear little piece of economy, I abominate dress-circles. If other people like to save, I've no objection; this is only once in a way."

She looked a little reproachful, but said no more; and they went as arranged. Yet, not long after, when she asked for money to settle a milliner's bill, he asked her if it could not wait.

"Yes, if it will be more convenient to you," she said. "But I always like to pay Madame Dubois at short intervals; and you told me the other day that I was to get some new things."

"Well, where's the difficulty, dear?" D'Eyncourt asked.

"I shouldn't care to do so unless I could pay this account," said Verna hesitatingly.

"Such people do not mind. One can't pay everything immediately."

"I don't think it is wise to have credit unless one is really rich; it is sure to lead to debt; and I have such a dread of that," the girl answered. "One can run up any amount in that way."

"You're getting terribly prudent," said D'Eyncourt, a little quizzically; and then he kissed the sweet troubled face. "Never mind my nonsense, darling," he added. "You are right, as you always are. I should make you much happier if I were half as good as you. Now don't tell me you couldn't be happier"—putting his hand laughingly over the half-opened lips. "It would be strange if such a fellow as I am didn't give you the heart-ache sometimes!"

"Eric!"

"It is worth while to say such things to make you look so prettily reproachful and say 'Eric!' with that accent," said D'Eyncourt wickedly.

And the discussion ended in a laugh on both sides.

From that time, however, Verna's uneasiness assumed a more definite shape; and the girl began to take on herself the cares of a woman.

So the summer slipped by; and with autumn came the usual flight of "society." D'Eyncourt took Verna to a wild out-of-the-way seaside place, because she said she did not want a repetition of London.

By November town was full again, and the usual restless whirl and rush recommenced. The theatres had all reopened, the [illegible] of winter concerts were [illegible] forward; pleasure and business [illegible] of old and the fashionable watering-places, the primitive villages, the hundred hamlets, where weary Londoners seek health and recreation, resumed their wonted appearance of quiet.

A new piece was to be produced at the Belvedere Theatre—a one-act *lever de rideau*—by a young author who was said to be clever; it was not a farce—there never were farces at this theatre—but a comedy. Mr. Charlemont's thoughts turned longingly to Verna D'Eyncourt; Verna D'Eyncourt's thoughts turned as distinctly to the stage-manager's promise after her maiden effort in the early summer. It was in this state of mind that, stepping out of French's one day, Verna came face to face with Mr. Charlemont. They both stopped, she with a daintily-gloved hand held out, he with the delighted exclamation—

"You are the very person of whom I was thinking! I am glad to see you."

"But your thoughts of me must have been rather unhappy, if I may judge by your face," said the girl, looking up at him with her head a little on one side.

"They were doubtful, my dear Mrs. D'Eyncourt—not exactly unhappy, I hope," said the stage-manager gallantly. "But, since we have met, I should like to have a few minutes' talk with you, unless you are in a hurry."

"I am entirely at your seavice."

"There is a nice quiet confectioner's close by," said Charlemont, "which will be fairly empty now, and we can talk at our ease."

Verna bowed, and they entered a shop near, where Mr. Charlemont, after ordering some coffee for both of them, led his companion to the little room at the back.

"What I said to you at the beginning of the summer," said the stage-manager, by way of commencement, "was not, I am afraid, entirely disinterested. I recognised in you great talent, and I was glad to hear from Mr. D'Eyncourt that you were taken lessons from Endsworth. May I ask if that was with any ulterior view?"

"With the view of going on the stage," answered Verna. "I am told by good judges, you amongst them, that I have talent; and, since we are not rich, why should I not turn it to account? I always intended doing so when the opportunity occured."

"Then you would be disposed to think of my proposition," said Charlemont, rather eagerly. "I would give a great deal to have you in our *lever de rideau*—a nice piece, with two female characters—and my manager, Mr. Ridley, will be sure to indorse my choice. I've not forgotten your charming acting at Weston St Mary, and at such short notice too. As to your husband, no doubt you can arrange with him."

"There will be no difficulty about that," said Verna, smiling; "he has no real objection. He knows why I am studying, though we have not discussed the subject."

Mr. Charlemont was so highly pleased that he forgot his coffee, and allowed it to grow cold, while he gave Verna a full account of his plans. He told her also what had passed between himself and Eric concering her. The conversation ended by Verna agreeing to speak to her husband and see Mr. Charlemont again; and they emerged into the Strand as the short day was darkening. Verna turned towards Piccadilly with a light heart—light because she saw an opening for her ambition; besides the certainty of a fair income.

The drawing room in Down Street looked delightfully bright and cosy, contrasted with the damp and gloom outside, when she came into it after dinner, and, with a sigh of pleasure, sank into her favorite low chair on one side of the hearth. The clear fire deepened the crimson hue of her dress and burnished the gold of her hair and shone upon the pearl-tinted walls and knick-knacks on the tables. Verna looked round her with all her artistic senses pleased; the apartment was very different from the old school-room, with its ugly paper and general dingi[illegible] and bareness. Eric, coming [illegible] pleted her satisfaction. She rep[illegible] to herself, what she had so often [illegible] before, that beauty is an unspeaka[illegible] blessing.

D'Eyncourt sat down opposite to he[illegible] and, with his handsome head leanin[illegible] back, gazed dreamily into the fire. She noticed more clearly to-night that the something perplexing in his face was less marked than it had been. There was a touch of sweetness about the lines of the mouth, the pride seemed less severe.

"What a couple of dreamers we are!" said Eric, coming out of his reverie to find the violet eyes opposite scrutinising him closely. "How long have you been making a lay-figure of me?"

"Some minutes. Don't take up that book," she said quickly; "you can't read."

"Well, you are a tyrant! If I mayn't read, go and play."

"Presently. I want to talk to you first. Do you remember my once telling you that I wasn't going to teach?"

"I remember every word you said in those days, I think, Verna."

She smiled a little.

"And when I said I had often thought of the stage, you replied earnestly, 'Think of it often again.' You did not like the idea; do you mind it now?"

D'Eyncourt raised himself from his lounging attitude.

"Has Charlemont seen you?" he said quickly.

"Yes, to-day, and offered me, subject to Mr. Ridley's decision, a part in the new comedy, or at least wanted to know if I would accept it."

She was slightly apprehensive as to what her husband would say; but she did not show it, save by a restless movement of the fingers as they lay upon her crimson dress.

He did not answer at once, clasping his hands behind his head, the delicate lips closing with a touch of pain. He saw the matter from his point of view, which was one natural to a man who possessed the knowledge he did of theatrical life. Verna was very young, very beautiful, and he could not think unmoved of letting her be the object of senseless admiration and reckless talk—he knew what it was so well. The comments that might be passed with respect to his reasons for allowing her to go on the boards, were a secondary consideration.

"What did you say?" he asked at last.

"I told him that I was willing to accept, but that I must first consult you. You see," she went on timidly, "as we are quite severed from your people, we need not be troubled on that score; and isn't it just as well that I should work, if I have talent, as they all say I have? And then I love the calling so much. Please be good, and say 'Yes,' Eric."

"I have no right to say 'No,' Verna; and yet——"

"No right!"

"I don't think any man has a right to deny talent a fair field," said D'Eyncourt. "But"—and the colour came into his face for a minute—"I know so well what the life is, and how hard it is. You are young to be exposed to all that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Exchange Bank statement furnished to the Government a few days ago shows a surplus of about $9,000,000.