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BOUND TO PROSPER."

he end of the year

VOL V.

### JARVIS, ONT. THURSDAY, SEP. 6.

NO. 35

# "JARVIS REGORD.

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 Lucy Thompson could not get her new 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 bathe best in the two counties. The subscription price is only \$1.00 persyear, or 50e. for six months. No subscription received for less than six months. Address all communications to

> FRANK N. PETTIT. Editor and Publisher.

#### Michigan Central Railway, CANADA DIVISION

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

Chicago Express, daily	2:18	Dim
St. Louis Express, daily,	9:40	8. 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.

\* 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.

# BUSINESS DIRECTORY

### LODGES.

A. Meets on the Second-and Last Thurs- childhood had its tender memories. day evenings of each month. Lodge Room over C. G. Allen's grocery store. Brothers will be made cordially welcome. WM. NICOL, M.W., J. R. MASECAR, Rdr.

#### HOTELS.

MERICAN HOTEL, (JUNCTION OF G. T., (G. W. Div.) and N. and N.W. Bur Malyays ato with the choice and eights. Mond stable in C. tion and attentive hostler.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

LL KINDS OF HARDWARE FOR A House Furnishing at the lowest rates. Call and see me. J. C. MASKIAR.

## BITTER COST.

pretty place, some twenty miles from over which creepers climbed luxuriantly. glance it struck one that he was a sing-further about me. I'm not worth any The open doors and shutterless windows ularly handsome man. His features one's thoughts; so its just as well." proclaimed a charming confidence in were delicate; he had dark brown eves. human nature. The great world lay a rich dusky complexion, curley waves beyond and below Weston St. Mary, of almost black hair, lips perfectly and the virtuous villegers pitied its sins curved. But, on a second look, there as angels might. Still some people are was something about his face which never satisfied; and there were one or almost caused one a feeling of disaptwo persons who failed to find peace and pointment. It somehow contradicted contentment even in this idville village, itself. All its lines and curves seemed edly slow place, and as victous as a should have stopped short of bitterness, Eric D'Evncourt, with a sarcastic curl manufacturing city"-but of course that the brow should have been less stern, was onre calumny.

to look down rather scornfully on Wes- -rose with the impatient movement of tonians was Miss Johnson's pupil a man whose thoughts are never happy. teacher-and that was outrageons. It Presently the door opened to admit an was one thing for young Mr. D'Eyn- Nderly man above the middle height. court, who belonged to a landed family, fine-featured, and dignified in moveto underrate the little community, but ment; but his face was rather forbid- young man should repress a sigh as be tics gone, Eric began to wonder if the for a poor teacher to venture to sneer ding just now, and no smile brightened came up behind Mrs. Forrester.

at Westonians was samply preposterous, it as he came forward and held out his Miss Johnson's was a select school hand in the eves of the mistress- in no one olse's. The girls, not many in number, were of that class which borders on the dather ?" was the reniv. the eyes of these young ladies Eric too was cool on both sides. D'Eyneourt was a hero and a gentleoughbred and dressed to perfection, that passed between them. no claim to being well-born, the fact of mutual consent.

ornaments being sufficient to condemn her. Nevertheless in those confidenis puplished every Thursday at Jarvis, Ont., tial chats in which the young ladies indulged they would often whisper to each other that it was very odd that Sunday dress to fall in such graceful really Janet Anderson did seem awk ward when she stood beside Verna in desired whiteness

> On one particular summer afternoon in its mind. It was pretty well known the same thing would occur. The friends, and Eric had not been near the place since his brother's marriage. The excitement spread when the dog-cart from the Hall was seen to drive thro' the village street towards the station, and it culminated when, twenty minntes later, it returned, the young heir himself handling the reins in a fashion that gained him general admiration.

Perhaps, with all his sins and faults, poer Eric D'Evncourt was not quite a scamp. Perhaps, as he came back to his father's house after a long absence, there was some soft feeling in his ishing. Presently however Mrs. Forheart. He had been born in the oid red-brick mansion; here his childhood O. U. W.-JARVIS LOUGE, No. 65. had been passed—and even an unhappy as the young man came back to his I believe that is the correct term— neath the headstrong will and the

Although so near the dinner four, sister. Visiting the house appeared deserted—at any rate, no one came to greet the eldest a wine-drinker.' son except the housekeeper, who only guessed that the stranger who came so Railways) Jarvis. D. Hill, Prop. This Ho- ing. He accepted her apologies, asked the others. tel has been thoroughly relitted and refur-missed in a style which enables the proprie-for to call it "The Palace Hotel of Jarvis."

which was his room, and, when inform-ed passed on to it without showing any Ludovic, filling his glass with rather an family. But he tooked interested, and concern with regard to the manner of awkward laugh. like throughor

Shortly afterwards the three hers of the family entered the housedrive to the market-town for the pure stones into it. pose of shopping; her busband from a ed to dress.

Amongst these was the eldest son of to indicate what was unrevealed in the Mr. Guy D'Eyncourt. He had been rest of the face. It was wanting in heard to say that it was "a confound- softness; the pride which it expressed One look was sure to lead to a second would have! Is that the result of rig-Self-complacent Weston St. Mary and third, till the beholder grew deeply d training, I wonder? By Jove, it's said that Eric D'Evncourt judged others interested and fell to musing on the by himself. Everybody knew that he possibilities of the nature that was had always been a trouble to his father dimly shadowed forth-on the man's -wi'l enough at Oxford, and not a life past and present. Once, when he bit better now at six-and-twenty. It was sitting, looking down, the recklesswas a pity be had not taken example ness melted ever so little, but that by his younger brother, who had settl. effectsmight have been produced thro' ed down at home, married, and helped the long heavy lashes making the even his father to manage his large property, shadowed and almost dreamy. The Another person who was understood change had passed the minute he rose

> "Well, Eric, how are you?" "I am always well. How are you,

gentle, but is not of it. They did not | Then his brother came in a wellbelieve in blue blood unless hedged built and good-looking man, as all the things." round with pomp. For instance, ir. D'Eyncourts were ; and this greeting

than principally because he rode a thor- "How do you do, Indovic?" was all

But Verna Mornington, whose father The elder's white fingers touched the had left her nothing, and who was at younger's brown ones for a second, and school on "reciprocal terms," could lay then both hands dropped as if by

this time Mrs. Forrester entered, elewoman, in reality rather older than her husband, but looking younger than she sinners." was, because of her excessive fairness. Her complexion was dazzling, but a asked. little hard ; the flaxen hair was arrangfolds/as Verna's old black merino. And ed in a knot low on the neck and drawn away in front; it should have been more about the face to soften it. But church; and, in spite of her numerous for all that Catherine Forrester could washes, her hands would not attain the hold her own as to looks. She had seen her brother-in law only two or three times, but she had heard of him more The regularity became tiresome; one don't care for anything, and shouldn't Weston St. Mary was much exercised than enough. She was a Lowland Scotchwoman, had been very strictly that Eric D'Eyncourt was coming down brought up, and enjoyed a reputation ed, the others came in, and Mr. D'Eynconscience and no compunctions. What from London to spend a short time as an upholder of the most rigid prowith his father, and these rare visits priety. She generally looked serious, were always occasions of great excite- and sometimes shook her head slightly ment. They generally ended in a when Eric's name was mentioned; now quarrel-and probably on this occasion she gave him her hand with a light tiently; the music irritated him after a or woman. I still love honor. I tried smile, and said she hoped the weather few minutes,... He was delighted to see once"—he was speaking softly, leaning Squire and his son never had been good would be fine while he was in the country. Then dinner was announced.

Eric thought the meal rather oppressive. The servants glided about in a ghostly way, the honors of the table were done solemnly, and the conversation was restricted to monosvilables. He did not try to enliven it. The rest were perhaps too intent on the business from the album. in hand for much conversation, as they displayed the good appetite country- half addressing the latter, "that we lived-" people generally enjoy. To Eric, pos- have arranged here for some amateur sessing the nervous temperament that theatricals in the school-toom, to assist subsists on very little, it seemed aston- one of our charitable funds. All our about the mouth; he was not quite rester rose and glided from the room.

"Some wine, Eric?" said his father, seat, after opening the door for his writes to tell me that she has one of haughty temper and the reckless and

"No, thanks. I never was much of

"I know you used not to be." "I haven't changed," said Eric, raiscoolly into the hall must be Mr. Eric ing his large eyes rather lazily, in time of whom the villagers were always talk- to see the look which passed between agine nothing more wearying than for the love of good alone.

"I'll have a cigar in the garden," With that he rose and passed thro' Mrs. Forrester, Ludovic's wife-he | the window on to the lawn. But he | hausted all your lady-friends?" having taken her name on his marriage | did not light a cigar. Instead of doing !in consideration of some property to so, he sauntered moodily down to the this time of the year." which she had succeeded - from her ornamental water, and began flinging

"Good heavens," he thought, "how ong interview with the bailiff; and do they stand this life? It would kill least." made the same enquiry-had Mr. Eric and now it is worse. I see what that at their breaking-up, and said she showarrived ?- and each immediately depart- Lowland sister-in-law of mine is - and | ed great talent, she rules the house from my father "But a school-play and this affair of The drawing-room was still unoccu- downwards. She is no friend to me, ours are two very different things," pied when Eric descended, and he began and so far shows her sense. She needn't said Mrs. Forrester. "And I am cer-Weston St. Mary was a wonderfully to pace backwards and forwards slowly. be afraid-I am not going to fight for tain Miss Johnson would object; she in the drawing-room at once, please; Now and again he stood still or sat my birthright - maybe it's right I is so very particular." London, nestling amongst a circle of down, but he never remained long in should forfeit it. If my father will do purple hills. Its cottages were built of the same position; apparently he was as I want, I'll releive them of my presthe orthodox red on k, with tiled roofs, restless or apprehensive. At a first en c, and they needn't know anything the thing off; there is no one else; and

Just as well! Was it? There was a curious tremor of the proud mouth, a sudden passionate glow in the upturned eyes. Through the drawing-room windows came the sound of a piano somebody was playing an everyday light waltz with a hard, precise, and metallic touch, in excellent time, with not a note missed; yet it sounded mel-

"My exemplary sister-in-law!" said of the lip. "That's the very touch she dearly bought!"

### CHAPTER II.

came into the room and paused for a ter took up some work and began to minute before advancing. It was a talk to Fric about London doings, and pretty enough scene—the long wide then gave him the latest news about room, very irregular, full of queer little various friends and acquaintancesniches and recesses, panelled high, and people he himself had known. Preswith a low ceiling. It was full of light ently the footman brought in tea; and from tapers and one or two large shad, then they talked in a desultory fashion ed lamps; books, flowers, pictures, lace till ten o'clock, at which hour the work disaperies, and silken cushions on the was folded up, the papers were laid lounges and easy-chairs made it look aside, and the servants filed in for homelike. It was so strange that the prayers. These over, and the domes-

"I think I know it. One of Strauss's, not been kept before Catherine Forresimi't it ?"

is rather severe—at least Ludovic has were over. It seemed as if that were told me so; but he likes these light the intention now. As to asking his "And you?"

"Well, Eric?" and wather careless much of a musician," said Mrs. For. arded. So presently he found himself rester. "It is considered necessary to in the sitting-room appropriated to him, teach every girl to play, and I was from which bed and dressing-rooms taught also. I think it was a waste of opened." There he threw up the win-

> "She is not vain on that point," and began pacing up and down, thought Eric cynically; I expect it is "The sooner I am away the better

gantly dressed in silk, a very handsome mistaken if she does not plume herself the demon in me; I wish my father on her saintliness and aversion to would not rouse it as he does. I wish

"Will you play something else?" he habits."

"Certainly; but I don't think you will care to hear me. You are no half defiantly. doubt accustomed to the great London performers !

She turned to the piano, and played kind, with the same precision as before. go on till I have lost the wish, till I would have almost welcomed a wrong thank anyone to care for me, till right note or a lapse of time. As she finish- and wrong are blurred and I have no court immediately asked for a favorite does it matter? They can't think air. Eric retreated to a table and be- worse of me than they do. I am ripe gan to look at an album, turning the for anything in their eyes. Perhaps 1 leaves quietly at first, then half impalam, but I have never yet harmed man a footman enter with a note, which he his head against the lintel-"to be difhanded to his mistress, and the metallic ferent, to give up play and everything, sounds ceased.

decofous distress, as she read the note. struggle for anyone to care for or to

"How exceedingly vexing! and nusband; and the brother turned

performers have been fixed upon, and hardened yet, though the next second the thing takes place on the day after his face was full of its old pride. Someto-morrow. But our 'leading lady'- where beneath all the load of evil, beher terrible attacks of neuralgia, and growing hardness, lay the germs a tenthat they always lay her up for a week. What can we do? There isn't another He was still strong enough to conquer soul who can take the character, and himself for some one else's sake, but

theatricals in a village, and of course asked what the play was.

" Me. Diversion and doubt | vou · Oh, jet well. But have you ex-" Quite-so many are in London at

Why don't you try that pretty girl at Miss Johnson's?" said Forrester.

"Probabably she cannot act in the Mr. D'Eyncourt from a walk. Each one me! I couldn't bear it a few years ago, "I think she can. Miss Wynne was

"I don't see that you have a choice, returned her husband. "We can't put vou really must acknowledge that Miss Johnson is very prim. Besides, we are not responsible for Miss Mornington."

Mrs. Forrester mused in perplexity. She might not have been so perplexed if that handsome scrapegrace, as she called Eric, had not been at home, and if the pupil-teacher had not been so very pretty. Most people called her beautiul: Mrs. Forrester disliked exaggeration, and said she was pretty, Still, what was to be done ! As she was the prime mover of the whole entertainment, her reputation was at stake.

"I see no help for it," said she, giving up her cogitations with a gigh. "Hear, hear!" said the incorrigible Eric softly.

# His tather gave him a sharp look, and turning on his heel, thenceforth bury-The plano ceased as Eric D'Evncourt | ing himself in the Field. Mrs. Forreswhole household was expected to retire. "That is a pretty waltz," said he Certainly such unearthly hours had ter's advent. Nobody then thought of "Yes. I suppose your taste in music going to their rooms directly prayers brother to have a smoke in the billiardroom and a turn with the balls, such a "I have no especial taste; I am not suggestion, he feit, was not to be haztime; but it has been useful since." | dow, as if the atmosphere stiffed him.

frivolity as music. I am very much stop here long. I wish I had less of I could break loose from my wretched

> He came, up to the window, looking out on the moonlit lawns half wearily,

"Do they wink a man is happier to lead such a life as mine ?" he continued, "Yet no one would believe me if I said drawing-room piece, a good one of its I wanted to get free. I suppose it must and I failed. I think I could have help me. It is hard to fight alone—to "What's the matter?" asked father fight against a legion of temptations. Some people could do it just because it is right; I can't. For any one I loved "You must know," said Catherine, I think I could. If my mother had

Again there was the droop of the dark lashes, the almost tremulous sweetness der hand might have brought to life. we cannot postpone the performance." what he had truly called the demon

CHAPTER III All the windows of t lege were wide open, an ancholy of all sounds

jingle of musical scales. pliæton stood before the garden gate, a beagle lay panting under the great laburnum-tree spreading its arms across the road, and the groom standing at the horse's head heard a shrill voice call

out imperatively.

" Verna, Verna!" For the twelfth time Miss Morningt ton had told little Annie Miller thathe scale of C had no sharps, when her name struck on her ear; then a breathless pupil put her head in at the door with "Verna, Miss Johnson wants you and, leaving the scale to be further murdered, the young teacher went down stairs. She was dressed in her every-day black merino; but, though she guessed whom she was to see, have ing been told of the nony-carriage, she was not in the least put out; she did not consider that there was such an extraordinary difference between herself and Mrs. Forrester; and even that lady's practiced eye did not see anything very shanby about the slim girl who made her such a graceful bow as much, attered in the heat of such passhe came in, as different as possible from Miss Johnson's half servile, wholly jerky inclination.

She sat listening in rather haughty grew paler. silence while Mrs. Forrester preferred her request, with her hands lying in her lap in perfect repose, her golden head slightly bent in an attitude of attention. She did not want to mix with. the great people, nor to be made use of or patronized by any one. She was so proud, this well-born pupil-teacher. whose father had left her penniless, whose distant relatives supplied her needs, few enough, who called the schoolgirls "shopkeepers' people," and would not be "chuns" with them. She had never played except in school breakings-up, she said, just raising her great violet eyes to the visitor's face; Mrs. Forrester was very kind, but she was afraid she overrated her powers. " But, my dear Miss Mornington.

you have no idea of the favor you would be doing me. The whole thing must drop if you do not come to our assistance. I've heard such good accounts of you I am sure you will not fail."

Verna was not mollified through heing flattered; but she began to fear that she had let her pride make her ingracious, and she yielded with frank grace. If Mrs. Forcester would overlook failings, she would do her best and Miss Johnson, delighted, promised perfect freedom from school-duties while Catherine was profuse in her thanks. She had ventured to bring a cape your creditors? conv of the play to be performed, and, after making arrangements as to attenher seldom having new clothes and no Once more the door opened; and because she holds herself above such a I shall do something cutrageous if I Miss Johnson commented severely on

6

Verna's independence;

"I was quite surprised, my dear. J think you might have known that I should not have consented to anything unbetitting."

"Our opinions on that point probably differ, Miss Johnson," answered the girl, with a hot flush.

"You have not an, atom of respect for your superiors-you might be glad to have dealings with the Hall people!" cried the horrified school-mistress, who had not the least idea of including the first-born of the House of D'Eynoourt as an eligible acquaintance.

"I would much rather have nothing at all to do with them," declared Verna, as she swept from the room. Long afterwards she remembered the words, but she did, not echo the wish.

Sunday intervened, and there was quite a flutter when Mrs. Forrester entered the church, accompanied by ber busband's brother. One by one Miss Johnson's charges found, some pretext to turn round in order to obtain a let "Dear me!" said Mrs. Forrester, in done it if there had been anyone to ter view of the handsome scapegraceall, but the tall girl in black, whose stately head never moved.

" Miss Johnson looks just the same as she used," Eric remarked languidly. as he walked home with his sister. "Is that the girl whose services you have managed to secure for your play? think she was mounting guard over the little ones.

"That is she," answered Catherine sedately; and she felt relieved when he talked of something else.

In the afternoon Catherine departed to her Sunday school, Mr. D'Evncourt, went to write letters in his private room, and Ludovic indulged in his usual Sunday-afternoon sieep. Eric, left to his own resources, thought it would be a good opportunity to speak to his father on the matter he had on his Eric felt dismayed. He could im- within him would not be laid to rest mind. It was not a thing he liked;

"You, Ere? \ ne in!" said Mr. D'Evncourt, neither cordially nor coldy, as the young man came forward. Have ou anything to say to me ?" "If I do not disturb you."

" Not at all."

There was a slight pause. The elder man did not look well pleased; he had little doubts but that his son had come to tell him of no end to debts, that disgrace was before him unless they were. paid, and that he had not an idea how to meet them. He remembered very well another time when such a revelation had been made in this room, when the lad had come home from one of his terms at Oxford equally loaded with honors and debts, and a scene had been, the the result. He had reproached and sneered, and the son had retorted and vowed that he would never come to him again-not if he brought dis grace on the name : and he never had, even though his allowance, had been lessened. But that was a few years ago ; and a vow like that was not worth sion as Eric's had been. Eric remedibered that day too. He bit his lin more than once before he began, and "I have not come to ask for mon-

ev," he said - "at least, not as you think -

" How then?"-sharply.

It was a bad beginning. Eric an swered briefly. "I was going to ask if, instead of making me an allowance, you would

give me a lump sum, and I need not burden you any longer." "Burden me? Is that your sole

reason?" "No

"What then !"

"I want to be my own master." "Ahem! I think you are pretty

well that already! You, have never allowed much control. And suppose I do this, what will be the end of it? I expect you will run through the money as usual."

Eric flushed crimson, then forced

himself to say--I shall leave England-get rid of everything."

"Your love of play amongst the res don't believe it possible."

The Squire began to turn over papers. The young man stood like statue, gazing straight before him t on the sunny lawns.

"I suppose the truth of it is you

in debt as usual, and you want to "Of course I am in debt ; but I ha

no wish to escape my creditors." the short answer.