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Charles Elliott Gunsmith Moncton N.B.

Lines, Reels, Baits, Baskets, Landing Nets, Etc.

All Sporting Goods and Fishing Tackle will be sold at a very small advance on cost to make room for other goods.

Just Received a Full Stock of

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Can supply any piece that goes into a Bicycle.

Wheels straightened and repaired as good as new.

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Moncton, N. B.

WE BEG

To call attention to a new make of Corset called

QEBEH

"Pronounced Keba"

Which is highly recommended, and to introduce we will sell at

- - \$1.00 - -

Excellent Value at \$1.50.

Wm. Cowling & Co

NEW GOODS

OPENED AT E. FORBES
NEW TRIMMING LACES,
NEW ART CATEFFS,
ART DENIM for Cushions Bags, &c.
ART EMBROIDERY SILKS.

To open, a fine assortment of CHINAWARE, in sets and odd pieces.

E. Forbes,

Albion Block, Main St.

ODDS' KIDNEY PILLS
DIAMOND DINNER PILLS
R WILLIAMS PINK PILLS

HASE'S KIDNEY PILLS
HASE'S LIVER PILLS
HASE'S OINTMENT, ETC.

Wholesale and Retail.

J. McD. COOKE,
Medical Hall.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE.

(Continued.)

The two young men formed a close friendship, and, when Sir Carlos had taken Lady Carew back to Firholme, he went to Hatton to spend some weeks. Lord Stanleigh was not married; his aunt, Lady Lees, presided over his household and entertained his guests. It was Liberty Hall in every sense of the word. Lady Lees was a shrewd and diplomatic woman; she never interfered with her nephew. If he gave a grand dinner-party, she presided over it, remained for an hour or two in the drawing-room, and then discreetly disappeared. She was too worldly-wise ever to make her presence an infliction.

Lord Stanleigh had invited rather a large party to Hatton—Sir Charles and Lady Dayrell, Captain Hooker, Sir Harry Toft, Major de Burgh, Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Huntly, and Sir Carlos.

"The worst of it is," Lord Stanleigh said to Sir Carlos, "being a bachelor, I cannot ask my pretty girls; the ladies must all be matrons."

"I hope we are going to have something more amusing than pretty girls," replied Sir Carlos, with a smile of contempt.

Lord Stanleigh looked at him and laughed.

"You will sing another song and tell another story soon," he said. "I am sorry for you if you have resisted the fascinations of pretty girls until now. All I can say is that, when you do fall it will be tremendous."

"I am content to wait," returned the master of Firholme, looking calmly at his companion. "I have never had much patience with the nonsense talked about love and lovers. If ever I meet a woman like my mother in face, in character, and disposition, I will marry her. I shall show no love until then."

"O wise two-and-twenty!" laughed Lord Stanleigh. "I would not mind staking Hatton and my whole fortune with it, that your first love will be the very opposite of your mother in every respect."

"You are quite mistaken, and you know nothing at all about it. Now do talk about something more interesting."

"I am only human," said Lord Stanleigh; "and I must confess that I find the topic of love and pretty girls a very pleasant one."

"I do not," replied Sir Carlos. "Where are you going this morning, Harry?"

"I have several things to do. The steward and two or three of my tenants are coming to see me, so I must remain at the Hall. What will you do?"

"I should like to stroll through these grand old woods of yours. If there is one thing I like more than another, it is a forest ramble in a summer-time. Your friends will not think me unsociable, I hope."

"They are all pleasing themselves. Why should you not do the same?" said Lord Stanleigh, as he turned toward the path that led back to the house. "You cannot lose yourself, Carlos. If you go straight through the woods, you will come out on the high-road to Armytage, our county town. I hope you will enjoy your walk. Au revoir."

"I am sure I shall," replied Sir Carlos, as he walked on through the sunlight to his fate.

CHAPTER VI.

People often wondered and asked from whom Maggie Waldron had inherited her beautiful face. Her father, John Waldron, the land-steward and agent of Lord Stanleigh, was a commonplace man, active and industrious, and possessing a certain amount of talent, but without the least approach to anything in the way of good looks. How came he to have a daughter whose beauty bewildered those who looked upon her? Surely no quiet Englishwoman was the mother of that witching girl! If John Waldron had told the story of his life, it would have been found like many others—a story of years of lowly struggling and monotonous work, with one year of fierce passionate love. There was a hidden romance in his life, now buried far out of sight—some story of a beautiful gypsy girl who had left her people to follow him, and had died within the year.

He never alluded to it; and, when people spoke of the wonderful loveliness of his daughter, he thought of that one year which had been like heaven on earth to him and said nothing. He had not had much education, but he understood the management of land property, was industrious, honest, and trustworthy; therefore Lord Stanleigh had chosen him as his agent, and had been more than pleased by the manner in which he discharged his duties.

John Waldron had made no attempt at bringing up his daughter himself. He had intrusted her while she was quite young to the care of his sister, who had brought her up, educated her, and kept her until her death. When his sister died, John Waldron's daughter came home, and no one was more astonished than he himself at her wonderful beauty. The girl had been in some measure ruined by her education, which had been conducted on the "genteel" principle. She had not been taught so much the difference between right and wrong, as between what the mistress of the school she had attended considered genteel or the reverse.

John Waldron was never quite at ease with his beautiful daughter. If she had lived with him from her childhood, it would have been different; but she did not come to him until she was nearly seventeen; and he was not one of those men who give to a child the idolatrous love lavished on a wife.

It seemed strange to him at first to see the graceful figure flitting about his house; to hear the bright snatches of song and the trills of silvery laughter, to see little feminine ornaments lying here and there.

He never attempted in any way to direct or shape her life; she would marry some day, he supposed, and in the meantime she could keep house for him. He wanted his breakfast ready at seven in the morning, and his supper at nine at night; he exacted no more. She could spend the intervening hours as she pleased. He did not hope for one thing, and it was that, when the time came for love and marriage, she would say nothing to him, nor give him trouble in any way about it.

John Waldron lived in a small house belonging to Lord Stanleigh, which was situated to the south of the Hatton woods and not far from the county town of Armytage. Lord Stanleigh had not as yet seen his steward's beautiful daughter; but Lord Stanleigh's valet had seen and fallen in love with her.

"It was no great conquest," thought Maggie, "the heart of a valet;" and she tossed her pretty head in disdain. If she had learned nothing else during the course of a genteel education, she had at least learned the value of a beautiful face; and she knew that there were few more beautiful than hers.

Hiram West, Lord Stanleigh's valet, never spoke to anyone of the treasure he had found in the small house near the woods; but he loved the girl with a love that was almost terrible in its force and strength. He knew that John Waldron was generally from home, and that Maggie was there alone with the old servant Jeannette; so there were few days on which he did not contrive to pass by the house to leave presents of fruits or flowers for Maggie. If she were lingering in the garden, he stopped and talked to her. Dainty, beautiful Maggie laughed at him; still, the heart of a valet, she reflected, was better than nothing, the homage of a valet better than no homage at all.

She never deceived him—never pretended to be even in the least degree touched by his affection; but the man loved her with a grim, determined, obstinate love that could never change—a love that, from its intensity, its stern, bitter jealousy, would have frightened any girl who understood human nature.

In Maggie there was a certain amount of ambition and passion; but all her finer impulses had been smothered by the genteel element in which she had been educated.

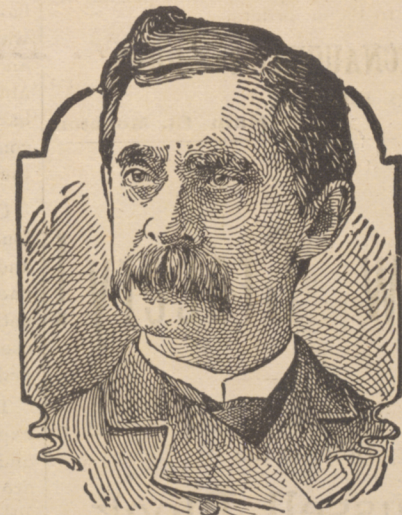
Maggie Waldron woke one July morning, a morning on which the dawn of a tragedy broke, feeling more light-hearted than usual. She loved the early morning hours, and liked to open the windows and doors to let the fresh, fragrant air fill the house. Her father ate his breakfast and went away. It was not much after seven, and before her lay the whole of a long July day. There was nothing to do, and no one to see; she must amuse herself in the best way she could.

"I wish," said the girl to herself, "that I had a kitten, or a little dog, or anything to love or talk to, or amuse myself with."

By and by Maggie went out. There was more companionship in the woods where the birds were singing, than in the lonely house where the old servant was at work. She wore a dress of pale pink print and a broad-brimmed hat with a wreath of pink roses. She knew she was beautiful, but she did not know what a lovely picture he made as she went singing merrily long the path that led to the woods.

After walking some distance she felt tired, and sat down to rest in the very heart of the woods. She took off her hat to let the cool wind play in the masses of her dark glossy hair. Near where she sat grew some poppies; the pink roses in her hat looked faded and insignificant beside the crimson flowers, so she wreathed the poppies in their place, laughing gayly as she did so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Dr. H. F. Merrill.

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Ayer's Pills for Liver and Bowels.

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And it takes a first-class tailor to make a first-class clothes renovator. Having had a long experience at the trade I am in a position to give good satisfaction in all its branches. Old clothes cleaned, dyed, repaired and made to look like new.

Second Hand Clothing Bought.

Don't forget the place,

NO 200 MAIN ST.,

A. McLEOD,

Formerly Occupied by J. W. Gay, printer.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, the 24th June, 1895, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE MONCTON.

Through Express for Halifax (Monday excepted).....	1 00
Accommodation for St. John (Monday excepted).....	1 10
Through Express for St. John and Montreal.....	1 15
Through Express for St. John (Monday excepted).....	5 15
Through Express for Halifax, Pictou and Sydney (Monday excepted).....	5 20
Accommodation for St. John.....	8 15
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....	10 20
Accommodation for Campbellton.....	10 20
Through Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	13 10
Express for St. John.....	15 00
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene.....	15 30
Through Express for Halifax.....	16 00

WILL ARRIVE AT MONCTON.

Through Express from Halifax (Monday excepted).....	1 00
Through Express from Montreal & Quebec, Monday excepted.....	5 00
Accom. from Pt. du Chene.....	7 55
Express from St. John.....	10 10
Accommodation from Springhill Junction.....	10 10
Through express from Halifax.....	13 05
Accommodation from Campbellton.....	14 30
Express from Halifax.....	14 55
Accom. from St. John.....	14 55
Through Express from St. John.....	15 55
Through Express from St. John.....	24 50

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time
D. POTTINGER,
Railway Office, General Manager,
Moncton, N. B., June, 1895.

THE MONCTON MAILS.

On and after Monday Oct. 1st mails will close at the Moncton post office as follows:

For Halifax also Prince Edward Island and all points east at 10.05 o'clock.
North by the accommodation at 10.05.
For Shediac and Pt. du Chene at 10.05.
For all points west by the C. P. R. express from Halifax at 12.55 o'clock and by No. 1—14.35

For Albert county (points) along the Albert railway will close at 19.20.

C. P. R. east at 16.20.
Night mails for all points at 19.20.

Country mails are made up at the Moncton post office as follows:
Coverdale, Upper Coverdale and Middle Coverdale on Monday's and Thursdays at 11.20 o'clock.
Dakeburn every day except Friday at 11.20.

Lewisville, Fox Creek, daily at 10.45 o'clock.

Lutes Mountain, Style Village, Indian Mountain, and Ammon on Thursday at 11.20 o'clock.

Stoney Creek, Lower Coverdale and Bridgedale on Wednesday and Saturdays at 11.20 o'clock.

Irishtown, McQuade's and O'Neil's on Thursdays at 11.20 o'clock.

Allison on Wednesdays at 11.20 o'clock.

Shediac Road (Lakeville) on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10.05.

Letters are collected from street letter boxes at 9.45 a. m. on Main street and 6.30 p. m. all the boxes are visited

FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH

3. Corner St. George and Cameron streets.
4. Corner Dominion and High streets
5. Corner Gordon and Highfield streets.
6. Corner Lutz and Main streets.
7. Corner Bridge and Foundry streets.
8. Corner Church and Queen streets.
23. Foot Botsford on Main street.
24. Corner Duke and Main streets.
25. Foot of King on Main street.
26. Temperance Hall, Steadman street.
31. Corner Telegraph and St. George streets.
32. Corner Botsford and St. George streets.
34. No. 2 Engine House, St George street.
35. Corner Church street and Mountain Road.
41. Corner Bonaccord and Princess streets.
42. I. C. R. station.
- On Main street, opposite Brunswick street.

Springhill Coal.

Sure to please; the prices are right; screened Round is the best; sold in lots to suit. No trouble to kindle, and Gives a fine quick heat. Hoppers in 6 tons delivered for \$24.90 Including Freight Look at your bin often, and Leave your order before the Coal is entirely out. Only \$4.40 per ton, delivered. Ask for telephone 25. Look at the different qualities, and you must get suited. Round, Stove, Nut, Run of Mine, Slack, and Culm.

COR. MAIN and BONACCORD STS.

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AGENT

A. HEBERT & CO.

TELEPHONE 07.

Livery, Boarding, Sale and Training Stables.

First class Barouches and Cabs always in attendance

MONCTON GAS LIGHT AND WATER CO.

All persons indebted to the Company are hereby required to make payment at the office of the Company on or before the FIFTEENTH DAY OF JUNE NEXT. Thereafter all unpaid accounts will be placed in our Solicitor's hands for collection. Moncton, May, 29, 1895.

R. A. BORDEN, Secretary,
JOHN L. HARRIS, President.