

FISHING TACKLE.

Rods and Flies of the very latest production.



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

BICYCLE PARTS!

Can supply any piece that goes into a Bicycle.

Wheels straightened and repaired as good as new.

C. ELLIOTT,

42, Main St.,

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 CATEFANS,
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.

W. McD. COOKE,

Medical Hall.

Springhill Coal.

Sure to please; the rices are right; screened Round is the best; sold in lots to suit. No trouble to kindle, and Gives a fine quick heat. Hoppers in 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.

W. McK. WELDON,

AGENT

A. HEBER & 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, JOHN L. HARRIS, Secretary, President.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE.

(Continued.)

Then there was an interruption. A man, who sent in his name as Hiram West, wanted to see him.

Sir Carlos at once went to the library, and found Lord Stanleigh's ex-valet there. Lord Stanleigh was still in Spain, he was told; but the climate had not suited his valet, so he had returned to England. He had heard that Sir Carlos wanted a well-trained servant, and Lord Stanleigh had recommended him.

Anxious to oblige Lord Stanleigh, Sir Carlos engaged the man. Hiram West had been to Armytage, and had been told that Maggie had obtained a situation in London; but he did not believe in the truth of the story. If he wanted to find her, he told himself, he must first seek out Sir Carlos Carew. It was for the purpose of discovering her whereabouts that he had engaged himself as a valet to Sir Carlos.

Sir Carlos did not quite like this new valet, and he disliked the associations connected with him; but Lord Stanleigh wished him to take the man, and he was one who would do much to please a friend. The young baronet knew nothing of Hiram West's love for Maggie, or he might have been on his guard.

The man came in the course of a few days, and all the belongings of Sir Carlos were placed in his charge. Sir Carlos thought his new servant very attentive, orderly, and methodical. He little dreamed that every cupboard, every drawer, every pocket even, of his had been searched for some trace of Maggie—a note, a card, or an address. But nothing had been found. Nor could Hiram West tell why he was haunted by this faint suspicion. True, he had seen Sir Carlos with Maggie, and Maggie had laughed both at him and his love; but it did not follow that Sir Carlos had taken John Waldron's daughter away; yet the idea haunted him. If it were true, Sir Carlos should pay for it with his life.

In the meantime the sight of his old home, the faces of the dead and gone Carews on the walls, the presence of his beautiful and beloved mother, filled Sir Carlos with inexpressible remorse. He had never intended to bring anything but honor and glory to his name; but, by one act of disobedience to his mother, he had married his life, and nothing could set him free but death. It was better to be dead, he thought, than to live always the life he had led in the Villa Molteni. Of one thing he was sure—he could never bring Maggie home while his mother lived.

He was walking along the western terrace, moody and miserable. He remembered how he had always said that he would marry someone like his mother; and, raising his eyes, he saw a vision that was the very embodiment of the thought.

Leaning over the stone balustrade, viewing the gardens below, was a tall, slender, beautiful girl, with hair like gold, and a face like the fairest of roses.

Sir Carlos stopped abruptly. Could anyone be more like his mother than she was—tall, slender, and stately, with golden hair and a face beautiful as a dream of a poet.

She must have heard his footsteps, for she turned to see who the intruder was; and then she smiled a bewitching smile. He saw the glory of her beautiful eyes then; despite her blonde loveliness, they were dark as night, large and lustrous—eyes such as he had never seen before. The thought came to him, "This is the woman I ought to have married."

She advanced to meet him with a smile. "You are Sir Carlos Carew," she said; "I know you by your portrait in the picture-gallery."

"And you are Lady Gladys Kerr," she replied, laughing, "to be in this beautiful spot on so fair a morning. Of all the mornings in the year, I think those of April are the sweetest."

He walked to the stone balustrade where she had been leaning, and looked upon the scene on which she had looked—the noble trees, the picturesque grounds, the gleaming water of the mere. How fair and bright it all was! Ah, what a shadow he had brought upon his house! At that moment he loathed himself for what he had done.

Lady Gladys gave him little time for his miserable thoughts; she was greatly interested in Firholme. She wanted to know in whose reign the house had been built, what distinguished personages had visited it, what the Carews had done in the senate and the field.

"Is it true that you hear the water-fall more plainly when misfortune is coming to any of you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I have heard my mother say that when my father was dying, she heard it so plainly that it seemed to be quite close to her. The water fell then with a kind of wail."

"And do you believe it?" "I should think the sound depends entirely on the quarter from which the wind blows," he replied.

"You ought to believe it," she said, with a bright smile. "If I were in your place, I should believe in every legend connected with the house. I like Firholme; it is so old and picturesque. I should like to see every nook and corner of it."

"You shall; I will take you all over it. There are some state-rooms in the eastern wing that I have not seen for years. I shall be pleased to see them again."

He looked up at the sound of approaching footsteps. Lady Carew was walking down the terrace with some letters in her

hand. She smiled at seeing the two together. Could it be possible that the desire of her heart would be granted?

"Carlos, here are some letters for you," she said, as she gave the packet to him.

His face darkened as he saw that two of them came from Maggie. They bore the Como post-mark, which his mother had evidently not noticed. He knew what they contained—urgent prayers that she might come to England to be acknowledged as his wife. A deep shadow seemed to fall over the fair smiling landscape.

"There is nothing of consequence in them," he said, thrusting the letters into his pocket. "I will read them later on."

"How beautiful the mere looks from here!" observed Lady Carew.

He was impatient and angry—so angry that he could not speak civilly. He raised his head quickly. He felt that he must contradict someone.

"The mere?" he said. "I do not agree with you, mother. If I had my own way, I would have it filled up and have a grassy knoll in its place crowned with trees."

They were idle words—he had forgotten them five minutes afterwards; but, so far as his mother was concerned, no idle wish was ever left unfulfilled. She immediately resolved that the alteration should be made the next time he left home. It would be a pleasant surprise for him.

Lady Gladys said nothing, but thought he was mistaken. Nothing, in her opinion, was more beautiful than the glimmer of water through forest trees. Every word of the conversation came back to her afterwards.

Pushing the letters still deeper into his pocket that he might forget them, if possible, the more easily, Sir Carlos repented of his ill-humor. What right had he to vent it on the pretty mere or on his loving mother? In a sudden fit of compunction he bent and kissed her hand.

"Lady Gladys would like to see the whole interior of the house, mother; shall we spend the morning in showing it to her?"

Lady Carew assented. They went through the modern part of the building first, and then through the state-rooms in the eastern wing. Sir Carlos made himself so agreeable, and was such an entertaining companion, that Lady Gladys was charmed and his mother prouder than ever of him. For a time he forgot the great trouble of his life.

"There is a curious room here," he said to Lady Gladys when they were in the eastern wing, "called the Venetian room. One of my ancestors, about two hundred years ago, married a Venetian lady, a beautiful creature. Her portrait hangs in this room; and the apartment is fitted throughout in Venetian fashion. I will show you some rare Venetian curiosities."

The closed shutters were thrown wide open, and Lady Gladys found herself in magnificent room with a painted ceiling.

Sir Carlos went up to an old cabinet that stood in one corner of the room. "Lady Bianca Carew brought this with her from Venice," he said. "Do you see how magnificently it is inlaid? It is full of drawers which hold the ancient treasures of Lady Bianca."

"I should like to see them," said Lady Gladys, eagerly.

"Your wish can soon be gratified," answered Sir Carlos. He turned the key that was in the lock and opened the outer door.

"What beautiful little drawers!" exclaimed Lady Gladys. "And they are all full!"

"Examine them for yourself," said Sir Carlos. One by one Lady Gladys pulled out the drawers. Some were filled with old-fashioned filigree-work; in one lay a silver crucifix set with precious stones; another contained amber, another faded rose-leaves, others beautiful cameos; the last drawer in the row disclosed a small ring-case locked with a tiny key.

"What is that?" asked Lady Carew. Sir Carlos opened it slowly.

"This," he said, "is the Venetian ring. It was one of Lady Bianca's heirlooms."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Thomas A. Johns.

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

REPAIRING

—OF—

OLD CLOTHES Is An Art

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).....	11 00
Accommodation for St. John (Monday excepted).....	11 10
Through Express for St. John and Montreal.....	11 15
Through Express for St. John (Monday excepted).....	11 15
Through Express for Halifax, Pictou and Sydney (Monday excepted).....	11 20
Accommodation for St. John.....	11 20
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....	11 20
Accommodation for Campbellton.....	11 20
Through Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	11 30
Express for St. John.....	11 30
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene.....	11 30
Through Express for Halifax.....	11 40

WILL ARRIVE AT MONCTON.	
Through Express from Halifax (Monday excepted).....	11 00
Through Express from Montreal & Quebec, Monday excepted.....	11 00
Accom. from Pt. du Chene.....	11 05
Express from St. John.....	11 10
Accommodation from Springhill Junction.....	11 10
Through express from Halifax.....	11 15
Accommodation from Campbellton.....	11 30
Express from Halifax.....	11 35
Accom. from St. John.....	11 35
Through Express from St. John.....	11 35
Through Express from St. John.....	11 40

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Moncton, N. B., June, 1895.
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THE MONCTON MAILS.

On and after Monday Oct. 1st mail 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.

Dukeburn 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 Camero 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 Hotel.