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Rods and Flies of the very latest production.

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.

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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 CATEENS,
ART DENIM for Cushions, Bags, &c.
ART EMBROIDERY SILKS.

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

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Albion Block, Main St.

ODDS' KIDNEY PILLS
DIAMOND DINNER PILLS
R WILLIAMS PINK PILLS

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

Wholesale and Retail.

McD. COOKE,
Medical Hall.



Charles Elliott Gunsmith Moncton N.B.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE.

(Continued.)

Suddenly a shadow fell across the grass. The girl did not notice it at first, for the great boughs as they stirred in the breeze often made such shadows; but it grew larger. Then she raised her eyes, and saw standing before her a handsome young man, hat in hand.

"I have lost my way," he said. "Could you tell me how to find the nearest path to the high-road?"

In one moment the whole course of the young heir's life was changed. A poet says, "Love is no love unless it comes at once." As he stood there with commonplace words on his lips, the swift arrow of first love pierced his heart.

He had seen beautiful women—some of the fairest girls in England had sought to please him—but this was the first time he had ever looked at a woman's face and had been unable to take his eyes away. He did not ask who she was, he did not wonder whence she came. He stood looking at her with the intent gaze of one who was charmed.

Only a minute had elapsed since he had entered this glade where the shade was so cool and the wind so sweet, and already his life lay far behind him. He had never been refused any wish or desire in his life; why should he begin to practise self-denial now? He ought to have listened to Maggie's answer and have passed on. As it was he stood still, feeling that he could not move away.

He recovered himself with a start when the girl spoke, her dark, laughing eyes looking into his.

"The nearest path that leads to Armytage? It is certainly not this way. It is quite half a mile from here."

"In that case," he said "I will rest for a few minutes before I try to reach it. I have been walking for some hours and I am tired."

He sat down opposite to her. "I think," he said, slowly, looking at her, "that this is the loveliest day of a lovely year. One ought to have nothing to do in the summer but lie under the trees and dream."

"Bees make honey in the summer-time to last through the winter's cold," she replied.

"I am glad I am not a bee," said Sir Carlos, watching the dark lashes as they lay like silken fringe on the cheek that was like the fairest leaf of a rose.

To Sir Carlos Carew, whose life had known no greater charm or interest than sport, this wonderful passion of love came like a revelation. Maggie's easy, careless manner had a wonderful charm for him. As a rule, when he was in the society of girls, they did their best to entertain him. Maggie leaned her dark beautiful head against the trunk of a tree and listened to him, weaving the poppies into all kinds of fantastic forms, and seeming much more interested in them than in him, but secretly delighted as she noted the looks of admiration he cast on her.

When he could stop no longer, he told her that he could not endure the thought of leaving her unless she promised to see him again. She did promise, and went home with her heart and mind full of him; he had told her all about himself, and she had given him the outline of her simple life.

"You have never seen Lord Stanleigh, I suppose?" he said; and Maggie answered "No," but that she knew Hiram West, his lordship's valet. He resolved that he would not mention Maggie to Lord Stanleigh, lest he should try to win her himself. She told him that she had nothing to do in the daytime; and he asked her to meet him in the woods on the morrow.

Had Maggie been ever so inclined to talk about her adventure, there was no one who would care to hear it. Jeanette detested all men, young or old; she could not expect sympathy from her. The girl had a shrewd suspicion that, even if her father was disposed to listen, it would be wiser not to tell him.

So day after day Sir Carlos and Maggie met in the woods, and every day Sir Carlos grew more deeply in love. He was a changed man. The rector had predicted that it would be a hopeless case when he did fall in love. He was a changed man. The rector had predicted that it would be a hopeless case when he did fall in love; and he was right.

Sir Carlos had no thought but for Maggie. To him everything was centred in that girlish graceful figure. Where she was not, all was desolation and gloom. They teased him at Hatton—the ladies especially declared they knew the symptoms; but no one teased him a second time; there was something in his face that forbade it.

Lord Stanleigh thought that, if the young fellow had made a romance for himself, it was quite time, and that it was nobody's business but his own. As he did not even know of the existence of Maggie Waldron, no suspicion pointed that way.

Sir Carlos had known Maggie a fortnight, spending two or three hours with her every day, when he resolved to marry her. She, and no other, should be his wife. The girl was delighted with her conquest, and she laughed more than ever at Hiram West. What presumption it was of him to think of her! She laughed more scornfully when he came to her one day and asked her to be his wife. He had saved a few hundred pounds, he said, and had the opportunity of buying a small hotel at the sea-side. Would she consent to be mistress of it? If she had told him in a few kindly words that she was sorry for him, but that she could not marry him, all might have been well; but she laughed at him.

"No," she told him, "I am not going to be mistress of the 'Travellers' Rest,' or the 'Ship Ashore,' or any sea-side hotel; my lot in life will be quite different."

"Maggie," he said, gently, "do not throw away the substance for the shadow. No man living can ever love you as much as I do."

"I know one who loves me better," she replied.

He bent his dark face over her. "You are like a beautiful fluttering bird," he said; "and you will be caught, unless you are careful, just like a bird in a net. I—I have seen you once with Sir Carlos—you are not so foolish as to think that he will marry you? Oh, Maggie, Maggie, much as I love you, I would sooner see you dead than that he should mislead you!"

"He will not mislead me," she replied, with a scornful toss of her head.

Hiram West trembled with emotion. "I know them, my dear, those idle aristocrats, far better than you do. Watch one of them as he walks through the fields; wantonly, idly, and without reason, he will with a stroke of his cane cut down the fairest, sweetest flowers as he passes by; and my dear, the life, the soul, of a young girl like you is no more to such as he than the wild flowers."

She laughed again.

"I do not believe it," she replied; and his face darkened with anger.

"So the young and foolish have spoken from time immemorial," he said; "so they will speak until they die!" he cried, wrathfully. "You laugh at me, at my love, at my warning. We shall see. But remember this, if ever he injures one hair of your head, if ever he gives you one hour's headache, I will have his life!"

She shuddered as she listened.

"I shall never lose sight of you or of him," he continued; "and, if he injures you, his life shall pay the forfeit. Have you," he added in a gentler tone, "no kinder word to say to me before I go?"

"No, not one," was the hasty reply.

Her pride and vanity alike were wounded did he think so little of her beauty as to fancy she could not win what she liked with it? She little knew that for the man she loved she had made that day a dangerous enemy.

She did not tell Sir Carlos about the proposal she had received; events might have been different had she done so. She thought that it would lower her in his eyes if the young baronet knew that his friend's valet had made her an offer of marriage.

The glamour of love was so strong upon Sir Carlos that he did not see Maggie's faults, her lack of good-breeding, her want of refinement—he only saw the beauty that in his eyes had no peer. What mattered fortune or high title? "All the gifts of gods could not go together," he reasoned. She had wondrous beauty—that was enough for him; he would marry her and make her Lady Maggie Carew.

Then, besides her beauty, how passionately she loved him! There was no reticence about her love; she talked to him of it, held his hands and kissed them; at times she laid her arms round his neck and her fair face on his breast, trying to tell him she loved him. We would ever care for him as she did? Even if she were not quite so well bred as the Ladies Evesham, she more than atoned for it by her love for him. We should he not marry her? He was his own master.

Then, in the midst of his exultation, he thought of his mother, and the thought sobered him. He had always said he would marry someone who resembled her. Dark-eyed Maggie was the very opposite; no two persons could be more dissimilar.

Another thing occurred to him—he had promised not to take any important step in life without his mother's consent. Well, that promise he would keep—he would obtain her permission before he asked Maggie to be his wife.

Having come to this conclusion, Sir Carlos thought he had made a great concession. How many young men in his place, he asked himself, would do as he did? He was in every way his own master, yet he was going home obediently as a child to ask permission to marry the girl he loved. That any serious objections would be raised to the object of his choice, never occurred to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Ditch, N. B.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

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PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

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).....	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.....	11 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, General Manager. Moncton, N. B., June, 1895.

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.

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 Hotel!