

# FISHING TAGKLE.

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 CATEFNS,  
ART DENIM (no 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

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

Wholesale and Retail.

J. McD. COOKE,

Medical Hall.

## LIKE NO OTHER LOVE.

(Continued.)

It was a day to be remembered. Rich and poor thronged to Firholme; the great mansion was crowded with guests; the park, the grounds and the gardens were thronged with people; all the servants and the tenants and laborers on the estate were feted to their hearts' content. If good wishes and ringing cheers could have secured Sir Carlos's happiness, it would never have failed him. It was perhaps the happiest day of his life. The festivities were prolonged until a late hour. A grand ball was given in the evening by Lady Carew to the aristocracy of the county; and there Sir Carlos saw beautiful women and fair girls.

From the ranks of these he must at some time or another choose a wife, Lady Carew told him with a smile; but he, whose heart was untouched by love, kissed her lovely face, and told her he should never marry until he found some one just like herself. In the time to come she reminded him of those words.

For Sir Carlos Carew was now fairly launched in life; and in all England there was perhaps no finer, handsomer, more chivalrous young man than he. He won golden opinions from his tenants. He liked his own way, they said; but he would be a good landlord.

Looking at his handsome face, Lady Carew often wondered whether he would soon fall in love. Already he was looked upon as one of the most eligible young men in the county. The Duchess of Welde invited him to Welde Castle. She had four daughters, all more or less charming, and wished for nothing better than that Sir Carlos would marry one of them. Lady Bathurst of Glynn had but one daughter, fair as Diana, and she tried her best to throw the young people together; and the pretty young widow, Lady Anne Hertford, who had recently come to live in the neighborhood, would not have been averse to improve still further her pleasant acquaintance with Sir Carlos Carew. No woman could look unmoved upon that handsome face; but as yet Sir Carlo's heart was free from the haunting dream called love. He thought more of hunting and fishing, the breed of his dogs, and the pedigree of his horses than love.

True, once or twice when he had been dancing with Lady Anne, a glance from her dark eyes had set his heart beating fast, and he had remembered the thrilling touch of her slim fingers; once too, when he had been dancing with Alice Bathurst of Glynn, she had sighed when the waltz was over, and had looked sorry when he left her.

Pretty Alice always blushed when he spoke to her until her face was like a damask-rose; and those blushes made Sir Carlos's thrill with delight and pride; but that was all. The Ladies Evesham, daughters of the Duchess of Welde, had challenged him in different ways; but love and Sir Carlos remained strangers.

"Your son is doing well," the rector said to Lady Carew one day; "but the time to be dreaded for him is when he will fall in love. First love is always one of the maddest and wildest of passions, and his will probably be one of the very wildest. You must be careful as to whom he visits, what friends he makes, and all that kind of thing. I wish he liked one of the Ladies Evesham or pretty Alice Bathurst."

"It would be very nice," answered Lady Carew; but in her heart she hardly thought even these fair ladies good enough for her handsome son.

"I should do all in my power, Lady Carew, to throw them together," counselled the rector; and Lady Carew agreed to follow his advice.

But Sir Carlos was cautious, and remained heart-whole.

### CHAPTER V.

Rockbourne House, the town mansion of the Carews, had been prepared for the reception of Sir Carlos and Lady Carew. The young baronet had protested at first; he said he did not care for the London season, did not like balls and parties; he preferred outdoor sports to the opera.

"My dear mother," he cried in remonstrance, "why should I spend the lovely months of May and June in London? Firholme is at its best then; London has no charm for me."

She told him his position demanded the sacrifice. He must do as other men of his rank and standing did—attend the levees, visit, and cultivate the acquaintance of those in high places.

"Some day," said his mother, "you may want to be what many of the Carews have been, a statesman. The life of a country baronet may not always content you; you must make friends in society. Believe me, Carlos, in this case it will be wise for you to comply with the wishes of others."

"Would not next year do as well, mother?" he asked.

How earnestly she hoped he was not going to kiss her and caress her into complying with his wishes! When his handsome face and splendid dark eyes were bent upon her, she knew her own weakness and powerlessness to resist.

"Now do not try to coax me, Carlos!" she exclaimed, piteously. "Next year will not do. Who knows what may happen before next year comes?"

As her words died away, the roar of the water-fall could be clearly heard in the silence.

"What a dismal noise the water is making this evening!" she said, with a slight shudder, looking anxiously at her son.

"Now, Carlos, I may consider the matter

settled. We will not go until May, and we will return at the end of June. You must see every phase of life, and ours is but a quiet one."

So it was arranged that they should go to London, and Rockbourne House was prepared for them. Even gentle Lady Carew, after her long seclusion, felt some delight at mixing again with the gay world; and, though she had her tall son by her side, she still looked so young and so beautiful, and she became more popular than some of the youngest beauties.

Mother and son were received with open arms, and Sir Carlos found there was quite another side to life. He was too energetic and impetuous ever to become a carpet knight. A gallop over the breezy downs, or a day with the hounds, had a greater charm for him than ball-room or opera; but he could not help admitting to himself that there were great attractions in London.

He enjoyed his visit to the Stranger's Gallery in the House of Commons, where he listened to some of the most eloquent men of the day. He never wearied of the wonderful streets; he admired the grand old Abbey, and was enthusiastic over St. Paul's. He liked Hyde Park with its brilliant show of beautiful women. He thought the levee he attended one of the grandest sights that could be seen; and his boyish heart—for he was a boy at heart—thrilled with emotion when the Prince of Wales spoke kindly to him and detained him for a few minutes in conversation. He enjoyed the opera and the balls to which he was invited; and he found himself wonderfully popular. Belgravia matrons do not every day find such a prize—a handsome young baronet, with a rent-roll of ten thousand dollars per annum, a magnificent estate, and a house in town.

The Duchess of Welde, with her bevy of fair daughters, was in town; and Lady Dagmar Evesham showed a greater preference for Sir Carlos's society than she had shown before.

Lady Carew and the duchess were on the most affectionate terms, and her grace had spoken plainly to Lady Carew. It would be very pleasing to her, she said, if a marriage could be arranged between Sir Carlos and any of her daughters.

Lady Carew laughed, and told her that her son was perhaps behind the age, but that at present he had not evinced the least interest in love or even in ladies' society.

"Love will come in time," said the duchess, benignly. "I am afraid, dear Lady Carew, that you have in some measure spoiled him."

She little knew with how keen a pang those words pierced the mother's heart.

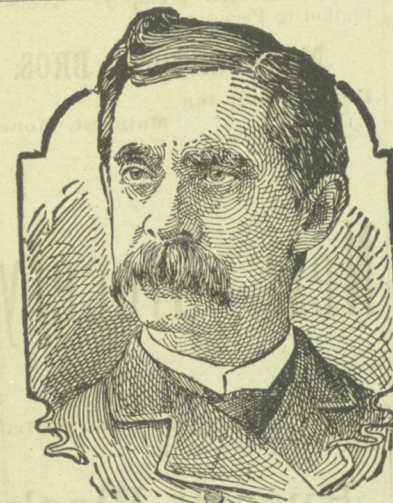
The duchess's daughters were fair and graceful; but, as her grace knew, fresh beauties sprung up every year, and it was desirable to get them married. She almost considered that she had a claim on Sir Carlos. Lady Dagmar flirted with him, sung to him pretty love-songs that never touched his heart, and wore his favorite colors and flowers; but all the smiles and wiles of Lady Dagmar were in vain.

One of the great artists painted Sir Carlos's portrait that season, and it was hung in the picture gallery at Firholme. Before he had been long in town, Sir Carlos had acquired all the grace and polish of one who mixes in the most exclusive circles; and his mother was prouder than ever of him. He was at that age when young men do one of two things—either look down with supreme contempt upon love, as something to be attended to by and by, or plunge headlong into one of the wildest and maddest of passions. Lady Carew did not know whether to rejoice or be sorry at his insensibility to the fairest of Eve's daughters.

When Sir Carlos had done all that could be expected in the way of visiting and hospitality, it was time to return to Firholme.

He had, among many others, made one friend whom he liked much, Lord Stanleigh of Hatton, a young nobleman who had succeeded to his title when very young, and who spent the greater part of his time on his beautiful estate at Hatton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Dr. H. F. Merrill.  
**No Other Medicine**  
SO THOROUGH AS  
**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Statement of a Well Known Doctor  
"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."  
Dr. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

**Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla**  
Admitted at the World's Fair.  
Ayer's Pills for Liver and 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 a 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, 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.

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 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