

he knew, loved her father dearly; but he spent the days that preceded the funeral. did not feel any great sorrow personally. He could not settle to work; he could He had never quite understood or liked only sit for hours listening to his Mr. Clair. There was sometning vague mother's feeble lamentation over their

ALMOST TOO LATE. hend. "Too late-nearly three years too late,

six-and twenty-not handsome, but with feren from usual when he sprang out of never got beyond the hall door, for the train at the end of his journey. He thought of going to Milhe at once, some gentlemen on business. So time Eagle Drug Store to purchase a bottle of the VEGETINE. I kept taking the VEGETINE, and and respect -a man whose laugh had an and then settled it was best to go to his passed till the funeral on Monday mornhonest ring about it, whom children loved mother first; so he strode rapidly ing. The verdict of the jury on the inthrough the streets on his way home He met one or two acquaintances, but only nodded to them. A half-thought came into his mind that they looked

nothing put on or affected about him; were interested about one so nearly conculture, well up in science and "ologies." able and ready to take part in the hand to-hand fights of knowledge and ignor hurrying along in a great coat, an I with ended. But Tom resolved that on the ance, which have never been so keen and

"Why, Joe, old fellow !" cried Tom, lay- let her know that if all the world slightes ing a hand upon the boy's shoulder; but her it only made her dearer to him he pulled himself away, and saying in a 'She is such a proud little darling!' he said to himself as he walked slowly home. half-fierce voice, " let me alone, will you !' The next morning Tom came down to care had crept out about the mouth and rushed on.

than he was, and gave the impression of way, and in a few moments more he was marry Millie at once, if she would cona man who had fought through more than | at his mother's. not get work there to fill up the hours Before he could produce his latch-key

she had opened the door, and stood before him with such a white, awe-struck it not that Tom Gosnell was too thorough- cloud had swept over him; and the words would work on in patience until his ly a man and a scholar to degenerate into rose involuntary to his lips-

" Oh, it's not Millie. Nothing ails her," she answered, with a little touch of perfume, Books lined the walls. Where motherly jealousy. "Millie's all right. ever there was a space there were choice Come into the parlor and I'll tell you." when she brought him a chair, he pushed he felt nothing but anger against the it away impatiently, saying-"Tell me mother, and let me go to Mil-

"She won't see you-she won't see me." A smile shone for an instant in Tom's

thing ! Mr. Clair has taken all ! "What ? Explain, mother.' "He's ruined everyone that ever had anything to do with him. We're beggars der-stemmed glass with a crimson rose Tom; and his children won't have a and a sprig of myrtle and heilotrope in it, penny."

shaw!" ejaculated Tom while she slowly made it out, Tom got his To his ardent, youthful imagination, hat, and then came back for his note. Why, Tom, where are you going?'
'To see after Mellie.'
'Without your breaktast! Indeed,
Tom, you shall do no such thing. What difference will half an hour make ?'
had tried all kinds of medicines without success before taking the VEGETINE. I have myself been unwell for a long time. My father wrote to take the VEGETINE, and I have, and can truly say that I never felt better in my life then I do now. J. A. CROSS, No. 3 Chestnut Street, Lewiston, Me. 'Why, Tom, where are you going ?' 'I have had enough breakfast for one day,' muttered Tom as he walked off, not heeding his mother's entreaties just to drink a cup of tea and take a bit of bread with him. For an instant Tom's lips curlpatiently. "I have a right, unless she is "Poor little Millie ! What good it is all tired out with attending her father; but ed into a grim smile as he thought of him that could hardly be Bye-the-by, self walking along the streets with 'a bit of bread' in his hand; and then he forgot everything but Mellie. What had happened to make Tom Gos- they find out all his affairs so soon ?" "Oh, Tom," and his mother stood up Poor Tom ! He had his walk for nothing the servants at Clairs' were in as great a state of bewilderment and ignorance as he was Mellie had gone out for a walk "Mother he didn't do that?" "Poison !" whispered the old lady in a with her brothers on the evening before, reading and even a few tear drops-that horror struck voice. "But Millie doesn't at about nine o'clock. She told the know: nobody will tell her; and the doctors managed to keep the inquest quiet, latch-key. So they thought no more of her till, in the morning, her maid found Miss Mellie's room empty when she went to call her, and a piece of paper pinned "Somebody-one of his great clientscame one day last week to desire some on the bed with these words written in private papers in their new receptacles, shares to be sold which Mr. Clair had large characters-'Let no one look for us. We are gone away forever. Good-bye to everyone !' All the servants had been paid by her just as he has done with us. Oh, Tom on the day before, and also any little debts what shall we do?" in the town. It was found out that all "Hush. mother ! Go on.' her jewelry-which had been her mother's "Well," said she, choking down her -had been sold by Joe a day or two besobs, "Mr. Clair tried in every way to fore ; but the ornaments were not worth raise the money but it was a large sum, much, and Tom calculated that, after payand he couldn't; so when the gentleman ing away what she did, she could not have had ten pounds left. He went to the railway-station, but came to Mr. Clair on Monday he put him could learn nothing there ; there had been a fair in the neighborhood on the day beit all came out; and on Wednesday night the gentleman went to Mr. Clair, and told fore, and the trains had been so crowded. "P. S. Oh, dear Tom, don't think any-thing but that I love you with all my heart and soul! Still 1 know I am right." Three years before there was not a tives on Mellie's track ; no one else seem Three years before there was not a he wentaway, and I believe Mr. Clair sent ed to take any interest about her ; and so though he tried every means he could. say she bore up like an angel." Tom's face paled, and he clenched his from that hour he had not seen Mellie Clair. hands so firmly that the knuckles stood After many months he had traced her to a lodging in an obscure street in Lon-"She advised him to take courage, and sures-if not luxuries-very well out of said that they would be able to atone for don; but all the landlady could tell him of her was that months before-in fact, a few weeks after she and her brothers had would give up their house, and work till lowed his profession, they would have all was paid back. And she did not leave come to London-Joe and Mellie had been struck down by fever. The land lady had them removed to an hospital. · Couldn't help it, sir. Poor woman like ing, he was dead in his arm-chair, with an me couldn't afford to have lodgers with empty bottle of laudanum by his side. catchin' illness.' But she had kept little "And you are sure she does not know?" Freddy till he, too, had sickened, and had "Yes; fortunately it was the butler to be sent after his brother and sister. found the bottle-and he had the sense The woman-not an unkind creature. though rough and coarse-said she inquired for them every day, till she heard that Miss Clair was dead; and then her own child became ill, and she went no more. She had some of the Clairs' things up-He put on his gloves, took up his hat stairs still, some she had sold to pay what and then turned to his mother, who was they had owed her. But there were a couple of books and a dress or two there Something in her worn old face struck yet; 'would the gentleman like to see them ?' So Tom went up into the low, gloomy room that made him sick at heart at the were-for everything valuable of hers and the boys' had been left behind when they that April evening-and one or two books -Heroes and Hero-Worshipers, In Memoriam-given to her by himself long be-He gave the landlady ten shillings for 4

He was shocked, grieved for Millie, who In a very wretched frame of mind Tom about him which he could not compre ruin and Mr. Clair's wicked conduct, until

he could stand it no longer; and then he he could stand it no longer; and then he he could stand it no longer; and then he he could stand it no longer; and then he he been in our family for years before I was born. So, though he thought much of poor would rush off for long walks, which al-been in our family for years before I was born I inherited it. I have tried all kinds of medi Millie !" The speaktr was a young man of about wedding-day, he did not look much dif-coming, though when he called at it he part of the formation of the for

quest had been given by men who wished

and besides that, a man of learning and strangely at him, but he concluded they service committed him to the earth. The mourners were very few, and Tom nected with the dead man; and, so think- went home without having been able to ing, he came abruptly upon Joe Clair, the get to speak to Joe or Fred Clair, as they elder boy, then about seventeen, who was vanished almost before the service was

his hat pulled over his eyes.

"Poor boy, he can't bear sympathy breakfast with somewhat of his old yet!' said Tom to himself, continuing his serenity. He had made up his mind to sent, and go to London to try if he could

> that his new engagement would leave vacant. Joe might obtain a situation

"Oh, my poor boy!" sobbed the old lady, clinging to his arm, for she was too small to reach higher. "Oh, Tom, Tom!" "Tell me—is it Millie?" He took up a note which the poor the poor the brought him. It was the hasty, almost illegible scrawl which told him that Millie had gone without even a parting word. Mrs. Cospell was horrified to hear the Mrs. Cospell was horrified to hear the Mrs. Cospell was horrified to hear the woods Tom used as he dashed Millie's poor little note upon the table He felt indignant at her leaving him in this way, He let her lead him into the parlor, but after all his patience; and for an instant

writer. But, as he took it up again to try if we could extract any further information from it, his eyes fell upon the 'P. S.' which in his hurry he had overlooked-'Oh, dear Tom, don't think anything but

that [love you with all my heart and soul! Still I know I am right.' And a "Oh, Tom, everything is gone-everygreat revulsion came over him; and, if he

in fact I became better and better. When I had taken several bottles all Scrofula Sores and marks were gone; my health very good. It is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It will cure

I know the above to be true. DR. CHAS. M. DUDDENHAUSEN,

VEGETIXE is now ackowledged by our best physicians to be the only sure and safe remedy for all diseases arising from impure blood, such morrow Millie should see him. He must as Scorfula and Scrofulous Humors.

VEGETINE.

Have taken a great many kinds of medicine, but never took any that could begin to help me like the VEGETINE. One year ago last March, 1 had the Lung Fever; it left me very feeble for a long time. I could do very little work, and hard for me to do a little. I had never heard of fore him with such a white, awe-struck face, that he felt as if a shadow of a great cloud had swept over him; and the words rose involuntary to his lips— "Mother, what is it? Millie?" "Oh, my poor boy!" sobbed the old "Oh, my poor boy!" sobbed the old

cal compound yet placed before the public for the renovating and purifying the blood, eradi-cating all humors, impurities or poisonous se-cretions from the system, invigorating and strengthing the system debilitate 1 by disease; in fact, it is, as many have called it, "The Great Health Restorer."

VEGETINE Kidney Complaints---Dyspepsia.

which stood beside the ink-bottle.

Literature.

a plesaant thoughtful face one could trust

readily, and dogs "made friends" with-

a genial, happy minded fellow, with

to the death as in our age. He did not

look in a fighting humor just now, how-

ever, or even in a happy, contented one.

His face was grave and sad; old lines of

eyes, till he looked nearly ten years older

Yet his surroundings were comfortable

-one would almost say luxurious, were

He was in his study-a large room with

a fine bay-window looking to the west-

which was filled with flowers, not particu-

larly rare, but chosen for their color and

photographs and one or two oil paintings.

tainly, but there was a very inviting con-

fusion of new books, magazines, engrav-

ings, collections of photographs, and a

thousand other odds and ends of literary

life on it, save just where Tom sat before

his desk, which was the perfection of neat-

ness and order, nothing disturbing its

business-like appearance, except the slen.

The large study table was not tidy cer-

Millie !"

one battle.

effeminacy.

A great dog slept on the tiger skin rug the June breezes stole in through the money was a very secondary considera-tion. As long as Millie was safe and open window, laden with faint perfumes loved him, what could he desire better from the flowers on the terrace outside | than to work for her? So his face brightand the hay-fields beyond. Everything ened, somewhat to his mother's amazewithin and without told of plenty, com- "I shall go and see her," he said, takfort and taste ; and yet the owner of all ing up his gloves ; but his mother shook looked a sad enough man as he leaned her head. his elbow on the table and said, half "Why not, mother?" he asked, imaloud-

without her? foo late-forever too late !' mother, what did he die of? And how did

nell look so sad in the midst of all that could make life bright? A very little, but and came close to him—"he didn't die at all! At least—I mean—it was—" a very powerful thing-an old letter; a tiny note, very short, soiled by much was all.

He had taken possession of Gosnell and she was told it was heart disease." Park only the week before; and that "But mother, what made him do it ?" morning he had resolved to out away his and so he came upon this, every word of bought for him. He had used the money which he knew by heart, yet which he Tom, but paid the interest ion the shares read again-

"My dear Tom :-- When you get this, I shall be gone away-where you will not see me any more. Do not try to follow me: I could not marry you now. It is not because I do not love you, but be cause I do. You must not be tied down to a poor girl; and, besides, after what has happened—But I can't write about difference in the stock brokers, and—I ed himseif to the stock brokers, and—I that. Good-bye. May Heaven bless don't understand business, my dear, but you!

" MILLIE.

brighter lighter-hearted fellow in the for Millie, and told her everything. They world than Tom Gosnell.

He was not very rich, but he and his mother found that they could get the out like ivory. necessaries of life and some of its plea twelve hundred a year. If Tom had fol. all he had done wrong, and that they been better off; but, though he had been him till about one o'clock in the morning. educated for a doctor, he soon turned When the servants entered in the mornaside from the active to the more theoretical port of his profession, and by degrees devoted himself to science and literature in a way that promised well for ultimate success and wealth, but at present not to tell the other servants. It was the doctor told me. It's an awful thing, Tom, brought few guineas into his pocket. altogether." But Tom worked away, and built castles | "Yes." said Tom, shortly; he had no of a very gorgeous hue in the air, all of heart for platitudes just now. which were tenanted by a certain darkeyed, fair-haired, smiling girl to whom he watching him with wistful eyes. hoped to give the sacred name of wife.

Millie Clair was indeed as fair and good him with a pang of remorse; he had fora "fate' as any man could wish for. She gotten her in his thoughts of Millie's was not what might be termed a perfect grief, and he stooped and kissed her. beauty, but she was pretty, and, still bet "Don't fret, mother," he said, in a ter, there were expression and character brave a tone as he could. "I have good thought of his Mellie living in it; and in every change, every smile, every blush prospects before me if I have health; and there, folded neatly enough in a drawer, that swept over her face. She managed please Heaven we'll pull through—you were one or two dresses that he rememher father's house for him and her two are such a one for making a shilling equal bered seeing-old, cheap things they brothers, as well as any wise old matron to one-and sixpense, you know. We have could have done, though she was barely nothing to blame ourselves with; and, twenty; the only sorrow she had known mother"—his voice fell and he hesitated stole away from shame and disgrace on a little throu won't visit the sing of the that April evening—and one or two books 3 CASES in her happy petted life, being the death of her mother at the birth of her young father - you'll not'be hard on Millie?" est brother, when Millie was fourteen. "Oh, Tom, do you think I could? Poor Her father was one of the most respect child, she will have the worst of it. I fore-and a well-read, pencil-marked copy ed solicitors in the town where they lived tried to go and help her yesterday; but of Keble's Christian Year. and had most of the county business in she wouldn't see any one; and to-day his hands. He was a brisk, active man, again she refused —" and had made a great deal of money dur "Well, I shall try now," interrurted ing fifty years drawing settlements and Tom; and a loving smile shone on his mementoes of his wife that was to have arranging mortgages; and Millie was to have a good fortune at his death. 'Give her my love, and ask can I do "I can t give you anything down with her now, Tom," he had said, "but I will as he opened the door. allow you a hundred a year, and when And Tom walked off feeling indeed fault of his -and a hand-to-mouth struggle I'm gone you shall have a good fortune sobered by the prospect before him, but for life, till a series of events unexpectedand indeed she's worth a fortune to any not sad. His health was good; he had ly made him heir to a large property, and man that gets her, though it's not right been offered a literary engagement that in a few weeks after the knowledge of promised well for the future, and would this had come to him one more death put to praise one's own. Tom quite agreed with the old gentle-man; and, as Millie said she could man-age very well, and did not mind the pros. work before him, heedless of -or rather him in possession of Gosnell Park and work before him, heedless of -or rather did not mind the pros. pect of living with her mother-in-law, all looked very bright for the young couple. They took a nice house; Mr. Clair fur-addition to his income. He had his nished it for them; and, a distant cousin mother to care for him, and, still more, he owner of all this beauty and everything of Mr. Clair's having settled to come and had Millie and Millie's love to make life that could give joy and pleasure was a live with him and the boys, their marriage bright; and, so thinking, he opened the lonely saddened man as he sat in his gate of the garden before the Clairs' study, shortly after he had taken posses was settled for an early day in April. A fortnight before the wedding Tom house went to London on some business. He Its closed blinds, its lifeless look was to be away for a week, and, like most brought him back to the sad present; and in Ireland, old fellow!" And Phil Deane lovers, exacted and made a promise that very gravely he went up the steps and shook Tom's hand warmly as he stepped Millie and he should write to each other rang softly at the well-known door that from the gangway on to the pier at Kingsevery day; and then with the brightest he had been accustomed to push open of hopes for the future, he left on a Tues- with such a joyful heart. day morning early, thinking with what The man-servant opened it, his face joy he should take Millie on that day fort. | white and scared. night for better, for worse, to part no 'Can Miss Clair see me, Brown ?'

tains.

with her work.

The man asked him to wait while h On Tuesday and Wednesday Millie's went to inquire; and presently Millie's letters came Nice simple ones they maid came to him. were, with a great deal of love timidly 'Miss Millie is very sorry, sir, but she hiding in them. They were not very long | can't see any one just yet.' she had so much to do, she said-"papa" 'Could she not for five minutes ?' did not seem quite well, and she wanted 'She said it was impossible, sir,' answer

to be with him as much as possible. What was the end of her Wednesday's ed the girl. 'Is she well ?' letter, and none came on Thursday. Tom 'Yes, sir; she bears up wonderfully.' was disappointed, but reproached himself A few more words of inquiry, a loving for being so exacting, and waited as pati-

something being wrong, was just debat-ing with himself whether it would be very laughable any ridiculous for him to tele-as he walked down the road, or he might laughable any ridiculous for him to tele-laughable any ridiculous for him tele-laughable any ridiculous for him telegraph to Miille to know why she did not have seen Millie's white, despairing face not myself at all, Molly dear.' write, when a fateful yellow envelope was as she watched him from behind the cur- Both laughed; and then

put into his hand. "Telegram, sir !"

He tore it open, it was from his mother | turned away with a whiter, stonier face | ed 'a rale Irish jauntin'-car.' -"Millie and I are well. Come home at than before and went on tearless and calm

once; Mr. Clair is dead,"

all-it was qual to ten pounds to him then, poor fellow-and took away the last been, closing that chapter of his life for ever. Then passed three years of bitter

poverty--for his engagement came to an NICE PATTERNS. VERY CHEAP. abrupt end in a few months, through no fault of his -and a hand-to-mouth struggle

him in possession of Gosnell Park and an His mother was gone-she had never

sion, and read his old letter. " How are you Tom? Giad to see you town. 'You had a nice afternoon for crossing, at any rate. 'Here'-to a porter-'don't go putting that luggage into the train. I have an outside car for it. We can walk up, Tom, if you're not tired I know you've not been ill, and it's not very far beyond Clarinda Park-though

that's not telling you much,' he added, 'aughing, 'for one place is the same as another to you in this 'furrin land.'' 'I shall be glad to walk; it will be a

change after traveling all day,' said Tom. 'Why, Phil, you look younger than ever, and just as jolly as you used to be in the o'd times!'

Both laughed; and then Phil Deane

continued, as they turned away after see-

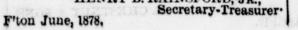
(To be continued.)

When he was lost to sight, Miss Clair ing the luggage fairly upon what he call-

'When we wrote penny a liners on all message to Millie, and Tom walked away the murders and accidents we could get

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F'ton, April 8, 1879,--- 3 ins