

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GROSSER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating that Grosser's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food does good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Grosser's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me, I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

CAROLINE'S LOVER,

Love Versus Wealth.

BY ARTHUR PENRHYN.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Josiah Bullion was one of the richest bankers in the midland counties. He rolled in wealth. His touch, like that of Midas, seemed to change all things into gold. His horses were the best, his ground the largest, and his house—Bullion Lodge—was the finest in the country.

It was a quaint old gabled building surrounded with trees; a pleasant terrace ran round the house, from which steps went down to a well-trimmed lawn. From the iron gates which led out into the pleasant little country road, ran a carriage-drive up to the house; on each side of this drive grew tall elms, whose branches uniting together, formed a leafy arch across the road.

On one side of the lodge ran the rookery, whose black inhabitants kept up an incessant cawing from morning to eve. There was a wild luxuriance about the place that prevented the eye from growing weary, as it generally does when it rests upon primly-chopped hedges, well-cut trees, and orderly flower-beds.

Josiah Bullion was a thoroughly respectable man; he attended the village church twice on a Sunday, and once during the week; the rector always dined with him on the Sabbath, and on the week days some visitor was sure to find a place at Mr. Bullion's well-laden table. All things in the world that Mr. Bullion disliked, poverty was the worst; he hated and detested it.

A beggar, in his sight, was a living disease and he fled from him as an ancient Hebrew would have fled from a leper. Dives was a Christian compared with Mr. Bullion—in fact had Mr. Bullion been in Dives' place, he would put Lazarus in the stocks, and have tried whether the sores on his back could be cured by the application of the hedgehog's whip.

For all this, Mr. Josiah Bullion passed as a charitable man; he subscribed to all the charities in the neighborhood; who could doubt that fact?—did not his name appear at the top of each subscription list, in the largest of characters, with the largest sum attached to it? And were not all these lists carefully printed, week after week, in the local papers?

It is true he was hard with the pauper, but then it was to show them that they were under great obligations to society at large, and Mr. Josiah Bullion in particular.

His rich neighbors considered him a paragon of virtue and liberality. His poor ones thought him a stingy old fellow. Such was Josiah Bullion, of Bullion Lodge in the county of Warwickshire.

Josiah Bullion was a widower with one daughter, a tall, handsome girl, of about twenty-one, who was greatly admired by all the young men in the county—a thing not much to be wondered at, for Caroline Bullion had many things to make her a very desirable match.

In the first place, she was, as I have already said, very handsome; her hair was of that deep brown, shot with the

glints of reddish gold which forms the true auburn—not the color vulgarly supposed to be that rare hue; her eyebrows were thin and delicately arched; her complexion somewhat pale; her eyes a bright hazel; her nose—that feature which so often spoils a good face—was neither too large nor too small, but was straight with well-curved nostrils; her mouth was described by one of her many admirers as a coral cave filled with pearls; her ears were small and pink; her neck well seated on her shoulders; her bust fine; her arms well rounded; her hands small, and her figure exquisitely moulded.

But beside these numerous qualities, it was a well-known fact that old Bullion would leave all his money to his daughter; and that would at least add two hundred thousand reasons for Caroline Bullion being adored by all the young unmarried men in the county.

But Caroline was not a girl easily won; she required something more than protestations and believed very little in well-turned phrases or pretty compliments. Many considered her proud and cold, but this was far from being the truth; she could love fondly, passionately, but she was no girl to throw such genuine feelings away where they could not be returned, and she was too clear-sighted to mistake the love of her gold for the love of herself.

One alone amongst her many suitors had touched her heart; and that one was Cyril Cavendish, a young gentleman who possessed the best blood and the least estate in the county. Cyril's ancestors had come in with the Conqueror, and, like most of the high-souled gentlemen who accompanied that prince of thieves, had robbed the Saxons right and left; each generation had added something more to the estate, till one Cuthbert Cavendish, in the reign of Henry VI., had become suddenly penitent, and by the advice of a disinterested father confessor, he founded the fine old abbey of Monkshold, of which the said disinterested father confessor became Abbot.

But in the reign of the jovial monarch, Henry VIII., a descendant to Cuthbert's hunted out the monks, and took possession of the abbey, which ever afterward became the residence of the Cavendishes but, from that moment the luck of the Cavendishes departed.

One after the other the heirs to the estates turned out badly, and acre after acre slipped away, until Cyril Cavendish was left with the abbey, a few acres of land, and just enough money to keep himself in it.

The secluded life which Cyril found himself compelled to lead made him naturally reserved; whilst his seeing others enjoying the estates which ought to have been his made him to be proud of his birth and name.

Cyril was handsome and bold, whilst his calm reserve and ruined fortunes made him highly interesting to the marriageable young ladies in the neighborhood, but the watchful mothers soon discountenanced the high-born but poverty-stricken gentleman.

So the owner of Monkshold Abbey found himself at the age of thirty still a bachelor.

Cyril could not help feeling hurt at this treatment; but although he laughed at it when speaking to his few male friends, yet up to the time when his story commences it had caused him no real trouble.

But things had changed with Cyril since he had met Caroline Bullion; he loved her, and yet hated himself for it; for would not an alliance with the daughter of a man who had, mushroom-like, sprung up suddenly from the earth, no one knowing where he came from or who he was—would not such an alliance ruin the blue blood of the Cavendishes, or at least taint it?

So argued Cyril's pride; but what said Cyril's love?

The blind boy whispered a very different tale to his heart.

Is she not beautiful? he asked; is she not good, kind and loving? Could a queen have a better hand, or a duchess, however old her family, a finer or truer nature?

To all these questions Cyril answered, No; so went on getting madly blindly in love.

Of course such a sudden change in Cyril's deportment did not pass unnoticed by the gossip of the place. Young ladies tossed their heads and tittered, some pitying Cyril's taste, and some the helplessness of his position; whilst their mammams shook their heads, and wondered what old Bullion be about to let his daughter flirt so dreadfully with that nice, but penniless—therefore dangerous—young man, Cyril Cavendish.

But old Bullion seemed rather to like the notion of becoming connected with the Cavendishes; he even went so far as to offer to lend Cyril money—an offer which was indignantly refused—and invited him to all the reunions that were held at Bullion Lodge; so that Cyril and Caroline frequently met, and by some instinct—well known to the young men and women of all classes, but quite incomprehensible to even the greatest philosophers—the two young people learned each other's secrets, and loved in silence.

I say loved in silence, for Cyril had not yet conquered his pride, and besides he feared a refusal—a thought which nearly killed him. To think that he, Cyril Cavendish should be rejected by a rich parvenue—the idea was torture.

It was during one of the reunions at Bullion Lodge that Cyril first spoke of

love to Caroline.

It was a beautiful July night; the moon rose high above the tall dark rookery, silencing the dewy leaves, and throwing her beams betwixt the tangled boughs, making a glorious tessellation on the grass beneath.

Now and then the plaintive cry of the white owl sounded from the wood, whilst the drone of the field beetle as he whirled through the air kept up a pleasant murmur. The weather was warm, too warm for the well-lighted drawing-room of Bullion Lodge; so Caroline pulling wide the curtains that hung before the window, stepped out on the terrace, and, lost in thought as she gazed at the moon, half listening to the music that came from the room she had just left, and half listening to those strange meaning voices that, on a calm night will rise up in our hearts, filling with a strange sadness that is akin to pain.

Unconsciously her lips parted, and she whispered gently, No Cyril, dear Cyril, shall I ever be thine?

The next instant an arm encircled her waist, and a warm kiss was imprinted on her forehead.

Cyril—Mr. Cavendish! she exclaimed, with shame and amazement.

Nay, do not fly from me Caroline! cried Cyril. How long have I prayed for this moment, I have loved you long in silence. I could not tell my love; my tongue was bound by a galling chain—poverty, my dearest. I know that you would not have considered that a barrier, but your father—

Oh Cyril I know papa will not object! Surely he has wealth enough for both; and we love so!

Ay, we are rich enough in love darling; but that, to use your father's phraseology is an unseizable commodity, of no value at all in the market.

Oh but you are not so poor! said Caroline.

Pardon me darling; you must banish that idea from your mind. I am poor—very poor! You have heard all our family history. As for my ancestors, it is enough to say that they were the richest people around here, and were high as any people in England. Well suddenly misfortune came upon them, until my father, Laurence Cavendish, was left, but a little better off than I am myself.

He married, and naturally looked around for some way of increasing his means; and at last, persuaded by his brother Cuthbert, he sold a portion of his estate and entrusted the money he raised by the sale to Cuthbert who determined to go abroad, and embark in some business. Of course, our family pride would not allow this to be known, for no Cavendish had ever yet been in trade. Well, years rolled away, and no tidings came from my uncle.

My father died, leaving me a little boy and almost all I know of the matter now is that my father, up to the day of his death, believed that Uncle Cuthbert would return with immense wealth to reinstate the family. Of course, all hope of that had long since passed. Some time after my father's death, your father settled down here. He was not rich then, Carry. But what made me notice his arrival was the anxious way in which he inquired about my father's death, and also what news we had of my uncle.

He also advanced some large sums of money to my guardians to do up the abbey and grounds. The money saved during my minority was to be used to pay off this debt. Suddenly your father became immensely wealthy. He enlarged his bank, bought Bullion Lodge, and became the man of the county.

He wrote to my guardians, telling them that he did not remember the money I owed him, and they, foolishly, took him at his word, but on attaining my majority, I paid him back every penny, with interest. Since then he has been most kind to me; but were I to ask him for your hand, I doubt not he would refuse me.

Oh, no, Cyril—not cried Caroline. Papa is really very good. He lets me have all my own way, and gives me whatever I like. He seems cold toward me and yet I know he loves me. Sometimes I look up suddenly, and find him gazing intently at me, and when he sees my eyes, he turns his head away with a moan. But I know that it is only his manner; he is strange and terribly nervous. I remember, when I was a child, I was playing with one of the maid-servants, and she, in fun, shut me up in a dark closet. Of course I was frightened, and screamed; my father heard it, and, throwing up his arms, exclaimed. He comes!—He comes! and fell into a fit. So you see how easily his nerves were shaken.

Yes, very likely, said Cyril dryly; but had you called out, Pounds, shillings and pence! he would not have been so affected. Your cry touched his heart and not his pocket.

Cyril exclaimed Caroline in wonder. Pardon me, dearest, I did not mean what I said. I suppose I must face the matter out, and ask your father to give up the brightest treasure he possessed. If he refuse; well there is still the old abbey, and enough to live on.

For some time they walked up and down the terrace, until Cyril noticed that the cold night air was causing Caroline to tremble and therefore he proposed that they should return to the dining-room.

Cyril said Caroline, do not speak to papa until you hear from me. When all have left I will tell him what has passed between us and get his consent.

As you will darling. I feel that I must

obey you in everything; henceforth you are my destiny. Pray Heaven your father will consent to our union.

Why Cyril, exclaimed a voice as the curtains of the window were drawn on one side, are you the cynic turned stargazer?—though with such a companion a man would be apt to turn everything to pleasure.

Nonsense! Why are you not at the piano as usual?

Because there's no one there to listen to me. Come, Miss Bullion, I want to let you hear. Mrs. Calderoy has been dying to hear it; so come along.

The young man led the way to the piano, and commenced playing and conversing with a lady who was seated on a settee by the side of him whilst Cyril and Caroline stood, apparently listening to the music, but really thinking of each other.

At last the card-party at the other end of the room finished and in a short time all the guests departed.

I say Cavendish, said Fred Gordon, as he walked home with Cyril, I hope you did not propose to Miss Bullion to-night. And may I ask you why you hope that I have not done so?

In the first place old fellow I believe Bullion would refuse. In the second, I don't advocate the old families marrying into new ones. Fancy the Cavendishes quartering the coat of arms of the Bullions on to their proud old blazon. I tell you my boy it won't do. I don't know what is the reason; but old and new families can no more agree than old and new wines.

Perhaps it is for that reason that both old wines and old families get so crusty, laughed Cavendish.

Oh, you may laugh! But, I tell you, it won't do. Besides, where did old Bullion come from? How did he get his money? Who is he?

My dear Fred, we know that he got his money in business-honestly. I believe—and thoroughly hope—

What nonsense you talk! You must remember that queer things happened some twenty—or nearly twenty—years ago?

What do you mean? gasped Cyril, starting back.

Well, you remember the queer story about the stranger who was seen to enter the bank, and was never seen afterward? The matter made some stir at the time, but nothing came of it. It is true, no one was more anxious that the affair should be cleared up than old Bullion; but there are still some people who say that the banker knew more of the business than he would like to tell. Any way, he became immensely rich directly afterward, and moved to Bullion Lodge. Some say the money was gained by theft, and others by murder.

Concluded next issue.

Royal Hotel

Mrs. B. Atherton Prop.
Fredericton, N. B.

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