## THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII,

IN QUEST OF LETHE. Mr. Fairfax could remember all these things now without bitterness, as most of us can in after years look back with comparative calmness on the keenest sufferous disappointment. My lady looked tottering old husband was not dead yet.

Hastily he broke the seal and read: "DRAR MR. FAIRFAX. - For this long time past I have been hoping to see or hear from you. I know now how ungrateful I must have seemed for all your kindness to me, but I hardly think you would resent it; you are too generous. They have persuaded me to go abroad, and we start to-day. When I return, will you come to see me, in token that you have forgiven me? Believe me always, gratefully and sincerely yours, "OLIVE FABIAN."

Alan read over every line half a dozen times, then he laid it down with a sigh. "If I had known two days sooner," he said to himself, "I would have gone at once. I did not think she would care to see me. Poor little soul, how miserable she is, I dare say, though she is too proud to hint a word about it to me. If I could only do something to comfort or make her happier! — but I suppose nothing short of bringing back that blackguard of a husband of hers would be of any use. God knows I would go after him even

Olive was travelling for the benefit of much it may afterward have benefited you) than if you had remained quietly among familiar scenes. If you were surrounded by beautiful scenery, its very beauty made your heart ache to think that nature could be so fair and smiling without, when you were so utterly desolate within; or you would call to mind

traveling.' My body has been dragged about somewhere, but I have never traveled from the hideens place where you eled from the hideous place where you sued from the other end of the garden, and now and then there was a sound of her his arm, to fold her shawl round her "I have lost all

to soothe her with her earnest sympathy, lived once, when we have only a bare pitand she could not find one grain of comfort in the well meant arguments of her mother and sister. Sometimes she would break quite away from them, and hide herself in some wild or quiet nook, to indulge her tears and her misery. Once they were staying up in a lonely chalet on the brow of a mountain facing Mont Blanc. Mrs. Hamilton and Alice were writing letters descriptive of the beauty of the scenery, the utter and melancholy isolation from their kind into which this freak of Olive's had brought them, the perils of their ascent, and the excellence of the butter and cream. Olive stole out, and ascended through the pine-trees to the summit, taking her seat on the soft turf beneath the trees. It was a blazing June day in the valleys, but here the cool wind came straight off the snow mountains with a delicious softness and freshnass. She papa to forward." sat alone with an aching heart looking down on the scene before her. Her eyes pleasure in her eyes, and held it for some turned the subject over in her mind. hued butterfiles; on the dark, rich clumps of fir and pine leaning against the mountain-side, and sending up their fragrant aroma through the warm air; on the grazing cattle, dwarfed by distance; on the quiet Swiss villages, made of a handful of cottages, with a church in the midst; on the white-looking, deserted roads. There lay the beautiful blue lake, glittering as a steel mirror in the distance, and all around, like a frame to a lovely picture, stretched the long, majestic range of mountains. Behind, the great snowking reared his head into the blue sky, while wreaths of white cloud lay tranquil ou his breast. Peace reigned round in you." valleys and on the everlasting hills, but there was no peace in the poor human heart that beat and throbbed so passionately-no brightness in the eyes that took in so much beauty. The passionate la-

on living after all the brightness is gone that made existence worth having. was in going about the world alone, un- you." When she went to bed that night riven sides of the gigantic rocks, and harness, cared for, after having had a strong arm she felt lighter of heart—there was some looking half fearfully upward, she seemed "It is so sad," she said, softly, "to in it," she went on, quickly, "only if no other society than hers. As she closed Fairfax, and on Tuesday Olive relinquish. down into the darkness, and the rapid thought for any one else." her eyes, blinded by their mist of tears, ed all idea of seeing him, and started to waters roared like the sound of thunder. "I believe you are right," he answered, she could hear again the ring of his foot cross the Tote Noire Martigny. It was Out at the further end there was a bitterly; and she rose and wished him step in the hall as he came in from hunt. only another drop in her cup of disap. glimpse of reflected sunshine upon the good night. ing, and feel that thrill of grateful satis. pointment, but she had geased to expect rugged mass, no longer barren, but faction that he had come back to her once any pleasure or relief now. She only sigh. springing out all over with rich green back in the next few days. Alan saw him in a thousand scenes of the past, crossed her mind.

loved-let me die!" It is so easy to say

that-so natural to want to die; the hard,

the bright June afternoon, and her mo. to lunch at the midway inn. ther coming some hours later to seek her, "I am not hungry," said Olive. "I took the chair next her.

"I did not know you were out, love," feet; from the extreme heights of the asked Mr. Fairfax, getting up. she said kindly; "you should not go opposite mountain glittered and seethed "I don't like to trouble you, and Horaway to fret by yourself. If you could the silver-foaming cascade, leaping, drift- ton will do very well," responded Alice, worth all this sorrow."

had become poor, and lost everything we rest, and thought :-

Ah! mamma, you don't know what it is. the love and happiness I have lost."

grief one has no opportunity of — " which seemed to make great "I'm not ungrateful, indeed, mamma, and great grief alike impossible.

Olive heaved a great sigh. old love in society, and then he could for; but when we are quite young it fax!" passee, and was peevish and spiteful-her ed the feeling of loneliness less acutely if again. her father or some man had been with

One morning in June a letter came for them-it seemed such a miserable thing Alan, in a handwriting that he well knew, to go about with only women. Often they met with bright, happy young couples traveling, and Olive would watch them secretly with a knot in her throat, and an overwhelming recollection of the time gone by. Once, as she sat in a corner of a lake steamer, she observed next her two people, young, handsome, well-bred, happy, evidently husband and wife. Watching them keenly, without seeming

their voices to each other, the bright glances that shot occasionally from loving eyes, and it troubled her, haunted her, made her and it troubled her, haunted her, made her and the solution of long to visit Herr von Engelhart (whom he had once placed under an obligation) at his Schloss; but there was no little more contented, and he was to be ever felt." to watch, she noted the soft inflections of made her suffer acutely. For she thought earthly reason why he should avail him. taken away too. his wife; when she and Sir George had been as young, as bright, as fond, with all the world before them like these two. How happy she had been, how proud of and distinguished air had seemed to give her! And now she was so horribly alone; uttered. A thrill of annoyance, of shame.

sent the flush to her brow when she heard

Often now Olive thought of Mr. Fairfax, and of all his kindness and gentleness to her. She longed to see him once more— she felt she could tell him all about herself and her sorrow, and he would never grow impatient or weary of listening. One evening she was sitting in the garden of the Trois Couronnes at Vevey, how such scenes had filled you with de- looking down over the low wall on to the light in former days, when your pleasure lake lying calm as a mirror beneath. The had been echoed back from the eyes and moon shone in a flood of silver light over

keener stab to remember that there was not one amongst all those tens of thousands to whom you were aught, or who was aught to you? I always remember those lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in the distance ran the quick lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in the distance ran the quick lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in the distance ran the quick lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the lake, hung with gay-colored lines i lines in Stephen's letter to Maggie in the "Mill on the Floss." They might even seem commonplace to any one who had not fell the depth of them, but there must be some, at least, to whose hearts they appeal:—

"Perhaps they tell you I have been the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the steamer on its way had broken the flags, and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the such a chivalrous respect that he would have lapsed into the sentihe had any warmer feeling than friendship and the had any warmer feeling than friendship and the had any warmer feeling than friendship and the steamer on its way had broken the flags. The flags are the flags and in the distance ran the quick paddle-wheels of the flags ar "Perhaps they tell you I have been the shore and broke. A rich scent of controlled those far more unruly mem-

mountains and vineyards, gliding along the blue lakes, or being through the love-their tea and coffee on the terrace or their tea and coffee on the terrace or quietly, she hardly knew how much he did "Oh! I do "Oh! I the blue lakes, or being through the levely Swiss passes, her heart was equally heavy—equally chained to the memory of that one bitter loss.

If her husband could have heard that constant piteous appeal her heart sent up day and night. "O my darling, only care hack to me, and I will forgive you came hack to me, and I will forgive you."

It her tea and coffee on the terrace or under the trees, and chatting merrily; altogether the scene would have seemed, and chatting merrily; altogether the scene would have seemed, and did seem, an enchanting one to those whose hearts were light. But the happier the brighter the scene, the more sorrow, fully it seemed to weigh on one sad spirit. Time was when no one would have appressed as the first passed of the trees, and chatting merrily; altogether the scene would have seemed, and did seem, an enchanting one to those whose hearts were light. But the happier the brighter the scene, the more sorrow, fully it seemed to weigh on one sad spirit. Time was when no one would have appressed as the first passed of the first come back to me, and I will forgive you everything!" I think he would have turned his back upon the miserable scenes Olive. Ah! what a terrible scourge is fax sought. Alice became considerably fax sought. Alice became considerably children! Galileo was not an ill-used he was daily witnessing, and come straight to her. But he had no means of knowing and she went on breaking her heart to remember the hearty that we had when it seems gone forever! How hard to remember the hearty that we had when it is gone by grossed so much of his time, and was so just now. There is Mr. Fairfax looking ing, and she went on breaking her heart to remember the beauty that we had when frequently alone with him, and chose murder his wife, or his mother, or up. after him, and wetting her pillow nightly we are old and wrinkled and grey now, with bitter tears.

The property of the layers in which we had been been been been the beauty that we had with the property alone with him, and those with him with him, and those with him with She had not even poor old Greet now ter to think of the luxury in which we her mother.

> we did with such fond, proud eyes—when cheerful now than she has been. I am is more to trouble one in the present and we are left alone to-day, and no one thinks afraid to say anything at all to her. or cares much about us, would miss us greatly if we died out of their world. Alice Hamilton stepped out of the wir- a little trouble they should never think sad; "there is a great deal of trouble in

ter. She held some letters in her hand, crossly. and Olive cast one wistful glance at them, and looked away again with a sigh. "Olive, mamma sent we out with your hat; she is afraid you will catch cold." "Thank you, dear, but it is very warm.

"Yes-and oh! by the way, here is one ful." for you from Mr. Fairfax, that he asked "I think you might speak to her mam-

fell on the thick grassy slopes, with their moments without breaking the seal. thousand wild flowers and myriad bright Alice glanced at it once or twice, and Alice," she said to herself, "I would not "But don't you think it's a great pity

did not write before you left England. I for you at all?" should have been so glad to come and see Alice responded in a pettish tone: you, if I could have been of use, or had "I only know that when I was in town known you cared to see me. I am think- he was always coming to the house, and had all the inclination to get up and ing of visiting Germany, having a very seemed most anxious I should go to long-standing invitation from Herr you Gabriel's Wood in the autumn-and- walk away; but he controlled himself, Englehart, and if you will send me a line well, mamma, what else would he be and only said :-

long week. want to write a letter."

"You might let one know what Mr. ment of Thekla was wringing in Olive's Fairfax says," remarked Alice, somewhat carriage, as they were waiting for Olive her." ears as she covered her face with her sharply. "Oh! he desires his compliments to Gorge de Trient. They were tired, they hands, while the blinding tears streamed

Olive wrote back to Mr. Fairfax? "We shivering, and shrinking from the damp a certain malicious displeasure. out of life-after we have lost the love shall be at Chamouny or Martigny next gloom and cold

which made the awakening to the present It was a lovely day, the sun streaming came the torrent, boiling, hissing, and never sat alone with him now as she had tenfold more bitter. She covered her down in all his brightness from a cloud. seething over the great stones. face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. less sky, and making the quick, limpid Mr. Fairfax had gone on in front, and into his willing ears. She would not "Oh! how hard it is, how hard, how streams run shimmering and dancing Olive, whose nerves were terribly unhard!" she gasped. "What have I done down the mountain sides, melted from the for all this misery to come upon me! great ice-blocks. The guides picked ledge, afraid to move forward or back, of her methor, and somehow he were Did I not love him with all my heart? bushes of Alpine roses and strawberries and uttered a faint cry. He turned of her mother, and somehow he was Was I not grateful? All my life gone, for the English mademoiselle with the quickly at the sound, and came to her. always left to Alice. He could not so with Burdock Blood Bitters. It is and I am only twenty one. Nothing to hope for. And he won't come to me any more. O my darling, if you knew how I

loved you, you would have some pity on who had been swept away by the available looked down eagerly at her for a moment, cause of her avoidance—he who had the weak mixtures usually sold. Send Canadian and New Brunswick me. Am I so hateful that he could not ches. She passed the little primitive and then turned away as quickly, the care for me any more? Oh! what have I chapel, and bent her head in courteous dark red color flushing to his brow. But done!-what have I done! If God would salutation to the venerable priest who she noticed nothing-it never once enter. only let me die now; I don't want to live stood by the wayside. "Dien yous ben- ed her mind to conceive that this man was indication of any sentiment warmer than isse, ma fille," he said with a pitiful glance in love with her. And so she moaned and sobbed away at the sad young face. The party stopped In the evening, as Olive sat in the gar- had been unimpeachably honorable. He

found her lying crouched down under the shall go on and sit by the wayside until Alice rose. pine trees, with a white face and swollen you join me." She walked slowly on for eyelids, her hands clasped around her some distance, and then sat down by the some views of the lake," she said. knees, and her gaze far away over the roadside. Her heart ached all the more dark chain of the Jura.

"My dear, I cannot think of your going because the scene was so lovely, the day alone," uttered Mrs. Hamilton, "I dare sought the advancement of his own in-Mrs. Hamilton stooped down and kissed so fair. The gurgling river boiled and say ()live will spare you Horton." surged over the great round stones at her "Will you except me as a companion?"

ouly see things in a right light—he is not ing between the great lissures of rock, with feigned reluctance. Olive made a gesture of weariness.

then boiling in quick eddies round the massive fallen bowlders. Sharp snow- with you," and the two went off together. Alice, the real truth flash across him. "O mamma, don't talk like that. How peaked arguilles reared themselves up can I help being miserable? What have against the blue brightness of the summer siod of the opportunity which she and returned to Olive's side, which he never I to look forward to, or to care for besides sky, gleaming with all the reflected splen- Alice had preconcerted, she felt a considhim? What is pride to me? I haven't dor of the midday sun. There was plenty erable difficulty in availing herself of it.

Oh! of soft cool shade under the tall firs, and Olive was looking dreamily at the sunwhy could not some other trouble have the broad-leaved trees that overhung the set reflected on the waters. fallen upon me instead of this? If we foaming Eau Noire, and here Olive sat to "How very kind Mr. Fairfax is," com- saw it too, and was furious. Gradually menced her mother at last.

had in the world, but only kept to and "If I could only forget, this peace, this loved each other. Nothing would have beauty might make me happy. Now it seemed hard to me, if only I had him. only seems to make me crave more after

You have papa-you don't know what it Two women went past, ugly and brown is to have no one in the world to care for like all the Swiss peasant women. Some distance off a man and a women were him so very cold and proud." "It is ungrateful of you to say that, my hoeing a patch of potatoes. It came suddear, I think. We all love you, and would denly across Olive's mind that it was betdo anything in the world we could for ter to have her own life, with all its sorrow you, only you shut yourself up so in your than the dreary vegetative existence which seemed to make great happiness

but, O mamma, it isn't the same," and cadence of the leaping waters. Presently traveling alone," Olive replied. a shadow seemed to fall across her, and ing of our lives. Occasionally he met his there is not very much to expect or hope start, as she sprang up, crying, "Mr. Fair-think he admires Alice?"

quite acknowledge how kind Fate had seems so terrible to have nothing to look He took her hand, and looked into her been in preserving him from a marriage forward to. Olive had given up hoping face for a moment with his kind, faithful which could only have caused him griev. now, and only saw the dark side of eyes; and then he smiled down on her, life. She thought she would have suffer saying. "I am so glad to see you once and he used to visit at your house in

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It is hardly necessary perhaps to say that the pretext Mr. Fairfax offered for nity of being alone together?" following Olive to Switzerland was a very true that he had a warm invitation of long Well, it was her fate; this man's pre-His object was not a selfish or self-seeking for me.

Olive would be traveling about with only now, if there was the slightest chance of her sister asking the maid rather loudly her mother and sister, after she had been making him see reason?" every one must know her miserable story, her disgrace. She even fancied these thing from the burden of her silent Don't stay out too late, Alice, dear."

He judged rightly-she was glad to see him, and he was able to make her feel would feel a different being after pouring poetry? and comfort her, just as if he had not loved her with all his heart—just as if it

And so whether she was driving about the gay Boulevards, being whirled past mountains and vineyards, gliding along lighted—cosy little parties were sipping sided from the children as a sound of her his arm, to fold her shawl round her of my boyhood," laughed Alan, "since lighted—cosy little parties were sipping wanted, and even to anticipate her slight.

He was always by her side, ready to give her his arm, to fold her shawl round her of my boyhood," laughed Alan, "since lighted—cosy little parties were sipping wanted, and even to anticipate her slight.

I find it is highly improbable that he in a white muslin wrapper, her rich

tance now; how agonizing the rememberance of that great love we had in done. We are travelling for Olive's "The past does not affect me "I think with you," said Mrs. Hamildone. We are travelling for Olive's "The past does not affect me very bygone days—the love that saw us and all health, and she seems more happy and much," answered Mr. Fairfax; "there

Alice looked sulky. "I don't see why because people have

"We must make allowances for her." remarked Mrs. Hamilton, deprecatingly. there is any chance of that bad, wicked tiresome sometimes," uttered Alice. "He seems to me as if he could never

think we shall have a thunderstorm be- do enough for her," answered her mother pressibly on Alan. fore long. Is that a letter from papa?" "I never saw a man so kind and thought-

Olive took it with a slight gleam of Mrs. Hamilton was perplexed, and goodness your sister is capable of, he "If I thought he was in love with unable to continue. hesitate, but I really do not see anything she does not give him up, as we all want "Are you not going to read your let- that would lead one to suppose that he her to do? It is such a dreadful disgrace ter?" She had a secret admiration for \_Alice, dear," she continued aloud, "it

"My dear, how absurd! Of course not, She felt glad, the first time for many a Really, Alice. you should not jest on such

opportunity of giving her a hint. and Mr. Fairfax to come out from the

Friday or Saturday. If you are anywhere Walking on the ledge that overhangs

sweet. And down far below her feet with pain that she avoided him; she

den by the lake, her mother came and had utterly forborne to censure her hus-

"I am going out to see if I can get

"Very," said Olive, rousing herself.

"I never found him so, mamma." ner seems quite different to you. I wonder what made him join us here?"

Olive started, and then sighed. "It is quite likely, you know, dear; love? London a good deal when she was there,

did he not?" Olive did not like to say, "Not more that at any other time," so she went

well to give them a little more opportu-A pain shot through Olive's heartshallow one indeed. It was perfectly one she hardly understood or realized

of the time—such a short time ago too— self of it in this particular year, or at this "I am very selfish," she thought. when she had received all the tender cares and attentions this husband gave sidered it necessary to give a probable mamma," she answered. "I am going to my room now-wish them good night

the part she had just played.

began to be quite enthusiastic about the ing! brighter and less lonely. She would talk scenery. Was it not lovely and romanto him for hours of her sorrow and her tic?—it made her feel quite poetical.

"I'm sure I don't know what one is the future," and he sighed. "Yes," assented Alice, trying to look

dow presently and came toward her sis of any one but themselves," she said, the world—like poor Olive's, for instance. O Mr. Fairfax, I've never lived to mention the subject to you, but do you think man coming back to her?" Something in her tone grated inex-

> "I cannot venture an opinion," he he finds what angelic forbearance and everywhere with one." may come to see how-" he paused "I thought you liked him so much."

to us, and it is evident he can't care a is rather a delicate question; but do you do us, and it is evident he can't care a bit for her. I dare say she tried him a "I am so sorry," Alan said, "that you any grounds for supposing that he cares little—poor, dear Olive always was peculiar-indeed, she did not quite get

on with us at home always."

to let me know where you are likely to be here for now? I suppose you don't fancy the end of next week, I will go on to see he's in love with Olive?"

"I never saw any one who so completely fullfilled my notion of what a pletely fullfilled my notion of what a woman should be as Lady Fabian-so subjects!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, who had loving, so tender-hearted, so utterly "I will go in now," she said, rising. "I a secret misgiving. "I shall find an feminine. Any man or woman who could not love and appreciate her heauti-This conversation took place in the ful nature is not worthy to live with

He uttered these words in a voice of through her fingers. "I have lived and mamma and you," answered Olive, ab- did not care to see it; but Alan had in- suppressed passion, and a flush oversently. And Alice followed her in, con- sisted on taking Olive, declaring it was spreading his face; for once he was siderably nettled at her making what she one of the grandest sights in nature. He carried out of his strong, self-contained the bitter, the unindurable thing is to go considered "a mystery about nothing." went in first, and she followed, half resolve, and Alice read his feelings with

Ah! what an anguish of desolation there near, do come. I shall be glad to see the rapid foaming water between the vast intention, knowing the weak joint in the frightened at the glance Olive cast upon

to lean upon, a heart into which, in the thing to look forward to. The week came to get a sudden chilled, awe struck senting the sides were think so much love should be wasted on you haven't noticed it yourself, which old days, she could pour every trouble, every pleasure. She remembered now with aching intensity the time when he had loved and flattered her, and cared for had loved and flattered her, and cared for ed, but nothing was seen or heard of Mr. In week came to get a student chines, and struck self-struck self

done at first, or poured her confidences

never by word or sign given the least friendship? He felt that his conduct! band, or to recommend her to seperate herself from him; he had never made

the faintest-attempt to wean her affecterest in any way. Could her mother or sister have put some idea into her head? He almost hated them for the very thought. Finally, when day after day, under some pretext or other, he returned to Olive's side, which he never left so long as she was present. Lady Fabian saw by this time that her sacri-

Olive became as dependent on Alan as "I never met a man so thoughful," before. He did all in his power to wean ontinued Mrs. Hamilton, "or so gentle her from her sadness, he talked to her, his manner. I was quite afraid of argued with her, showed her the bright him when I saw him first, and thought side of life, and the blessings she really had, although the constant recollection of her trouble made her unconscious of

"No, I dare say not, dear; his man- them. "I know hard it is," he said, gently, "to be grateful for blessings when one curse seems to have turned all "I suppose he wanted to see Switzer- the sweet waters into bitterness; but and of course I know you all care for me, She closed her eyes, lulled by the sweet land again, and did not care about you have so much that ought to make you glad. Think of all the poor miser-"It occurred to me-of course I do able objects we have seen in the last When we grow older we get to know she unclosed them with a start—a glad not know that it is so, but don't you week—ugly, squalid, deformed, afflicted in very way. Is it nothing to be grateful for that you are young and pretty "Perhaps - I never thought of that." that you have health, and money and

"Not love!" cried Olive, bitterly; 'the absence of that is the hardest thing

"Not love?" half broke from his lips but Olive did not hear, and he checked himself. "You have been loved, you "Don't you think, dear," continued are loved, you will be loved again plenty her mother, presently, "it would be as of times before you die," he said, gently. "If only my little child had lived," she said, piteously, and the great tears gathering and falling from her eyelids. "Oh, Mr. Fairfax, it is very wrong, but I do hate that woman so! she has sence had made her a little happier, a been the cause of all the great misery I

> "I dare say it is wrong," answered Alan, in a low, suppressed voice; "but God knows I hate her more than I ever

He looked at Olive with a great tender ness springing up in his heart. Those eyes, bearing the traces of so many bitter him; what importance his handsome face one—his love was of that purer kind that she went slowly in, her sad tears, touched him keenly. If only he which finds its reward in ministering to face and graceful movements making had a right to love and comfort herthe pleasure and comfort of the beloved more than one man look after her, Mrs. only the power to quench the bitterness she shuddered even when her name was uttered. A thrill of annovance of shame one. With rare thoughtfulness for a man, he had pictured to himself how lonely the part she had just played.

Hamilton felt a pang of self-reproach for her sorrow, and to bring back the sunshine into the poor hollow cheeks. CONVEYANCER, ETC. "I wonder if she is just a little in love "I never thought it was so hard to live after Lady Fabian—it seemed to her as if used to the constant companionship of a without knowing it herself?" she thought; without being loved," he said to himself of distraction, with a terrible sorrow weighing down your heart? If so, you will remember how far more keenly the constant member how far more keenly the constant members how far more keenly the constant h that night as he sat smoking at his open would give the ten best years of my live When she was alone with Alan, Alice to know she cared for me, Poor darl-

Meantime Alice was bitterly angered and indignant at the failure of her plan. desolation, of her hopes and fears, and Had Mr. Fairfax ever written any From being in love with Mr. Fairfax, she grew to hate him for his coldness out all her trouble to his sympathizing ear. And he would advise and soothe sponses to her remarks, was inwardly She threw out innuendoes to her mother, wondering at the difference between the that he was really too marked in his lips you loved best in all the world. If the dark, quiet water, and on the rugged had not been gall and wormwood to him two sisters, and pondering in his mind attentions to Olive, that in her very had not been gall and wormwood to him two sisters, and pondering in his mind had not been gall and wormwood to him had not been gall and wo you were in the midst of the turmoil of a gay city, thronged with workers and pleasure seekers, did it not pierce you with a keener stab to remember that there was keener stab to remember that the turmoil of had not been gall and wormwood to him had not been gall and fused to say anything either to her or to Office--Fisher's Building (up stairs.)

"My dear, you are laboring under Alice was too angry to let the matter

"I am so longing to see the birthplace drop, and resolved to take things into of Tell," she said at last. "I do hope her own hands. So she went to Lady Fabian's room and knocked at the door. OFFICE: Opposite Officers' Square,

"I suppose you know you can be seen quite plainly from the garden," she said,

Olive rose hastily, blushing. "Indeed, I never thought of it. Horton just washed my hair, and I was sitting in the sun to dry it." And she sat down again some paces from the window. and then she said, in a harsh voice :-

"When is Mr. Fairfax going back to England ?" "I don't know, indeed, Alice. I hope

"You hope not?" remarked Alice, interrogatively. "He is so kind and good, and it is so much pleasanter to have a gentleman

traveling with one.' "I think it is a great bore for any one to tack themselves on to you, answered; "perhaps, after a time, when whether you will or not, and go about GENTLEMEN: "Alice," cried Lady Fabian, surprised,

"For the matter of that, I neither like nor dislike him," answered Alice, goods of which the prices will accord with the pettishly; "but I think it is a pity that he should go about everywhere with you, in a manner to excite remark." Olive turned very white.

"What do you mean, Alice?" she

asked, in a suppressed voice. "Why, I think," said her sister, with that profound indifference to giving pain that one sees and wonders at in some women-"I think just now you ought to be so very quiet." "I don't quiet understand," murmur-

"Of course," continued Alice, venomously, "every one can see at once that

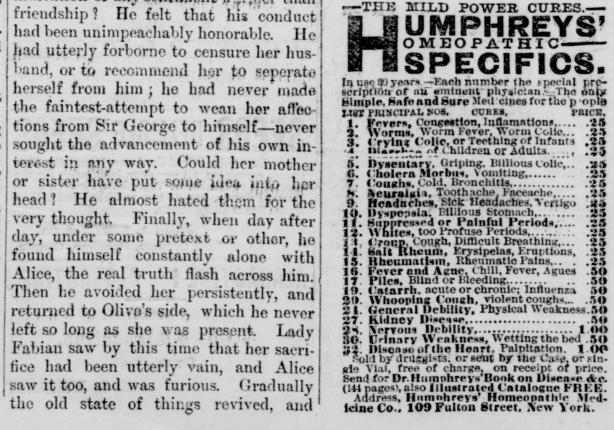
Mr. Fairfax is in love with you." She was obliged to admit that, to barb the shaft properly. "In love with me!" echoed Olive,

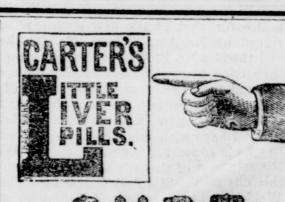
mechanically. "Yes, in love with you. Of course, we know men to take great advantages when women have no one to protect Teas from 25 cts to 40 cts per lb:, shrug their shoulders, and say he was So flung her shaft at him with feminine trying to console you." She stopped, her. "I don't suppose there's any harm in it." she went on, quickly, "only if W. E. WILLER & CO'S.

> "Thank you," she said, very quietly. Would you mind leaving me a little now -I am going to lie down?" Alice went out, rather frightened at

what she had done. (To be continued) Much in a Little.

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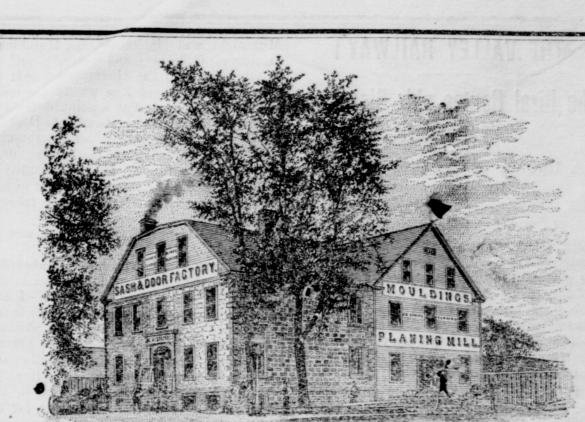
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