

One of Love's Idols.

BY CARL EICKERT.

Morning in Italy; a blue sky above a blue lake whose mirror of restless silver flashes back the sun's gentle rays in prismatic hues.

In the open doorway of a humble fisherman's, cot stands a young girl, one slender hand shading her eyes as she gazes out over the water.

A passer-by—a youth in an English garb and with an English face—pauses and stands spell-bound, his soul aflame with an artist's delight.

"My ideal realized! Just the face I have dreamed of, but never hoped to see."

But the maiden is as shy as she is beautiful, and timid as a fawn, her lustrous eyes evading his admiring glance. She springs to her father's side as the stranger, with a courtly bow, passes her, and addresses himself to the old man whom he sees just within.

The old fisherman, who from ill-health is unable to join his comrades in their daily food-winning toil upon the lake's limpid surface, is only too glad to gratify the stranger's request, coupled as it is with the sight of the gleaming gold he presses into his hand as he speaks.

"And you, my fair child, are you willing that I should put your face into my picture?" the young man asks.—The lovely face flushes like a crimson rose beneath his look.

"What pleases my father pleases me too," she answers softly. And so day after day sees the young artist busily at work upon his painting, which he feels with a gratified thrill cannot fail but be a most rare creation with such a model as Viola. It is not long before he learns from the girl's artless conversation all the details of her simple life; they are but few. Left alone by her mother's death, she has lived since with no companion save the father, who was past his prime at the time of her birth, and is now old and very feeble. Four weeks fill up on rapid wings, and at length the picture is completed, and the young artist prepares to leave the sunny shores of Italy for his own home. If he wishes to have his picture hung on the line the next "opening day" it is full time he tells her on his return home. So he tells Viola and her father.

"If my picture is a success and brings me fame I shall owe it all to you," he says to Viola, as he clasps her hand in parting. "Try and not forget me. Sometimes think of your English friend."

She is but young—barely sixteen—and not skilled in hiding her emotions, and, as she answers brokenly, tears rush to her dark eyes, and, falling, tremble upon the shadowy lashes.

"No need to fear for the future, now, my daughter—see! and the old man holds out to her a wallet filled with golden coin. He does not understand the meaning of the impetuous action with which she thrusts it from her, refusing to even look at it; but it troubles him, and he watches her with anxiety.

"Can anything be the matter with the little one? Can it be that she loves the young strange artist?" he thinks. "If so, better he had never come and I had never seen the gold than that the little one should suffer."

Though he suspects it not, Viola reads his thoughts. Soon, to his great relief, once more the bird-like music of her song gushes from her lips as she sits about the humble home.

Viola is but a child in years, but like a woman she can love, and like a woman suffer, yet hide her pain.

A month later, a lonely cottage upon the shining sands; and without, crouching in an abandonment of grief upon the threshold, with the rose-vines bending as though pityingly above her young head, is Viola.

"Oh my parents," she cries aloud, "take, oh, take me to you! I cannot enter! The loneliness kills me!"

Three days ago the old fisherman's lifeless form had been carried to its last resting-place, and since then, refusing all offers of companionship, Viola has lived alone in her desolate, death-invaded home.

Light steps come swiftly up the narrow path—gentle arms enfold the sorrowing girl.

"Weep not so bitterly, my child; there is yet comfort for you."

Looking wonderingly up, Viola's eyes rest upon a lovely, kind face, mournful like her own, as of one who has suffered, yet with a radiance over all such as comes from a heart at rest.

"Do you not remember me?" the strange lady asks.

Into the girl's face rushes a glow of grateful feeling.

"Ah, yes! You are the good lady who came to my poor father in his last sickness. Ah, madam, I believed that you were an angel, but I see now that you are alive and in the world like myself."

A faint, sweet smile curves the listener's lips at the quaintly uttered reply.

"They tell me in the village that you are a sad case, my child," she says; "that save your father you have no relative—that you are now utterly alone. That is why I am here to-day. From the first moment I saw you, when, following an impulse of charity, I came to your dying father, I was drawn irresistibly towards you. I, too, am alone in the world; my husband and only child were riven from me in one short year. Child, I have come to ask you to cast your lot with mine, to accompany me to my own land, and give to my life the interest and love it lacks. Will you come?"

For an instant Viola's soft, innocent eyes scan the gentle face bent above her. Then lifting the lady's hand to her lips she kisses it and murmurs in the poetical language of her country: "I will follow you whithersoever you will."

wish I could return your good wishes. By the way, how is it that you, with your brilliant prospects—your position and wealth—not to say anything of fame—have never married?"

Sir Elmo hesitated a moment, then rising, he opened the door of an adjoining studio.

"If you will not laugh at me, or call me a romantic fool, I'll show you something," he said.

"Certainly I won't laugh," Mark answered, as he followed his friend into the room; "and as to thinking you a fool—I'm too far gone gone in the tender passion myself to look upon any of my phases in that light."

Drawing the drapery from before an easel upon which rests a large picture, Elmo stands aside and waits silently for the exclamation he knows will come. He is not disappointed.

"By Jove! what exquisite beauty! and how like—"

Pausing abruptly, Mark turns an inquiring gaze upon his friend: "This will you tell me to me?"

"There is some story connected with this. Will you tell me to me?"

"There is but little to tell," Elmo replies; "but that little will explain my seeming indifference to the fair sex, which has puzzled you and the rest of my friends so much. I met that lovely being in Italy; saw her first by accident, and obtained her permission to put her face into the picture I was then contemplating painting. My work done, it was necessary for me to return to England at once. I did so. The girl was so very young I never once thought that insensibility a tenderness had stolen into my heart for her far stronger than mere friendship. The look that filled her guileless eyes at my farewell lingered in my mind—I could not drive it from me, and at length I saw that, though poor and uneducated, my little Italian model had made for herself an abiding place in my affections. I was rich and my own master, and I determined then and there to seek her, and win and marry her if I could, and then repair to some foreign city where my girl-wife could have every advantage with which love and wealth could surround her. Already I imagined the thrill of pride I should feel when, later, I should present her as my wife to my friends, and should hear their enraptured comments upon her beauty and grace. But the cottage upon the Italian sands was empty; the brilliant bird that had occupied the humble nest had flown. I have never seen or heard aught of her since; but I have not forgotten her. With this always by me—how would it have been possible?"

There is no smile of sarcasm or derision in Mark's eyes as he presses his friend's hand.

"I do not wonder at your infatuation—it is a face one could die for!"

With a promise to accompany him a week later to a drawing-room to be held at the house of a friend, Sir Elmo parts with his guest.

Mrs. Tremont's great mansion is like a scene from fairy-land, when arm in arm Mark Blair and Sir Elmo Stewart traverse the long esplanade to present themselves to their hostess.

"Her daughter receives with her," Mark has just time to whisper, as the two ladies turn to greet their advancing guests. Like one in a dream Elmo advances to the lady, and the formal custom requires; then retires to allow others to approach.

"Is she not like your picture, Elmo? I was curious to see if you would notice the resemblance."

"Notice it—as if I could help it! I shall not be able to rest until I see more of her!"

"Bravo! that looks something like it! We'll have you a Benedict yet, old fellow!"

Opportunity plays kindly into Elmo's hands. Through Mark's good services he soon obtains the *entre* of the inner circle of Mrs. Tremont's home; and the wretched loneliness of the daughter upon near acquaintance only charms the more. To her exquisite beauty it seems as though nature had added every other gift of mind and heart.

The minutes fly by, and at last, unable to restrain himself any longer, Sir Elmo tells the tale of his love.

Into the listener's face steals a radiant glow which absolutely dazzles her lover, then it grows grave again, as she answers in her low, musical voice:

"I will not say, Sir Elmo, that your words are heard with indifference by me—for while you have known me but three short months, I have cherished your memory for long years. Stay!"—as he was about to speak—"for it may be that when you hear what I am about to say you will not care to lay your heart at the feet of one who, whatever she may be now, was once poor and ignorant. Sir Elmo, you once painted a picture of a young Italian fisher girl standing in an open doorway framed with roses. Strange though it may seem, before you in Mrs. Tremont's adopted daughter you see that girl! Now, do you still wish me to try to win the one woman you would choose from all the world to share your destiny?"

Opening his arms, Sir Elmo holds them towards her with an eager gesture.

"Darling," he says, "did you imagine that love can be blinded?"

Then, as she looks up, questioningly: "I have never been deceived. I have known you from the first as the Viola who, though she was but a mere girl, crept into my heart with her wondrous beauty, never to leave it empty again."

So, though the world knew it not, in the marriage of Sir Elmo Stewart to Mrs. Tremont's adopted daughter—a peer of England to an Italian fisher-maiden—there is added one more to the long list of proofs of love's skill in levelling barriers at the touch of his magic wand.

**MURDER WILL OUT.**

A few years ago "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. A few thin Dyspepsia made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer and another, until without advertising, its sale became immense. Druggists in every town in the Canadian and United States are selling it. No person suffering from Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Loss of Spirit, etc., can take three or four bottles for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

General Business.

R. FLANAGAN,

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dry Goods, Groceries and

Provisions, Hardware,

Hats, Caps,

Ready-Made Clothing.

Choice Brands of LIQUORS, always kept on hand.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate, and all sold at moderate prices.

Jno. W. Nicholson,

IMPORTER OF

Wines.

Brandies.

Whiskies,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA WHARF

Smyth St., St. John, N. B.

PEOPLE'S HOUSE,

NEWCASTLE.

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED,

100 LADIES' LONG JACKETS,

they are nicely cut and beautifully trimmed.

275 MEN'S REEFING JACKETS & OVERCOATS.

The best value ever shown in Miramichi.

1,500 TWEED & WORSTED COATS,

PANTS & VESTS,

In men's, Youth's and Boy's. This lot comprises the best assortment of clothing ever seen in Miramichi, and every person can get suited at prices to please themselves.

50 DOZ. MEN'S DRAWERS AND LINDERS.

bought before they went up in price and will be sold low.

5 DOZ. WHITE, OXFORD, & F.C. FLANNEL SHIRTS.

As low as 40 cents, and will be sold cheap to clear them out.

30 pcs White, Scarlet Grey and Fancy, FLANNELS, splendid value.

30 pcs Black and colored Lustres, Cashmeres, French Merinos, etc.,

Must and will be sold low.

75 PIECES GREY & WHITE COTTONS,

As cheap as ever.

90 PIECES PRINTED COTTON.

Commencing at 6 cents per yard.

500 Bundles Park's St. John WARPS, at lowest price.

OTHER, FALL AND WINTER GOODS

ARRIVING DAILY.

My stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is large and will be found well assorted.

My motto is, "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS, a fine stock.

A good assortment Choice Groceries, Yankee notions, Hardware, Jewellery, Paraffin Lamps, Oil, etc.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

Newcastle, Sept. 11.

Hams, Saucages, Butter,

Lard Cheese, Raisins,

Cranberries, Corn Beef,

Granulated, Brown & Crushed Sugars,

Pickles, Oysters, Onions, etc.

CANNED GOODS,

Comprising: Peaches,

Raspberries, Pine Apples,

Blue-berries Tomatoes, Chicken,

Turkey, Marmalade, Salmon, Lobsters, etc.

A good Stock of

Home Made Preserves of

All Kinds.

GROCERIES,

of every description, usually kept in a first class

Grocery. Also, a large assortment of

CONFECTIONERY

BREAD, BISCUIT & CRACKERS,

CAKES of All Descriptions.

Wedding Cakes Made

to Order.

Orders Solicited for X'Mas.

HENRY WYSE,

NEWCASTLE.

HELP

yourself by making money when

a golden chance is offered, thereby al-

ways keeping poverty from your

door. Those who always take ad-

vantage of the good chances for making

money, generally become wealthy, while

those who do not improve such chances remain in

poverty. We want many more men, women, boys and

girls to work for us right in their own localities.

The business we pay more than ten times ordinary

wages. We furnish an extensive outfit and all

that you need, free. No one who engages fails to

make money very rapidly. You very easily see the

whole time of the work, or only your spare mo-

ment. Full information and all that is needed

asked. Address: STROUSE & CO., Portland, Maine.

BEST

REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry

and English.

common Best Iron and Pig Iron.

CAST STEEL.

Thos. Firth and Son's Extra A.

Tool and Drill Steel.

Spring, Sleigh Shoe &

Tire Steel.

ALSO:

ROUND MACHINE STEEL

Manufacture of SPRAG & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL

Sheet Iron, and COKE.

Black and Galvanized.

A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron—

6 ft x 3 ft, 12 ft x 3 ft,

8 ft x 4 ft, 10 ft x 4 ft,

12 ft x 4 ft, 14 ft x 4 ft,

16 ft x 4 ft, 18 ft x 4 ft,

20 ft x 4 ft, 22 ft x 4 ft,

24 ft x 4 ft, 26 ft x 4 ft,

28 ft x 4 ft, 30 ft x 4 ft,

32 ft x 4 ft, 34 ft x 4 ft,

36 ft x 4 ft, 38 ft x 4 ft,

40 ft x 4 ft, 42 ft x 4 ft,

44 ft x 4 ft, 46 ft x 4 ft,

48 ft x 4 ft, 50 ft x 4 ft,

52 ft x 4 ft, 54 ft x 4 ft,

56 ft x 4 ft, 58 ft x 4 ft,

60 ft x 4 ft, 62 ft x 4 ft,

64 ft x 4 ft, 66 ft x 4 ft,

68 ft x 4 ft, 70 ft x 4 ft,

72 ft x 4 ft, 74 ft x 4 ft,

76 ft x 4 ft, 78 ft x 4 ft,

80 ft x 4 ft, 82 ft x 4 ft,

84 ft x 4 ft, 86 ft x 4 ft,

88 ft x 4 ft, 90 ft x 4 ft,

92 ft x 4 ft, 94 ft x 4 ft,

96 ft x 4 ft, 98 ft x 4 ft,

100 ft x 4 ft, 102 ft x 4 ft,

104 ft x 4 ft, 106 ft x 4 ft,

108 ft x 4 ft, 110 ft x 4 ft,

112 ft x 4 ft, 114 ft x 4 ft,

116 ft x 4 ft, 118 ft x 4 ft,

120 ft x 4 ft, 122 ft x 4 ft,

124 ft x 4 ft, 126 ft x 4 ft,

128 ft x 4 ft, 130 ft x 4 ft,

132 ft x 4 ft, 134 ft x 4 ft,

136 ft x 4 ft, 138 ft x 4 ft,

140 ft x 4 ft, 142 ft x 4 ft,

144 ft x 4 ft, 146 ft x 4 ft,

148 ft x 4 ft, 150 ft x 4 ft,

152 ft x 4 ft, 154 ft x 4 ft,

156 ft x 4 ft, 158 ft x 4 ft,

160 ft x 4 ft, 162 ft x 4 ft,

164 ft x 4 ft, 166 ft x 4 ft,

168 ft x 4 ft, 170 ft x 4 ft,

172 ft x 4 ft, 174 ft x 4 ft,

176 ft x 4 ft, 178 ft x 4 ft,

180 ft x 4 ft, 182 ft x 4 ft,

184 ft x 4 ft, 186 ft x 4 ft,

188 ft x 4 ft, 190 ft x 4 ft,

192 ft x 4 ft, 194 ft x 4 ft,

196 ft x 4 ft, 198 ft x 4 ft,

200 ft x 4 ft, 202 ft x 4 ft,

204 ft x 4 ft, 206 ft x 4 ft,

208 ft x 4 ft, 210 ft x 4 ft,

2