### A FASCINATING GIRL

BY F. W. ROBINSON. Author of "For Her Sake," "The Ro-

mance of a Back Street," Etc.

And certainly Maj. Crawsnaw was not particularly amiable on his nephew's wedding day. He scowled at the ministersthere were three divines to tie up young Todd and his bride securely; he prompted young Todd in his responses in an unnecessarily high key; abused the beadle on the church steps for getting in his way and tumbling over him, in undue haste to par-ticipate in the general distribution of fees; and at the wedding breakfast he was graver and grimmer than befitted the occasion. He was very thoughtful, also, and made but a clumsy, spluttering speech in return for some one proposing the bridegroom's relatives, and sat down disturbed in temper afterward

at his own miserable failure. "I was never so embarrassed in my lifenever. Sarah," he said to his sister, who was at his side in purple velvet. "That fellow ought to have been shot for lugging in such I done?" a toast. Ridiculous!"

"I con't think you are quite well this morning," remarked Dowager Mrs. Todd. "I was never so well in my life."

"You seem a little out of sorts to me." "I don't know what you mean," growled the major; "but I'm in sorts-heaps of

them." "Ah! well, we have you to thank for all this happiness," said his sister in a low tone. "for if it had not been for your coming down to Battleton, and taking Edwin to town with you, who could tell what might have hap of grievance at this juncture.

The major coughed in his throat, but made no reply. "Poor Edwin would have been snapped up by that dreadful girl, you may depend upon it. She was more than a match for my dear boy. She meant to have run away with him."

"She never meant anything of the sort."
"John, how do you know?" exclaimed his sister; "how can you tell?"

"She was worth half a dozen of your cub," he cried. "She would not have looked at him-she would not have had him for twenty times his money. There is nothing like design about Miss Daly." "I cannot understand how you-" began

his sister, when he snapped off her conjecture half way. "Nobody says you do understand; don't here and hear her abused. It is not likely." "A friend of yours, John! Did you say a

"Yes, I did say a friend." "Bless me! you know her, then? I-I hope she is not setting her cap at you instead of my boy, for she must be a really dangerous person."
"Don't talk nonsense."

"But you are a man of the world, and not likely, at your age, to be led away easily."
"Never mind about my age, Sarah. What the devil has my age to do with it?" he said, in the same suppressed and husky key.
"There are old fools as well as young ones, I

"But you're not an old fool," replied his sister, dryly. "Yes, I am. I'm an old fool to think that-Will you oblige me, sister, by dropping this ridiculous conversation."

"What are you going to do?"
"Propose the health of old fooks in general," he answered, curtly; and then he rose, and gave the health of the clergy and the officiating ministers-which was very re-

Yes, he was in a bad temper that morning, and his sister's allusion to his age had not tended to improve it. He could not forget that remark; people over the boundary line will take allusions to their years with a spasm. It's the one rule without an ex-

"I was asked this morning if this was my wedding day," he said, later on to his sister, when the guests were departing; "so I could not have looked so deuced old, Sarah."

"Far too old to be thinking of your own wedding day now, John, I should think," replied Mrs. Todd. who would have been extremely sorry for her brother's marriage, and all the legacies floating away from her and her children.

"Much you know about that." They were the major's last words that afternoon, and they oppressed and discomfited Mrs. Todd very seriously. She remembered them, too; they rose vividly before

that evening. He went straight to the International, in fact, despite his bad temper and his bad appetite after a heavy luncheon. He saw Miss Daly after dinner that evening. He strolled into the counting house and told her all the news; but she did not appear to be greatly interested, and even answered sometimes in monosyllables when he waited for the answer which he thought his observations required.

Miss Daly was out of "sorts" that evening. as his sister would have termed it. He missed the bright, frank smile which was so natural to her, and the steadfast look from the eyes was no longer for him. She hardly

glanced up once from her ledgers.

The distant manner of Miss Daly troubled the major more than he could account for. It was evident that in some way or other he had given her offense, unless—and this was the horrid thought which damped and disheartened him—she was grieving that young Todd was forever set apart from her. Had she disguised her emotions so completely as to deceive him in this way? Was it possible that he had been so grievously mistaken in his estimate of her character?

He went away disconsolately. Twice that day had he gone from the shelter of the International with a heart exceedingly heavy. What a trouble and a nuisance at his years to let the words or the manner of a girl—a mere child—affect him in this unaccountable way! What was the use of it?
What was he thinking about. Was he thinking too much of Ruth Daly,

then?—a young woman who could never think anything of him—who thought so little of him, in fact, that only that morn-ing she had asked if it was his wedding day; strong evidence that she could not have had him on her mind. Of course that was not unblushingly and in a chronic state of leer. of a bear, or—or—" Ah, yes, he was a failure; his scheming had been a failure, too, and she had loved young Todd, after all. Or, if it were impossible time to think of this—a little time to conto love that youth—and, upon his soul, he sider all you have thought it was impossible—then she was worldly and selfish, and was regretting now "Not a bad dream of think of sider all you have to me at present." the chance which she had let slip by her reserve. She had been quietly waiting for young Todd, making sure of his coming presently, and her disappointment at last had been more than she could disguise.

"Not a bad dream—no Miss Daly?—say that."

"No," she murmured, we from him.

"And when will you he asked. "To-morrows."

Well, he was sorry, he was vexed, and he brooded until a late hour upon the whole position, and went to bed shrugging his shoulders at the weakness of women—which shoulders at the weakness of women—which he had done all his life, for that matter, before he had met Miss Daly. Nevertheless, Maj. Crawshaw did not give up the International; he should do so by and by, but he did not care to part with Miss Daly on bad terms, and he thought he should prefer the final meeting to be pleasant and friendly, so that there might be a fair reminiscence of her forever afterward in his memory. Con her forever afterward in his memory. Confound it! he was getting an old fool-his sister was right in her fears. He was softening with uncommon rapidity. Miss Daly con-tinued grave and distant in her manner almost as if she owed him a grudge. She was always terribly busy with those abominable account books, and would not look at him except when he entered the counting house, and then it was with so much calm

surprise at his appearance—at his impudence in intruding upon the private apartments of the International, perhaps—that the poor major was fairly bewildered and discomfited. He had it out at last, though. The reader is aware he plumed himself on being straightforward. "Miss Daly," he said, one morning, "in what way have I offended you?"

"I have not said you have given me offense," was the slow reply. "I have no right, possibly, to take offense." "But still you are offended, and you are too truthful a girl to deny it." "And you too clear-sighted a man not to know what is the cause," said Ruth Daly, facing him suddenly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Daly, and I am

very sorry."

ened at once. This was true contrition. "Very sorry?" she repeated.

"Then I forgive you, major, if a poor girl's forgiveness is of any value to you." She held her hand toward him, and was surprised to find that his was trembling. "You will not let this happen again, will you?" she said. "Happen again! What do you say?"

"You know-you understand." "Of course I had no idea that you were fond of him. You did not let me into that secret, Miss Daly," he stammered forth, "or you would have found me still your friend. But as to this happening again—"

The hand was timidly withdrawn; the eyes became larger and more luminous. "What are you talking about?" she asked, in fresh amazement. "About young Todd," he answered, "of

"I'm not thinking about young Todd," cried Ruth Daly, with a pretty little petulant outburst that really became her. "I never have thought about him. What has he ever been to me but a nuisance?" "You don't say so!-I am glad-I-Well, then-what is the matter? What have

"You don't know? Oh, Maj. Crawshaw, what is the use of playing the hypocrite, and playing it so badly?" "I play the hypocrite!" he exclaimed. for heaven's sake, girl, tell me what is my offense."

Ruth Daly looked at him again sharply and steadfastly, but the bright gray eyes of the soldier did not flinch. He had had only one idea as to the cause of Miss Daly's reserve, and this being dismissed, he was utterly lost, There was no time to consider a fresh cause "You have a very bad memory," she said.

"Try and think why I am here, and who put "Oh!" said the major, recollecting on the instant.

"It was you who persuaded Mr. Freshwater to appoint me book-keeper; it was you who persuaded him-who offered to pay my salary, even, and I-I fancied all the time it was my own wonderful talents which had set me in this place. You have robbed me of my independence by this; you have lowered me in my self-esteem."

"I wished to get you away from Battleton." "At any cost-yes," and the tears were swimming in her eyes as she spoke; "but it was for your nephew's sake."
"Pardon me, Miss Daly, but it was for your own," said the major. "I wished to finding himself imprisoned among five noisy rescue you from a false position—to place try," he cried. "Miss Daly is a lady, and a you in a different sphere, where, at least, nd of mine, and I'm not going to sit | you should not be exposed to the vulgar at- | the refined and gentle parson would have

> "And he took your hint, as you were likely to be a good customer," she said, satirically, "as you had influence and many friends. But what could he have thought | was within three minutes of starting, in the

"Thought! If he has even had a thought of you in any way disparaging I'll knock his ugly head off!—ay, gad, I will!" exclaimed the major, warmly.

"Oh, he has been very kind in his way, and I do not think I have served him very badly; but I must leave the International. "My dear—young lady," he added, with a jerk, "you will never be so precipitate— "I have already given Mr. Freshwater notice of withdrawal," said Miss Daly, in-

"Because I asked him to place you here?" The major looked still more mournfully at

"I suppose it's a proper pride—I don't know," he said, helplessly. "I cannot blame you; and yet I cannot but think you are acting very rashly. And upon my honor," he blurted forth, "you are making me very "You! Why?"

"Because all this is my fault-because-Miss Daly," he said, suddenly, "there is another reason why I placed you here, which no one knows but myself. You may as well have the whole truth while I am about it, and then you can laugh at me thoroughly curate, sorry to lose the delight of loneli-Miss Daly did not laugh. On the con-

trary, she turned very white, guessing the "Pray don't say any more," she urged.
"Only that I love you, Miss Daly," said the impetuous major, "and have loved you in my quiet, old-fashioned way ever since I spoke to you on that Sunday morning down in Battleton. Very ridiculous of me, you will think, at my age; but I could not her again a few months afterward, and say could only sigh and say, "I thought as much," adding, in moments more bitter, that there was a faint hope once that you might learn to care for me a little. There, that's learn to care for me a little. There, that's good-day, and take the liberty of saying,

God bless you!" He held both his hands toward her, but she did not see them for the mist before her eyes. He stooped and looked more closely into her face, and saw that she was crying. "Miss Daly, forgive me if---"Go now. You are very kind—there is nothing more to forgive. I—I— Please go



too much of a gentleman to leave her in tears. likely, he being on his way to fifty and growing iron gray. He had never paid her any attention, for that matter; and as for "making eyes," that process was for lunatics under twenty, or fools who went on their way that I was not too old for you, or too much There was a softening in her voice, too, that

> time to think of this-a little time to consider all you have said. It is like a dream "Not a bad dream—not quite a nightmare,

"No," she murmured, with her head averted "And when will you give me an answer?"

he asked. "To-morrow?" "In a fortnight's time." "Good heavens! What an age of suspense!"
"I am bewildered—I did not think—I could not believe—I— Major, will you go?" she said, almost angrily, in her excitement.

"Certainly. Good-day—good-by, Miss Ruth; I am going immediately;" and he marched away hurriedly. He was seen no more for a fortnight at the International.

He was a brave man, but he had not the courage to appear until his time of suspense was over. And it had been a great suspense, cowering in the shadows of his rooms in the Albany, a nervous and dispirited man, and no one save himself knew what a dreary, dreadful time of probation it was. He had set his heart on Ruth Daly, and it was a heart with only one idea to distract it in its sober middle age. Had he been a younger man, or a man more frivolous, he might have laughed himself out of this in a fortnight; but life had never been a laughing

matter with him, and this love was more than a fest Miss Daly received him with a sad smile that dropped him to zero; but he was mistaken in his fears. She was very happy now; she had made up her mind to say yes. She knew with whom she might trust the happiness of her life, and whom it would not be difficult to love, even if she did not love him already. She accepted him, and never repented marrying a man old enough to be her father. Very extraordinary, but people don't occasionally.

The good folk of Battleton, who relied on the major's dying like a bachelor and a gentleman, and leaving his worldly goods among The major turned red and then pale. In all his life he had never felt in a more awkward position, but he acted as a gentleman should to a pretty woman. He gave in, and acknowledged his transgressions without attempting an excuse.

maid, "to get me away from the girl, and gauze, no doubt, which gave that ghastly ery sorry."

then marry her bang off, when my back was the pallor to the sharply-cut features, the turned. And little Daly might have known the warrior's face that Miss Daly was soft- better-ah! and done better. too." he added,

READER

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'or herself at the Junction, but she let it go by. Just like a woman, that was!" THE END.

DETECTIVE VICAR

By MISS M. E. BRADDON. CHAPTER I.

BY THE NIGHT MAIL. There were but five minutes left before the ime for starting of the night mail from the great central terminus in the busy commercial city of Grandchester, and the Rev. George Caulfield, with a traveling bag in his hand and a comfortable railway rug over bis arm, was walking slowly along the platform, peering into the first-class carriages as he went by, in quest of case and solitude. He was a man of reserved temper, bookish beyond his years, and he had a horror of spirits, cottony, horsey, and of that boisterous and coarsely spoken temperament which fond of strangers, in a general way. He endured them, but he did not love them. He had lingered on the platform till the train hope of securing for himself the luxury of privacy, but as the long hand of the station clock marked the third minute before eleven he espied an empty carriage, and was in the Leave Chatham, act of entering it when a hand was laid very gently on his sleeve.

"Pardon me, sir," said a somewhat agitated voice, "are you a medical man?" Mr. Caulfield turned and confronted a man of slight figure and middle height, some years younger than himself-a man with a pale face, delicate features, and soft black eyes; a very interesting countenance, thought the curate. The stranger looked anxious and hurried.

"No," answered Mr. Caulfield, "I am clergyman.' "That is almost as good. My dear sir, will you do me a great favor? My sister, an invalid, is traveling by this train, alone, but she will be met by friends at Milldale Junction. She is very ill-nothing infectious; chest complaint, poor girl. If you will afford her the privilege of your protection, only as far as Milldale, you will oblige me

There was no time for hesitation, the bell was ringing clamorously, people were hurrying to their seats. ness, embarrassed at the idea of an unknown invalid, but far too kind to shrink from doing an act of mercy.

The young man ran to the second-class

waiting room, the door of which was just opposite, and returned almost immediately, carrying a muffled figure in his arms-a small, fragile form, which he carried as easily as if it had been that of a child. This slender figure, half buried in a large Rob Roy shawl, he placed with infinite care in one of the seats farthest from the door; then he ran back to the waiting room for more wraps, a pillow and a foot warmer. He administered with womanly tenderness to the comfort of the invalid, who reclined motionless and silent in her corner, and then, hurried and agitated in the imminent departure of the mail, he stood at the door of the carriage talking to Mr. Caulfie'd, who had taken his seat in the opposite corner to that

occupied by the invalid. "You are more than good," said the stranger. "Don't talk to her; she is low and nervous, and you will agitate her painfully if you force her to talk. I dare say she will doze all the way. It is only an hour from here to Milldale, and no stoppage till you get there. Oh, by the way, kindly take this bottle, and if she should turn faint or giddy on the way give her a few drops of the contents. There goes the flag. Will you allow me to offer you my card. I am deeply in-debted. Good-night."



"Kindly take this bottle." All this had been said hurriedly. George Caulfield had hardly time to take the proffered card when the engine puffed itself laboriously out of the great, ghastly terminus, a wilderness of iron work, a labyrinth of tunnels and sidings and incomprehensible platforms, very gloomy on this cold winter night. For the first few minutes Mr. Caulfield felt so confused and disturbed by the suddenness of the charge that had been forced upon him that he hardly knew what he was doing. Then he glanced at the lady, and saw with a feeling of relief that her head was reposing comfortably against the padded division of the carriage, and that her face was hidden by a blue gauze veil, which she wore over a small, brown straw hat. She was breathing somewhat heavily, he thought, but that was to be expected in a sufferer from chest complaint. "I hope her heart is all right," thought George, with a sudden sense of the awful-

to expire while in his care. He looked at the stranger's card: The address looked well. Briargate was one of the most respectable business streets in Grandchester. Doubtless it had once been a rustic lane, where briers and roses grew abundantly, and the bees and butter-flies and village lads and lasses made merry amid cdors of new-mown hay. Nowadays Briargate was a narrow street of lofty warehouses, tall enough to shut out the sun, a street that smelled of machine oil. The express had cleared Grandchester by

ness of his position were his invalid charge

this time, tearing along a viaduct above a forest of tall chimneys, and then, with a sweeping curve, away to the windy open country, a land as wild and fresh and free as if there were no such things as factories and smoky chimneys in the world. Mr. Caulfield had, for the first ten minutes or so, felt relieved by his inability to see his companion's face. It had been a comfort to him to behold her placidly asleep yonder, requiring no attention, leaving him free to dip into Tennyson's last idyl, which he carried uncut in his traveling bag. But so variable is the human mind, so fanciful and altogether irrational at times, that now Mr. Caulfield began to feel yourself. Caulfield began to feel vaguely curious about the face hidden under the blue gauze veil. He began to wonder about it, Was it so very pale, so deadly white, as it seemed that gauze veil, in the dim "It was a deuced shabby trick," he once light of the oil lamp? No, it was the blue [To be Continued.]

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8 05 "

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Blackville

Chatham Junction

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12 45 pm.

8 15 "

9 12 4

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you should not be exposed to the vulgar attentions of a mob. I wanted you to be something better than a waitress, and I—I something better than a waitress, and I—I was possible for his mild nature to hate any SUMMER 1889.

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PROVISIONS & GROCERIES. TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

ONE CAR OF FLOUR. Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Beans, Peas Barley and Rice always in stock.

Also a full line of Plain and Fancy Bisciuts, Canned Goods in variety, Teas
a speciality from 20c
upwards, Glass and Earthenware, Table Cutlery, Paints and Oils.

All sold at lowest cash prices. Alex McKinnon. Chatham, 13th August, 1889.

Bank of Nova Scotia Apply to Mrs. Fairey, or at the Advance office, and Peoples Bank of Halifax. Chatham,

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---FULLINES OF SUMMER DRY GOODS,

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Carpets, Cutlery,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS, Latest Styles.

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Havingcompleted the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds or

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in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city

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RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS. FISH INVOICES, (newest form.) MAGISTRATES' BLANKS. DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS, SHERIFFS' BLANKS. TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS.

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Send along your orders, D. G. SMITH.



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79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods!

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WORLD'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION: for their Spring Sewing and Housefurnishing. We will show

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