rupted "don't forget that!"

ously?

of his speech.

what you want."

and a fortune.

Ellen Arthur?"

were but a dream."

"Certainly!"

had been words,

need."

John Arthur's heiress as well."

is to be my fate, fair destiny?"

"Not for worlds. For instance, I re-

'What had I done, or what hadst thou,

That through this weary world till now

He stretched out those members tragi-

"And I don't forget that I was never

legally your wife, as you had another liv-

enough to insure me against being turned

out of Oakley by you; and I want a wife

"Possibly not, Madame Arthur." Then,

with mock emotion: "Might I, dare I.

ask you to give to my keeping, that in-

comparable maiden, that houri of houris,

your young and lovely sister-in-law, Miss

The woman looked at him in silence for

"And I am down here, pleading for

Cora arose and gathered her crimson

permission to address this pearl of price."

wrap about her shoulders. "And how is

"My sweet Alice, if you were John

Arthur's widow instead of John Arthur's

fortune hunting? Five years ago you in-

herited wealth sufficient for your every

The elegant Mr. Percy went through

"All?" she inquired, as if the action

"Every ducat," solemnly, "So what

Cora mused, then laughed again

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cards, then looked at her with a grimace

it to be between us?" she asked coolly.

"I don't understand you."

She understood it all now.

I've walked with empty arms?' "

## JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD;

OR THE DETETIVE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Woman's rime," "The Missing Diamond," Etc., Etc.

and the house.

left the room.

The hand that had first stricken the

hardened as he was, for he knew, with-

pleted what the first began!

was familiar to them all.

bewildered sister-in-law:

-brain fever-no friends but nurse.

eyes back upon the lady opposite,

mind of the scheming man.

is terribly shocked, I fear."

she glided from the room.

purses and closed up coffers.

in its walls and been buried.

FRENCH MAID.

After this the days flew by very much

Miss Arthur's maid arrived, and prov-

ed indeed a treaure, nor was she as ob-

noxious to Mr. John Arthur as he had

at least, in novels. At any rate, certain

the household, and she had been domi-

seemingly enveloped his fair accomplice.

by the swift flash of azure eyes under

golden lashes, by the sway of her should-

ers as she paced the terrace, by the ner-

vous tapping of her slippered foot at

certain times in the intervals of table

chat-that Cora was thinking. And

It was in obedience to one of those

swift side glances that he followed her

from the morning room, one forenoon

about three weeks after the news of

Madeline's death had come to them. The

woman had wrapped herself in a shawl

of vivid crimson, but stood with bared

head in the sunlight waiting the ap-

"Cover your head, you very thought-

less woman," was his brotherly saluta-

tion as he approached, plunging about

in his pockets in search of a cigar the

"Bother!" she ejaculated tossing her

golden locks; "my hair needs a sunbath.

I only wish I dare indulge myself fur-

ther! If you had any heart you wouldn't

torture me so constantly with the odor

of those magnificent Havanas, when you

"Poor little womau," laughing mali-

know how my very soul longs for a

ciously; "fancy Mrs. John Arthur of

Oakley smoking a Perique! Isn't it

prime, Co.?" puffing out a cloud of

"Somebody," laughing nervously.

good subject, and that would confer

"Prime! bah! I'd like to strangle you,

"Just so; Miss Arthur would be a

"I don't want to confer a favor on

you. You had much better try and do

"With all my heart, taking my ability

for granted, of course; only tell me

Cora shrugged her crimson-clad should-

ers, and they paced forward in silence

been speech of a distasteful kind, she

ejaculated, crossly, and without turning

Lucian smiled maliciously, removed

ed a smoke wreath in mid-air, replaced

He seemed bent on annoying her, for

there was a laughing glimmer in his

tempt to draw her out, and so make

"Now we are on a level," she cried

"Do you suppose I intend to give you

that advantage over me?"

her head: "Stuff! you talk too much!"

proach of ber counterfeit brother.

when Cora thought, something

about to happen.

perfumed smoke.

me one. I think."

"Or?-" inquiringly.

favor on me, too, by Jove!'

But he felt some dismay, for he knew

glimpse of her maidship.

more than this:

"How very, very shocking, and sad!

'or give it to me."

but it was enough.

Madeline dropped the letter, and stood amazed. What did it mean? "Cora Mme. Arthur!" Henry stooped for the letter, and the act recalled her to herself. She thanked him for the service he had done her: told

him of her intended departure; gave

him some last instructions, and dismissed him with a kind good-by. "It is time to act," she muttered. "Good heavens! the audacity of that man and woman! She is married to my step-father, if that letter does not lie: has married him for money, and is baffled there. She hoped to become his widow, sha! The plot thickens, indeed! Goodness! what a household! That bad old man, the still viler woman, dangerous Lucian Davlin, and that funny, youthful. cross, 'conceited spinster,' Ellen Arthur, who has a lover, and his name is-heaven save us-Percy! That name will mix itself up with my fate web, and why? Percy beloved of Claire:

Percy! Percy! I must cultivate the Percys at any cost." She turned and entered the house, her head bent, thinking, thinking, thinking.

Percy who brought Philip Girard to his

doom; Percy the lover of a rich old

maid, are ye one and the same? Percy!

-CHAPTER XII.-A ME SAGE FROM THE DEAD. Less than a week after the events last

related, and a family group surrounds the lunch table in the newly-furnished morning room of Oakley. The fair and fascinating Mrs. Torrance had accomplished the purpose for which

she came to Bellair. Truly had she said, "There is no fool like an old fool," for John Arthur had been an easy victim. He had lost no time with his wooing, and so, a little less than two months from the day the fair widow came to Bellair, saw her mistress of John Arthur's household

A bridal tour was not to her taste, much to the delight of the bridegroom. So they set about refitting some of the fine old rooms of the mansion, Cora having declared that they were too gloomy to be inhabitable.

As it was to her interest to keep up the deception of frank affection, she had been, during the two months of their honeymoon, a model wife. But the discovery that John Arthur could leave her nothing save his blessing, had now been made, and Cora, who was already weary of her gray-headed dupe, had been for a few days past less careful in her dissembling.

For this reason John Arthur now sat with a moody brow, and watched ber smile upon her brother with a feeling of jealous wrath.

The bride had thrown off her badge of mourning, and was very glad to bloom out once more in azure and white and rose-hues which her soul loved. Opposite sat Miss Arthur, her sallow-

ness carefully enameled over, her head adorned with an astonishing array of false braids and curls and frizzes, jetty in hue to match her eyes, which, so Cora informed Lucian in private, were "awfully beady."

The lady is perusing a paper, which she suddenly threw down, and said, languidly, while she stirred her chocolate carefully. "Should not this be the day on which my new maid arrives? Miss Arthur, from perusing many novels of the Sir Walter Scott school, had acquired a very stately manner of speech, and, so she flattered herself, a very effect-

"I don't know why Miss Arthur can want a maid: her toilets are always perfection," remarked Mr. Davlin to the general assembly. Whereupon, Miss Arthur blushed, giggled, and disclaimed; Mrs. Arthur

disappeared behind a newspaper; and Mr. Arthur emerged from the fog of thought that had enveloped him, to say brusquely: "Miss Arthur want a maid? what's all this? A French maid in a country house

-faugh! Miss Arthur gazed across at her brother, and said, loftily, and somewhat unmeaningly:

"It is what I have chosen to do, John." Then to Mr. Davlin, sweetly: It is so hard to dispense with a maid when you have been accustomed to one." "I suppose so."

"And this one comes so well recommended, you know, by Mrs. Overman and Mrs. Grosvenor. You have heard of these ladies in society, no doubt, Mr. Daylin?" "Oh, certainly," aloud, "not," aside.

"And the name of the maid?" pursued Lucian. "Her name," referring to the letter, "Celine Leroque-French, I presume." "No doubt," dryly. "Stop him, Miss Arthur," interrupted

Cora, prettily; "he will certainly ask if she is handsome, if you let him open his Miss Arthur glanced at him suspiciously. "Not having seen her, I could not inform him," she said, coldly.

"Don't believe my sis'er," said Davlin, quietly as he passed his cup. "Cora, a little more chocolate please. Miss Arthur, I met Mrs. Grosvenor at the seaside, two years ago. Her toilets were the marvel of the day; she protested that all credit was due her maid, who was a whole 'magazine of French art.' thought this might be the same. I most carnestly hope that it is," pronounced Miss Arthur.

"And I most earnestly hope it isn't," grumbled her brother, who to-day felt vicious for many reasons, and didn't much care what the occasion was, so long as it gave him an excuse for growl-

At this happy stage of affairs the door was opened and the housemaid announced: "An old lady, who says I am to tell you that her name is Hagar, wants to see you, sir," addressing Mr. Arthur. The master of the house started, and an angry flush settled upon his face. "Send her away. I won't see the old

bedlam. Sand her away. The girl bowed and was about to retire, when she was pushed from the doorway with little ceremony, and Nurse Hagar entered. Before the occupants of the room had recovered from their surprise, or found voice to address her, she

had crossed the room, and paused before John Arthur. Placing a small bundle upon the table near him, she said: "Don't think you can order me from your door, John Arthur, when I choose to enter it I shall never come to you without good reason, and I presume you will

think me a welcome messenger when you know my errand." "Confound you," said the man, angrily, yet with an uneasy look in his eyes "if you must chatter to me, come into

the library." He grose and made a step toward the door.

"There is no need," said Hagar, with dignity; "my errand may interest others here besides yourself. I bring a message

for a time. Then as if his stillness had from the dead." John Arthur turned ashen pale and trembled violently. All eyes were turned upon the speaker, however, but his agitation was unnoticed save by Hagar.

his cigar from between his lips, describ "Last night," she continued, "a carriage stopped at my door and a woman his weed, and said: "Do I? then mum's bringing that bundle in her the word," and he relapsed into silence. She paused, and seemed struggling

with her feelings. eye, and he obstinately refused to at "She said," continued Hagar, "that she was requested to come by a dying easier whatever she might have to say, girl, else she would have written the for he knew that she had signaled him message given to her. She belonged to a out to-day for a purpose. charitable society, and visited the hos-Mutely he walked by her side, and conpital every week. She brought flowers tentedly puffed at his cigar until, a length, she turned upon him, and struck petulantly at the hand that had just rewho died asking her to write down what is on this card," holding out a bit of from his lips. The weed fell departure of her brother; tried to play the departure of her brother; tried to play the agreeable to her husband, but finding to his cigar set her slippered heel upon it, as if it were an enemy, and laughed triumph-She had entered under the name of Marantly.

tha Gray, and wished to be buried as such. The lady promised; the girl gave her those articles, and the lady kept her word, and brought the message. There is the bundle," in a choking voice, "and here is the card. That is all. Good-by, John Arthur; be happy, if you can. And may God's curse fall upon all who

"It seems not," with a shrug expresive of resignation and a smile hidden He was not the man to be angered, o even ruffled, by these little feminine drove her to her doom!" onslaughts. In fact, they rather pleased She gathered her shawl about her - manufacture parameter and the same of

and amused him, and he had become well accustomed to Cora's "little ways," as he called them. Deprived of his cigar, he thruse his hands into his pockets and whistled softly. "Lucian, if you don't stop looking so

comfortable, and content, and altogether don't-care-ish, I shall do something very desperate," she exclaimed, pettlshy. "No?" raising his eyebrows in mock incredulity; "you don't tell me. I thought you were in a little heaven of your own, Mrs. Arthur." "Oh, you did? Very clever of you.

Well, Mr. Davlin, has it occurred to you that heaven might not be a congenial climate for me? "Not while your wings are so fresh, surely? You have scarcely entered your paradise, fair peri.'

shoulders, and, casting a meaning glance "Haven't I?" ironically. "Well, I am at Lucian Davlin, passed from the room tired of manna, anyhow." Cora was always strictly elegant in her choice of ex-Jo'n Arthur sat with eyes riveted upon pressions, "Now, Lucian, stop parleying the card before him. After a time he and tell me, when is this going to end" turned, and placing it in Davlin's hand, signed to him to read it, and hurriedly

He stopped and looked at her intently. Twice they had traversed the terrace, and now they paused at the termination faryoung life, placed the evidence that the thest from the house. Just before them end had come in the hand that had coma diminutive flight of stone stens led down to a narrow graveled walk, that Something of this Lucian Davlin felt, skirted a velvety bit of lawn, and wa in its turn bedged by some close and out waiting for the proof, that the true high-growing shrubs from the "Bellair name of the girl who died in the hospital woods," as they were called. Beyond in steps was a gap in the hedge, and this, cut and trimmed until it formed a compact and leautiful arch, was spanned by a

"Read!" ejaculated Cora, impatiently, Lucian's eyes had scanned the card stile, built for the convenierce of those and tossing it across to her, he pushed who desired to reach the village by the back his chair and walked to the winshortest route, the Bellair woods. dow. Cora read for the benefit of her "Don't repeat like a parrot, Luc'an." Cora raised her voice angrily. "I say, Madeline Payne, at St. Mary's Hos-

when is this to end? and low?" pital, under name of Martha Gray, died They were just opposite the gap in the hedge, and Lucian, looking down upon On the opposite side of the card was Cora, stood facing the opening. As the penciled the full address of old Hagar, words crossed her lips, his eyes fell upon and this was all. Scant information, a figure just behind her, and he checked the conversation by an involuntary mo-Cora pounced upon the bundle and tion of the hand. opened it. It contained a little purse; a The figure came toward them. It was

few trinkets, which any of the servants Miss Arthur's French maid, and she could identify as belonging to Madeline; carried in her hand a small parcel. Evithe cloak she had worn the evening of dently she was returning from some her flight; and a pocket-handkerchief errand to the village. Miss Ar hur's with her name embroidered in the maid had black hair, dressed very low on the forehead; eyes of some sort, it i Satisfaction beamed in the face Cora to be presumed, but they were effectualturned toward Lucian, and away from ly concealed by blue glasses; a rather Miss Arthur. She was mindful of the pasty complexion; a form that might proprieties, however, and turning her have been good, but if so, its beauties were hidden by the loose, and, as Cora pressed a dainty handkerchief to her expressed it, "floppy," style of jacket countenance, and murmured plaintively: which she habitually wore. She pa sed them with a low "Bon jour, madame," Poor Mr. Arthur is quite overcome, and and hurried up the terrace. At least she no wonder-that poor, sweet, young was walking swiftly, but not very

smoothly, up the terrace when Lucian Across Lucian's averted face flitted a cast after her a last disapproving glance. smile of sarcasm. How little she knew "Your lady's maid is not a swan nor of the truth, this fair hypocrite, and how beauty," he said, as they by mutual unlikely she was ever to know now. If consent went down the steps. Madeline were dead, of what avail was Cora made no reply to this, seeming any effort to break from the olden thrallost in thought. They walked on for a dom-for this is what had been in the moment in silence.

But Celine Leroque did not walk on. Cora brushed her handkerchief across her eyes and arose languidly. "I must to recover it, cast a swift glance after the go to Mr. Arthur, poor man," she murpair. They were sauntering slowly mured, shaking out her flounces. "He down the hedgerow walk, their backs to ward her. Studiously avoiding the necessity of Probably the falling parcel had reglancing in the direction of Mr. Davlin, minded the French maid of something

forgotten, for she turned swiftly, silent-And so the news fell in Madeline's ly, and without any of her pervious awkhome, and its inmates were affected no wardness retraced her steps and disappeared beyond the stile. With Cora a renewal of tenderness to-"What's the row, Co?" asked Lucian ward "Dear John," and an increased kicking a pebble with his boot too stateliness toward Miss Arthur and the "You are getting restive early in the servants. More deference on Miss game. Can't you keep to the track for Arthur's part towards her brother, and another two months?"

less on his part toward her, as the possibility of being obliged to ask a small "What then?" loan faded away into the past of empty "This. We must get that fool out the way' "Meaning who?" Lucian took upon himself the responsi-

"She, of course-Ellen Arthur. Th bility of visiting the city and calling at woman will make a raving maniac St. Mary's, there to be re-assured of the fact that one Martha Gray had died withme in two months more. "By Jove! and of me, too, if I don' get out of this." "We must get rid of her." CHAPTER XIII.-MISS ARTHUR'S "How?"

"I don't know-somehow, anyhow. 'And then?" "And then" - she gave him a sid glance, and laughed unpleasantly. "And then? You have a plan, m blond. Out with it; I am a listener.

And he did listen. evidently intended to find her. Perhaps Slowly down the hegderow path the Celine Leroque knew by instinct that the master of Oakley cherished an averspaced, and at the end, halted and stoo for a time in earnest consultation. The ion to French maids in particular; or was some difference of opinion, but the perhaps she was an exceptional French difference became adjusted. And the maid, and craved neither the smiles turned toward the house, evidently satis nor slyly administered caresses, that fall fied with the result of the morning's con to the lot of pretty femmes de chambre,

sultation.

it is that Miss Arthur's maid manifested turned also. no desire to be seen by the inmates of "I see by the papers that Dr LeGais has come back from Europe; Cora," as ciled for some weeks without having nounced Mr. Davlin from his seat at the vouchsafed to either John Arthur or lunch table that day. "Dr. LeGuise! how delightful! Now or

Not long after, Miss Arthur's maid re

Lucian Daylin more than a fleeting will not be afraid to be sick-our of Things were becoming very monotonfamily physician, you know," to Mis ous to some of the occupants of the Oak. Arthur; "and so skilful. He has been t ley manor; very, very dull and flavor-Europe a year. The dear man, how I long to see him! Cora was growing restless. Not that

"Well," laughed Lucian, "I will car: the astute lady permitted signs of dishim any amount of affection, provide content to become manifest to the uninit is not too bulky. I find that I may itiated, but Lucian Davlin saw, with a run up to the city to-morrow, and, mingled feeling of satisfaction and discourse, will look him up." may, that the role of devoted wife had "Oh!" eagerly, "and find cut if

ceased to interest his blond comrade in saw the D'Arcys in Paris; and those The fact gave him a malicious pleasure, lightful Trevanions!" Then, regretfully, because, as fate had dared to play against can't you stay another week, dear?" him, he would have felt especially "Out of the question, Co., much as aggrieved if a few thorns had not been introduced into the eider down that

regret it," glancing expressively a Miss Arthur. "But I shan't forget you "Pray do not," simpered the spinster. And when do you return?"

"Not for two or three weeks, I fear. But rest assured I shall lose no time, when once I am at liberty." During his lazy, good-humored mo ments, Mr. Davlin had made most ridiculous love to Miss Arthur, and that lady had not been behind in doing her part. Now, strange to say, the face which she bent over her napkin wore upon it a look, not of sorrow, but of relief. And why?

day was bright but chill, and the CHAPTER XIV.—WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS. "Take especial care with my toilet this morning, Celine," drawled Miss Arthur, as she sat before a mirror in her luxuriously appointed dressing-room.

Wise Cora had seen the propriety of giv ing to this unwelcome sister-in-law with the heavy purse, apartments of the best in the newly-fitted-up portion of the man-"I want you to be especially careful

with my hair, and complexion," Miss Arthur continued. mademoiselle," demurely. Then, as if the information might bear upon the question of the toilet "Does mademoislle know that Monsieur Davlin left an hour ago?'

"Certainly, Celine, but I expect a visitor. He may arrive at any time to-day, and you must do your very best with my toilet. "Madamoiselle est charmante; slight

need of Celine's poor aid," cooed the little hypocrite, and the toilet proceeded. At length, the resources of art having been exhausted, Miss Arthur stood up, and approved of Celine's handiwork. "I really do look nicely, Celine; you have done well, very. Now, go send me a pot of chocolate and a bit of toast."

"Yes, mademoiselle." "And a bit of chicken, or a bird's wing." "And a French roll, Celine, with perhaps an omelette."

"Pardonne, mademoiselle, but might I suggest we must not forget this?" touching Miss Arthur's tightly laced waist. "True, Celine, quite right; the toast then. And, Celine, remain downstairs. and when Mr. Percy comes," (her maid visibly started at the name) "show him into the little parlor, and tell him I am somewhere in the grounds-you understand? Then come and let me know. I prefer to have him fancy me surprised, you see," smiling playfully.

"I see; mademoiselle has such tact," and the French maid disappeared. "Mr. Percy?" muttered the French maid, in very English accents; "I will certainly look for your coming, Mr. Percy. Can it be that I am to meet you at Mrs. John Arthur was restless that

this a difficult task, left him to his eigar and his morning paper, in the solitude of his sanctum, and seizing her crimson shawl, started out for a turn upon the

terrace. The "little parlor," as it was called, commanded a view of one end of the terrace walk, but no portion of it was visible from the immediate front of Oakley mansion, the terrace running across the

grounds in the rear of the dwelling, and being shut off from the front by a thicket

of flowering shrubs and trees. The hall facing the front entrance to Oakley was deserted now, save for the figure of Celine Leroque, who was ensconced in one of the windows thereof. She had been watching there for more than an hour, and Cora had promenaded the terrace half that time, when a gentleman approached the mansion from the front gateway.

Celine's eyes were riveted upon the coming figure, as it appeared and disappeared among the trees and shrubbery along the winding walk. At length he emerged into open space and approached

Celine Leroque suppressed a cry of astonishment as she anticipated his ring and ushered him in. A very blonde man, with the lower half of his face covered with a mass of yellow waving beard pale blue, searching, unfathoma le eyes; pale yellow hair; a handsome face, the face she had seen pictured in Claire's souvenir!

Celine Leroque led the way toward the little parlor with a heart beating rapidly. "Miss Arthur is in the grounds," she said, in answer to his inquiry. "I will go look for her;" and she turned away. Mr. Percy placed his hat upon a little table and tossing back his fair hair, said: "I think I can see her now." Approaching the window he looked down upon the terrace.

of crimson, said: "That is not Miss Arthur." "Stop a moment, my girl," the man exclaimed.

Celine looked too, and catching a gleam

He was gazing down at Cora, who was walking away from them, with a puzzled look. "Good God!" he ejaculated, as she turned and he saw her face. He checked himself, and withdrawing hastily from the window, took up his hat as if about to depart. Approaching the window once again, he looked cautiously forth, and seeing Cora still pacing the terrace in evident unconcern, he muttered to himself, but quite audibly, "Thank

that woman?" The girl approached the window: That, monsieur, is Madame Cora Arthur."

Then turning to Celine: "Girl, who is

goodness, she did not see me.'

"A widow, eh?" "Oh, no, monsieur. Mr. Arthur is the master of Oakley.' "Oh! and madame-how long has she been his wife?" 'She is still a bride, monsieur.'

"Still a bride, is she? How exceedingly pleasant," Mr. Percy had evidently recovered from his panic. "Was she a miss when she married the master of Oakley?' "Oh, no, monsieur; a widow."

"Widow?" stroking his whiskers caress-"What name?" "Madame Torrance, monsieur."

"Madame Torrance, eh? Well, my good girl, take this," offering a bank note "1 really thought that Madame Torrance, I mean Arthur, was an old friend; however, it seems I was mistaken. Now, my She dropped her package, and, stooping girl, go and tell that lady that a gentleman desires to see her, and do not announce me to Miss Arthur yet. May I depend upon you?" glancing at her "You may, monsieur."

Taking the offered money, she made an obeisance, and withdrew.

The little parlor had but one means of egress-through the door by which Mr. Percy had entered. This door was near the angle of the room; so near that, as it swung inward, it almost grazed against a huge high-backed chair, stiff and grim. but reckoned among the elegant pieces of furniture that are always, or nearly always, uncomfortable. This chair occupied the angle, and behind its capacious back was comfortable room for one or two persons, should they fancy occupying a posi-tion so secluded. The act of opening the door completely screened this chair from the view of any person not directly opposite it, until such time as the door should

again be closed. As Celine Leroque opened the door and disappeared one might have fancied, had they been gazing at that not very-interesting object, that the high-backed chair moved ever so little. Celine flew along the hall and down the

stairway, tearing viciously at something as she went. Once in the open air, the brisk autumn breezes caught something from her hand, and sent little fragments whirling through space-paper scraps, that might have been dissected particles of a bank note.

Cora listened in some surprise to the messenger, who brokein upon her meditations with a trifle less of suavity than was usual in Miss Arthur's maid. "A gentleman to see me! Are you

quite sure, Celine?" Mrs. Arthur, for various reasons received but few friends, and Celine thought now that she looked a trifle annoyed. "Well, Celine, where is the gentleman? Stop," as if struck by a sudden thought. and changing color slightly, "tell him I am out, but not until I have got upstairs," she said; "not until I have had an opportunity to see him, myself unseen," she thought.

"But, madame," hesitated Celine, "he is in the little parlor. He saw madame at the upper end of the terrace." "Confusion! What did he say, girl?" "He said, madame, that he wished to

speak with you; that he was an old "Well, go along," sharply. "I will see Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal, Celine turned about and Cora followed her almost sullenly. She had some apprehension as to this unknown caller, but he had seen her, and whoever he was she

must face him, for Cora was no coward. Celine tripped along thinking intently. "This man is Edward Percy-Edward Percy, the lover of two women. He was frightened when he saw this Mrs. Arthur, and my words reassured him; why? At the mention of a strange caller, she must needs see him before she permits him an

interview-for that is what she meant. Do they know each other? If so, the plot thickens." Edward Percy had certainly been agitated at sight of Mrs. Arthur, and had as certainly recovered when assured that the lady was Mrs. Arthur. He looked the

image of content now, as he lounged at the window. Under the blonde mustache, a smile of cunning and triumph rested; but his eyes looked very blue, very, very calm, very unfathomable. "Madame Arthur, sir." Celine opens the door gently, and ad-

mits the form of Cora. Then, as the two face each other in silence, the door quietly closes, neither one having glanced toward the girl, who has disappeared, Cora stands before him, the folds of the

crimson shawl falling away from the plump, graceful shoulders, and mingling with the sweep of her black cashmere wrapper in rich, graceful contrast. One fair hand gathers up the crimson fabric and, instinctively, the other thrusts itself out in a repellent gesture, as the soft voice utters, in tones of mingled hate and fear: "You!"

He laughs softly. "Yes, I. I knew you would be delighted." All the time he is gazing at her critically, apparently viewing her loveliness with an approving eye And now the woman feels through her whole being but the one instinct-hate. She has forgotten all fear, and stands before him erect, pallid, but with eye and lip expressing the bitterness that rages

"You won't say you are glad to see me Cruel Alice," he murmurs, plaintively 'And after all these years, too; how many are they, my dear?' "No matter!" fiercely. "They have given the devil ample time to claim his own, and yet you are upon earth!"

"Yes," serenely "both of us." Both of us, then. How dare you see! me out?" "My dear wife, I never did you so much honor. I came to this house for another purpose, and Providence, kind Prov.d

ence, has guided me to you." The woman seemed recalled to herself Again the look of fear overspread he face, and looking nervously about her. she said: "For God's sake, hush! What you wish to say, say out, but don't le your voice go beyond these walls." "Dear Alice, my voice never was valga: ly loud, was it? recollect, if you please in an injured tone.

"Well! well! what do you want with me? Percy Jordan, I warn you-I as not the woman you wronged ten year "No; by my faith, you are a handsome woman, and you carry yourself like du hess. Why didn't you do that wh you were Mrs. ---

"Hush" she cried "you base liar did not take me long to find you out ev then. Don't forget that you have li in fear of me for ten long years "Just so " seranely "haven t they long? But they are ended bow, my my incubus is dead and --"But documents don't die," sne ince member that in a certain church register

may be seen the marriage lines of Alice Ford and-ahein-myself. And some-IS WHAT YOU NEED NOW, AND where, not far away, there m st be on record the statement that Mr. Arthur, of Street's Compound Syrup of Sarsa-Oakley, has wedded the incomparable parilla with Iodide of Potassium Mrs. Torrance, a blonde widow-ahem Where did you go, my dear, when you left is the best. my bed and board so very unceremoni-

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### COUGHS AND COLDS

use Street's White Pine Expertor- noted throughout the country. ing," cried Cora, ignoring the latter part | ant.

A sure cure. Price 25 cts. "No of course not Does Mr. John Arthur know that you were once my-" We have the farmers' favorite in "Dupe? no," she interrupted. "Come, time passes, tell me what you know, and | Condition Powders. Large pack-"Softly, softly, Mrs. Arthur. I know

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