Europe, Cora mine, and I wore my own

and too much stupidity might overcome

her natural timidity, in which case even

my ardent old pursuer could not scare

me into submission and banishment. If

ably charming young widow?"

I could only find an occupation, now, for

you proceed to explain yourself, and tell

"Admirable Cora! what other woman

fect air of doing the proper thing; so

"And so much genuine enjoyment,"

poetry, Lucian. When far from my gaze.

image, I can do so much more comfort-

them always. But back to my widow;

the Peri can keep aloof from Paradise so

bank account, and equipage to her liking.

ing visits to her brother and her city

friends-and a fine prospect of soon be-

herself more comfortably, and said, non-

chalantly, "that depends; further parti-

To be Continued.

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ATH GLUVES

mansion, bank stock, etc. ?"

culars, please."

siege? What he is like; and why?"

much of Spanish grace.'

odorous little Perique.

think?"

Paradise?"

## JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD;

OR, THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A WOMAN'S CRIME," "THE MISSING DIAMOND," ETC., ETC.

The sun's last ray had faded from the highest hill-top. The little birds had folded their wings, and hushed their warblings. Dark clouds came sweeping up from the west, and one, heavy and black, passed above the roof of Oakley, bent down, and rested there. Hagar, still sorrowing in the doorway, saw and | even tone, and gradually permitted the interpreted. Dark days to come to the master of that overshadowed house. Dreary days and bitter nights:-ah, how many, before that cloud should be lifted from above it, or light hearts beat bemeath its roof?

"I beg pardon, madame, you appear in trouble; perhaps I intrude?' It was Lucian Davlin's soft, lazy voice, and that disagreeable half smile lurked about the corners of his eyes and mouth. "I've had more welcome visitors," said the old woman, with more truth than politeness, and rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron, "what do you want?"

"Only a small matter of information, which I believe you can give me." "Well," said Hagar, testily. "I want to make a few inquiries about

Mr. Arthur of Oakley." "About Miss Madeline, I suppose you mean. I won't tell you a word-"My dear, good woman, I don't ask nor wish any information regarding that young lady-my inquiries solely concern the father. He is said to be wealthy!" "What is John Arthur or his money to you?" she questioned, eyeing him

"Nothing whatever," he indifferently replied. "I merely inquire on behalf of a " I'll throw him off the scent if he

with much disfavor.

does mean Madeline," thought the old "Well, Mr. whatever your name is, if Mr. John Arthur is master of Oakley and everybody knows there is no finer property in the state, and that he has a yearly income of ten thousand or more, why, tell him or her so. And you may as well say, at the same time, that he is too stingy and mean to keep the one in repair or spend decently the other. And when he dies"—here she suddenly checked herself-"well when he dies his heirs, whoever they may be, will inherit all the more because of his meanness."

"And who, pray, may be his heirs?"
"How should I know who the stingy old reprobate will choose to inherit after him? I think he has a sister somewhere, but I don't know."

"I'm thank you-for my friend. Goodmiling that same Mephistophelian staffe, Lucian Davlin sauntered away, pearently satisfied with himself and

what was passing in his mind.
"He'll do," he muttered; "and she'll de him. It will be a good thing for her, just new, and very convenient for me in-to the bargain. Cora's a marvellously one woman, but little Madeline is fresh Tose, and a few months of the city will make her sharp enough. Only let me keep them apart; that's all' Satisfaction beamed in his eye and smiled on his lip. "Presty Madeline will be the envy

of belf the boulevard." New he has neared the trysting tree. "I think I'll just smoke here, and wait for my pretty bird; this is the place and almost the time."

He smoked and he waited; the time name, and passed; his cigar expired; the shadows deepened-but still he waited. And he waited in vain. No light form advanced through the gathering night; no sweet voice greeted him. The time was far past now, and, mut-

tering an oath, the disappointed lover strode away, and was lost in the night. Madeline was standing in her own room, the threshold of which John Arthur had never crossed since the day when a silent form was borne from it. and laid in that peaceful home, the churchyard. She had just received the summons, for which, only, she lingered -the command of Mr. Arthur to attend at the altar of hospitality, and pour, for

Mr. Amos Adams, the tea. She was attired in a neat dark garment which was vastly becoming. She had made her toilet with more than usual care, as if, perhaps, to do honor to her ancient suitor-at least so thought Mr. Arthur when she presented herself be-

She had put her chiefest treasures in a little, a very little, travelling bag. And now she threw across her arm a large eloak, took her hat, veil, and bag, and descended softly to the hall below. It was faintly lighted from the lower end, and Madeline deposited her belongings in a darkened niche near a door, peeped out into the night that had come on cloudy and starless, and entered the room where waited the two conspirators, and supper. John Arthur was more bland and smiling than Madeline had ever before known him, while as for old Amos, he nearly lost himself in a maze of grins and chuckles, but displayed a very unloverlike appetite, nevertheless, and divided his attention pretty evenly between the beautiful face of Madeline and the viands

on the table. Madeline betrayed no sign of surprise at her step-papa's unwented co diality and no annoyance at the ogling and chuckling of her antiquated suitor. In truth, she favored him with more than one expressive smile, the meaning of which he little guessed, as she contrasted him once more with handsome Lucian Davlin, and smiled again at the picture of his coming defeat.

The meal was partaken of in comparative silence, all apparently well satisfied with their own thoughts-ah, 'how different! It was not until old Jane, the servant, had been dismissed that Mr. Arthur drew his chair a trifle nearer that of his friend, and, leaning his arms upon the table, looked across at Madeline, and

"My dear, I believe you are aware of the honor this gentleman desires to confer upon you? I think I have hinted at the truth upon one or two occasions?" Madeline veiled her too expressive eyes behind their long lashes, but made no

reply.
"It is my desire," he continued, surveying with satisfaction the appearance of humility with which his words were received, "and the desire of Mr. Adams as well, that we should come to a satisfactory understanding to-night. We will. therefore, settle the preliminaries at once:—this is your desire, I think, Mr.

Adams?" "Oh, certainly! Oh, yes, yes," ejaculated old Amos, in a transport of grins.
"And this will, I trust,"—he was growing more stately and polite every moment-"this, of course, is satisfactory to you, Miss Madeline?"

"Perfectly." She looked him full in the face now, and somehow her glance slightly impaired his feeling of dignity and security.

"Very good; and now having formally accepted the proffered hand of Mr.

"Pardon me, sir, you are too fast. Mr. Adams has not offered himself." "Nonsense," Mr. Arthur suddenly for-

got his politeness-"haven't I just stated Madeline leaned back in her chair, and looked from one to the other with a

tranquil smile. "Perhaps; but unfortunately there is a law in existence which prohibits a man from marrying his grandmother, and likewise objects, I believe, to a young woman's espousing her step-papa, how-ver much adored. And as you can't marry me, my dear parent and guardian,

I object to listening to a proposal from your lips." John Arthur gazed in angry consternation upon the girl's still smiling face, but before the impatient words that he would have uttered could find voice, old Amos. who had interpreted her smiles as being

favorable to himself, came gallantly to "Right! quite right," he chuckled. Of course, you know, Arthur-Miss Madeline, ahem-that's what I meant, you know. It's the proper way," he gasped; and the general expression of his countenance did not tend to make his observations the more lucid-"I meant,

Miss Madeline-by-by your hand, you

This effort of oratory was received with smiling attention by the girl, who now addressed herself entirely to him, without heeding the effect of her words upon

she proceeded. "Mr. Adams;"-she spoke in a low, real feelings that were seeking for expression to show themselves in her every feature-"Mr. Adams, I think I appreciate as it deserves the honor you desire to I should be. But, Mr. Adams, I am in angry protest against the defiant, only a mere girl, and you might pay too fiery, resistless monster upon whom its dearly for me.

"What the deuce does the fool mean?" growled Mr. Arthur. "I don't dispute the fact that I am perfectly marketable commodity, and it is very right and proper that my dear step-papa-who dotes on me, whose idol

I have been for long years-should set a high valuation upon my unworthy head. Yet this little Arcadian transaction is really not just the thing for the present century and country. And so, Mr. Adams, I must beg leave to thank you for the honor you proffer, and, thanking you, to decline it!" For a moment no one spoke; there was neither sound nor movement in the room. John Arthur was literally speech-

less from rage, and old Amos was just as speechless from astonishment; while Madeline gazed from one to the other unmoved. As soon as he could articulate, John Arthur confronted her, and taking her roughly by the shoulder, demanded: "What do you mean, you ungrateful jade? What are you talking about?" "About your contract in flesh and blood. Mr. Arthur. About your very worthy scheme of putting money in your

ockets by making me this man's wife If I am to be sold, sir, I will make my own bargain; be very sure of that; and this is not my bargain! "Don't talk to me of bargains, you lit-

tle idiot! Do you think to defy me? Do you dare to defy me?" His rage passed all bounds. She put the width of the table between them, and surveyed him across it, mockingly. "Listen, girl, I am your lawful guardian; you shall obey me!"

"Really, now, don't step-papa; you are actually purple in the face! You might die, you know; think of your heart, do, and take a glass of water. Old Adams collapsed in the remote corner whither he had fled. The miser was not at home in a tempest, and this was already beyond his depth. He gasped in spechless amaze and affright. Was this the girl he had thought to mold as his wife, this fearless, defiant creature? Already he began to congratulate himself upon his lucky escape. "She would murder me some day," he thought, shud-

For the time being, John Arthur was a madman. Defled, mocked, by this girl who had been a burden to his very life! He raged, he raved, he cursed; and so raging and raving, he cursed her, and then in vile, bitter words hurled his anathema at her dead mother's memory. Then the mocking smile was gone, the taunting voice changed its tone; and as it changed, old Amos, cowering in his corner, shuddered afresh. Her whole face underwent a transformation. Her form dilated, she sprang before her stepfather and the ring of her voice checked the imprecations on his lips.

"Stop," she cried; "don't add the last drop to your already overfull measure! Don't double the force of the thunderbolt that will strike you some day! Is it not enough that you have hated me all my life through; that you have loaded down my childhood with unkind words, curses, and wishes for my death? Not enough that you follow me with your hatred because my mother's own will be mine at your death? Not enough that you would barter my life-yes, my life-tor gold, sell my heart's blood for your own ease and comfort? And now must you pollute the name of my mother, as you polluted her life? Never breathe her her daughter, tell you that for every tear, every heart pang, every sigh, you shali pay dearly; dearly I will avenge my

mother's wrongs, some day; for you are John Arthur gazed in speechless amaze into the space before him-but she was gone! The stern, vengeful, set face was no longer there. The proud, ringing voice was no longer sounding in his ear. The uplifted, warning, threatening hand menaced him only in memory. And before the might of her purpose, and the force of her maledictions, he stood as in

When he had so far recovered himself as to think of her sudden disappearance, he went out quickly. The entrance door | just as Lucian re-appears. stood wide open; the dim light flickered on an empty hall and stairway; the sky was black with clouds, and never a star; the wind moaned about the house; and across the meadow came the doleful howl of old Hagar's watch-dog. But Madeline was not to be found.

Always, in the days to come, he remembered her face as it had looked on him that night, Often in dreams he would start and cry out, haunted by the sound of her scornful voice, the spectre of her threatening hand.

CHAPTER IV.-THE DIE IS CAST.

Lucian Davlin paced the platform of the Beilair depot, in a very unpleasant frame of mind. His companion-half servant, half con-

federate, wholly and entirely a rascaldiscerning his mood, and, as ever, adapting himself to it, had withdrawn to a respectful distance. Only the shine of his eigar, glowing through the darkness, betokened his proximity, or the fact that the dark platform was not in the sole possession of the sullen man who paced its brief length, and questioned the Fate in which he trusted, and which, for once, had played him a sorry trick.

He had been deceived by a mere schoolgirl. She had not even deigned him a farewell word. He had lost a fair prize. at his cigar, "to be baffled like this; to lose that little beauty; to be foiled like a night and past. You will not be afraid, moonstruck idlot and never know how on why! I can't write her, with that cursed old step-father to interfere. can't return again very soon. And she is such a little beauty!"

He paused at the end of the darkened platform, and looked down the track, in the direction of the grove where they had met, and of Madeline's houe. It was almost time for the train. At the upper end of the platform the station-master flashed his lantern, tumbled the luggage closer to the track and examined the cheeks critically; while the Man of Tact came out from his retirement and overlooked the proceeding.

Something was coming down the track swiftly, silently. He could just discern a shape moving toward him. It came nearer and he moved up a few paces, and turned again where the lantern's rays fell upon him. It came nearer yet and paused in the shadow. It was a woman's form, and it beckoned. He approached

"Lucian!" She came close to him and placed her hand upon his arm, drawing her breath hard and quick. He drew her farther into the shadov and clasped his arms about her. "Little one! You have walked fast -how your

heart beats! I had given you up. Is i 'good-by,' dear?" She silently held up the little chate laine, which he felt rather than saw,

and took from her hand. In the darkness he smiled again the old exultant smile not good to see, and pressing her closer in his arms, said: 'Don't try to talk, sweet one; see yonder comes our flery horse and soon we will be on our way. Take my arm, little one, and trust him who loves you.

loneliness-to morrow comes the gay Rattling and shricking, the train approached. Lucian burried his companion upon the rear platform; and neither you know-ah, well-will you honor me, car without looking about him. nor the his comrade, who entered the smoking station master, busy with his trunks and

0°4 W

Look your last at the scene of your past

valises, observed that a third passenger quitted Bellair station on the night ex-

About them, the passengers nodded. yawned or slept. Outside, swiftly passing darkness. And every moment was hurrying her farther and farther away from all familiar scenes and objects, out to a life all untried, a world all new and strange. But she never thought of this. She was not elated, neither was she cast down. She felt no fear-and afterwards. she remembered that she indulged in no bright visions of the future during her swift flight. She had prepared herself to relate her

story, to describe the scene she had just

passed through, to tell him all. But he

had other things to occupy his mind,

and hidding her to rest and save all she might have to relate until the morrow, he relapsed into silence and thought, only now and then gently speaking a her step-father, or his interpolations, as word, and looking after her comfort with a happy grace possessed by few, and so powerful in the winning of a woman. On, on, through the black night-youth and ag', joy and sorrow, hope and depair, good and evil; on together through the night; on, on. Near to the the great gity: near to the welcome, dark or bright, bestow upon me; believe me too," when awaiting the journey's end. Blacker I say that I am as grateful as it is proper grew the night, wilder shrieked the wind

rage fell impotent. Now pausing; now rushing on with a shriek and a roar; nearer, nearer to the scene of the new life, dawning grimly upon the fair girl. all unconscious, unheeding. They halted at a wayside station-just one of those little hamlets only a few miles removed from, and really a part of the great ci.y. One passenger came on board, sauntering down the coach's length listlessly, wearily. He threw himself into a reversed seat in a half re

wandering gaze fell first upon Madeline, seated opposite and very near. She sees him just as she sees the rest, vaguely. She remembers, later, that he had a good face and that she had thought it then. But confused and wearied in mind and body, she feels no inclination to observe or think. So they were hurried on, and no whisper of her heart, no quickening of the pulses, or sensation of joy or fear, warned her that she was sitting under the gaze and in the presence of the good and the evil forces that were to com-

clining attitude, and so his careless,

pass and shape her life. Open your eyes, oh, Madeline, before it is too late. See the snare that is spread- a necessity to her; trailing her rich dress ing beneath your feet; read aright the bright glance that shines on you from those handsome, fateful eyes. Interpret truly the smile turned on you now. Alas! what woman ever saw guile in the eves of the man she loved?

Never one, until those eyes have ceased to smile upon her, and her fate is sealed. What one ever yet recognized the false ring of the voice that had never, as yet, addressed her save in honeyed tones, that seemed earth's sweetest music to her ears? None, until the voice had changed and forgotten its love words; none, until it was too late.

What Madeline saw, was a man who was to her the embodiment of all manly grace, her all of joy and love, of truth and trust. And, sitting opposite, just a young man with fair curling hair, and frank blue eyes; with a fine manly face, and an air of refinement. A very nice young man; but not like her hero. Not like her hero? No, thank heaven for that, Madeline, else your way would have been far more dreary, else your life might have known never a ray of sunlight, in the long days to come.

On, on; nearer and yet nearer the long journey's end. Both thinking of her, but how differently! One pityingly, sadly, fearing for her fate, longing to save her from the precipice which she could not see and still wear that look of sweet trustfulness. One triumpantly, as of a fair prize gained; a new tribute to his power and strength; another smile from Chance; one more proof that he was a favored one of Fortune, and that life ever gave him good things from out the very best.

to Madeline, and lounges out to give some necessary directions to the neglected companion of his wanderings. Hastily the young man opposite rises. and crossing to Madeline, bends over her. speaking hurriedly. "Pardon me, madame, but are you

stranger to the city?" "Yes." After giving her answer she wonders why she did it, remembering that it is from a stranger the question comes, and that it is, therefore, an im-

pertinence.

"'I thought as much!"'—the blue eyes look troubled, and the manly voice hurname again; never dare to name her! I, ried on. "The time may come, I hope it will not, when you will need a friend. If so, this card bears my address-take it. keep it, and believe me, I speak from honest motives and a desire to serve you.' He drops a card in her lap, and as she makes a gesture of repulsion, he says, entreatingly "Take it; in the name of your

mother I ask it." She snatches up the card impulsively.

and looks for one moment straight in his eyes. Then drawing a long, sighing breath, says, simply, "I will," and turns away as she puts it in her pocket, never so much as glancing at it. "Thank you." He lifts his hat, and resumes his seat and his former attitude

Now all was bustle and confusion, the journey's end was reached; and through the hurrying, jostling crowd, past flickering lamps and sleepy guards, they went under the dusky arches of the mammoth city station, out among the bawling 'bus drivers and brawling hackmen, past them, until a carriage, that seemed to be in waiting for them just beyond the noisy crowd, was reached. Stepping into this, they were about to drive away when, in the shadow, and very near them, Madeline discerned the

form of the Unknown of the railway train. Then Lucian gave the order from the carriage window, and they rolled The man in the shadow heard, and

stepping into the nearest carriage, repeated the order given by Lucian the moment before, adding: "Quick; don't lose And thus it was that a carriage passed

swiftly by that which contained Davlin and his companion, and the flash of their vehicle's lamp showed Madeline the face looking from its window.

Again that face seen in the shadowhow strange, thought she; but her lover was speaking and she forgot all else. "Darling, I must leave you soon. came up to-night on a matter of business, and to meet a friend who will leave to-morrow early. I must, therefore, keep "Gad!" he muttered, biting viciously my appointment to-night, late as it is or, rather, this morning, for it is middear, left alone for a little while in

great hotel?" "I am not afraid, Lucian, but-" "But lonely; is that it? Well, sweetheart, it's only for a little while, and tomorrow I will come for you, and all shall be arranged. We'll have no more separations then. Rest well, and at noon tomorrow be ready; I will be with you then. Meantime your every want will be supplied, and let the morrow find my little treasure bright-eyed and blooming.' "Oh, Lucian, Lucian! how strange this seems. I cant't realize it at all."

He laughed lightly. "Not afraid, little "Not afraid, Lucian, no; but I can't explain or describe my feelings. I suppose I need rest; that is all." "That is all, depend upon it; and here we are. One kiss Madeline, the last till

He folded her tenderly in his arms, and then sprang lightly from the carriage. Up and down, far as the eye could see, the street lamps glittered, and as Madeline stepped from the carriage she observed another roll away. High above her loomed the great hotel, and after midnight though it was, all here was life and bustle. The scene was novel to the half-bewildered girl. Clinging to her lover's arm, she entered the receptionroom, and, sitting opposite the door, saw a form pass in the direction Lucian had taken, as he went to register her name and order for her "all that the

house could afford." "I' did not give your real name, because of your step-father, you know, said Lucian, upon his return. "I registered you as Miss Weir, that name being the first to occur to me. She looked a trifle disturbed, but said. nothing. A few words more and a ser-

vant appeared.

"To conduct you to your room," said Lucian Together they moved towards the door; there he lifted his hat with profound courtesy, and said, in a very audible "Good-night, Miss Weir; I will tone:

call to-morrow noon; pleasant dreams. "To-morrow noon," she echoed. As she watched his retreating figure, another passed her; a man who, meeting her eye, litted his hat and passed out. "He again!" whispered the girl to her-

clothes home. self: "how very strange. "Bravo! But old Verage don't want Alone in her room, the face of this you, and the wind has changed; proceed.' man looked at her again, and sitting "Well, as usual, I tound myself in down, she said wearily: "Who is he? luck, and if I had been a nice young what does he mean? His name—I'll look widow, might have taken summer quarters in the snug little village of Bellair." at the card." Taking it from her pocket, she read "Not being a widow, relate your exaloud: Clarence Vaughan, M.D., No. 430 perience as a rusticating gentleman at large. You excite my curiosity." B-- street. "Clarence Vaughan, M.D.," she re-Lucian removed his cigar from between

peated. "What did he mean? I must his lips, and lazily contemplated his fair tell Lucian to-morrow; to-night I am vis a vis. too weary to think. Search for me, John Arthur; find me if you can! To-morrow -what will it bring, I wonder?" think it fitting, safe, and," with a slight Weary one, rest, for never again will smile, "expedient to return and resume you sleep so innocently, so free from care her sovereignty here, on this hearth, as now. Sleep well, nor dream! and," striking his breast theatrically, She slept. Of the three who had been "in this heart?" The "most magnificent of blondes"

brought into con act thus strangely. Madeline slept most soundly, and dreamdisplayed in the full length mirror oppoed the brightest dreams. It was the last ray of her sunlight; site, then coolly at her interrogator.
"Hum! that depends. The lady you so when the day dawned, her night began flatter can't abide dulness and inaction

CHAPTER V .- A SHREWD SCHEME

An elegant apartment, one of a suite

in a magnificent block such as are the pride of our great cities. Softest carpets of most exquisite pattern: curtains of richest lace; lambre quins of costly texture; richly-embroid ered and velvet-covered sleepy hollows and lounging chairs; nothing stiff nothing that did not betoken abandonment to ease and pleasure; downy cushions: rarest pictures; loveliest statuettes, finest bronzes; delicate vases; magnificent, full-length mirrors, a bookcase, itself a rare work of art, containing the best works of the best authors, all in the richest of bindings-nothing here that

the most refined and cultivated taste could disapprove, and yet everything bespoke the sybarite, the voluptuary. A place wherein to forget that the world held aught save beauty; a place for luxurious revelry and repose filled with lotus Such was the bachelor abode of Lucian Davlin, as the glowing gas lights revealed it on the dark night of the arrival of this gentleman in the city. Moving restlessly about, as one who

was perfectly familiar with all this glowing richness, only because movement was to and fro in an impatient promenade, and twisting reckiessly meantime a delicate bit of lace and embroidery with plump, white fingers-a woman waited and watched for the coming of Lucian Davlin.

A woman, fair of face, hazel-eyed, sunny-haired, with a form too plump to be quite classical, yet graceful and prepossessing in the extreme. A very fair face, and a very wise one; the face of a woman of the world, who knows it in all its phases; who is able, in her own peculiar manner, to guide her life bark successfully, if not correctly, and who has little to acquire in the way of experience, save the art of growing old gracefully and of dying with an acquitted consol-

No unsophisticated girl was Cora Weston, but a woman of eight and twenty; an adventuress by nature and by calling, and with beauty enough, and brains enough, to make her chosen profession prosperous, if not proper. She paused before a mirror, carefully adjusting her fleecy hair, for even in pressing emergencies such women never

forget their personal appearance. This done, she pondered a moment, and then pulled the bell. A most immaculate colored gentleman answered her summons, and, bowing low, stood waiting her will. "Henry, is it not time that your master were here? The train is certainly due; are you sure he will come? What

"That he would arrive on the one o'clock express, madame; and he never They are very near their journey's end "Very well. If he does not appear now, and Lucian Davlin whispers briefly soon, Henry, you must go and inquire if the train has been delayed, and, if so, telegraph. My business is imperative. The well trained servant bowed again, and, at a signal from her, withdrew. Left alone, she continued her silent march, listening ever, until at length a quick footstep came down the passage.

did he telegrapa you?'

Flinging herself into the depths of a great easy chair, she assumed an air of listless indifference, and so greeted the "Gracious heavens, Cora! what brings you here like this? I thought you had sailed, and was regretting it by this time.

He hunried to her side and she half rose

to return his caress. Then sinking back,

she surveyed him with a lazy half smile. "I wonder if you are glad to see me, Lucian, my angel; you are such a hypocrite. He laughed lightly, and threw himself into a seat near her. "Candid, Cora, you are not a hypocrite-with me," and he looked admiringly, yet impatiently, at her. "Come," he said, at length, as she continued to tap her slender foot lazily, and to regard him silently through half

closed lashes: "what does it all mean? Fairest of women, tell me." "It means, Mon Brave, that I did not sail in the Golden Rose; I only sent my hat and veil."

hangs a tale, and I listen. "I came back to see-" "Not old Verage" he interruped, mali-"No, hush; he saw me safely on board the Golden Rose-very gallant of him, wasn't it?"

"Rather-yes, considering. And if I did not know Miss Cora Weston so very well, I should be surprised at all this mystery; as it is, I simply wait to be en-"And enlightened you shall be, Mon-

She threw off her air of listlessness and arose, crossing over and standing before him, leaning upon a high-backed chair, and speaking rapidly. Lucian, meantime, produced a cigar case, lit a weed, and assuming the attitude and manner she had just abandoned,

bade her proceed. "You see, she said, "I did not like the idea of quitting the country because of a little difference of opinion between myself and an old idiot like Verage. "A difference of some thousands out of pocket for him; well, go on."

Just so, comrade mine. Well, fortune favored me; she generally does. I learned, at almost the last moment, that a lady of my acquaintance had taken passsage in the same vessel. I interviewed her. and found her in the condition of the good people in novels who have seen better days; her exchequer was at low ebb, and, like myself she had reasons which induced her to emigrate. I did not inquire into these, having no reason to doubt the statement, but I accompanied her on board the Golden Rose, bade her a fond farewell, and bequeathed to her my street apparel and a trifling sum of old Verage's money. In exchange, I donned her bonnet and veil, and adopted her rather awkward gait, and so had the satisfaction of seeing, on my return to terra firma, old Verage gazing enraptured after Dunlap, McKim & Downs, my Paris bonnet and floating veil as it

disappeared with my friend, outward bound." "Well, what next? All the world, your world, supposes you now upon the briny deep. Old Verage will be rejoiced to find you here in the city; what then?" "I think he will," said Cora, dryly, "when he does find me. I did not come here in the dark to advertise my arrival." "Bravo, Cora," he patted her hands softly; "wise Cora. You are a credit to your friends, indeed you are, my blonde beauty.' She laughed softly :- a kittenish, purr-

ing laugh. "Well, Lucian, time flies, and I throw myself on your mercy. Recommend me to some nice, quiet retreat, not too far from the city, but at a safe distance; put me in a carriage, at daylight, which will carry me out to some by-station, where I can take passage behind the iron horse, unmolested, for fresh woods and pastures

Daylin pondered a moment as if he had not already decided upon his course of action. He knew the woman he had to deal with, and shaped his words accordingly. "A retired spot-let me see, I wonder, by Jove, "-brightening suddenly, "I think I have the right thing for "Well, when Lucian Devlin ! thinks.

he has a point, that point is gained; proceed, man of might.' "You see," began Lucian, in a business-like tene, "I took one of my 'skips' for change of scene and recreation." "And safe quarters until the wind

trips sometimes, but I did not set out for

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"Peculiar talents," he suggested; "that's just the point. And now, I wonder if you wouldn't make a remarkably charming young widow?"

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He makes a specialty of me what fortunate being you desire me, in the character of a fair widow, to be- RE - LINING STOVE . OVENS

and introduces a

could smoke a cigarette with such a per-DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM at the same price as the usual single plate is put in General repairs, as well as new work promotly she added comfortably. "Smoke is my and I desire to call up your most superb

ably and satisfactorily inspired by my HARRIS "Blessed Perique! Cora shall have

an absence of six months, perhaps, would has just received a lot of be a judicious thing just row, you FA CY TABLE MOLA SES. TRY IT.

"How would the Peri fancy taking up her permanent abode outside the walls of QUARTERS. She removed the fragrant gilded cigar in miniature from between two rosy, pursed-up lips, and surveyed him in mute

"Provided," he proceeded, coolly, THE HE DQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET A LICLE. 'provided she found a country home, .. .. IS AT THE with everything her own way, and ample opportunities for trips to Paradise, mak-NEWCASTLE DRUG TORE.

coming sole possessor of said country LARGE & FR SH SUPPLY She placed the tiny weed once more between her lips, and sending up perfumed. curling little volumes of smoke, settled

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## shifted," interrupted she. "Well, go on." He laughed softly, "Even so. We children of chance do need to take flying SPRING MEDICINE MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

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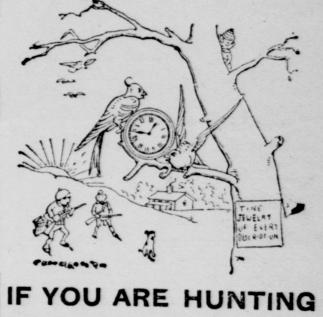
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