JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD;

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

CHAPTER IX. -GONE. Hours that seemed days; days that seemed years; weeks that seemed centuries; yet they all passed, and Madeline Payne scarce knew, when they were actually gone, that they were not all a

Life, after that first yielding of heart and brain, had been a delirium; then a conscious torture of mind and body; next a burden almost too great to bear; and then a dreamy lethargy. Heaven be praised for such moods; they are saviours of life and reason in crises such as this through which the stricken girl was pass-

Madness had wrought upon her, and her ravings had revealed some otherwise dark places and blanks in her history to her guardian and nurses. Pain had tortured her. Death wrestled with her, and then, because he could inspire her with no fear of him, because she mocked at his terrors and wooed him, fled away. In his place came Life, to whom she gave no welcoming smile. But glife

stayed, for Life is as regardless of our wishes as is Death. Forms had hovered about her; kindly voices, sweet voices, had murmured at her bedside. At times, an angel had held the cooling draught to her thirsty lips. At last these dream, creatures resorved

themselves into realities: Doctor Vaughan, who had ministered to her with the solisitude of a brother, the gentleness of a woman, and the good-

ness of an angel. Olive Girard, who, leaving all other cares, was ever at her bedside, and who came to that place at a sacrifice of feeling, after a wrestling with pride, bringing a bitterness of memory, and a panot then realize.

Henry, too, black of skin, warm of heart; who waited in the outer court, and seemed to allow himself full and free respiration only when the girl was pronounced out of danger. Out of danger! What a misapplication

of words! From the scene of conflict, at the last flutter of Death's gloomy mantle, comes the man of medicine; watch in hand, boots a tip-toe, face grave but triumphant. His voice bids a subdued farewell to the somberness proper to a probable death-bed, coming up just a note higher in the scale of solemnities, as it announces to the eager, trembling, waiting

"The danger is past!" "Death, the calm, the restful, the never weary: Death, the friend of long suffering, and world-weariness and despair; Death, the rescuer, the sometime comforter - has gone away with empty arms and reluctant tread, and-Life, flushed, triumphant, seizes his rescued subject and flings her out into the sea of human · lives, perchance to alight upon some tiny green islet, or, likelier yet, to buffet about among black waters, or encounter winds and storms, upheld only by a half-wreecked raft or floated by a scarce-sup-

porting spar.

And she is out of danger! Hedged around about by sorrow, assailed by temptation, overshadowed by sin. And, "the danger is over!"

Buffeted by the waves of adversity; longing for things out of reach : running after ignis fatui with eager, out-stretched hands, and careless, hurrying feet, among pitfalls and snares. And, out of danger! Open your eyes, Madeline Payne; lift

up your voice in thanksgiving; you have come back to the world. Back where the sun shines and the dew falls; where the flowers are shedding their perfume and song birds are making glad music; where men make merry and women smile: where gold shapes itself into palar and fame wreathes crowns for fair and noble brows; where beauty crown ,alor and valor kisses the lips of bauty. And where the rivers sparkle in the sunlight, and, sometimes, yield up from their embrace cold, dripping, dead things, that yet bear the semblance of your kind-all that is left of beings that were once like

Out of danger! Where want, and poverty, and-God help us!-vice, hide their heads in dim alleys and under smoky garret roofs. Where beaten mothers and starving children dare hardly aspire to the pure air and sunlight, the whole world for them being enshrined in a crust of bread. Where thieves mount upwards on ladders beaten from pilfered gold, and command cities and sway nations. Where wantonness laughs and thrives in gilded cages, and starves and dies in moldy cellars.

Madeline, the place that was almost Olive said, was hers so long as she could waves. Not so tall as Madeline, and yours, in the land of the unknowable, is be persuaded to occupy it. Here the girl rounded and dimpled as a Hebe. given to another. The waters of death have cast you back upon the shores of the living. You are "out of danger!" What was to become of Madeline, now that they had brought her back to life? headstrong girl.

While they planned a little, as was | rights. The bird had flown. only natural, yet they knew from what they had seen of their charge that, decide for her how they would, only so far as that decision corresponded with her own inclinations would she abide by it. So they left Madeline's future for Madeline to decide, and found occupation for their k ndliness in ministering to her needs of the present.

Once during her illness, and just as the light of reason had returned to the lovely hazel eyes, Lucian Davlin came But he found the door of the sick chamber closely shut and closely guarded. The slightest shock to her nerves would be fatal now-they told him. And he, having done the proper thing, as he termed it, and not being in any way fond of the sight of pain and pallor, yielded with a graceful simulation of reluctance. Having been assured that, with careful nursing, there was nothing to fear, he deposited a cheque on his bankers in the hands of her attendants, and went away contentedly, smiling under his mustache at the novelty of being turned away from his own door. He went back to Bellair, to Cora, and

dreaming whose hands would take up the thread and continue and complete what they had thus begun. And now the day has come for Madeline to leave the shelter that she hates. Pale and weak, she sits in the great easy chair that had served as a barrier between herself and her enemy, and converses with Olive Girard while they

to the web they were weaving, little

await the arrival of Clarence Vaughan, who is to take them from the place so distasteful to all three. It had been settled that, for the present, Madeline will be the guest of Olive. What will come after health and strength are fully restored, they have not discussed much. Olive Girard and Poetor Vaughan had agreed that all thoughts of the future must bring a grief and care with them, and the mind of the

invalid was in no condition for painful thought and study. So Olive has been careful to avoid all topies that might | bring her troubles too vividly to mind. from her own woes, partly to enable the

But, partly to divert Madeline's mind unfortunate girl to feel less a stranger among them, she has talked to her of blond Madeline. I certainly think it is ten minutes since Doctor Vaughan departed and silence fell upon us.

And Madeline has listened to her description of merry, lovely Claire Keith. and wondered what she could have in common with this buoyant, care-free look into the solemn brown eyes. Yet she found herself thinking often of Olive's beautiful sister. Once, in the you thinking?" absence of Olive, she had said to Doctor

"Mrs. Girard has told me of her sister: is she very lovely? And do you know

her well?" "She is very fair, and sweet, and good. You will love her when you know her, and I think you will be friends." She had not needed this; the tell-tale eye was sufficient to reveal the fact that it was not, as she had at first supposed, Olive Girard, but the younger sister whom Clarence Vaughan loved. "I might have known, she murmured guess?"

to herself. Olive Girard has the face of

you have left a little corner of your heart behind you in far-away Baltimore. You didn't come to pay your an- and what a little goose she had been to did not this occur to me sooner? nual visit to your sister quite heart free. Anyone wishing to gain an insight into the character of Claire Keith might have taken a long step in that direction could he have witnessed her reception of this unexpected shot. She opened her dark eyes in comic amazement, and dropping into a garden chair,

exclaimed, with a look of frank inquiry: "Now, however could you guess that?" "Because," said Madeline, in a constrained voice, and with all the laughter fading from her eyes; "Because, I know the symptoms." "I see," dropping her voice suddenly.

"Can't 1? We will see. My dear. I fear

"Why should I forget my love dream," scornfully, "any more than you yours?" "Oh, Madeline; but you said you had ceased to care for him; that you should never mourn his loss." "Mourn his loss!" turning upon Claire,

fiercely. "Do you think it is for him I mourn my dead; my lost happiness, my shattered dreams, my life made a bitter, pardensome thing. Mourn him? I have for Lucian Daylin but one feeling-hate!" Madeline, as she uttered these last words, had turned upon Claire a face whose fierce intensity of expression was startling. For a moment the two gazed into each other's eyes-the one with curling lip and somber, menacing glance, the other with a startled face as if she read something new and to be feared, in the eye of her friend.

Claire had been an inmate of her sister's house for four weeks. When first she arrived she had heard Madeline's story, at Madeline's request, from the lips of her sister Olive, and now the girls were fast friends. Generous Claire had found much to wonder at, to pity, and to love, in the story and the character of the unfortunate girl. Possessing a frank, sunshiny nature, and never having know an actual grief, she could lavish sweet sympathy to one afflicted. But she could not conceive what it would be like to live on when faith had perished and hope was a mockery. She had never known, therefore never missed, a father's love and care. Indeed, he who filled the place of father and guardian, her mother's second husband was all that a real parent could be. Claire away from the window, and fixed them eldom remembered that Mr. James

silence; "I referred to a girl now lying | Mrs. Keith, whose first husband was is poor, as you may judge, and earned husband when Olive was five years old, her living in the ballet at the theater. and baby Claire scarce able to lisp his She was thrown from a carriage which name. In a little less than two years her home from some rendezvous-of banker-cousin, and shortly after the course the driver took care of himself and | marriage, James Keith had transferred

without friends and almost penniless. So Claire's baby brothers had never needed in her illness. Message after at first, and subsequently her obdurate

marriage. When the law pronounced her husband a criminal, Mr. Keith had commanded Olive to abandon both husband and home, and return to his protection. This, true-hearted Olive refused to do. Her step-father, enraged at her obstinacy in clinging to a man who had been for-"Softly, my dear: 'Thou shalt do no saken by all the world beside, bade her choose between them. Either she must let the law finish its work of breaking Philip Girard's heart by setting her free, or she must accept the consequences of remaining the wife of a criminal. Olive chose the latter, and thence-

> never even once visiting the place of her "He called my husband a criminal," she said, "and I will never cross his threshold until he has had cause to Claire however, announced her inten-

chose, and she succeeded, in part, in carrying out her will, for every year she passed two months or more with Olive. "Life has much in store for you yet,

mouth, with its satellite dimples; with such wee, white, blue-veined hands, and such a clear, ringing, yet marvellously sweet, voice. Madeline was very beautiful, and Claire, as she looked at her. wondered how any man could bear to lose such loveliness, or have the heart to betray it; as if ever pure woman could fathom the depth of a bad man's wickedwas contrast more perfect. A scarf, like

and said, with an attempt at gayety:

"I must be a terrible wet blanke when my ghost rises, Claire. But, come. you have excited my curiosity; let us si down while you tell me more of thi mighty man who has pitched his ten in the wilderness of your heart, to the exclusion of others who might aspire. They seated themselves upon a rustic bench, and Claire replied:

some Madeline, and-but wait, I wil And Henry, having purposely misled show you his picture.'

Madeline nodded, and Claire bounder away, to return quickly bearing in he hand a finely wrought cabinet photo-

When next we meet, I shall have other "Blond?" suggested Madeline. "Yes," eagerly; "such lovely hair and whiskers-perfect gold color; and fair as

"So I should judge," and she continued to gaze Blond he was, certainly; hair thrown carelessly back from a brow broad and white; eyes, light, but with an expres-

taking her own off the picture. varying expression. "Just so," dryly; "they look mild and saintly here, but I think those eyes are

"What?" eagerly. "Cruel, crafty, treacherous."

"Oh, Madeline!" "There, there; I didn't say that he."tapping the picture-"possessed these qualities. His eyes are unusual ones:

"What a question-through all those whiskers? no; but he has beautiful teeth." "So have tigers. There, dear, take the picture; I am no fit judge, perhaps. Remember I once knew a man with the

face of an angel, and the heart of a fiend. Your friend is certainly handsome; let us hope he is equally good."
"He is; I know it," asserted Claire. Then she told her companion how she had met him at the house of a friend; how he was very learned and scientific;

very grave and dignfiled and very devoted to herself. And how, beyond these few facts, she knew little, if anything, of her blond hero, Edward Percy. Madeline recived this information in grave silence, whose chill affected Claire

as well, and after a few moments, as if by mutual consent, they arose and entered the house. Olive Girard had been absent a week; gone on a journey, sacred to her as any

year she made this journey, returning home in some measure comforted; for she had seen her beloved. She came back on this evening, as the two girls were mingling their voices in gay ibravura duets-by mutual consent they avoided all songs of a pathetic order, for reasons which neither would have cared to acknowledge.

The evening having passed away.

Claire found herself in her chamber gaz- Then, as a new though occurred to ing at her lover's pictured face, and thinking how good, how noble, it was, apply to him. A sudden thought occurred to her, and going to Madeline's door, she tapped gently. The door opened, and Claire, raising a warning finger, said: "Madeline, I forgot to tell you that Olive knows nothing of Edward Percy, and-I don't want to tell her just yet. You will not mention it?"

"No." "Then good-night, and pleasant dreams. "Thank you," in a grave voice; "good-

Claire returned to her room and pen-'Oh, Madeline, bow I wish you could forned a long letter to Edward Percy, full of sweet confidence, gayety and trustfulness. She re-perused his last letter, said her prayers, or rather read them, for Claire was a staunch little churchwoman, and then slept and dreamed bright dreams.

CHAPTER XI. - A GLEAM OF LIGHT. A few moments after Claire's door had closed for the last time, Madeline came cautiously from her room, her slippered feet making no sound on the softly carpeted floor. Passing Claire's door, she paused before another, opened it gently, and stood in Olive Girard's bed-

chamber. Evidently she was expected, for a light was burning softly and Olive sat near it with a book in her hand, in an attitude of waiting Madeline seated herself at the little table as if quite accustomed to such in-

terviews, and said in a low tone:

"I am so glad you came to-night; are you too tired for a long talk?" "No; tell me all that has happened since I have been absent." "Olive, I must go away; back to Bel lair," said Madeline, abruptly. "Madeline, you are mad! To Bellair! Why, he is there often now."

"He will not find me out, never fear. must go to Bellair, within the week." Olive leaned forward and scanned the girl's face closely and long. At last she said: "Madeline, what is it you meditate? tell me." "Going back to Bellair; keeping an eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Arthur: finding out what game that man and woman are playing there; and bafflin,

and punishing them all." She had been kept informed, through Henry, into whose hands had fallen a letter in Cora's handwriting, bearing the Bellair postmark, and addressed to Lucian Davlin, who, so Henry said, "went down, on and off," and always appeared satisfied with the result of his journey.

Olive agrued long against this resolution, but found it impossible to dissuade Madeline.

"It is useless," the girl said, firmly, "I should have died but for the expectation of a time when I could be avenged, and this time and I must bring about All through my convalescence I have pondered how I could best avenge my mother's wrongs, and my own. Now Providence has thrown together the two men who are my enemies; why, I do not yet know, but perhaps it is that I may make the one a weapon against the other. And now I want to ask you some ques-

"Ask, then." "I shall touch upon a painful subject, and I will tell you why. After you went away, the story of your sorrow remained with me. So I thought the ground all over, and formed some conclusions. Do you wish to hear them?" Olive nodded, wearily.

"You have told me," said Madeline, assuming a calm, business-like tone 'that Lucian Davin testified against your husband at his trial. Now the wounded man, Percy, stated that he recognized the man who struck him?"

"Well, what was Davlin's testimony?" "That he saw my husband stealing in the direction of the place where the wounded man was found, but a few moments before he was struck, wearing the same hat and hunting jacket that the injured man testified was worn by his would-be assassin." "Oh!" Madeline knitted her brows

in thought a moment; then-"Was the coat and hat Mr. Girard's?" "Yes; he had thrown them off in the afternoon, while the heat was intense, and had fallen asleep. When he awoke he heard them calling him to supper. It was late in the evening when he remembered his coat and het, and went back to look for them. He went just at the time when the man must have been struck, and his absence told against him

in the evidence." "Did he find his garments?" "No; they were found by others, not where he had left them, but nearer the scene of the crime.' "Ah! And who was the first to dis-

cover the injured man?" "Why, I believe it was Mr. Davlin." Olive looked more and more surprised at each question. "Why do you ask these things, Madeline?' The girl made a gesture of impatience.

"Wait," she said, "I will explain in good time." Again she considered. "Was there any ill-feeling between your | SHIP husband and Davlin?" "There was no open misunderstanding,

but I know there was mutual dislike. Philip saw that Davlin was making systematic efforts to win money from the party, and had, therefore, persuaded one or two of his friends to give gaming lit- COR. SOUTH STREET, tle countenance. No doubt he kept money out of the man's pocket. " "And what was the standing of that man and the victim, this Percy?" "They were much together, and Philip tells me that he had sometimes fancied that Davlin held some power over Percy. Davlin had won largely from him, and the man seemed much annoyed, but paid

over the money without demur." "And now, how did your husband stand toward the injured man?" "That is the worst part of the story. They had had high words only that very day. Philip had been acquainted with Percy at school, and he knew so much that was not in his favor, that he was unable to conceal his real opinion of the man at all times. One day high words arose, and Philip uttered a threat, which was misconstrued, after the attack upon Percy. They said he threatened his life. But Percy knew that only aware that the two had met before they came together with the party.'

his honor was meant. Davlin knew this, too; must have known it, for he was "I can not see why Lucian Davlin should be your husband's enemy." "I can understand that he hated Philip for the same reason that a thief hates the light, and Philip had balked his plans."

"True; and yet--" "And yet?" inquiringly. "Bad as the man is, I can see but one motive that could induce even him to swear away the liberty, almost the life, of a man who never wronged him.

"Still, he did it," said Olive, with weary sigh. "True; and he did it for a motive." "And that motive-" "Was the strongest instinct of the human race.

"What?" eagerly. Self-preservation.' Olive started up with a half cry. 'Madeline, in heaven's name, what de "That Lucian Davlin threw suspicion upon the innocent to screen the guilty,' said the girl, in a low, firm tone,

"And the guilty one, then?" "Himself. Do you think him too good for it?" sneeringly. "No, no! oh, no! But this I had never thought of-yet it may be true." She fell into deep thought; after time she started up. "I must consult detective immediately," she said. "You must do no such thing," crie-Madeline, springing to her feet; "wh did not the detectives find this out be

fore? Because they have not my reason for hunting that man down. I foun this clue, if it be one. I claim it; it my right, and I will have it. If he is t be undone, it shall be by my hands. They faced each other in silence. Slowly Olive recalled to her counten ance and voice its usual sweet calm, an then seated herself and talked long as earnestly with Madeline.

The little bronze clock on the mante was on the stroke of two when the con ference ended, and Madeline retire her own room, but not to sleep. Sie s and thought until the dawn shope in a One link was missing from the chair no motive had been discovered for a attack on Percy by Davlin.

"But I will find it," she muttered.

she caught her breath. "Claire's lover named Percy; can it be the same? W allow anything Madeline had said to did I not ask for his first name, and description of im? If this man a Edward Percy should be one and th same! Pshaw! the name is not an un common one, and it may be only a coin

> The sun was not high in the heaven was such that strong excitement renderere Madeline was astir, for her natured rest impossible. Moving impatiently about the grounds, she saw a familiar form approaching through the shrubbery, and hastened to meet it. The black visage of Henry beamed ant.

with satisfaction as he made a hurried obeisance and placed in her hand a letter, saying: "Master was preparing for a two day's journey when this letter came. He threw it into his desk, and bade me lock it, and bring him the key. His back was

"Yes, miss; it must not be missing when he comes." "Certainly not." She returned to the letter, and this is

Oakley, October 11. Lucian, Mon Brave: I am in a fine predicament-have made a startling discovery. Mr. A- has been sick, and the mischief is to pay; and his

light. The old man is not the sole proprietor of the Oakley wealth. That girl who ran away so mysteriously, and has never been heard of, will inherit at his death. He can bequeath his widow nothing. Oh, to know where that girl is! If she is alive, my work is useless, my time is at the same price as the usual single plate is put in wasted. I think the old man must for elsewhere, have driven her to desperation, for he raved in his delirium of her and her words at parting. They must have been

'searchers." Well, to add to the general interest. She is a juvenile old maid, who has a cultivated. She dresses like a sixteenyear old, and talks like a fool, principally about a certain admirer, a "blond FANCY TABLE MOLA SES, Something must be done; things must be talked over. Come down and make

love to Miss Arthur. Her money is not entailed. Bring me some Periques and a box of Alexis gloves-you know the number. Yours in disgust,

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que wnose love dream has passed away and lost itself in sorrow; and he looks, get that." full of strength and hope, straight into the future. As they sat together waiting, there was

still that same contrast, which you felt, rather than saw, between these two. They might have posed as the models of Resignation and Unrest. The look of patient waiting was five years old upon and face of Olive Girard. Five years agas had been so happy-a bride, beautiful and beloved. Beautiful she was still-with the beauty of shadow: beloved too, but how sadly! Philip Girard had been convicted of a great crime,

and for five long years had worn a felon's garb, and borne the anguish of one set apart from all the world. The hand that had darkened the life of Olive Girard, and the hand that had turned the young days of the girl Madeline into a burden, was one and the same. Afterwards Madeline listened to the nathetic history of Olive's sorrow.

Sitting in that great lounging chair, Madeline looked very fair, very childlike. Sadly sweet were her large, deep eyes. and her hair, shorn while the fever raged, clustered in soft, tiny rings about her slender, snowy neck and blue-veined temples. She had not been permitted to talk much during her convalescence, and Olive had as yet gleaned only a general outline of her story.

"Mrs, Girard," said the girl, resting her pale cheek in the palm of a thin. tiny hand, "you once said something to me about-about some one who had been wronged by-" Something sadder than tears choked her utterance. As Olive turned her grave, clear eyes

name unuttered. "I know," said Olive, after a brief truth only a step-daughter. in the hospital. She is very young, and Richard Keith, cashier in his wealthy has been cruelly wronged by him. She cousin's banking house, had buried that had been furnished her by him, to carry she had married James Keith, the his horses. The poor girl was picked his business interests to Baltimore, and up and carried to the hospital. She was there remained. She sent to him-for him; he returned been told that she was not their "very no answer. She begged for help, for own" sister for of Olive they knew litenough to enable her to obtain what was the, her marriage having separated them

been bidden to insist upon receiving an answer. The servant said that his master had directed him to say to any messenger who called, that he was out of town." "The wretch! He deserves death!" Madeline's eyes blazed, and she lifted her head with some of her olden energy.

"It is not murder to kill a human tiger!" Olive made no answer. "Is she still very ill, this girl?" quesioned Madeline. "She can not recover."

"Shall I see her?"

"If you wish to; do you?"

glanced up at her friend, and said list-"Whet do you intend to do with "Do with you?" smiling at her. 'Make you well again, and then try and coax you to be my other sister. Don't you think I need one?"

"You are so young." "Madeline, you are too young for somber thoughts and repining." "I shall not repine." "Good! You will try to forget?"

"Impossible."

"Yes;" bitterly again.

Madeline."

"No; not impossible." "I do not wish to, then." "And why?" "Wait and see." "Madeline, you will do nothing rash? You will trust me, and confide in me?" The girl raised her eyes slowly, in surprise. "I have not so many friends that

can afford to lose one." "Thank you, dear; then we will let the subject drop until we are stronger. And here is the carriage, and Doctor Out into the sunny summer morning went Madeline, and soon she was estab- or pain; hair black and silky, rippling lished in a lovely little room which,

hands, she felt life coming back. Late in the afternoon of the day that saw Madeline depart from his e egant Tais was a question which occurred to rooms, Mr. Davlin arrived, and found no the two who so kindly interested them- one to deny him admittance. All the selves in the fate of the unknown and doors stood ajar, and Henry was flitting about with an air of putting things to

rested and, ministered unto by gentle

He gained from Henry the following: "I don't know, sir, where she went. A gentleman came with a carriage, and the young lady and the nurse went away Lucian was not aware what manner of nurse Madeline had had in her illness.

him, enjoyed his discomfiture. "She told me to give you this, sir," said he, handing his master a little pack-Tearing off the wrapper, Lucian held in his hand the little pistol that had inflicted upon him the wounded arm From its mouth he drew a scrap of paper,

and this is what it said:

CHAPTER X.-BONNIE, BEWITCH-ING. CLAIRE. Four months. We find Madeline standing in the late autumn sunset, "clothed and in her right mind," strong with the

strength of youth, and beautiful with

even more than her olden beauty.

Fair is the prospect as seen from the grounds of Mrs. Girard's surburban villa. and so, perhaps, Clare Keith is thinking. She is looking down the level road and at the trees on either hand in all their October magnificence of scarlet and brown and gold, half concealing coquettish villas and more stately residences. The eyes of Madeline were turned away from the vista of villas and trees, and were gazing toward the business thoroughfare leading into the bustle of the town; gazing after the receding figure of Doctor Clarence Vaughan as he | did you ever see his mouth?' cantered away from the villa; gazing until a turn of the road hid him from her view. Then-and what did she mean

by it?-she turned her face toward Claire with a questioning look in her eyes-the question came almost to her lips. But the words were repressed. Bonnie Claire was thinking of anything but Clarence Vaughan just then. Presently she turned a bright glance upon her companion, who was gathering clusters of the fallen maple leaves, with face half averted.

panion's head between two dimpled hands, pulled it back, until she could "Come now," coaxingly, "what were Madeline extricated herself from Claire's playful grasp, and replied with a half laugh: "It must be mutual confession then, you small highwayman;

how do you like my terms?"

"You can't," emphatically.

She bent down, and taking her com-

"Only so so," flushing and laughing. "I was meditating the propriety of tell ing you son. Thing some day, and was thinking of that something just now "But," mimicked Madeline, with half hearted playfulness; "what will you give me to relieve your embarrassment, and

in expectation upon her, Madeline's own Keith was not her father, and very few, eyes fell. She sat before her benefactress except the family of Keith, knew that with downcast lids, and the hateful "Miss Claire Keith, daughter of the rich James Keith, of Baltimore," was in

message was sent, and finally a reply acceptance of the consequences of that came, brought by a messenger who had

forth remained in her own lonely bome, Another long pause; then Madeline tion of visiting her sister whenever she

> What a picture the two girls now made, standing face to face. Madeline. with her lithe grace of form, her pure, pale complexion lit up by those fathom. less brown eyes, and rendering more noticeable and beautiful the tiny, rosy

> Bonnie, bewitching Claire! Nave: scarlet flame, flung about her shoulders set off the richness of her clear, brunette skin, through which the crimson blood flamed in cheek and lip. Eyes, now black, now gray, changing, flashing. witching eyes; gray in quiet moments, darkening with mirth or sadness, angeto the rounded, supple waist in glossy

Bringing her will into service, Madeline banished the gloom from her face

"Don't anticipate too much, inquistor; I have no acknowledged lover, but-" blushing charmingly, "I have every reason to think that I am loved fondly and sincerely. He is very hand-

graph, encased in velevt and gilt, a l souvenir. Placing it in her compan on's hand, she sat down with a little riumphant sigh, and gazed over Madeine's shoulder with a proud, glad look

sion that puzzled the gazer. "Eyes-what color?" she said, without "Blue; pale blue, but capable of such

capable of another expression. I could fancy the brain behind such eyes to be-"

Meccan pilgrimage, a visit to the place of her husband's imprisonment. Every cidence. But your face is a bad one, Edward Percy, and I shall know it when I see it again, "

locked the desk. It was a long one, and

turned, and I took the letter before I from her; I thought you might want to see it." "Right, Henry," said the girl, quietly as she opened the letter. "You will wait

what she read:

for it?"

sickness has brought some ugly facts to

Miss Arthur, aged fifty or so, is here, fortune in her own right, and so must be demi-god"-her words-named Percy.

> Cora Mme. Arthur. To be Continued

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