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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.

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Plaintiff's Solicitor.

L. J. TWEELIE,

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the county of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twe've o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made o'cl-ck noon pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit thereis pending, wherein R bert C en the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897 Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are C. Boyes and James S. Fairley Executors of the last Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte El zabeth will and testament of Scott Fairley deceased, are Grady are defendants with the approbation of the Plainiffs and William McDougal is defendant, with undersigned referee in Equity for the County of the apprebation of the undersigned eferee in Equity Northumberland, the lands and remises directed for the County of Northumberland, the lands and to be sold by the said decretal order and therein premises directed to be sold by the said decretal described as all that certain piles or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Brackville, order and therein described as all that piece parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Lock in the County of Northumberland and Province of stead Settlement, Pari-h of Blackville, County of New Brunswick, bounded as tollows :- Beginning Northumberland, granted by the said William Mc-Dougail as by reference to the grant will more fully at a stake standing on the northern side of the sppear and bounded as follows to wit Beginning road from the Dungarvon Kiver to McLaggan's, on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchasto Renous River at the northwest angle of lot ed by John McKenzie, in the Bradalbane Settleto Renous River at the nor hwest ange of lot ed by John McKenzie, in the Bradalbane Settle-number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac ment, east, thence running by the magnet north Wans, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chalus, thence the magnet along the said road north five degrees south seventy-two degrees, east fitteen chains to a and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty spruce tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west links to a stake, thence north eighty sixty-seven chains to a hemiock tree standing on four degrees and forty minutes east eighty the northern side of the aforesaid road, from chains, thence south five degrees and Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along twenty minutes, east twelve chains and fifty links the same, north seventy two degrees west fifteen and thence south eighty-four degrees and forty chains to the place of beginning containing one minutes west eighty chains to the place of be- hundred acies more or less, and distinguished as ginning- centaining over a hun fret a res more or lot number one in the Bradaibane Settlement less, and distinguished as lot number one hundred east, granted to the aforesail Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear. and twelve, in Locksteau Setilement. Together with all buildings and improvements Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the at purtenances to the same belonging | thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in abywise appercalling. lug or in any wise appertaining. Terms of sale-Cah. For further particulars Terms of sale-Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs Solicitor, apply to Plaintiff's Societter

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BLOOD MAKER a smile that was beautiful to behold. I in a few minutes more she must fall, so "Will it be so very long before you are. I spoke to her, and she looking at me, 50ct BOTTLES WE GUARANTEE IT AT

"But," she remonstrated, her lovely eyes growing dim with tears, "you told | CHATHAM, N. B.

shop-windows of the vendors of old gold -wedding-rings of every size, worn,

THE STORY OF THE

WEDDING RING.

bruised, taken most of them from hands that will never more be raised to caress or to threaten-who realizes the tragedies that belong to their history? The love of which they were the outward symbol is known on earth no more-the wave of time has passed over it, obliterating all trace; but what poetry, what romance, what tragedy ever equalled the stories I have a story to tell of one-the ring that Paul Waldron placed on his wife's finger-a ring of plain thick gold. The birds that had built their nests in

the grand old trees of Dene Woods were

singing their vesper hymn; the forest

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER I.

glades, the dells and knolls, the dark tangled shrubs, were all bathed in a flood said. "I think of a thousand things beof golden sanset light. sides." On the eastern side of the wood stood the pretty little cottage that had been given to Paul Waldron for himself and his beautiful young wife-a cottage such as poets delight to sing of-all covered with wild roses and woodbine, and with trailing sprays of jessamine, its windows framed with flowers, its rustic porch

overgrown with scarlet creepers, and its arge, old-fashioned garden containing almost every sweet flower that grows. As it appeared now in the evening sunlight the air so full of richest fragrance, the roses all abloom, the little brook close by singing as it ran, the birds filling the air with jubilant song. the cottage in itself furnished matter for

At the door, looking intently down one of the broad woodland paths, stood a young and most beautiful woman-Ismay Waldron, Paul Waldron's wife. and mother of the lovely little boy playing on the grass. She was only nineteen, and marked by a great girlish She had hair of shining brown, which looked like gold in the sunshine: it cov-

ered a head of most perfect shape and symmetry, falling in waving masses round a neck that also was perfect-it was such hair as the old masters loved to paint in their famous pictures of Mary Magdalene. She had eyes of an indescribwell as many other useful and able violet hue, with a golden light in their clear depths; they were bright and proud, but the long silken lashes softened them into wondrous beauty. Her brows were straight, and her forehead was white, rounded at the temples, and full of ideality. She had ripe red lips, the upper one short, the lower one full-American goods and being put | a beautiful mouth that would have made even a plain face lovely; the chin was delicately moulded, and the curves of the neck and shoulders were full of grace.

Ismay Waldron was that most perfect of all poems-a beautiful woman. Her dress was quite plain, but the homely material only showed the marvelous beauty of her girlish figure to greater advantage. The hand that shaded her eyes was white and graceful. One might have wondered how she-living in a cottage, the wife of a man who worked hard for his daily bread-came by this dainty beauty, this delicate, graceful loveliness that would have been fit

downy for a queen. Suddenly her eyes brightened, and low musical laugh came from her lips. She heard her husband's footsteps, saw him in the distance, and hastened to Paul Waldron had the true Norman

type of face-dark, handsome, full of fire and power. He had dark eyes from which an undaunted soul looked out on the world, dark hair that clustered round a noble head, firm, well-closed lips, a tall, manly figure, a free, independent carriage and bearing, as though he felt himself to be any man's equal-and so indeed he did.

His whole face changed and softened when he saw his beautiful young wife. "You are waiting for me, my darling." he said-"waiting and watching for me. She clasped her little white hands around his arm, and they walked slowly home together. "You have not been dull to-day,

Ismay, I hope?" said the young husband

questioningly. "Not more dull than usual" she replied. "Oh, Paul, make haste to be rich. and let us leave this quiet, homely little cottage!" His beautiful countenance fell as he listened to her. He drew the beautiful face towards him, and kissed it with a passion that knew no words. "My darling wife, to me this little

cottage is more beautiful than a palace; that is because I love you so dearly and it is our home. Do you not love it also?" She smiled carelessly. "Yes, but I cannot go into raptures over it. When we have a grand mansion

-a large house full of all kinds of beautiful things-then I shall be as charmed as ever you wish me to be.' "But, Ismay, I must work long and hard, dear, before attempting to find you a large house. Will you never be happy or contented until then?"

A slight shadow came over her face. "My darling," he continued earnestly, "you will never -oh, believe me!-you will never be happier than you are now. You have sunshine and music all the day long; the birds sing to you, the little brook there murmurs sweetest melody. I am no poet, Ismay-not even an educated man-but I can hear all these. You have bright flowers, the beauty of the morning heavens, the glory of the sunset, the long gloaming, and soft dewy nights. You will never be happier, sweet." With a careless smile she looked into

his earnest face. "I should like a large house best," she "I have you here all to myself," he resumed, "my beautiful bird of bright plumage, and I can worship you as I do. Your beauty makes my heart glad-your love makes earth like heaven to me. But, if we were rich, and lived in the great world, you would belong to so many others; others would delight in your leveliness, and follow you with praise. You know those favorite lines of mine, Ismay?-

"Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love, My only world I see; Let but their orbs in sunshine move. And earth below and skies above May frown or smile for me. 'I should not like my beautiful wife to

be admired by all the world. I am jealous, and would fain keep her all to my-"That is just what would please me," she said. "I long for this beautiful great world you seem to despise. The idea of passing my whole life in this pretty little

cottage does not content me, I feel like

a bird-I would fain stretch my wings

and fly away." She looked laughingly at "Do you not think I am right, Paul? Answer me." "No," he replied. "A woman should be content with the love and admiration she wins in her cwn home.' "I do not think," said Ismay, "frankly speaking, that they will ever content She did not perceive how her words

arms, but now he let his arms fall nerve-"I cannot tell, Ismay. At present I have but little chance. I am Squire for one-half hour in your house! Will Schofield's steward: I keep his woods in | yon, for the love of heaven?' order, and look after the farms. I have just sufficient money to keep our home

jarred upon his sensitive nature. He had

been holding her tightly clasped in his

His face cleared; brighter thoughts evidently arose within him. "That will be my patents, Ismay. I have something like a genius for mechanics, I believe. If I could but find time to work at one of my inventions, I think I could make a fortune."

"Then it is all uncertain?" she questioned, despondingly. He drew his tall figure to its full "I am vain enough to think the contrary, sweet. I have now an idea-if I could but work it out-as to an inex-

pensive method of improving the work-

ing power of steam engines. If anything

should ever come of that, I shall be a rich man, Ismay. "Then you must turn your mind to it, Paul," she said, caressingly. "My darling," he responded, wistfully, I would rather be poor-sh, believe me, love! -far rather. I am quite happy in this peaceful woodland life of ours; it seems to me ten thousand times more beautiful than anything that money could give; and it seems to me that if I won wealth I should in some measure lose you. Why, Ismay, the whole world would not compensate me for the loss of one atom of your affection!" And again that deep and wonderful love of his seemed to master him.

He looked at her half doubtingly. "I have read of women whose souls were not fully awakened," he said; "but that cannot be the case with you. own soul came into full, perfect, and beautiful life when I first saw and loved Money and luxury have no charm

"They have a great charm for me, Paul. Of course I love you very dearly; but, when you have won for me all my reart desires, I shall love you even more. The words were not kind; but she bent her lovely face near him with a smile that made him forget everything in the world except her. "If I am to make a fortune," he said, suddenly. "I must study hard. Shall we have just one half hour out amongst the

flowers? Afterwards I will get my books, and do my best. She accompanied him, and as they stood amongst the roses. Paul Waldron said to himself that no flower that bloomed was so fair as his beautiful wife. If it were possible he would win name, fame, and gold for her sweet sake -he would study hard toll, that she might have the toys her heart was fixed "They are but toys after all," he said

-these are women's toys." He took himself to task for having, even for a moment, felt impatient with "Should I feel vexed because the birds love the sunshine," he said to himself. "or the butterflies love flowers? They follow their instincts. My beautiful Ismay,

in loving all things bright and fair, only

to himself. "She loves dress and jewels

follows hers. "If money could not buy beautiful things you would not care for it, Ismay,' he said, looking earnestly at her. She laughed aloud that sweet musical laugh which stirred his pulses and thi lled ever nerve, as some soft strain of music would have done. "You shall have money, he said, will never cease working until I have won for you your heart's desire.

CHAPTER II.

Martin Schofield, Esquire, was Lord of the Manor of West Dene. He was wealthy man, and one who enjoyed life to its full extent. He had a great aversion to all kinds of responsibility and trouble; he had a land agent who managed one portion of his estate-the woods of Dene and the farms beyond them were under the care of Paul Waldron. By courtesy Paul was called the Squire's steward, but in reality his duties were more those of head keeper than anything

He was the son of poor parents. His father had been the head game keeper at West Dene Manor for many years; his mother was an amiable, gentle woman. whose very life was centered in that of her boy. They had given Paul a fair education-something above his station. The boy was naturally quick and clever, but his chief delight lay in mechanics. He liked all kinds of machinery; he enjoyed finding out how he could improve upon anything he saw made; he longed to learn some practical trade, but his parents were not willing. "The Squire had always promised," they said, "that their son should have the charge of the West Dene woods, and it was not kind of him even to wish for anything been very strict with her; the cottage, else." So, to please them, he accepted the moreover, was a pretty home; and then Squire's offer, and before he reached his twentieth year he was master of the keeper's cottage.

"I can study," he thought; "I shall have long hours to myself and I can work out the ideas that have lain so long in my brain." But in a short time a change came over him. He went one day to a pretty little town called Ashburnham, and here he met his fate. There he saw Ismay Hope and, from that moment until the hour of his death he loved her with a

deep, true, lasting love, and gave no

thought to another.

He was walking down the principal street of the town when he met her. Her lovely face, her light graceful figure, her wealth of waving brown hair, the pretty blue cloak-he remembered the picture while he lived. He looked earnestly at her as she passed, and a faint smile rippled over her lips. That long, lingering gaze amused her. As a sudden glow of warm sunshine will bring to life some late-blossoming flower, so that halfsmile, that one look at her seemed to bring Paul's whole soul to life; a new world opened to him-a great golden blaze of light seemed to have fallen at his feet, and he walked on, dazed, giddy

and confused. Then he turned back to see where she went. She entered a small house that stood by itself at the end of the street. "I must know who she is," he said to himself. "I feel that I must win her." His soul seemed on fire; there was to be no more peace, no more rest for him until he had won her. He did not leave Ashburnham that day until he had been introduced to Mrs. Hope and the beautiful girl who had so completely stolen his heart. Mrs. Hope was a widow; her husband had been in the Civil Service. and she was left with barely sufficient to live upon.

Paul told her frankly that he had seen her daughter, and had fallen in love with her. "Many people do that," was the quiet reply. "But I must tell you although we call her Ismay Hope she is not my

daughter.' Won by Paul's manner, his handsome face and eloquent words, she told him Ismay's story. "She is no child, not even a relative, of mine," said Mrs. Hope; "nor have the least idea where she comes from, or

who her parents are. One summer night -it was very warm, and I was standing at the open window, watching the passersby-I saw a woman loitering near my house-in my own mind I called her then a lady, and I am inclined to call her so now; she had a pale, beautiful face, with wavy brown hair; she was poorly dressed, and held by the hand a little child. I saw her turn aside and drop a letter into the post-office; then, when she walked on again, her face grew paler, and her eyes had in them an agony of entreaty when they had met mine. I lessly. She looked up at him again with saw that she could hardly walk, and that

> "I could not refuse such a request. She entered my house never to leave it " 'My very heart seems chilled,' she said, when I had placed a cheir for her,

" 'Oh, if you would but let me rest

said:-

"She sat down, and called to her child. " 'Ismay, my darling, my heart is growing cold!' And immediately afterwards, when I went to help her, I found that she was dead. The coroner's verdict was that she died from disease of the heart, increased by over fatigue and privation. We buried her-all the neighbors were kind, and, looking at the beautiful dead face, none could suggest a workhouse funeral for her. We buried her. and then my husband said he would never part with the child. She was so like her mother, that the resemblance startled me. We buried the mother and kept the child. My husband almost worshiped her, and she has been called Ismay

Hope ever since." "You never discovered anything about her mother?" asked Paul. "No; our vicar, Mr. Kirdell, inserted some advertisements in the papers, and made some inquiries, but all was in vain. The poor mother had round her neck a little gold locket containing the portrait of a gentleman, and besides her wedding ring she wore one with a motto inside it. The vicar took them all away with him. I fear we shall never know who that poor dead woman was." "And the-the child-has been as a daughter to you ever since?" questioned Paul Waldron. "If I can persuade her

to love me, Mrs. Hope, will you give her "You think of nothing but love," she And then the coy, blushing beauty came in and Paul Waldron was more enchanted than ever. He was not long before he had told her how dearly he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife. There were times when she puzzled him. There was something about her quite different from other girls; she was so refined, so gentle, her very beauty was of an unusual kind—dainty, exquisite, unlike the rosy beauty of the country girls. He found too, that her head was filed with romance. Who her mother was, formed an endless object of thought

with her. "I am sure," she said one day to her han some young lover, "that my mother was a lady, even though she was wandering through the streets with me "What makes you think so?" he

asked. "I cannot tell. I feel sure of it. And feel sure of another thing, Paul; and that, that though I have been brought up in this homely fashion, I am a lady myself. You may laugh at me, but I feel like one-or rather how I imagine a lady should feel. I love all things bright and beautiful; I detest everything mean. sordid, and little. I feel as though had tastes which could never be gratified. longings which can never be realized. have strange sensations alway of no being in my right place."

They were sitting under the spreading shade of a large oak-tree, the evening sun in its full splendor making everything bright. The next moment he was kneeling at her feet. "You are not in your right place, darling. Your place is my cottage-that

must be your home. You shall be my

queen, and I will work for you as no

man ever worked before, because I love

you as no man ever loved."

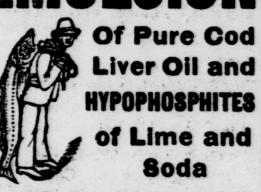
He wooed her as women are seldom wooed, with such eloquence and truth such love, such tenderness, that she could not resist him. His handsome face. his musical voice, his devotion, all touched her heart as nothing else could have done. She was too beautiful not to have many admirers, but none of them had pleased her. This handsome young keeper, with his dark eyes and thrilling voice, was quite different. His great passionate love touched her-his utter and entire devotion flattered her; beside which, he talked of one day being rich, and that was the one great wish of her heart. She knew that she was beautiful. To have her beauty adorned by costly dresses and rich jewels, to live in a grand house, to have servants to wait

apon her, seemed to Ismay Hope the very acme of bliss. She did not stop to consider how visonary after all was Paul's idea of growing rich. He would show her occalonally models of steam-engines or of looms, and tell her that a patent for his invention and that improvement would make him a wealthy man. He painted the future for her in glowing clors, and after many months of chivalrous wooing he persuaded her to be his

Did she love him then? Many times in the dark after years Ismay Waldron isked herself that question. She believed the did; his devotion, the flattery of his rreat love, was as needful to her as the ir she breathed. It was a grand thing coo, to win the love of the handsome jame keeper; all the girls envied her. She did not dialike the idea of being her own mistress Mrs. Hope had always Paul loved her so-oh how dearly he loved her! She was very young to marry. but Mrs. Hope seemed to think that did not matter.

Continued on 4th Page.

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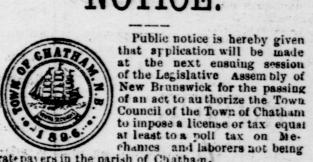
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which reads as follows ;-'19 No Spruce or Pire trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be torfeited?'

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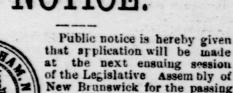
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