## MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 27, 1898.

### On Her Wedding Morn.

By Charlotte M. Braeme. Continued from 1st Page.

There was not the faintest gleam of pleasure on her face, such as most girls show when they are complimented and praised.

"Do you think them beautiful?" she asked, indifferently.

"I do, indeed. I wish I could see them more busily engaged. What will put more life and busy motion into those lovely hands?"

"Nothing," she replied. "There are little life and little motion in my heart | after Miss Vane had come to the River -what can you expect at my hands?" So we made our strange compact. I was always to be her friend-to visit her -to care for her; but I was never to know more of her than I did now.

I went back to Neville's Cross, and to pass; and then, to my great horror, was pleased to find that none of my friends or neighbors knew that I had of the river, just above the River House, been staying at the River House; they for by that route the trains were to were all content with the explanation I enter Daintree. gave that I had been visiting a friend.

And then the second phase of my curious acquaintanceship began. I went reg- | sweet song of the nightingale, and min ularly two or three times each week to visit Miss Vane. I took her the rarest flowers, the most exquisite fruits, all the new books that I could procure. Perhaps on my next visit I found the books untouched: but I never remonstrated with her.

"How does Miss Vane spend her time?" I asked of Jane Lewis one day.

"In her usual way, Mrs. Neville, when you are not with her. She passes whole days in dreaming and thinkingsometimes in-doors, sometimes out in the air. She seems to be always watching the river-always listening to it; and she has done the same for more than three years now."

"Does she never read, sew, sing, play the piano, draw, paint, or write?" "Never," replied the maid, briefly. "Does she take no delight in flowers or in birds? Has she not one occupation?" "No," was the reply. "I wish she

It seemed to me incredible that a life

you."

should slip from one's grasp in this fashion. "But does she not talk-talk to you-

to any one?' I pursued. "No, it is the rarest thing for my mis-

pass whole days without speaking. She seems, indeed, to have a rooted dislike to the sound of a human voice; that is the the River Leir flooded the whole coun-

were uninjured, pale, trembling, hardly relief, the despair that in its rilence daring to believe that they were saved. asked only for death, incréased day by We could do no more. Slowly and sadly I rowed down the stream to the R ver

CHAPTER VIL-"THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.'

picturesque about it.

her eyes.

she said to me in a frightened voice. "I I have forgotten to mention that I had used to delight in it; it was all music suffered some little annoyance in the in- and poetry to me. I shall never like it terval of time the events of which I have again, for it has been transformed into beep recording. One great charm that a grave. Neville's Cross had for me was its free-

She trembled so violently and looked dom from all the evils and muisances of so ill that when we reached the River a manufacturing neighborhood. No tall House I made her drink some wine and chimneys reared their smoky heads near retire to her room to rest.

us: there was no railroad marring the "I ought to do something for these picturesque loveliness of the scene; the poor people," she said.

House. Miss Vane looked very pale.

Daintree line did not cross the boundar. I could have blessed the words; they ies of my estate. But, about two years were the first evincing the least interest in others that I had heard from her lips. House, a railway company was formed I was so pleased that I forgot myself which promised some extraordinary and kissed her. Her face flushed and her public benefits, and, after a long resistlip quivered, but she did not draw back ance, I was compelled to sell one of my proudly, as she would once have done. best fields, through which the line was You must rest-the horror of that terrible accident has been too much for

a bridge was built over the widest part you: I will attend to your guests." Drawing down the blind so as to shut out the glow of the sun, I left her. There was no confusion in the house, no noise I was very grieved and vexed-now the -hardly a sound; the servants had been

shrill railway whistle would drown the too well trained to forget their usual habits. gle with the rapid rush of the river. I I went first to the north room, where

did not like the bridge, either; it was the lady was lying. There was not much plain and ugly, with nothing pleasing or the matter with her; she had been stunned, terribly frightened, the maid When I knew what had been decided who was watching by her said; but the upon, I went to tell Miss Vane. She apdoctor had given her a composing peared perfectly indifferent, merely raisdraught, and she was fast asleep. That ing her beautiful eyebrows in wonder at

my excited tone of voice. I had found bedside and looked at her. her sitting under her favorite cedar-tree. Most people would have called her a watching the river, with the usual proud, beautiful woman. She was very fair, with repressed expression on her face. a profusion of light hair; but her face

"At least you might pretend to symdid not please me-I was repelled rather pathize with me, Miss Vane," I said. than attracted by it. It was neither true There was a strange, far-off look in nor noble, although I could well imagine it to be brilliant. I bent over her; she "It will not matter," she replied: "I

shall not mind the railway whistle-I shall not even hear it-and you will be far enough away.' "But it will completely spoil Neville's a wedding-ring.

Cross," I observed. "Never mind," she said, "it is not maid. "Is that her husband in the other worth troubling about.' room? "I wish I could attain your height of "I think so," was the reply; "they were traveling together when the acci-

calm philosophy," I rejoined. Bu, that railway bridge was destined to be the scene of strange occurrences. A frost unusually long and severe set

in. I mention it because I read afterward tress to open her lips. I have known her that in all probability this frost was the primary cause of the accident. It was followed by a rapid thaw during which

dent occurred.' "Do you know the lady's name?" asked. "No, ma'am; I heard the doctor mention it, but I'do not remember it." It was not of much importance.

thought. How little did I guess of what importance it was! And then I went to the Blue Room, where the gentleman

mortal foe-my greatest enemy. There is no curse that I have not heaped on his head; for his sake I hate my kind. the whole haman race. Is he brought here that I may see my curse fulfil ed, or that I may do what angels do-pity "I shall never like the river again," and forgive?'

She buried her face in her hands, and for the first time I heard her weeping. like a child.

The tears would benefit her, I thought. I made no effort to check them. Great sobs shook her frame. I waited until it seemed to me that she was exhausted. and then I bent over and kissed her. I shall never forget the face she raised

to mine. "Mrs. Neville," she whispered, "will he die?'

"I fear so; the doctor does not give much hope," I replied.

She looked at me with pleading eves. "Suppose that anyone injured youmortally injured you, blighted your life. killed the heart within you, although your body lived on-and you cursed them; if danger or deadly peril came to them, should you think it was your curse fulfilled?"

"Hardly," I replied. "Heaven is very merciful.

"A great sorrow came to me." she said, dreamily-"greater than falls to the lot of most people. I knew when it came that there were two ways of meeting it. One was to bow my head in lowly submission to pity, to pardon; the other was to curse the hand that had snapped in twain the very chord of my life, to harden my heart against my kind, to revenge myself for the wrong done to was good news. I went gently to her me. I chose the last.'

"It was the wrong one," I said, gently "but it is never too late to repair an error.

'My mortal foe," she continued, speaking rather to herself than to me. "brought here under my roof! Is it a curse or a blessing?" I whispered to her some sacred words was sleeping soundly. One hand lay out-

-sweet, gracious words of pity, pardon, side the quilt; it was white and welland infinite compassion. When she raised shaped, and shining with jewels, and on her face again it was so changed I hardly the third finger of the left hand I saw knew it, being softened into inexpressible loveliness. "She is a married lady," I said to the

"I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him, and then, when he is dead, I can think of him, as I used to think-forget his sin and my suffering. I wish I could forgive him!" "Do; make the effort. Come and see him; no resentment, however just, can live in his presence now."

She shrunk back from me. "I can not see him. He must not see

must be enduring.

otherwise.

he knew me."

ST.

Miss Vane," I said.

assumed a false name

her, and then she said :--

me-he must not know. Ah I forgot! You do not understand." She drew buck

with a sharp inflection of pain in her

voice, so sharp, so keen, so bitter, that I

realized for one half minute what she

She stood for a few moments repress-

"I must see him. Mrs. Neville, think

for me. will you? I must see him, but

he must not see me. There is that which

makes it impossible for him to see me. I

would never look upon his face again.

But, if he is going to die, it would not

be wrong of me to break that vow. I

must see him without his knowing me,'

she said, dreamily, "I could not bear it

"But he is sure to know if he learns

that he owes shelter and kindness to

The saddest smile that ever played on

"He will not know the name," she

explained; "I was not Miss Vane when

That was the first intimation I re-

ceived that my mysterious tenant had

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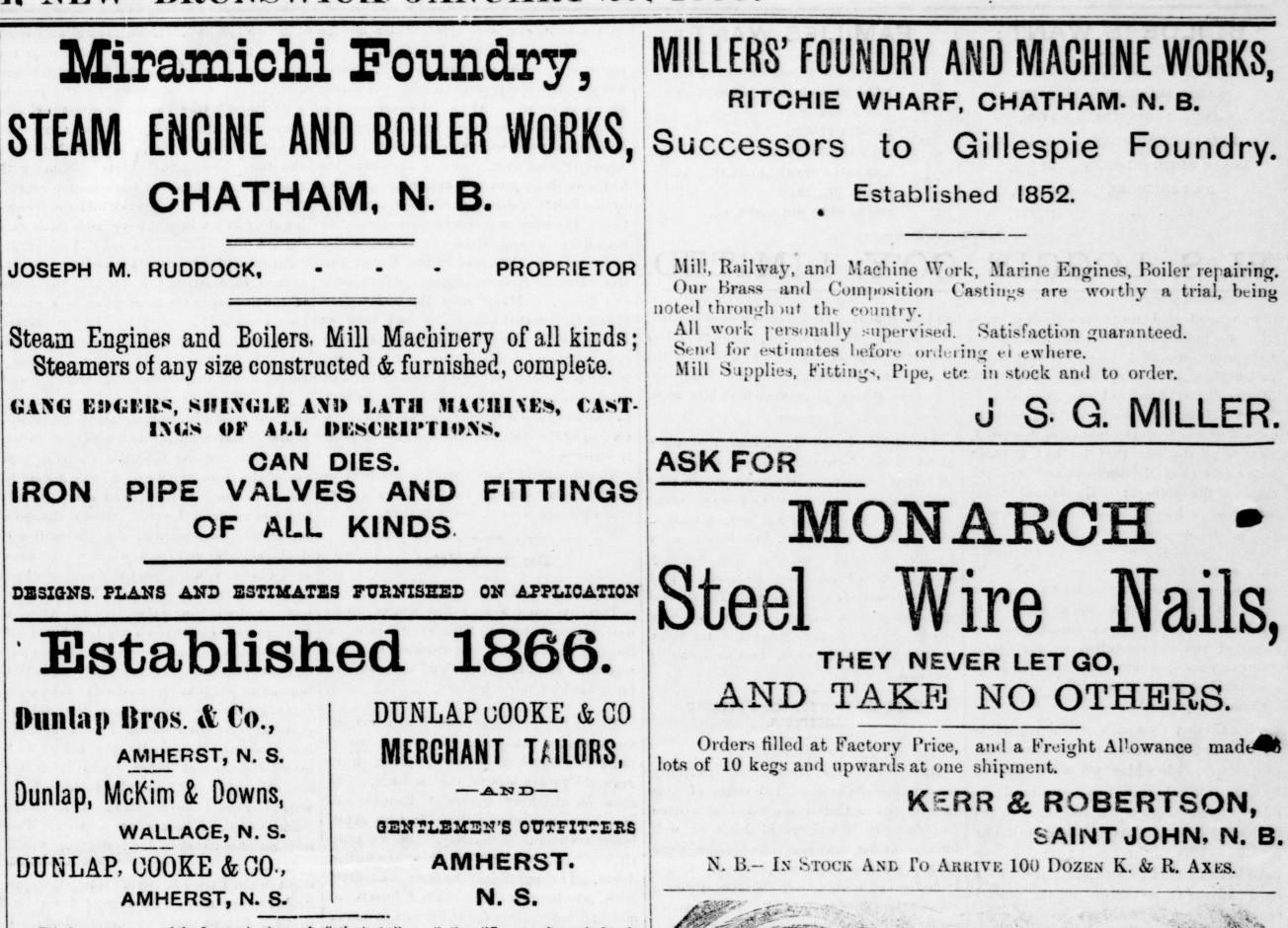
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a human face came over hers.

have sworn-listen, Mrs. Neville-that I

ing the emotion that almost overpowered



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cause of the strange silence in the house. | try-side. After a time the flood abated. The only time when she seems to be inhad been carried. Here the scene was far What was the cause of the terrible acciterested is when you are with her, Mrs. dent no one quite new. Whether the un-Neville-she talks to you and listens to usual rush and weight of the water had caused the foundations of the bridge to What could have happened to blight give way, or whether it had been inseher young life? The girl's whole soul curely built from the first, no one seemed seemed dead. anite sure That same day, when we were talking, One day-it was toward the end of something was said about age, and I May-the weather was brilliantly fine, asked Miss Vane abruptly how old she and I went to the River House, hoping was. She was too much surprised for to induce Miss Vane to come out with any hesitation, and answered at once :-me on the river. She consented, and the "I am twenty-two, Mrs. Neville." Leir never seemed more beautiful. "Twenty-two!" I repeated. "Then, The sky was blue, the air fragrant when you came here, you were not much with the breath of odorous flowers. As more than eighteen? we passed swiftly along we saw the gold-"No - eighteen years and a few en gleam of the laburnums, the purple months." of the lilacs, the white acacias dropped "Have the years seemed long. my their leaves on the grass, the banks were dear?" I asked, gently. studded with starry primroses, and from "Long!" she repeated. "Each one has over the meadows came the scent of the been an age!' hawthorn. "And you may live for another fifty We stopped just opposite River House years, Miss Vane. to admire the beauty of the day. "I may-but I hope that I shall not," "Now do own," I said to my companheart. ion, "that it is a privilege to live on she rejoined. "If you do, would you be content to such a day.' spend them as you have spent the past Looking at her, I was more than ever struck with her beauty. She had dipped "There would be no other resource," one white hand into the water, and it inquired. she replied, shuddering. gleamed there like a lily. The fresh, "I am almost afraid to say what ] bracing wind had brought the bloom to think, lest I displease you, Miss Vane. her face-had brightened her eyes, and If I have that misfortune, I ask you be seemed to have driven the sadness from forehand to forgive me. Eighteen is not her beauty. It was a face of peerless generally considered a very wise age, is loveliness. The brow was white and rounded, with dark, straight eyebrows; "It is as wise as any other age I the eyes were large and dark, with long sufferer. should imagine, Mrs. Neville." silken lashes-they were eyes that haunt-"Nay, my dear, you are wrong. Only ed one with their mystic beauty-proud, age and experience give wisdom. I am passionate, pleading, with gleams of older than you by some years-time has tenderness that brought a golden light taught me many lessons that you have into their depths. All the features were yet to learn." perfect, but the mouth was most beauti-"I do not intend to learn more," she said; "I have learned quite enough." as I looked at Miss Vane how much I for. "At eighteen," I continued, "we feel should like to see the calmness of her perpleasure and pain acutely. We are either fect face broken. Little did I dream of at the height of happiness or in the the near fulfillment of my wish. depths of despair; we are too busy in We rested on the sunshiny river in the opening our hearts, minds, and souls to fragrant spring calm, Glancing shadows new impressions to give much time to fell over the waters and over the grass. thought. At forty, we realize, reason, We could see the bridge in the distance, analyze and endure. Has it ever oc-After all, it did not look so very ugly. I curred to you that every human life is a was just saying so to Miss Vane, when precious gift, received for some wise purpose? What answer will those make who have to face the Great Giver with I saw far away the steam of the express. "Look," I said-"could you not fancy that it was some great, black serpent their life all wasted?" with fiery eyes? Yet, after all, there is "My life has been blighted, not wastsomething grand about it." ed," she replied, looking at me steadily. "I shall never believe that quick, "The two things are different." heavy trains will be safe on that "But my dear Miss Vane," I said-bridge," remarked Huldah Vane. "pray pardon me-do you not think that We saw the steam among the trees, eighteen is too early an age at which deand then, as the train came nearer to liberately to set aside all that is best and the bridge it slackened speed. We were brightest in life-to yield one's self to a both watching it intently. How shall I dull, consuming sorrow?' describe the horror that ensued? "No," she replied. "If the time and The train was running slowly when the sorrow were to come again, I should the engine reached the middle of the act just as I have done.' bridge, and then the stonework seemed After that there was no more to be to quiver, to totter, to give way. Sudsaid. I did my best in one way, and that denly it parted, and the great engine, was to direct her attention to every good

more solemn. The doctor, with a grave, troubled face, bent over the bed, engaged in counting the beats of his patient's pulse: Mrs. Lewis stood on the other side -even the old butler had been pressed into the service, and was engaged in the room. I went up to the bed. One of the handsomest men I had ever seen in my life was lying on it, pale, exhausted, with closed eyes and parted lips. "Is there danger?" I asked the doctor "Yes," was his brief reply. Danger! Was the shadow of death everywhere? I stood in silence, never remembering to have seen anything like the face and head before me. It was beauty of the purest masculine type-a noble head, with clusters of dark-brown hair-clusters that waved in a careless, graceful fashion-a broad, noble brow, a face oval-shaped and perfect in contour. Looking at him, I fest an ardent wish that he might not die arise in my "What is the injury?" I asked. "Brain concussion," replied Dr. Fletcher, briefly. "Will you have further advice?" ] "Yes, if no change takes place in a short time. No change did take place: the patient did not open his eyes. He seemed perfectly unconscious; and the doctor's face grew more and more anxious. I watched him as intently as he watched the "Do you think it will end fatally, Doctor Fletcher?" I asked. "I am afraid so, Mrs. Neville. While there is life, though, we will hope." "Had you not better try to find out who is he? If anything serious is likely ful, with sweet, sensitive lips. I thought to happen, his friends ought to be sent "The lady is his wife," said Dr. Fletcher. "She is sleeping soundly. Perhaps you are right. Mrs. Neville; it would be as well to know who is he is." The clothes that had been taken from him were placed on a chair, and the doctor examined the contents of the pockets. There was a gold watch and chain a purse well filled with gold, a pocketbook containing letters and banknotes, a card-case, and another packet of letters. The doctor looked carefully at them, and then he came to me. "Our patient is a gentleman of high standing Mrs. Neville. He is Lord Clive Wynton. The Wyntons are one of the best families in England. "Lord Clive Wynton!" I repeated. 'Then the lady is Lady Wynton?" "Yes here is the address in full-'Lord Wynton, Lyndmere Park.' Here also is a ticket for Paris. He must have been trayeling thither when he met with this unfortunate mishap.' followed by three or four carriages, fell into the river, while four more carriages

"Then it must have been his valet who was killed. Do you remember hearing some one say that Lord Wynton's valet 2 CENTS Five Dollars a Year. had been found in a second-class carriage, crushed to death?" In the Quantity, Variety and Reliability of its "I remember," said the doctor. "Mrs. Neville, I should like to send for another "I am quite sure that you may consider yourself master of the house for

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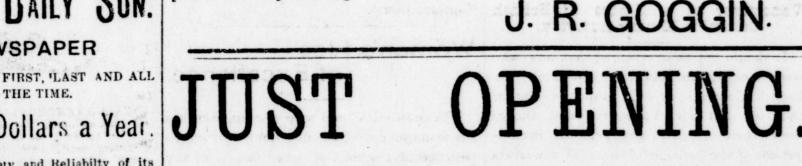
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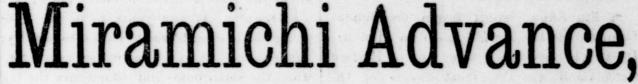
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I thought then, and I think now, that my young friend's character was the most remarkable I had ever met with. What force of will she must have had at eighteen to give up the world, to turn her face against everything bright and attractive, to yield herself up to a life of sorrow-nothing but sorrow! I often wondered what bitter trial had cut her adrift from her kind, and made all human beings distasteful to her. One morning I persuaded her to share

deed, every earnest life that came under

my notice.

with me my favorite ramble through the woods. The day was so fine that we went further than I had intended, until in the distance we saw the gray spire of Daintree church.

We stopped to look at it, for it made a striking picture, the tall gray steeples standing out in bold relief against the sky, and while we so stood, suddenly there pealed out the merry chime of wedding-bells. I smiled-the sunshine, the clear air, the blue sky, the bells, all

seemed so pleasant to me. "Hark!" I cried. "Those are weddingbells; some one is being made very happy to-day."

She turned her pale face to me. "Happy!" she repeated. "Why, the dreariest farce under heaven is a wed-

brandy, wine everything that was reding!" quired "My dear Miss Vane," I cried, startled I stood looking on with Huldah Vane by her vehemence, "what a strange by my side. We had done what we idea!' could. I had been attending to a a little

She laughed, and a dreary sound it was that came from the young lips. "It is the dreariest farce under the

sun," she insisted-"a mockery in most cases, a cruelty in others, a happiness never.'

"It is well that every one is not of your opinion. Miss Vane," I said.

"If they were, there would be fewer sorrowful hearts in the world," she rejoined. "Oh! Mrs. Neville," she cried. shuddering, "come away-come away from the sound of those terrible bells!"

They seemed to make the old church rock with their merriment; they filled the air with a joyous clang. But I saw that the sound made my companion ill. She placed her hands over her ears, as though she would fain shut it out, while her lips grew white as death. Back we hastened through the woods until we were beyond the sound of the bells: and presently Miss Vane rested against the little gate that led to the coppice-rested

in silence, which neither of us cared to break. There was, to me, something unutter-

ably sad in the idea of flying from the sweet music of chiming bells, as my companion had done. What a torture memory must have been to her! And then I remembered the ghastly room at the River House, with the faded wedding garments.

"You have tired yourself," I said. She looked at me, all passion and feeling repressed, as it were, with an iron hand-the dark, proud beauty appeared more indifferent than ever.

A few minutes afterward one of the "Mrs. Neville," she said, "I will go out with you whenever you wish, but with the two rescued passengers to the never the me again within hearing of

remained on the bridge. It all happened before we had time to speak-at one moment the train was doctor, steaming slowly along, the next there was a crash, a broken bridge, a confused the time, Dr. Fletcher; send as you will mass of fallen carriages, a terrific uproar, and cries of alarm that seemed to -do as you will. Mary, the under houserise and cleave the very heavens. maid, seems quick and active; let her For a few moments I shaded my face take vour message. Presently I went back to Miss Vane. with one hand, not daring to look, while Huldah Vane cried out in horror. There She had left her room, and was in the in the sunlight, was the terrible reality. drawing-room, where a cup of tea await Almost immediately I recovereed myself, and, seizing the sculls, rowed rapidly to the scene of the accident. It had been seen by the men at work in the fields; and in the next few minutes willing

child whom we had found clinging

round a dead mother's neck. I thought

it would live, but it died in my arms,

and was added to the ghastly row on the

green bank. Presently there was a cry

irom one of the carriages that seemed

to hang between the bridge and the

It was a work of almost superhuman

than once we who looked on in breath-

would lose their own lives in the effort.

And then, remembering her peculiar-

"It is against your rule, against your

Throw the whole house open," she

ity, thought it advisable to consult her.

wish. I know; but the doctor asgres me

the gentleman's life depends on the ex-

pedition with which he can be treated."

replied. "I am quite wiling. If I can

water-some one signaled for help.

riage alone.

doctors

saved.'

willing.

help, let me."

"I could not rest," she said. "The fright really made me ill, as you saw; but I could not sleep-I could not keep my eyes closed. How are our patients?" "The lady seems to have had a wonhands came to render assistance. In less than half an hour the news had reached derful escape. The gentleman is, I fear, Daintree, and there was no lack of help. in some danger.'

Strong men soon set to work. Some "I hope they have everything needful. You will tell Lewis to attend to that. of the unhappy passengers were drowned, and their bodies were not recovered for "Yes," I returned. "I do not think days; but those who remained in the the lady will be long an invalid." "But there is fear for her husband. carriages were rescued as quickly as You said they were husband and wife. possible. Two or three men were taken out quite dead, and were taid in ghastly did vou not. Mrs. Neville?"

order on the green bank. The wounded "Yes. The servant-the valet-was were not a few. I grew faint as I looked killed, but I did not hear anything of at the forms of the sufferers. Soon there lady's maid. were doctors in attendance-there were

She sat quite silent for a few minutes, the cup of fragrant tea standing before her, her beautiful, restless face turned

from me. "It seems a terrible thing to meet with a cruel and sudden death on a fair, bright day like this," she said, presently. "Oh. Mrs. Neville! I wish that I could forget the scene! Who are the people that we were tortunate enough to help?" "We have been trying to find out The doctor examined the gentleman's letters and papers. He is Lord Clive Wynton, and the lady is his wife.'

Never while I live shall I forget the difficulty to rescued those inside; more awful, ghastly change that came over her face, lighting up its pallor only to ing look. Twice I saw her try to speak, but all sound died away in a gasping sigh; and then she came over to me, and her fingers clutched my are and to the fingers clutched my are and the spectrum of the send to the send t less suspense-thought that the rescuers At length the tall figure of a man was brought out, and then a lady-and it pr ved that they two were in the car-

"Are both dead?". I asked one of the though it were held in an iron grasp. "Say that again!" she hissed.

"No." he replied. "The gentleman "Lord Clive Wynton," I repeated wonderingly, and half alarmed. seems severaly hurt; the lady is stunned. I fancy. If we could but get them re-She raised her white face, and I heard moved somewhere, their lives might be her groan :--

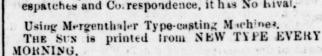
"Merciful Heaven!" "You would like to take them to the She turned from me to the window, nearest house?" I said, quickly. "That and a laugh, as strange and unnatural is the River House; let them be driven as ever came from human lips, burst there at once. Miss Vane will be quite from her.

"I have gone mad!" she cried, in a hoarse voice. "Lewis said I should brood over my sorrows until they drove me mad. I am mad!'

She trembled so violently that it was a wonder to me that she could stand. I tired to soothe her.

"My dear Miss Vane, do pot give way to such terrible fancies. It is not mad You are only shocked and star-

Daintree carriages was driving slowly The beautiful face and restless eyes turned to the window again.



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### MEETING



The No:thumberland County Council

will meet at the Council Chamber, Newcastle, on Tuesday the 18th day of January inst., at 12 o'clock noon for the despatch of business, Date , the 3rd day of January 1898.

SAM'L THOMPSON, Fecily-Treas, of Co. Northild,

South West Boom Co.

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1.40 p. m. 2.05 6 30 6 50 Nelson 3 05 . Marysville, ... 12 00 8 10 10,20 " 2.20 " 2.40 " Ar. Chatham June., ..Cross Creek, .. 10 47 1 20 ...Boiestown, ... 9 35 11 45 4 07 5 05 8 20 9 40 10.45 " Netson 11.00 " 3,00 {5 50 ar 6 05 lv 10 40 ar } .. Doaktown,... 8 50 10 45 Ar. Cnatham, 11.20 " 3.20 10 45 lv Blackville,... 7 40 ----12 05 p m 7 10 9 10 18 03 .. Chatham Jet . 6 45 { 7 50 ar7 30 1 00 ar } GOING SOUTH. 1 50 lv 1 . Nelson ... 7 10 Chatham.... 6 12 6 50 EXPRESS. MIXED Lv. Chatham, 3.25 a. m. 10.10 a. m. 2 50 ar 8 5,5 Loggieville Lv 6 00 am 6 50 a m Nelson 3.45 10.30 FOR IND'TON INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLR'VL: Lv. 4.05 .. 10.50 " 4.20 .. 10 55 \*\* lv 8.00 sm...... Blackville ..... ar 5 00 pm Nelson 4.40 ... 31.10 .. ar 8 50 ' ...... Indiantown ..... Iv 4.15 " or Chatham 11.30 p.m. The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

