

# The Dominion

Our Queen and Constitution.

[Editors & Proprietors.]

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,  
VOL. XXIV.—NO. 22.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872.

WHOLE NO.—1211.

**W. D. CAMBER,**  
Surgeon Dentist.  
Office, Corner Main and King Streets,  
WOODSTOCK,  
Lately occupied by Dr. ELLINWOOD.

DR. CAMBER has been in our Dental Office for three years past and we have much pleasure in recommending him to the public as a competent, skillful, careful operator, and thoroughly informed in all the latest improvements in surgical and mechanical dentistry.  
DOW & ELLIS,  
Fredericton, April 18, 1871—47

**Dr. A. M. TUPPER,**  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Office—Brown's Building—Up Stairs.  
RESIDENCE—COLONEL TUPPER'S.

**DOCTOR SMITH**  
Has removed his Drug Shop to  
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,  
MAIN STREET,  
Two doors South of W. Lynch's New Store.

WHERE his stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, HORSE MEDICINES, STATIONERY, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and as low in price as any in the market.  
Woodstock, Feb. 3, 1869

**Dr. C. P. Connell,**  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Office and Residence, next to Honorable Charles Connell's.

**STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.**  
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur  
Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.  
Office—In Quinn's New Building, Main Street.  
Woodstock, April 29, 1868.

**N. R. COLTER, M. D.,**  
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND.)  
Office at Dr. D. J. Davis's Drug Store, Residence, near the Methodist Chapel.

**Dr. COLTER** has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas Hospital, London. Consultation as above.  
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-47

**Dr. REYNOLDS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
CENTRAL OFFICE:  
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.  
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksonstown Road.  
[22-47]

**James Edgar,**  
BARRISTER,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.  
OFFICE—Brown's Brick Building, opposite Cable House, Woodstock, N. B.  
January 27, 1870—5

**WILLIAM M. CONNELL**  
Attorney at Law, Solicitor, Conveyancer,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.  
6m WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**STEPHEN B. APPELBY**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office—In Allen's Brick Building, (op. stairs),  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
[34]

**SAMUEL J. BAKER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.  
ANDOVER, Victoria County, N. B.  
(Mouth of Tobique River).  
RESIDENCE—At Newcomb's Hotel.  
[9]

**Donaldson House.**  
THE undersigned has removed to the premises formerly occupied by him, on King Street. Having secured the entire upper part of the building, he is prepared to furnish FIRST-RATE accommodation to all who may call upon him.  
THE TRAVELLER'S every want will be attended to.  
ROBERT DONALDSON, Proprietor.  
Woodstock, May 3, 1872.

**WOODSTOCK HOTEL,**  
RE-OPENED.  
BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders. The House being conducted on strictly *TRAVELLER'S* principles, the subscriber hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage. There is attached to this House a book and attentive waiter. Charges moderate.  
J. MARSHALL, Proprietor.  
Woodstock, May 13, 1870—20

**WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,**  
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.  
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for Extras. [3]  
**Russell House,**  
PARK STREET,  
NEAR THE  
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,  
OTTAWA.  
J. A. GOUIN, Proprietor.  
March 18, 1868—14.

**AMERICAN HOUSE**  
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.  
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
PORTLAND, ME.,  
E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.

**TRUNK FACTORY!**  
49 GERMAIN STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
THIS subscriber has now on hand a superior lot of Domestic Trunks & Valises! In all the various styles and finishes—Leather, Cloth, Composition, Zinc, Canvas, &c. made of best material, by experienced workmen. For sale at lowest market rates.  
Orders from the country attended to with promptness.  
J. W. H. KNOWLES,  
41 John Street

**BARKER HOUSE,**  
Queen Street, Fredericton.

THE attention of travellers is called to this old and favorite first-class Hotel.  
No pains spared to make visitors at home and comfortable.  
ROBINSON & COLBY, Proprietors.  
Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1870—17-50

**LONG'S HOTEL,**  
MOST FAVORABLE SITUATION.  
Corner of King and York Streets,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
This is a STRICTLY TEMPERANCE HOUSE.  
GEORGE HUME, Proprietor.  
Superior Stabling and a careful household.  
Woodstock, March 9, 1872—19

**G. W. VANWART,**  
EXCHANGE BROKER,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, Boston, and New York.  
Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John.  
Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.  
Woodstock, March 9, 1872—19

**NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.**  
In the best style and of thorough workmanship and stock.  
Their long experience in making and painting work of this description justifies the belief that they can give every satisfaction to parties patronizing them.  
REPAIRING promptly and carefully attended to. Prices moderate.  
J. W. BOYER,  
C. F. KIRKJ.  
Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1871—3m-3

**Laurillard & Son,**  
DEALERS IN  
Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs,  
SHEET MUSIC, AND  
Musical Instruments.  
VIOLINS, FLUTES, CONCERTINAS, VIOLIN STRINGS, GUITAR STRINGS, BANJO STRINGS, &c. All of which will be sold at a slight advance on cost.  
A. LAURILLIARD,  
H. LAURILLIARD.  
St. John, Jan. 17, 1872—3

**Carriage Manufactory.**  
And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,  
Those glorious Easter chimes!  
How lovely they hail the sound,  
Old Queen of holy times!  
From hill to hill, like seraphs,  
Responsively they sing,  
And here—where God is Lord,  
From vale to mountain high.

**LOANE BROS.**  
Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.  
CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, PUNGS, SIDE-SPRING BUGGIES, END-SPRING BUGGIES, SINGLE AND DOUBLE SEAT CONCOURS, WAGONS, SULKIES, EXPRESS WAGONS, in fact WAGONS of every description made, and made to order.  
PAINTING & REPAIRING punctually attended to.  
A first-class Trimmer and Blacksmith always on hand.  
Nothing but the best Western Timber used, none but first-class Mechanism employed, and consequently All Work done at this Establishment warranted.

Parties in want of any of the above description of Wagons or Buggies, would do well to call and see the specimens, when they cannot call, to be sent.  
Having in their employ a first-class Horse-shoer they are prepared to do work of this description in a workman-like manner.  
Cash paid for second growth Ash and Haswood.  
JOHN LOANE,  
ROBERT LOANE.  
Woodstock, Jan. 26, 1872—45

**NOTICE**  
L. W. SHERMAN will continue the business of the late firm of SHERMAN & ROBERTSON, at the old stand, in his own name and on his own account.  
L. W. SHERMAN,  
Fredericton, Oct. 1, 1870

**Harness Shop!**  
2 Doors Below Baker & McNamee's Shoe Shop,  
ON MAIN STREET.  
HAVING REMOVED from my old stand, in front of American House, I take this opportunity to inform my customers, one and all, for their past patronage, and solicit a continuance of the same. Having an enlarged Shop and Stock I am enabled to do more extensive business than ever. Constantly on hand: Harnesses of all kinds, at the most reasonable prices. Sills, Horse Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Harnessing Rolls and Straps, and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop.  
Please give me a call.  
L. CLUFF,  
Harnes Maker.  
Woodstock Nov. 10, 1868—45

**2,000 Acres of Land for Sale.**  
2,000 A. CRES of Land, and several lots of Victoria.  
Apply to  
S. J. BAKER, Attorney-at-Law,  
101 King Street, Woodstock, N. B.  
Tobique, Dec. 10, 1870—15-51

**A FIRST CLASS**  
**H AIR DRESSING**  
SHAVING AND  
SHAMPOOING SALOON.  
NOW OPEN.  
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed, since commencing business in Woodstock; he would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as he is now prepared with increased experience, to attend to the various branches of his business, Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair Dressing. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style. Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.  
Hairs carefully set.  
Shop on Corner Main and King Streets.  
GEO. STUBBS  
is a White Barber.  
—49

**WOODSTOCK MARBLE WORKS**  
THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of HARVEY ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an  
IMPORTER OF MARBLE,  
AND MANUFACTURER OF  
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,  
GRAVE STONES, &c.,  
Centre, Pier Tables and Mantles,  
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Place of business,  
Main Street,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Orders filled at the shortest notice and at the cheapest prices. Patrons respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
W. H. HARVEY,  
Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34.

**W. H. OLIVE,**  
Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, Commission  
AND TICKET AGENT.  
TICKETS SOLD  
For California and all Points West, via Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.  
For all Ports in Canada, via Vermont Central Railroad.  
For New York and all Points South, via Fall River, Stonington and Norwich Line.  
Office—Head of International S. S. Coy's Landing, Reed's Point,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**FOR SALE!**  
A LARGE quantity of SALT, Coarse & Fine; Codfish, Herring, Baggis, & hlf. Bbls.; Molasses & Tea;  
Cotton Wags, White & Blue;  
Yates' Wrought and Cut, Horse Nails;  
Files of all descriptions, Grind Stones;  
White Lead, Paint, Oil, Boiled & Raw;  
Glass & Putty, Carpenter's Tools;  
Locks & Hinges, Crock Out Saws.  
And a great variety of Goods constantly on hand.  
J. JORDAN,  
Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1870—17-51

**DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,**  
Dentist.  
(Of Penn. College of Dental Surgery) late of St. John, N. B.  
RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of Woodstock and vicinity, that he has opened an office for the practice of his profession, in Brown's Building, corner of Main and Council Streets, Woodstock.  
Special attention given to Filling and Preserving the Natural Teeth.  
Artificial Teeth inserted in the best manner, so as to give the most perfectly natural appearance, and on the most reasonable terms.  
Each tooth extracted without pain, by the careful use of Anesthetics, when desired.  
January 19, 1872—3

**Co-Partnership Notice.**  
**STARRETT & BURTT.**  
WE have this day entered into Partnership for the purpose of carrying on HARNES MAKING, in Shop directly over McLeod's Tailor Store, and we hope by strict attention to business to merit an large share of trade as was bestowed on the late firm of Emery & Starrett.  
ROBERT STARRETT,  
JOHN O. BURTT.  
Woodstock, Aug. 28, 1871—34

**JOHN C. WINSLOW,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER,  
AGENT FOR FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH & AMERICAN Insurance Companies.  
FULL DEPOSITS AT OTTAWA.  
ALSO,  
Estate Agent,  
Office—Hon. Chas. Connell's Brick Building,  
Queen Street,  
Woodstock, Feb. 16, 1872.

**Surveying.**  
**STEPHEN E. STEVENS,**  
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN,  
Office in Hamm's Building.

THE subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous patrons for past favors, begs to return them and the public that he is still prepared with greatly increased facilities, to prosecute his business as a Carriage Maker.  
Parties entering Lumber to his care may be assured that his facilities are such, as to enable him to furnish their interests.  
Lumber will be received, and advances made thereon, at Shortest Notice, when desired.  
JAMES H. VANWART,  
Agent.  
Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1872—5

**EXPRESS NOTICE.**  
The Eastern Express Company  
WILL FORWARD DAILY,  
IN CHARGE of their Special Messenger, via N. B. & C. and E. N. A. Railway,  
Money, Valuables, Packages and Freight,  
To and from Woodstock, Fredericton, St. John, Calais, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and intermediate places. No Package or Freight received at the Office after 8 o'clock, a. m.  
J. W. VANWART,  
Agent.  
Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1872—5

**New Styles of ROOM PAPER**  
VERY CHEAP,  
at  
**HUGH HAY'S.**  
READY MADE CLOTHING!  
CHAP AT  
HUGH HAY'S.  
Woodstock, April 15, 1870.

**COTTON WARP.**  
THE COTTON YARN,  
Manufactured at the  
New Brunswick Cotton Mills  
HAS the name of the mills and our name on a printed label on the end of the bundle.  
White, Red and Orange Yarn is put up in Blue Paper.  
Bliss Yarn is put up in Buff Paper.  
All Yarn made by us is warranted of best quality, full weight, and correctly numbered.  
N. B. Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.,  
September 1, 1871—1-35

**GENUINE**  
**WARREN'S BILIOUS BITTERS,**  
Atwood's, Quin's, Bitters,  
At SMITH'S DRUG SHOP,  
Medical Hall, Main Street,  
Woodstock, April 24, 1871.

**NEW BRUNSWICK**  
**Paper Manufacturing Company**  
PRINTING PAPER.  
WE are now manufacturing PRINTING PAPER, and the greatest care has been taken to produce the most approved machinery and experienced mechanics from the old country. We are prepared to receive orders for the above in all weights and sizes.  
Orders for the above are most respectfully solicited.  
Warehouse and Office, — Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.  
Post Office Box 267.  
M. W. FRANCIS,  
Treasurer.  
N. B.—The highest price paid for Every Description of Paper, viz.—Cotton and Hemp Canvas, Hemp and Manila Rope, Shakes, Nags, Rags, Waste Paper, etc.  
Jan. 20, 1872.

**Fire Insurance Companies.**  
Capital and Cash Assets, - \$17,000,000  
Deposited at Ottawa, - - - 400,000  
**ROBERT MARSHALL,**  
General Agent for New Brunswick.

"IMPERIAL" of London, Established 1803.  
"ETNA" of Hartford, Established 1816.  
"HARTFORD" of Hartford, Established 1810.  
Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid—Dwelling Houses Insured on especially favorable terms.  
JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.  
Woodstock, July, 1869.

**Fire & Life Insurance Agency.**  
THE Subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the upper St. John of the  
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co. of Edinburgh and London.  
ESTABLISHED 1809.  
CAPITAL, - - £2,000,000, &c.  
Invested Funds, 1854, £2,304,512, 7s. 10d.  
AND OF THE  
Standard Life Assurance Co. of Edinburgh.  
ESTABLISHED 1825.  
Accumulated and Invested Funds: £5,500,000

These Companies are of the most reliable character, and do business on the most reasonable terms, consistent with safety to the insured. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive application from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.  
JAMES G. ROYER  
Woodstock, August, 1870.

**CARDY**  
IN returning thanks to the inhabitants of Woodstock and surrounding country, for their patronage, since commencing business in Woodstock, I beg to inform my friends and the public generally, that he has removed to a new and commodious premises, known as VICTORIA HOUSE, where will be found a full assortment of Staple Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c.  
Please observe his Address.  
E. G. RAY,  
Woodstock, August, 1870.

**Poetry.**  
The Chimes of England.  
BY BISHOP COXE.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from lanes and tiled town,  
Da thousand years have tolled;  
How glorious were their music  
As heralds the halcyon day,  
How merrily they called afar,  
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden time,  
And ring a thousand memories  
At vesper, and at prime!  
At bridal and at burial,  
For cottage and for kind,  
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,  
How blessedly they ring.

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,  
Upon a Christmas morn,  
Outbreathing as the angels did,  
For a Redeemer born,  
How merrily they called afar,  
To cot and barn and hall,  
With holly decked and mistletoe,  
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal  
From tower and gothic spire,  
Where hymns and swelling anthems fill  
The airy atmosphere,  
Where women bathe the holy light  
On priestly heads that fall,  
And staid the lord tracery  
Of banner lighted walls.

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,  
Those glorious Easter chimes!  
How lovely they hail the sound,  
Old Queen of holy times!  
From hill to hill, like seraphs,  
Responsively they sing,  
And here—where God is Lord,  
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—Chimes of Motherland,  
And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
Of good old English line,  
And like a son I sing the lay  
That England's glory tells;  
For she is lovely to the Lord,  
For you, ye Christian bells!

And hark ye of my ancestral fame,  
Thought far away my birth,  
Thee too I love, my Forest land,  
The joy of all the earth;  
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,  
And here—where God is King,  
With English chimes, from Christian spires,  
The wilderness shall ring.

**Select Cate.**  
**Guy Hilliard's Skeleton.**

Violet Heath was an only daughter, a belle, pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly withal, she reigned supreme in Clifton—the pleasant little country town where her father resided—queen of fashion as well as queen of hearts. All the young men admired her, and as a natural consequence, all the female population envied and strove to imitate her. Whether her chief charm consisted in her fair, dimpled face, or deep blue eyes, looking like half-blown forget-me-nots, basking in dew; or mischievous, rosy mouth; or in her half-tender, half-tantalizing air and manner, no one could say. It was generally agreed that she was beautiful.

Violet was uniformly kind to her many suitors, making her denials, when necessary, so sweetly, that the rejected ones, felt almost as much favored as the accepted. And when Guy Hilliard came to take charge of the mill, she thought that to be a man of fine appearance and excellent character, it was a long time before the village beauty vouchsafed to him the least sign of preference. But perseverance and patience, as they generally do, succeeded at last, and, in due course of time, tender, moonlight evenings, and the teacher, pleaded his squire's garden, the teacher, pleaded his case in true loverlike fashion, and was transported into a third heaven of bliss by being accepted. The old squire made no objections, and after a proper lapse of time the young people were united, amid a bewildering confusion of laces and white flowers, and the young man, amid the congratulations of his friends, and the sighs of those who were left to console themselves as they could.

Everybody was surprised to see what a loving, exemplary wife Violet made. She had been so gay a girl, so full of mischief, so petted and flattered, that some of the hints that Guy Hilliard might repeat his bargain; but on the contrary he rejoiced over it every day, regarding it the best transaction of his life.

They had a cosy little cottage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in fragrant flowering trees, and flowers gleaming in front; and the young man must have regarded it the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging from the brightness of his step and the brightness of his face, as he returned at evening from the school house. Violet was always at the gate to meet her husband, and her blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the tidy, well-ordered parlor and waiting supper table. No wonder Guy was happy—he would have been a monster if he had not been so. But after a while, as if by fortune, was bent on running his cup over, something else came to make him still happier, a small, dimpled, crows-foot, with eyes like his mother, and rings of hair that looked like spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come, in his eagerness to get to home, even by the candle, every one said—What a happy couple, every one said—The wisecracks in spite of their prophecies.

But there never was a paradise, perhaps that the serpent did not enter in some form or other. It came to this perfect little home, trailing its slimy ugliness all the blooming flowers. It was after this wise:  
One evening Guy chanced to come home a trifle earlier than usual, and Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom; but he hurried on eager to surprise them by being so early.

Just as he reached the outer enclosure of the garden he heard the cottage door open and saw a man—a real live man, young and very distinguished looking—come out and pass on the porch for a moment to talk with Violet—the Violet. He saw her plainly laughing and ambling and tossing her curls, and then the stranger bowed himself out, and left the premises by the same path.

"Don't fail to come," called Violet after him. "I shall expect you."  
Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement,

never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant who chanced to meet him in the yard shrieked and ran out of the way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured quiet, and well-disposed young schoolmaster. Truly jealousy is as strong as death, and cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering as he entered. "You are early this evening, my dear," she said pleasantly.

"He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his wrath; so he was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved her so.

"Violet," he said hoarsely, throwing himself into a chair, "you see I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it—As your husband I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house a few minutes ago, and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means."

"Have you been out, Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Out? O, no!" she replied. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing, only I saw you putting away your dress, and you have got baby dressed out in her finery."

"Violet blushed and averted her face.

"O, yes," she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery. "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but come, let's go down and look after supper."

She followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but wait and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom hung over the chimney happy home which all her gaiety could not dispel. Long after she retired with her babe, her young husband sat in the porch, his head in his hand and his soul tortured with a nameless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the usual hour, and found Violet and baby awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten; she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad that he had not let her know it. Laughing and playing with the baby they proceeded to the cottage. Guy went running up stairs for his dressing gown, but he found it hanging on the doorpost; he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—but not his. A trifle truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled pain. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent cunning watch on all her movements.

The next morning, when he awoke, he was earlier, and in the suburbs, he saw the tall, fine looking stranger leaving his house, and Violet sitting alone in the azure robe she had never worn for him. She looked up inquiringly.

"She looked up inquiringly. She asked, 'Who was that man?' He answered, 'A skeleton, dear; how so?' 'Have you secrets from your husband, Violet?' he asked solemnly.

"She blushed deeply and dropped her eyes; and her voice was faint and irresolute, as she replied, 'O, no, Guy! I have nothing to hide from you.' 'I have seen you secret from your husband, Violet?' he asked solemnly.

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never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant who chanced to meet him in the yard shrieked and ran out of the way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured quiet, and well-disposed young schoolmaster. Truly jealousy is as strong as death, and cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering as he entered. "You are early this evening, my dear," she said pleasantly.

"He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his wrath; so he was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved her so.

"Violet," he said hoarsely, throwing himself into a chair, "you see I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it—As your husband I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house a few minutes ago, and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means."

"Have you been out, Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Out? O, no!" she replied. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing, only I saw you putting away your dress, and you have got baby dressed out in her finery."

"Violet blushed and averted her face.

"O, yes," she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery. "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but come, let's go down and look after supper."

She followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but wait and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom hung over the chimney happy home which all her gaiety could not dispel. Long after she retired with her babe, her young husband sat in the porch, his head in his hand and his soul tortured with a nameless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the usual hour, and found Violet and baby awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten; she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad that he had not let her know it. Laughing and playing with the baby they proceeded to the cottage. Guy went running up stairs for his dressing gown, but he found it hanging on the doorpost; he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—but not his. A trifle truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled pain. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent cunning watch on all her movements.

The next morning, when he awoke, he was earlier, and in the suburbs, he saw the tall, fine looking stranger leaving his house, and Violet sitting alone in the azure robe she had never worn for him. She looked up inquiringly.

"She looked up inquiringly. She asked, 'Who was that man?' He answered, 'A skeleton, dear; how so?' 'Have you secrets from your husband, Violet?' he asked solemnly.

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