

MY TWO WIVES,

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

My father's name was William Smith. I have reason to believe that he was proud of the name, for when I was born he insisted, it seems, perpetuating it, and accordingly it was settled that I was to be christened William.

My mother—she told me the story herself years afterwards—strongly objected. She declared she had great faith in me from the first. The doctor said I had a good head, and my dear mother, who was very romantic, made up her mind that I was going to be a great man. Now, William Smith is not an easy name to render famous. There are so many William Smiths that the celebrated one would want to go about labelled in order to distinguish him from the others.

After a deal of argument and not a few tears she succeeded in so far turning my father from his original purpose as to allow me to have a second name, and that second name she finally decided should be Hengist.

William Hengist Smith might be somebody, and so William Hengist Smith I was duly christened.

My father died when I was seventeen. Up to that age I had enjoyed all the advantages of being the son of a prosperous city merchant. I was about to go to Oxford when the death of my father altered all my mother's plans for my future.

We had been living in a fool's paradise. My father had speculated rashly and was on the verge of ruin. It was a knowledge of his terrible position which caused his fatal illness.

After the estate had been wound up it was discovered that we were almost penniless.

My mother's friends came to her assistance, but they were not rich, and it was necessary that I should at once begin to earn my living.

I was what is known as "a smart fellow" and I wrote a capital hand—in fact, my penmanship was my strong point. I could do almost anything with my pen in my schoolboy days. I used frequently to amuse myself by imitating the handwriting of my schoolfellows and of the masters. I did this so successfully that it was often very difficult to detect the forgery.

The masters who were made aware of my accomplishment and to whom specimens of my skill were occasionally shown, would shake their heads and say it was a dangerous gift.

Of course I laughed. As if it were likely that I should ever do anything wrong.

Alas! those who called my gift a fatal one were right after all. I owe to it the great misfortune of my life.

To pass from prosperity to comparative poverty is to most of us a great trial. The men and women who can shrug their shoulders and take a reverse of fortune with a smile are very few in number.

I accepted the position my poverty forced upon me, but I loathed it. I longed for the old days of comfort and luxury, when almost everything I fancied was within my reach. But I did very well as a clerk, and being quick at figures as well as a splendid penman, I soon began to rise in the office.

When I was two and twenty I had £200 a year. But what was that to a young man of extravagant habits, who had quite as much allowed him when he was seventeen and had looked forward to a splendid income and a life of pleasure?

My mother's health about this time began to decline, and she was ordered to live in the country. I could not accompany her as I should have had to sacrifice my position in the city, so I had to look about for a new home, and at last I decided to go to a boarding house. It would be cheaper for me as a bachelor than lodgings, and I should have some society and a certain amount of comfort.

I selected a boarding house in Bloomsbury, and I soon began to be quite at home in it. My fellow boarders were two German clerks, a French gentleman who described himself as an agent, a middle aged scientific author who spent most of his time at the British Museum, two old ladies, one the widow of a colonel, (so she said), and the other an old maid who had been governess to a German princess and was never tired of talking of the distinguished society in which she had moved—and a young lady, very charming, very pretty, and very self-possessed, who was supposed to be staying at the boarding house because all her relatives lived abroad and she had law business in London.

This young lady was a Miss Ellis, and as we were the youngest members of the happy family we soon became friendly.

After dinner in the drawing room we generally found ourselves together, and when Miss Ellis obliged the company with a little music I usually went to the piano and turned over the leaves of the music for her.

From being friendly we became confidential. I imparted to Miss Ellis the story of my reverse of fortune, and she confided in me the fact that her business in London was connected with a disputed will.

A relative of hers, an old gentleman, had died and left her the sum of £50,000. The family disputed the will on the ground that while nursing him during his last illness she had exercised undue influence. They further contended that he was not

of sound mind at the time he made the bequest.

She told me a long story to explain how it was her relatives were so bitter against her, and I, believing her, gave her my fullest sympathy.

The law is proverbially slow, and Miss Ellis, who had to collect evidence, found it necessary to remain a long time in town.

So it came about that we were for nearly six months at the Bloomsbury boarding house, seeing each other daily.

If I were to say that during this time I fell in love with Miss Ellis I should be saying that which is not strictly true.

But she had a certain fascination for me, and when I remembered that she would probably be worth £50,000, I at least began to think that, if ever I intended to marry, this would be by no means a bad investment.

The young lady was not slow to see that she had made an impression on me. She became more confidential than ever.

One Sunday afternoon when we were alone in the drawing room she asked my advice.

It seems that she had found a letter among her papers from her dead relative. It was strong evidence in her case, and to her horror she discovered that he had omitted to sign it. It had been written to her by an amanuensis employed by her relative and she supposed that it had been placed before him to sign and accidentally put in the envelope and posted without the signature.

She showed me the letter. It certainly was important, but valueless unsigned. I was very sorry for her.

"And to think," she cried, with tears in her eyes, "that through the accident I may lose £50,000."

I said it was very terrible. She showed me then all the documents in her care. There was no doubt she was entitled to the money. It was only the selfish people who wanted every thing for themselves who were endeavoring to deprive her of her rights.

One thing led to another, and then she told me how deeply grateful she was for my friendship. That when she left the boarding house she should feel she had lost a very dear friend.

The daylight faded, the glow of the fire alone lit up the room. It was very quiet, very romantic, that still Sunday afternoon in the cosy drawing room, and somehow or other, I yielded to the influence of the scene, and laid my hand and heart at the feet of that pretty and persecuted young lady, the prospective possessor of £50,000.

She said it was very sudden—she hadn't thought of it in that light—would I give her the night to think over the position.

Of course I could only consent.

But the next day she came to me and put the affair on quite a business footing.

"Yes, if I would help her to get her £50,000 she would be my wife."

Of course, I replied that I would sacrifice my whole life to advance her welfare and her happiness.

She didn't want me to sacrifice anything—she only wanted me, and oh, she put it so innocently and so prettily, she only wanted me to sign her dead relative's name to that unfortunate letter.

I did it. I was a fool—a man—a rascal, but I did it. I did it that night up in my own room with a copy of the old gentleman's signature in front of me. I did it skilfully and cleverly, and I showed it to her with a certain amount of pride.

She said it was wonderful. I had mixed my ink splendidly, and had made the signature look as old as the body of the letter.

She took it from me, and that night I never closed my eyes. The moment I was quiet and by myself I saw the folly, the wickedness, the criminality of my act.

In the morning I managed to get a few words with her alone. I begged her to give the letter back.

She laughed at me—not mockingly, but in a nice, innocent, girlish way. How silly I was. She didn't intend to use the letter. She wouldn't think of such a thing. Only I had told her how clever I was at imitating handwriting, and she thought she would try me.

I accepted the explanation, but I should have been a great deal happier had she given me the letter back.

Still I comforted myself with this thought:—If the trial did not come on I would tell her that if she attempted to put that letter in evidence I would go to the other side, declare that I had done it as an experiment, and clear myself of any complicity in a criminal offense.

That idea eased my mind and I let matters go on and we continued our courtship.

About a fortnight after Miss Ellis appeared at dinner quite radiant. She informed the company that her case was settled without coming into court. The opposition to the will had been withdrawn and a compromise had been effected. She was to take £30,000 and the other relatives were to take £20,000. She had been magnanimous.

Everybody congratulated her, and I was one of the first.

That evening we had a little whispered conversation, and Miss Ellis—Marion I called her now—led me to understand that as her case was settled she wanted to leave London, and we might as well be mar-

ried.

The proposition of a hasty marriage coming from Marion rather startled me. She had not up to the present betrayed any romantic symptoms, and, after all, our courtship had not been a long one.

I had a vague idea that it would be better for us to know a little more of each other before we took this irrevocable step, but Marion had an answer for every argument I put forward.

She answered me that though she had borne up through the long worry and anxiety, now that the matter was settled she was beginning to feel the reaction, and it was absolutely necessary for her to have a change. She told me that she didn't care to go away and leave me at the boarding house, and she confessed that she was anxious not to lose my society.

The man who can resist a woman's arguments is not an every day man, and I, alas! was only a very commonplace specimen of male humanity. So I consented and it was arranged that I should take the necessary preliminary steps.

I went to the registrar's office armed with the information Marion was good enough to give me with regard to herself and gave the usual notices and filled up the usual paper.

I didn't like the look of that registry office at all. It was dreadfully cold and cheerless and prosaic, and there wasn't an atom of romance about the deputy registrar.

The registrar's clerk was good enough to inquire if I should bring my own witnesses, and when I said I didn't think so, he explained that the article was always kept on the premises.

I thanked him and asked him to arrange with the witnesses retained on the establishment to be present, and then I returned and informed Marion that all was in order, and that at the expiration of the time required by the law all we had to do was to attend at the office and get the business through.

Three weeks afterward we left the boarding house one after the other.

I left first and waited at the corner of the street till Marion joined me.

No one had the faintest suspicion that two of the boarders had just gone out to get married.

The registry office was some little distance, and as we walked along our conversation was anything but romantic.

Do what I would I couldn't help feeling that I was taking a false step, and yet I had not the courage to retreat.

When we came to the door of the office I felt inclined to take to my heels and run away, but mastering this feeling of cowardice, I followed the lady in.

Marion was remarkably cool and collected for a young and blushing bride.

She answered the few questions put to her in a firm voice, and when the ceremony—process would be a better word—was over we both signed our names, and the witnesses—one was the clerk and the other was the charwoman, who swept up the registrar's office, signed theirs, and we were man and wife.

I gave the witnesses five shillings each, and offering Marion my arm led her out into the street again.

It had begun to rain and so I opened my umbrella, but the rain increased to such an extent that we had to stand up in a doorway and wait till the shower had passed.

Standing in that doorway with the wind beating in our faces, I felt a little quaking at the heart. It seemed a bad beginning. It wasn't the sort of wedding morning that I had pictured in the days when I used to dream of being the proud possessor of a pretty wife.

I had a wife and she had £30,000, but I couldn't for the life of me get up a bridegroom's smile or whisper loving words into my bride's ear.

As soon as the shower had passed we hurried back to the boarding house, packed up our belongings, and that afternoon we went away in separate cabs and met at Victoria, and went to Brighton for our honeymoon, leaving everybody in sublime ignorance of what had happened. Marion had desired a secret marriage, and I was not in a position to alter her determination.

It was not a happy marriage. Little defects of character in my wife attracted my attention which I had not noticed before. I found that she was not truthful and certainly not scrupulous. And she had a hard, cold way with her that disagreeably surprised me.

I had not looked for romance in my wife, but I had expected a certain amount of sympathy and what, for lack of a better expression, I will call goodfellowship.

Marion, however, took no pains to deceive me as to her real character. I made a violent effort to conceal my own disappointment and to assume the character of a devoted husband, but she repelled my advances, not actively, but passively.

When I tried to talk about our plans for the future she would turn the subject, and we had not been married two days before she let me see very plainly who was going to be master.

I began to feel supremely uncomfortable, and I made up my mind that nothing but disaster could follow such a marriage.

I went out by myself and walked about by the sea, cursing myself for my folly

SPECIAL

MARK DOWN SALE!

Note a few of the many Bargains we are offering at our SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE now going on. The season has been cold and backward and our stock of Spring and Summer Goods is still very large. We have marked everything down to prices that are bound to effect a speedy sale. Buyers will find this a splendid opportunity to secure nice Goods at Low Prices.

Ladies' Fine French Kid Gloves, former price \$1.22, marked down to 89c.
Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, Mosquitare Cut, 6 and 8 button lengths, former price \$1.65, marked down to \$1.25.

Black Silk Warp Henrietta, former price \$1.38, marked down to \$1.10.
Fine quality All Wool Black Henrietta, Silk Finish, former price \$1.00, marked down to 75c.

Fine quality All Wool Serges, Double Width, new summer shades, marked down from 50c to 37½c.
Shaker Flannel, fagey stripes, marked down from 8½c to 7c.
Men's Fine French Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers, former price 75c, marked down to 50c, all sizes.

D. C. SULLIVAN,

114 Main Street,

MONCTON



WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

SHARP'S
TRADE MARK
BALSAM
OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED
FOR
CROUP, COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, AND COLDS.
40 YEARS IN USE.
PRICE 25¢ PER BOTTLE.
ARMSTRONG & CO., Proprietors,
75 BARKER & SON, AGENTS, St. John, N.B.

First-Class
TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT
WATER STREET,
CHATHAM, N. B.,
F. O. PETERSON, - PROPRIETOR.

A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ADMINISTRATOR'S
Real Estate Sale

There will be sold by public auction on the premises, near Weldford Station, Harcourt, County of Kent, pursuant to a license for that purpose granted by the Probate Court for the said county on Saturday the 31st day of October next at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described lands and premises: On the north by lands owned by Thomas Ingram, on the south by a reserved street and lands owned by J. Dorothy, on the east by lands owned by said Thomas Ingram and on the west by the highway road or main street running from the Weldford Station to the Beckwith road, containing sixty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, or one-quarter of an acre more or less. Terms—10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale and the balance to be paid on execution and delivery of deed. Harcourt, September 26 A. D. 1891.

B. S. BAILEY,
Administrator of the estate of George R. Bailey.

JAMES BUCKLEY,
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN
BOOTS & SHOES
WELDFORD STATION,
Also in stock—A fine assortment of Boots and Shoes, Moccasins, Horse Collars, etc.

Advertise in The Review.

JOHN HANNAH,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Woven Wire Mattresses,
Of Different Grades for the Trade only. Warranted not to sag.
To be had from all the principal furniture and general dealers in the Maritime Provinces.
Repairing promptly done. 105 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FARM
MACHINERY
AND IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.
ROTARY MILLS & SHINGLE MACHINES.
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
FINEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES.
Special attention given to repairs for all kinds of Machinery. Bring or send me the piece, whether broken or not, and I can set it duplicated for you. I do not wish to sell the cheapest, but I shall strive to select goods as good as the best, give good value, fair terms; and hope by upright dealing and careful attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the citizens of Kent County.
Agent for FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
E. E. PECK, Office—305 Main St. Moncton, N.B.
at I. C. R. Crossing,
Telephones—Office, 45; Residence, 37 A.

Millers' Tanning Extract Co.
(LIMITED).
—WORKS AT—
Millerton and Mortimore, N. B.
Cable Addresses—"Hypotan," London; and "Miller," Miramichi.
A very complete stock of General Goods, cheap for Cash or Trade, at
OUR MORTIMORE STORE.

Change of
Business.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF DRY GOODS.
\$20,000 - - - WORTH - - - \$20,000

Will be sold at cost, on Goods other than Staples much less than cost, as we mean to dispose of the entire stock. Bargains in everything. The stock is still complete and well selected in all lines. Purchasers will save from 15 to 50 per cent. We will sell for CASH only. Those who have accounts are requested to call and settle. Sale will continue till all is sold. Call early in the day to avoid the rush.

J. FLANAGAN
MONCTON, N. B.

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.
—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,
—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS,
54 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

James D. Irving
LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
—COMPRISING—

SHEATHING, WAINSCOTTING, FLOORING, CLAPBOARDS, WINDOW and DOOR CASINGS, MOULDINGS, LATHS, & C.

FLOUR CHEAP FOR CASH.
Buctouche, N. B., June 22, 1891.