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KING STREET,
Weldford Station, I. C. R.would care to know it, *Must I?* she said, low, her eyes and voice full of submission.

"I must know my rival's name, dear," Mr. Belleford returned.

"Archibald Carlyle," she whispered low.

"His likeness! Let me see it?" Mr. Belleford said quickly.

He took it from her, approached nearer the gaslight and stood earnestly gazing on the youth's face.

There was a great agitation plainly visible on Mr. Belleford's usually calm face, as he turned again towards Ivy. For several moments he appeared as if in deep thought, his eyes shaded by his hand.

Ivy's gentle heart was troubled. Putting her hand softly into his, she said: "I did not mean to hurt you. Forgive me."

There was love enough in his eyes then as he turned them to hers and said:

"Bless you, my little Ivy! Say, rather you are dear good girl and I must keep you for my own."

There was a strange light in his eyes that puzzled Ivy.
"How long since this youth's father passed from earth?" Mr. Belleford asked.

"Over two years."

"Poor boy! I can feel for him. Ivy, twenty-two years ago, I drained the same bitter cup that he is sipping now. I too, loved with all my soul a lovely girl. We had pledged our hearts. I was poor then, but the future promised brightly. My love would wait my coming I believed, and I was strong and could work to win a home for her. And so off to a new country I went. Every day brought me her loving, encouraging letters.

"At last, one day, came one that well nigh crushed the life out of me. She was on the eve of marriage. Oh, it was a pitiful heart-breaking letter. She yielded to her dying father's entreaties, and wedded his friend. My heart ached for her. I never felt that she was false to me. I prayed for her happiness. I knew the man who had won her. I felt sure that he would devote his life to making her happy. And so, after a while a calm gathered over my troubled spirit. I never have heard of her—"

The door opened, and Mr. Arrington's entrance left the sentence unfinished.

Mr. Belleford soon arose to leave, saying that Ivy looked tired and must retire. As he bade good-night he whispered:

"Be in the library to-morrow evening at eight o'clock."

Archie's sorrow weighed heavily on his mother's heart, deepening the shade of sadness on her face.

Although nearly forty years old she was very lovely and very youthful-looking still. 'Tis true her brown eyes had lost their brightness, and the laughing light had gone out suddenly long years ago, but leaving them in a softened beauty.

Archie was very proud of his mother, declaring that she was more beautiful than most of the girls he knew.

The day after Mr. Belleford had opened his heart to her, she sat in her little room. The sewing had fallen from her hands when her thoughts wandered back into the past. She neither heard the bell nor the opening of the sitting-room door. The servant's words:

"A gentleman to see you ma'am," aroused her.

"Allan!" she cried starting forward with extended arms—only a step, and then pale and trembling, she stood, and would have fallen, but Allan Belleford's arm was supporting her.

"Why Alice are you not glad to see me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—but—"

"But never mind that. Years ago I went away to make a fortune for my promised bride. Well, I have done it. Alice, are you ready to come home to me? Speak, love. I've come for you at last."

Ah, little Ivy there is love enough in Mr. Belleford's eyes and voice too, now. He had gathered the still trembling woman closer to himself. With an effort to move off she said:

"But Miss Arrington. You forget—"

"I forget everything but my love for you Alice. Never mind about Miss Arrington. She will have a younger and a better loved husband. There is one thing I do not forget, and that is, that I have to look out for the happiness of a great big boy of mine. Archie, my son, I mean. He will win his love. Am I to win mine, Alice?"

"If I can make you happy," she whispered.

"God bless you, Alice!" Allan Belleford said, pressing his lips to hers.

"Here comes our son now. I took the liberty of sending for him in your name."

A moment more and with an anxious look in his eyes, Archie entered. He instantly recognized Mr. Belleford and a frown gathered quickly on his brow. With a cold bow he was acknowledging his mother's introduction, when his arm was clasped and a hand thrown fondly over his shoulder, and Mr. Belleford said, with joy breaking out all over his face:

"Come! come! clear away that frown, Archie, or I shall think you are not willing to accept me as your father my boy."

"Sir?" exclaimed the bewildered Archie. And then in a lower, softer tone he said, "Miss Arrington?"

"I hope to claim her as a daughter some day. There! there! ease your heart my boy, and try to win your love. Your mother is the only one whose hand and heart I claim."

It was all so strange that Archie could scarce realize the truth. But after a little while he and Mr. Belleford went out together, and all was soon explained—the past, with its clouds of sorrow; the plans for a future of brightness and joy. Eight o'clock found Ivy waiting in the library.

The door opened, and turning to greet her lover, she saw Archie Carlyle.

"Am I welcome, Mr. Belleford sent me to you," Archie said, coming forward.

"Welcome? Oh, yes!" Ivy said; and then when her hands were clasped in Archie's, she asked, her face alternately flushing and growing pale. "Where is Mr. Belleford? Oh, I do not understand. No, I ought not to be glad. I—I am his promised wife!"

"Here I am my darling girl. Here to give you back your promise. But hold you still as my dear child; to be won by someone you can learn to love in a different way from the love you give to me. There, I am going to talk to your father. I will make it all right with him. God bless you, my children."

I am not going to play eavesdropper in this love scene, so shall leave with Mr. Belleford. First, because Archie is a young hand at lovemaking and maybe an awkward one; and more particularly because I'm very much afraid Ivy did a share of the love making herself. Mr. Belleford, true to his word, did make all right. Archie felt sure of this when, near the close of the evening, Mr. Arrington came in and shook hands cordially with him.

There was a quiet little wedding a few weeks after, and the fashionable world were surprised beyond expression when it became known that Mr. Belleford had wedded one unknown to them.

Archie is studying law, in two years he will graduate. Mr. Arrington has no fears about the future of his son-in-law. Indeed he feels quite sure he is on the road to fame as well as fortune.

GREAT DISCOVERIES.—The astronomer who discovers a new star, the scientist who finds a new face, or the geologist who alights upon a new species of fossil, becomes deservedly famous; but the actual good such discoveries do is nothing when compared to the finding of a medicine which is an infallible cure for certain diseases. Such a discovery was made nearly half a century ago by an Eastern gentleman named Perry Davis, and his preparation is now known to the world as PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera, and, indeed, all bowel complaints. 25c. only for Big 2 oz bottle.

A Real Woman.

A natural woman is the greatest power in the world to-day. By her very nature she conquers, whether she be the wife of a humble clerk or a ten-time millionaire.

"She is always so lovable because she is so natural," was the graceful tribute I heard a group of women a few evenings ago pay to a young woman who had just left them. "Men are so fond of her," said another woman in the group, "and yet no one would call her pretty." Let artifice, sham or pretension enter into the nature of such a woman and she would become at once an unwelcome guest where now she is bidden and eagerly sought for. Someone may say: "Yes, the one you speak of is probably a rich woman, and she can afford to be lovable." Not at all, my friend. She is the daughter of a man whose salary is too meagre for him to give his wife a servant, and his daughter helps the mother in her house-work. She is the very sunshine of that home, simply because she is her own self and never tries to appear what she is not.

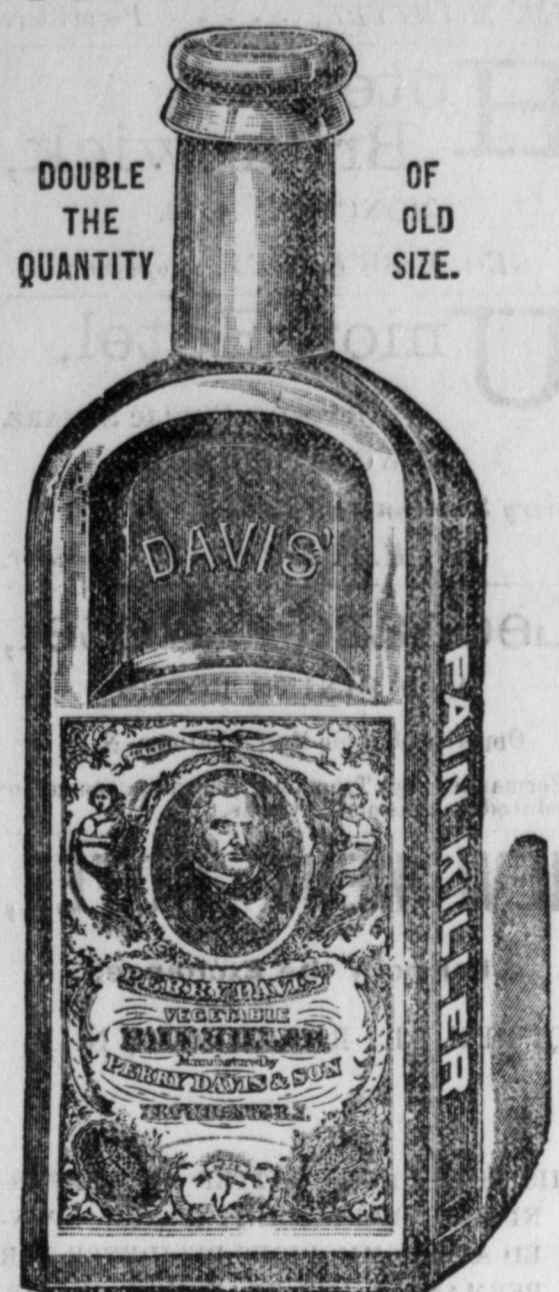
The manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco invite the very closest scrutiny of its quality. The expert whose trained senses teach him to recognise the exact quality of tobacco, and the smoker who judges by his experience in smoking it, will both come to the same conclusion that it is of the very highest quality anywhere to be found. It is made of the very finest Virginia leaf and is manufactured with the greatest possible care.

A Boy's Essay on Breath.

A little boy in a New York public school recently handed in to the teacher the following composition on "Our Breath:"

"Our breath is made of air. If it were not for our breath we would die. The breath keeps going through our liver, our lungs and our lungs. Boys shut up in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait until they get outdoors. Air in a room has carbonic acid in it, and carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. Once some men were shut up in a black hole in India, a carbonic acid got into that there hole, and afore morning nearly every one of them was dead. Girls wear corsets which squeeze their diaphragms too much. Girls cannot run and holler cause their diaphragms are squeezed. If I was a girl I would just run and holler so my diaphragm would grow. That's all on breath."

Probably your grand-mother when a child, knew and used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment my friend.

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HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
THE BIG BOTTLE
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Old Popular 25c. Price.

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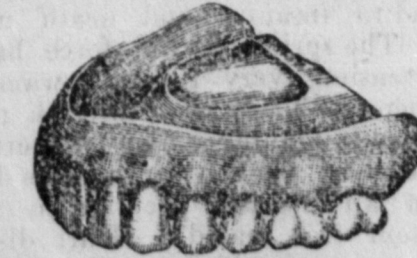
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Office—Y. M. C. A. building, Moncton. References—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.

Visits will be made to Kent County every month. Weldford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

EDWARD FORBES,

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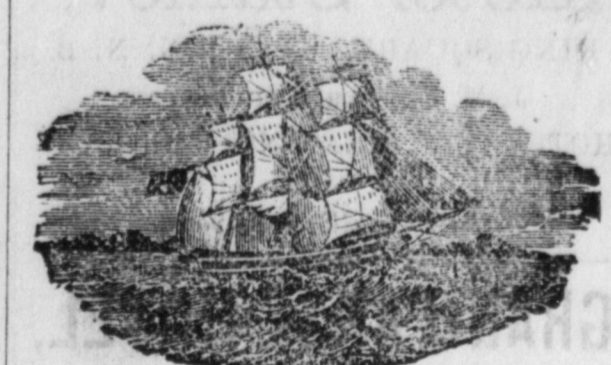
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Since Last September

I have not spent one day without intense suffering until I obtained a bottle of

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I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the best remedy for RHEUMATISM ever discovered. I would recommend any one to try it who suffers as I did—I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years.

Yours truly,

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Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Weldford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Bass River and Kingston, on arrival of the St. John, Halifax and Quebec express trains. Sundays excepted.

Returning—leaves Richibucto at 4.00 p. m., local, and arrives at Weldford Station in time to connect with night express trains going North and South.

Fare, \$1.50.

Good Livery Stable in connection.

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A farm of 130 acres best tillage land, situated at the head of tide waters of Grande Riviere, or Eel River, only three miles from the Sea or Lower Bay du Vin, Hardwick, Northumberland Co., N. B. Good fishing and boating privilege, good roads and bridges in vicinity. Will be sold cheap. Good warranty deed given. For terms and particulars write to

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Painting a speciality.

GEO. W. WILSON.

NOTICE!

Having sold out my business to Mr. Osher K. Black I would solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed on me to Mr. Black.

JAS. S. WRY.

Kingston, Aug. 2, 1892.

Referring to the above I would beg to inform the public that I will keep on hand a full line of coffins and caskets, and will attend to all orders promptly and in a manner that will give satisfaction.

OSHER K. BLACK.

Richibucto, Aug. 2, 1892.

FORSALE OR TO LET

That desirable residence the NOBLE COTTAGE is offered for sale or to rent. For particulars apply to

WILLIAM HUDSON

Richibucto, Aug. 11, 1892. (2m)