

HER ONLY SIN.

BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Her heart warmed as she gazed. If this was an English Christmas, then might Heaven bless Christmas forever more!

Every one had something kind to say; there was a smile on every face, light in kindly eyes, music in the sound of kindly voices.

She never forgot the Christmas dinner—the grand table with its costly silver and delicate glass, the profusion of flowers and fruit, the sparkling wines, the laughter, and the general air of happiness. She saw Katherine with her bright, laughing face, and her handsome young lover following her like a shadow. Presently Sir Jasper came up to her.

"Do you like our way of keeping Christmas, Veronica?" he asked.

She looked at him. "It is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen," she replied. And then he turned abruptly away, for she had looked at him with dead Giulia's eyes.

"Veronica!" said a low, deep voice. She turned, and saw Lord Wynleigh standing by her side. "I have come to ask you if you are pleased. Walk with me through the room. You have not wished me a happy Christmas yet."

"Then I will do it now," she said; and Lord Wynleigh raised her hand to his lips. "Katherine has been telling me how dearly she loves you, and how good you are to her."

"I love her better than anything or any one in the wide world," she replied. He looked half sadly at her.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you for a little share of that great affection which you give to my peerless Kate. I will deserve it. I will give you the true, honest, frank, kindly affection of a brother to a sister. Will you accept it?"

She looked up at him. "I am bewildered," she said. "What have I done that Heaven should give me so much—what have I done? Only a few months since, no one loved me; now—"

"You accept it then?" interrupted Lord Wynleigh. "If you want a friend, you will come to me; if ever you want help of any kind, you will remember that on Christmas day you promised a stalwart brother to let him stand between you and the world."

"I shall never forget," she said, and Lord Wynleigh left her standing by the door of the conservatory while he went in search of Katherine.

Veronica was unutterably happy; into her gray dull life such threads of gold were woven that she was dazzled by them. She had hungered and thirsted for love; now it was lavished upon her. She stood on the same spot still, unconscious of her picturesque loveliness, watching Katherine and her lover; and as she watched them, strange, sweet possibilities of life came floating to her. It might be in the golden far-off future such love as Alton's for Katherine would fall to her lot. Perhaps her life, too, would be crowned by that most pure and perfect gift—a noble love. If Heaven had such happiness in store for her—

"I am afraid," said a deep, musical voice near her, "that you will take cold; there is quite a rush of cold air here."

Veronica looked up suddenly. A tall, stately figure stood between her and the light; dark eyes were looking into her own. She saw a handsome, noble face, a proud, princely head covered with clusters of fair hair. It was a face that from that moment stood out clear and distinct from all other faces. The gentleman smiled at the half bewildered expression of the dark eyes.

"I must introduce myself again," he said. "Sir Jasper introduced me to you just before dinner, but I was one of so many I cannot hope to have been noticed. You do not remember me?"

"No," she replied; "Sir Jasper introduced so many people to me at once, and English names are hard to remember. I should be glad if you would tell me yours," she added, with some little hesitation.

"You will say that it is a strange one, perhaps," he said. "I am Sir Marc Caryll."

"Sir Marc Caryll," she repeated. "I shall remember that in connection with the patron saint of Venice—St. Mark."

She could not tell why, but the name seemed to sink into the depths of her heart like the echo of a song. Then she looked at him, and decided that, although she had seen some noble men, he was by far the handsomest and noblest. There was an air of command, of power, of authority, about him which pleased her. He looked like a man whose will was strong and relentless, whose purpose was fixed, whose judgment was clear and decided. Self-reliance, courage, bravery—all those qualities were written on the fair, handsome face that had in it at times a woman's sweetness and the simplicity of a child. A swift, sudden thought came to her that a life would be safe in those strong hands of his—honor, fair name, everything might be entrusted to him, and the trust would be kept.

Sir Marc smiled at her. "I can read your thoughts," he said; "you have been estimating my character. I will not ask you what you think of it; I will only say I hope your conclusions

are favorable. Miss Di Cyntha, try one dance with me. Christmas day is past, and an example has been set us."

Veronica remembered that Christmas night; it was the beginning of a new life to her. The vague sweet possibilities that had thrilled her as she watched Katherine took shape now—vague, beautiful shape; something awoke in her heart which had never been there before; something so tender, so sweet, that the girl's whole soul was moved by it. Life was never to be the same again for her; she had inherited something of the quick love and quick hatred that characterized the Brandons. She had in her more of her father's nature than of her mother's.

"Your face is a poem," said Sir Marc, later on that same Christmas night—"a poem that I should never tire of reading."

She danced with him, she talked to him; more than one amused glance followed them—she with her dark Venetian beauty he with his Saxon comeliness; they seemed to have forgotten the world. Once Sir Marc took her to the great western window in the broad corridor, and, drawing aside the hangings, he said, looking intently at her with his dark gray eyes:

"You will not wish to return to Venice? You would be content to remain in England all your life?"

She raised her beautiful face; the dark eyes looked at the blue, wintry night-sky, at the fair white earth, at the quaint shadows the moon made through the trees; and then she turned to Sir Marc.

"Venice would seem a prison to me after this," she said; and as she said it, she wondered why he looked so bright and pleased.

"I should like you to see my home," he remarked. "It is, I think, a more beautiful than Queen's Chace. It is called Wervehurst Manor, and it stands in the loveliest part of Sussex. We have music there—nature's grandest; the sea lies at no great distance; and far away to the right stretches a chain of hills—purple hills—on which the light of the sun lies low. I have a passionate love for my home."

She was silent. He went on.

"And I live there, Miss Di Cyntha, all alone; can you imagine that? I have no mother, no sister. There is a large household of servants, but I am quite solitary. I want what the poets call an angel in the house."

"What is that?" asked Veronica.

"That is English for a wife," he replied; and the beautiful face drooped before his.

Her heart beat; a strange pain, that was yet half pleasure, seemed to thrill her innocent soul.

"I must leave you," she said, hurriedly. "I am quite sure that Katherine wants me."

"Where you go, I follow," declared Sir Marc; and for that evening at least he kept his word.

CHAPTER VI.

A new life, a glorious new life, bright, hopeful, pleasant, full of poetry, full of wonder and romance! The time came when Veronica began to wonder what it was that had fallen over her life. What was the dazzling light that had fallen at her feet? Why was it that from morning to night and from night to morning she had but one thought, and that was about Marc Caryll?

Christmas had passed now and the beautiful spring-tide had set in. The air was balmy with the sweet breath of flowers; yet Sir Jasper had not recovered much of his strength. The doctors would not allow him to return to his duties; he must rest if he would live. In vain the active, energetic statesman rebelled. He refused for a time to submit, until he saw the absolute necessity for it. Then he found Lord Wynleigh of great use to him. He had been returned as member for Hurstwood, and had made his maiden speech; to everybody's great surprise, it was simply a masterpiece of eloquence. Sir Jasper gave up some of his duties to the young politician, about whom people prophesied great things.

The baronet was very pleased. It had always been a source of sorrow to him that he had no son to succeed to his honors; but he loved the brave young nobleman in whom all Katherine's happiness seemed to be centred. When despondent thoughts came to him, he said to himself that he should have a successor. He insisted upon Lady Brandon's taking Katherine and Veronica to London for part of the season at least, and nothing pleased him better than to read her ladyship's letter in which she told of Veronica's successes and triumphs.

"The girl can marry whom she will," wrote Lady Brandon; "her magnificent beauty has brought all London to her feet. She does not seem to care about any one in particular."

Veronica had suddenly become famous. Her rare style of face and figure, her wonderful grace and musical voice, had made her the observed of all. She received more invitations than she could possibly accept. Every one admired and liked her. But when Lady Brandon had been in town a few weeks, she decided upon returning. Sir Jasper was no better and the doctor attending him did not think it advisable that he should delay consulting some eminent physician. So they went home again, and, as he looked at his two daughters, the master of Queen's Chace was struck aresh. Katherine's

animated loveliness and Veronica's pale beauty seemed to have acquired fresh lustre.

Those few weeks in town had wonderfully improved Veronica; they had given a finish and elegance to her such as can be acquired only by mixing with the most refined. She had enjoyed her visit but not much, because Sir Marc was away. The season had but little attraction for him. He was not a man of fashion. A cruise to Norway had more charms for him than a season in London.

He had written to say that he hoped to pass through Hurstwood in July or August and would very much like to spend a few days there; to which Sir Jasper had replied by sending him a most cordial invitation, guessing shrewdly what was the attraction. So that Veronica had that to look forward to; and the knowledge of it made her profoundly indifferent to all the homage offered her.

The old, bitter struggle was still going on in Sir Jasper's mind. What should he do? His heart was torn with a thousand doubts, a thousand fears. There was hardly an hour of the twenty-four during which he did not again review all his reasons and doubts. Do as he would, one or the other must suffer. Should it be Katherine, the bright, fair child, the descendant of the proud Valdoraines? or Veronica, who looked up at him with dead Giulia's eyes? Which of the two should it be? He would have given his life to save either.

One thing he had done. He had sent for a strange lawyer, and had made another will, in which he told the secret of Veronica's birth, and left to her the grand inheritance of Queen's Chace and Hurstwood. That will will be kept by him. Remembering it, he was more at ease whenever he thought of her.

He grew worse. The doctors did not apprehend any immediate danger; he was only suffering from overtaxed strength, from hills that might be remedied. He did not even keep his room. Sir Jasper himself was more alarmed than the people about him. Strange sensations came to him. There were times when he fancied as he walked through the shady garden-paths, that strange voices called him; he saw strange figures in his troubled sleep, strange faces smiled at him from the picture-frames.

One day—how Veronica remembered it afterwards!—he had walked in the grounds, and when the sun grew warm he went into the drawing-room to rest on a couch. Veronica was there. He asked her to read to him, and she did so until he fell asleep; then she sat and watched him, thinking how very ill he looked, how white and sunken his face was. Suddenly she saw his pale lips quiver; he opened his arms as though to clasp them round some one whom he loved, crying in a passionate voice:

"Giulia, Giulia, my heart's love!" She touched him gently, and his eyes opened and looked wildly at her.

"Giulia," he cried, "where am I? Is it you, and yet another?"

"Sir Jasper," said Veronica, "you are dreaming—you are ill."

He looked in bewilderment at her. "Giulia's eyes," he said, "but another face. What does it mean?"

"You have been dreaming," remarked the girl, quietly. "Can I get anything for you? Shall I bring Lady Brandon?"

He gave a smothered groan. "I—you are right, Veronica—I was dreaming. No, do not call any one; I want nothing. These June days are so warm."

It was June then, when the days were at their longest, and the bright, sweet hours were filled with beauty—June, when Queen's Chace was a picture of loveliness, with its lilies and roses, its rich green foliage and wealth of flowers. Veronica was troubled as she looked at Sir Jasper, for she had grown to love him. She remembered afterward how he awoke from a fevered sleep and would have Katherine by Veronica's side. She remembered every detail of that his last day on earth. He would not go into the dining-room, and it was Veronica, by her own special request, who took him little dainties and coaxed him to eat them. She knelt by his side, holding in her fingers a ripe, sunny peach.

"This is like Katherine's cheek," she said, laughingly. And she looked so like her mother at that moment that he could have cried aloud in his longing love and pain.

"You have learned to love Katherine, Veronica?" he said, gently.

"Better than I love my life," she said, blushing that she no longer said, "Better than I love any one else in the world."

He looked up at her suddenly. "Have you learned to love me, Veronica?" he asked.

"Yes, just as dearly," she replied.

Then they were silent, he mute with emotion, she wondering that he should speak to her in this strain—he who had always been so distant and so reserved. Then he was restless all the day. When evening came, he asked Katherine to sing her old songs to him, the songs he loved best; and Veronica fancied that his eyes filled with tears. Then, when it was growing later, he called Katherine to him. She knelt down by his side, and he drew her golden head down onto his breast. "My child, my darling," he said, "have I been kind to you?"

(Continued on Page 5.)



Toronto, Ontario.

As Well as Ever

After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured of a Serious Disease.

"I was suffering from what is known as Bright's disease for five years, and for days at a time I have been unable to straighten myself up. I was in bed for three weeks; during that time I had leeches applied and derived no benefit. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found relief before I had finished taking half of a bottle. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and since taking the second bottle I feel as well as ever I did in my life." GEO. MERRETT, Toronto, Ont.

In Dreadful Condition

Almost a Complete Wreck After the Grip

Can Hardly Express Sufficient Gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"Dear Sirs—I felt it my duty to let you know the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have been troubled with summer complaint for years, unable to do anything. I tried everything but seemed to get no relief. Then I became a victim of the grip and was left in a dreadful state, so weak I could scarcely work and when I did I worked miserably. The doctor said I had Bright's disease. My kidneys were in dreadful condition. I found one of your papers at my door, and on reading it decided to

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial, thinking at the time it was not much use as nothing helped me before. But, thank God, I got relief after the first bottle. I kept on taking it and used five bottles; am now a cured man; never felt better. I have loudly recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, for I owe my life to it and hope this may be the means of leading others to give it a fair trial." JOSHUA SMITH, Norwich, Vt., Woodstock, Ontario.

Hood's Pills cure liver pills, constipation, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion.

For Sale at SHORT'S DRUG STORE.

WESTMORLAND Marble Works, T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones. Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (aug31st)

A. E. LANDRY SAINT LOUIS, N. B.

DEALER IN Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Rubber Goods, etc.

Selling Cheap for Cash. Watchmaker and Photographer. Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thos. L. Bourke,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANT,

11, 18 AND 25 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

LOTS OF LAND FOR SALE!

I am instructed to offer for sale the following lots of land:

1. In Galloway, Richibucto:—A lot containing 75 acres known as the Daniel Young lot, and granted to him in 1863.
2. In Carleton Parish:—A lot containing 66 acres, known as lot M, in block R, on the "Allen Road," north side of the Kouchibouguac River, adjoining John Potter.
3. A lot containing 100 acres on the Acadiaville Road, adjoining the James Potter lot, and distinguished a lot No. 72 in block 11.
4. In the Parish of Wellington:—A lot containing 50 acres on the north side of the Big Buctouche River, and known as the John Donaher lot. These properties will be sold cheap if applied for at once. J. D. PHINNEY, Richibucto, March 6th, 1894. All parties are hereby forbidden to trespass upon any of the said lots. J. D. P.

OUR RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING is superior to any other brand on the market.

LAWTON'S CELEBRATED SAWS. Mill, Gang, Circular, Crosscut and Buck.

HART EMERY WHEELS. Lubricating Oils, Royal Oak Files & Mill Supplies of all kinds.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, St. John, N. B.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS & MILLINERY, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS & HOUSEFURNISHINGS. 27 and 29 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO. —WHOLESALE— Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN— TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS. 44 & 46 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

J. H. CARNALL Taxidermist and Naturalist, 98 King Street, (up stairs) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

CARD. TO THE GROCERY TRADE IN KENT COUNTY.

WE have engaged the services of Mr. BEV. SMITH, late of the B. & M. Railway to represent us in Kent County. Mr. Smith will call on you at regular intervals, and as we have a very large and well assorted stock, purchased for cash, he will offer Goods at

Lowest Market Prices. We bespeak a share of your orders for him. We take this opportunity to thank our customers in Kent County for past favors and would ask a continuance of your confidence. P. S.—We sell only to the trade. F. P. REID & CO., MONCTON, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys. WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FINE SPRING and SUMMER TOP SHIRTS, NEGLIGÉ SHIRTS, DURABLE WORKING SHIRTS, @ 50c. Also, a large stock of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, besides 70 pieces of Cloth, suitable for Suits, Coats and Vests or Pants and Vests, and 10 pieces of fine Overcoating to be sold cheap for cash.

HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

ESTABLISHED 1839.

The Review, RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER! THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

Furnishes its readers every week with more reading matter than any other paper in the Province, outside of the cities.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.