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- AN Old Man's Darling. -

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AUTHOR OF "QUEENIE'S TERNIBLE SECRET," "JACQUELINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI--Continued.

He sighed heavily, and again his anx. ious gaze roved through the room.

"Ab, there she is," he murmured, de lightedly. "My beautiful Bonnibel! how I wish the time for unmasking would come. I cannot bear for her sweet face to be hidden from my sight."

At that moment a small hand fluttered down upon his arm.

He turned abruptly.

Beside him stood a woman whose dark eyes shone through her concealing mask unfamiliar voice :

hide Colonel Carlyle from my eyes."

"Madam, you have the advantage of accord me the privilege of your name?" "It matters not," she answered, with a

low, eerie laugh, whose strangeness sent a cold thrill like an icy chill along his veine, "I am but a wandering sibyl; I claim ne name, no country."

"Perhaps you will foretell my future," he said, humoring her assumption of the character.

"It were best concealed," she said, and again he heard that strange, blood ourdling laugh.

He bowed and stood gazing at her silently, wondering a little who she could be.

The wandering sibyl stoed silent, too. as if lost in thought. Presently she started and spoke like one waking from a dream:

"And yet perhaps I may give you a word of warning." "Pray do so," he answered carlessly, for his eyes had returned to the graceful form of Bonnibel as she stood leaning against a from him

At that moment the signal came and his guests unmasked.

He saw Monsieur Favart coming toward him accompanied by a handsome, distinguished-looking young man in the costume of a knight. He had never met the great Roman artist, yet he felt a quick intuition that this must be the man. The premonition was verified, for Monsieur Favart paused before him and said:

"Colonel Carlyle, it gives me pleasure to present my artist friend, Mr. Dene." The two gentlemen bowed to each like coals of fire. She spoke in a low, other, but for a moment Colonel Carlyle could not speak. When he aid his voice "I know you, sir. Your mask cannot was hoarse and strained, and his words of welcome were so few that Monsieur Favart looked at him in surprise. What had me," he answered politely. "Will you become of the old celonel's urbanity and courtliness?

> "You will allow me to present you to my wife, Mr. Dane," said the bost, breaking the silence with an effort.

The artist bowed and they moved down the long room side by side, the old man with his white face and silvery beard, the young one with his princely grace and refined beauty.

Leslie Dane had been most reluctant to attend the ball given by the American colonel, but Carl Muller had teased him into compliance. He had nerved himself for the trial, and found that he could bear the contact with one from his native land with more sang fooid than he expected. "Now I shall see the old lady," was his

half-smiling comment to biniself as he walked along. "I wonder if she is very

CHAPTER XXVII.

Colonel Carlyle would fain have lingered in Bonnibel's apartment and asked for some explanation of her fainting spell, which he was convinced was the result of her meeting with the artist, although her simple assertion of striking her head against the jardiniere had deceived all others except himself, as it might have deceived him but for the warning of the masked sibyl.

But it was quite true that she had hurt her head, and when the faithful Lucy parten the thick locks and began to dress the slight wound, her young mistress turned so ghastly pale and closed her eyes so wearily that the jealous old man saw that it was no fitting time for recrimination, and went away to attend to his guests, half-resolved to have it out with the artist himself.

But calmer thoughts stepped in and forbade this indulgence of his spleen. After all, what could he say to the young man ? What did he know wherewith to accuse him? His anonymous informant had only said that his wife and the artist had been former lovers. What, then! How the gay world would have laughed if he picked a quarrel with the lion of the hour on such a charge as that.

Many of the women whom Colonel Carlyle knew would have deemed it an honor to have been loved either in the past or present by the gifted artist. No, there was nothing he could say to the man on the subject, yet he determined that he would at least watch him closely, and ifif there should be even the faintest at tempt on his part to revive the intimacy of the past, then woe unto him, for Colonel Carlyle was nerved to almost any act of frenzy.

Bonnibel lifted her head when the colonel was gone and looked at her faithful attendant with a face on which death itself seemed to have set its seal.

"Oh, me! Miss Bonnibel, you are as white as a ghost," exclaimed Lucy. "And no wonder! It is a bad cut, though not very deep. Does it hurt you very much?" "What are you talking of, Lucy? What should hurt me?" inquired her mistress in a wild, startled tone, showing that she had quite forgotten her wound. "Why, the cut on your head, to be

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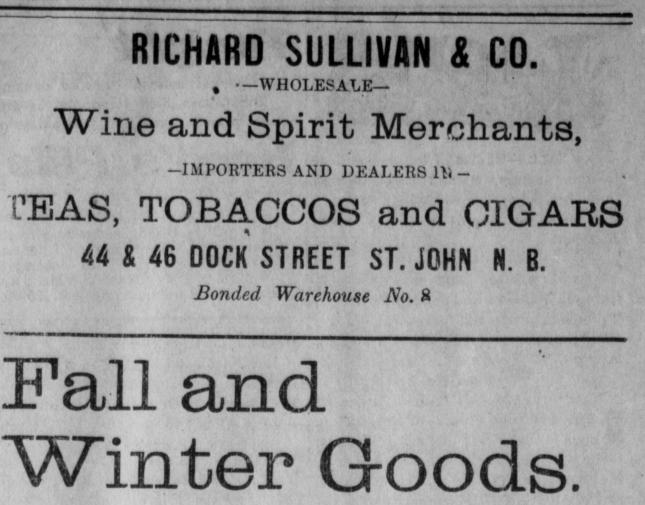
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

about passing through the deserted hall on his way out when he encountered Bonnibel's maid. Lucy had, like many illiterate persons, keen recollection of faces. She knew the artist immediately. "You are Mr. Dane," she said, going up to him after a keen glance around to see if she were unobserved. "Yes," he answered, looking at her in wonder. "I have a note for you, sir. Please read it and give me an answer at once." He took it, tore off the envelope, and

read the few lines that Bonnibel had penned, while a frown gathered on his brow. "Well, sir?"

"Wait a moment."

He took a gold pencil from his pocket and hastily scribbled a few lines on the back of Bonnibel's sheet. Lucy, watching



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Ladies' Jackets.

The woman's eyes followed his. She frowned darkly beneath her mask.

"You have gathered many distinguished guests around you to-night, Celonel Carlyle," she said, abruptly.

madam, be sure, although unknown," he answered, with a courtly bow.

a friendly warning."

sibilant whisper:

"Your wife and the great artist who is your honored guest to-night, were lovers long ago. Watch well how they meet when unmasked to-night!"

With the words she glided from him like the serpent forsaking Eden.

And that deadly serpent, jealousy, that had lain dormant in the colonel's heart for months, "scotched but not killed," now coiled itself anew for a fatal spring.

The blood in his weins seemed turning to liquid fire.

His heart beat so wildly that he could distinctly hear its rapid throbs.

He felt frightened at the swiftness and violence of the passion that flooded his whole being.

The words spoken by the masked woman seemed to burn themselves into his beart.

"Your wife and the great artist who is your honored guest to-night were lovers long ago. Watch well how they meet when unmasked to-night."

For a moment Reason tried to assert her supremacy, and whisper, "Peace. be still," to the seething whirlpool of emotion.

"Do not believe it," she said. "Someone is trying to tease you. It is quite impossible that Bonnibel and this foreign artist should have met before. Anonymous warnings should always be treated with contempt."

And then he remembered the anony. mous note he had received at Long Branch two years before."

"That was true," he said to himself. "Bonnibel as good as admitted it, for she would not show me the inscription in the ring, and she refused to give up wearing it. But she said that the giver was dead. Had she had two lovers, then, innocent and youthful as she was? Perhaps she deceived me. Women are not to be trust. ed, they say. I will obey the warning of my unknown friend and watch." He waited impatiently for the summons down on the pale and lifeless face. to supper, which would be the signal for laying aside the masks. "It must be true," he said to himself, to life they asked her what had caused her "for that would explain why he was so discourteous about painting her portrait. He did not wish to be thrown into familiar contact with her again. Perhaps she she threw him over because he was poor and unknown, then, and accepted me only down upon her with veiled scorn. for the sake of my wealth."

angry with me because 1 would not paint her pectrait."

The next moment, before he had time to raise his eyes, he found timself bowing tall stand of flowers at a little distance hurriedly at the sound of his host's voice uttering the usual formal words of intruduction.

Bonnibel was standing alone by a tall jardingere of flowers, looking downward a little thoughtfully. She was dressed as Undine, in a fleatidg robe of sea-green, only I am thinking." "None more honored than yourself, with billows of enowy tulle, looped with water-likes and sea-grasses, and lightly embroidered with pearls and tiny sea-"Pretty words," she answered, with a shell. Her appropriate ornaments were mocking laugh. "Let me repay them by aquamarizes in a setting of golden shells.

Her long, golden hair fell unbound over She bent nearer and breathed in a low, her shoulders and rippled to her waist, en. veloping her form in a halo of brightness. She looked like a beautiful siren of old ocean, as fair and fresh and beautiful as

Venus when she first arose from its coral caves.

before, "Mrs. Carlyle, you look like a beautiful picture," and the words had recalled to her mind the great artist who had refused to paint her portrait.

"I wonder if Mr. Deane is here tonight," she was thinking, when Colonel Carlyle's voice spoke suddenly beside her, and she bowed haughtily, actuated by little feeling of pique, and lifted her seablue eyes to the face of the artist. She met his gaze fixed steadily upon her with a look of utter surprise, bitter pain and bitterer scorn upon his deathly pale face. In an instant the tide of time rolled back. ward and these two, standing face to face the first time in years, knew each other! Ah, me! how could she bear the revelation that flashed over her so swiftly, and live through its horror, its shame and disgrace! The words she had been about to speak died unuttered on her lips, the lights the flowers, the stern, set face of Leslie Dane, all swam before her eyes as things "seen in a glass, darkly." She threw up her hands blindly and reeled backward, striking against the light jardiniere as she fell. It was overturned by the shock, and

scattered its wealth of flowers about her as she lay there unconscious, as beautiful, as fragile, as innocent as they.

For a moment neither Colonel Carlyle nor Leslie Dane moved or spoke. It was a third person who pushed past them and lifted the fair, inanimate form. For Colsure," said Lucy in surprise.

"Oh! Heaven, I had forgotten that," moaned the poor young creature. "I do not feel the pain, Lucy, for the wound in my heart is much deeper. It is of that

She bowed her face in her hands and deep, smothered moans shook her from head to foot. The delicate frame reeled and shook with emotion like some slender reed shaken by a storm.

Lucy knelt down at her feet and implored her mistress to tell her what she could do to help her in her trouble, what. ever it might be.

"Miss Bonnibel," she urged, "tell me something that I can do for you-anything, no matter what, to help you out of Someone had said to her just a moment your trouble if I can."

> Bonnibel hushed her sobs by a great efforc of will, and looked down at the faithful creature.

"Bring me my writing-desk, Lucy," she said, "and I will tell you what you can do for me."

Lucy complied in wondering silence. Bonnibel took out a creamy white sheet, smooth as satin, and wrote a few lines upon it with a shaking hand. Then she dashed her pen several times through the elaborate monogram "B. C." at the top of the sheet.

"Lucy," she said, as she inclosed her note in an envelope and hastily addressed it, "do you remember a gentleman who used to visit at Sea View before my Uncle Francis died-a Mr. Dane?"

"Perfectly well, ma'am," Lucy responded, promptly. "He was an artist." "Yes, he was an artist. Should you

know him again, Lucy?"

"I think I should, ma'an. He was very handsome, with dark eyes and hair." said the girl, who was by no means behind her sex in her appreciation of manly beauty.

"He is down-stairs now, Lucy-he is one of our guests to night," said Bonnibel, with a heavy sigh.

"Is it possible, ma'am?" exclaimed the girl, in surprise. "I thought-at least I piles in three to five nights, 35 cents. Sold heard-Miss Herbert's maid told me a at Est W. W. Short. long while ago that Mr. Dane was dead." "There was some mistake," answered Bonnibel, drearily. "He is alive-I have seen him. And now, Lucy, I will tell you what I wish you to do."

him curiously under the glare of gas-light saw that he was deadly pale, and trembled like a leaf.

"Give this to your mistress," he said, putting the sheet back in the torn envelope, "and tell her that I am gone."

> (TO BE CONTINUED.) - --

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A BRIDE'S QUICK CHANGE.

A wedding last Tuesday afternoon at the Dennison Hotel, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, was the sequel to a Kentucky romance, in which the bride had made an unusually sudden change in her affections, deciding an hour before the prospective nuptials which would have united her to one lover that she loved another better. Mary Meeks, daughter of a Hinton (Ky.) farmer, was to have wedded Tuesday afternoon, Clark Denny, neighbor, but instead met David Hansen Dunn, to whom she had transferred her affections, and they, with a friend, H. C. Scott, drove to Sadleville. Ky., where they boarded a train for Cincinnati. The wedding at the Dennison followed, the Rev. Gervaise Roughton performing the ceremony. Last night the bride and groom returned home, where they hope to receive the forgiveness of the bride's parents, who favored the former groom-

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He was nearly maddened by these tumultuous thoughts. He was almost on her wrong-doing.

onel Carlyle there was murder seething in his jealous heart that moment, and in the breast of Leslie Dane a grand scorn was strangling every emotion of pity.

"Falser than all fancy fathoms, Falser than all songs have sung,"

was the thought in his heart as he looked

People crowded around with advice and restoratives, and as she came back slowly

to faint. Was she ill, were the flowers too overpowering, were the rooms too warm? "I struck my head against the jardiniere and fell," was all she would say as she hid had used him cruelly. It may be that her pale face in her hands to shut out the

sight of the cold, calm eyes that looked

Colonel Carlyle revived sufficiently to lead her away to her room, and people told each other that an accident had hapthe point of going to her at once and pened to Mrs. Carlyle. She had struck the frenzy of scorn and indignation which overwhelming her with the accusation of her head against the jardiniere of flowers and fainted from the pain.

The girl stood listening attentively. "You will take this note, my good girl.

and go dewn-stairs and put it in the hands of Mr. Dane, if you can find him. Try and deliver it to him unobserved, and bring me back his answer."

"I will find him if he is to be found anywhere," said Lucy, taking the note and departing on her secret mission.

Leslie Dane's first passionate impulse after his abrupt meeting with his lost wife was to leave the house which sheltered her false head.

But as he was about to put his resolve into execution he was accosted by a group of ladies and detained for half an hour listening to an idle hum of words, from which he longed to tear himself away in possessed him.

At length he excused himself, and was

tailors, over 200 delegates in attendance. is in session at Toronto.

elect.

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