# Old Man's Darling.

BY MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER.

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

CHAPTER XX-Continued. "An insult!" he exclaims. "Do you call the truth an insult? You talk like a child and act like a child, Bonnibel. I see no other resource before me than to put you at school and keep you there until you learn the necessary amenities of social life which your uncle's blind indul- quivering. gence aided and abetted you in ignoring."

"Send me-a married woman-to school -like a child!" she says, staring at him | tected. blankly.

years at a convent school in Paris would at present."

bas not been so totally neglected as your words imply," she answers from the depths of the arm-chair into which she has wearily fallen. "My Uncle Francis, though he loved me too well to send me away from him to school, always provided me with competent governesses, and if my training does not do them credit it is my own fault, not his; so I beg that you will not needlessly reflect on his memory."

He was silent a moment, pacing restlessly up and down the floor. An unconscious pathos in her words had stung him into reflection. "My Uncle Francis loved me too well to send me away from him,' has touched a responsive chord in his own dearest tie on earth, could talk of sending | you-can't I help you to be happier?" her away from him like a naughty child that, having disobeyed, must be punished for its fault.

"Could I do it?" he asked himself suddenly. "I love her as my own life, though her childish follies drive me mad with jealousy. I am growing old-could I lose her out of my life two precious years when my span of existence may be so short? No, no, fool, that I was to threaten her so; I will retract it if I can without compromising my dignity."

He paused before her and said abruptly:

"I understand from your words then, Bonnibel, that you refuse your consent to my proposed plan?"

To his surprise and confusion she lifted her head with a proud, stag-like motion. and said icily :

"Au contraire, sir, I think well of it, and fully agree with you that I need more training and polish to fit me for the exalted position I occupy as your wife!"

The fine, delicate irony of her tone could not fail to strike him keenly.

He tried to ignore it as he said in a voice that betrayed nothing of his con-

flicting emotions: "My propose course meets with your

full approval, then, madam?" She inclines her head with stately grace. "I cannot think of anything at present,

Colonel Carlyle, that would please me so well as a few years at a Parisian school such as you mentioned."

"She is only too glad of having an opportunity of separating herself from me," he thinks, bitterly; but aloud he answers coldly, "So be it; I shall be happy to meet your wishes."

## CHAPTER XXI.

It is barely midnight and the mirth and merriment are at their height downstairs. Bonnibel hears the sound of

"The violin, flute and bassoon,

And the dancers dancing in tune," through all her interview with Colonel Carlyle, but when it is ended she does not return to the ball-room. She leaves him with a cold good-night, and retires to her life."

her easy-chair as she enters.

night like this."

"Lor', Miss Bonnibel, I have had as comfortable a snooze in your arm-chair as if I had been tucked into my bed. Lucy answers good-naturedly. "Don't you go for to worry over me staying up. I kin stand it if you kin."

Her mistress stands in the center of the room, her eyes shining, her white hands tearing at the diamond necklace about her

throat. "Take it off, Lucy," she cries out impatiently. "It hurts me, it chokes me!"

Lucy hastens to obey, but starts back as she sees the wild, white face of the hapless girl.

"Oh, me!" she exclaims, "you look like a ghost, you are that white. Are you sick, Miss Bonnibel? Let me get you something to take-some wine, or some-

"No, no, I wish nothing," she answers, impatiently. "Only undress me, Lucy, and help me to bed. I am very tiredthat is all."

She sits quite still while Lucy removes the jewels that shine about her, the white satin slippers, the elegant dress, and brings

"Lucy," she says, in surprise, "what is it? What has grieved you?"

sees her eyes full of tears and her full lip

Lucy starts as if frightened at being de-

"Forgive me, ma'am," she says; "it's "Why not? You are quite young for you I grieve. You are that changed enough yet," he answers, moodily. "Two | that I can't bear it! Here I have been your maid since you was a little girl of give you the training and finish you lack twelve, and how happy you used to be before the master died-now for goin' on "I assure you, sir, that my education a year I've never seen a real smile on your face. Something troubles you all the time. Can't I help you? Can't I do | the whys and wherefores. something for you?"

The humble, patient fidelity of the girl | ject. touches Bonnibel to the heart, it is so seldom that an honest, heartfelt word of kindness falls on her ears. Impulsively with tear-filled eyes.

"Lucy, my poor girl," she says plaintively, "I believe you are the only true friend I have on earth!"

"Then can't I help you, Miss Bonnibel?" cried Lucy, feeling that the words heart. Her uncle had loved her like that of her young mistress are too true for her yet he, her husband, bound to her by the to dispute them. "Something troubles

> A sigh-hopeless, passionate, profound -drifts across the lips of the listener.

"No, no, my poor, kind girl," she answers: "no one can help me-I must bear my own cross-no one can carry it for iasm me! Only stay with me, Lucy, and love me always-I have so few to love meand I shall feel better when I can see that your kind heart sympathizes with me."

"I'll never leave you, my dear mistress," sohs the girl; "I'll never forget to love every hair of your innocent head." She kisses the little hand Bonnibel has given her reverently and tenderly, as if it.

were some precious thing. "Lucy. I am going to test your fidelity," says the girl, drearily. "I am going away to Europe next week. Will you go

with me?" Lucy stares open-menthed.

"To Yurrup, Miss Bonnibel! Away off to them furrin parts?"

"Yes, Lucy, away off there. Does your courage fail you?" her mistress inquires, with a slight, sad smile.

"No, no, ma'am. I don't like furrinpeople much; but I'll go to the ends of the earth with you!" is the resolute re-

"Your devotion shall not be taxed that far, Lucy. We will go to France."

"That heathen land," exclaims Lucy, "where the monseers eats frogs and

Bonnibel cannot repress a smile at the girl's quick gesture of disgust.

"You will like the French people better, I hope, when you stay among them two years, for I shall probably stay in Paris that long. I am going to school there, Lucy. You know that I have never been to school in my life, and my governesses were not strict enough with me. There are many things I do not know yet, that one moving in the society I frequent should know. So I am going to lear something yet. It is never too

Lucy looks up, her eyes growing round with surprise.

"Lor', Miss Bonnibel, I never heard of a married woman going to school in my

late to mend, you know."

"Perhaps you never heard of a married Lucy, her maid, starts up drowsily from woman so untutored as I am," her young ly. mistress returns, somewhat bitterly; "any-"You here Lucy?" she says. "I told way, I am determined to go to school and you not to stay up for me. You should learn something. But I cannot do withnot break your rest staying up night after out a maid, and I will take you if you will go."

"That I certainly will, Miss Bonnibel,"

said Lucy, emphatically. "Very well, Colonel Carlyle and I will start to New York to-morrow to make preparations for our trip. See that the

trunks are all packed, Lucy." "I will, ma'am. They shall be ready,

never fear." She rises and looks wistfully at the little white figure in the chair, resting its dimpled chin in the curve of one pink

palm, the golden head bent wearily. "Shan'nt I get you something? Indeed, you look ill," she implores.

"Nothing, Lucy. Good-night." "Good-night, ma'am," Lucy responds, going away rather reluctantly.

Bonnibel makes no move to retire when Lucy has gone. The little white bed awaits her, tempting to repose by its daintiness and coolness, but she does not look toward it; only sits still as Lucy left her,

with her face bowed on her hand. Colonel Carlyle has gone back to the

ball-room again, trying to steel his heart against the upbraidings of his conscience. He moves among the revelers pale and distrait, yet still trying to bear his part in the gaieties lest people should whisper that he is unhappy, and fearful that some one may read the secret of his jealousy and cruelty to his beautiful darling.

Curious glances follow him, whispers breathe the story that he fain would conceal, every eye notes Bonnibel's absence.

They shrug their shoulders and tell each other in confidence that Colonel Carlyle is a perfect Bluebeard, and has banished his wife from the festal scene because he is jealous of Byron Penn.

And the music and the dancing go on the snowy night-dress instead. Then as until daylight warns the gay ones to flee the maid kneels down and buttous the from that too true light that reveals their delicate robe, Bonnibel, glancing down, weariness and haggardness so plainly.

> But the ball is long since over for Bonnibel. Lucy finds her as she left her, curled up in the great arm-chair, sleeping like a grieved child, with the trace of tears on her cheek.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Long Branch is electrified next day by the sudden departure of the Carlyles for

curious ones seek Felise, thinking that she, if any one, must be acquainted with if only to break his heart."

But Felise is rather reticent on the sub-

"I will tell you all I know," she says, Arnold. with a pretty affectation of frankness. "That is not much. The Carlyles are she bends and puts her lily white hand going abroad next week and the colonel into the strong clasp of the girl sitting is going to put his wife at a convent school humbly at her feet, looking up at her in Paris to finish her education and perfect herself in music. He told me that much this morning, and I did not ask him why he proposed taking such a singular

"You thought him so crazed by jealousy facea dove." that he could hardly account for his whims in a rational manner, eh?" inquired one.

"It is monstrous!" says another. "Why, the girl was as finished and elegant in her manners as mortal could be. were impossible to add another charm to

While Byron Penn quoted with enthus-"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To smooth the ice; or and another hue Unto the rainbow; or with taper light To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish.

Were wasteful and ridiculous excess."

It was a nine days' wonder, and then it was over. People voted Colonel Carlyle a bear and a Bluebeard, and his lovely young bride a victim and martyr. They said that he was secluding her from the world because he was too jealous for the light of Heaven to shine upon her.

The young poet indited some charming verses for his favorite magazine: "To Those Blue Eyes Across the Sea," and then the gossip began to die out, and new subjects engrossed society's mind.

Months rolled on, and the Carlyle eclaircissement was almost forgotten, or at least but seldom named, even by those who had been the most interested at first. But Felise was jubilant.

"Mother, you see what I can do," she said, with a wicked laugh. "The honeymoon is barely over, yet I have thrown sand in the old man's eyes and parted him from his darling for two whole years." 'Felise, how did you accomplish it?"

Mrs. Arnold inquired, curiously.

"That is my secret," she answered, triumphantly.

"You might share it with me," her mother said, reproachfully. "I never have secrets from you, my dear."

"I only used a little tact and humbug, mother-just a word dropped in season here and there—yet the seed I sowed has brought forth an abundant harvest. I have driven him nearly mad with jealousy and doubt and suspicion; I put that scheme of sending Bonnibel to school into his mind. And yet so blinded is he by his jealousy that he does not dream of my complicity in the matter, and he will always blame himself for the everlasting alienation that will exist between them."

"You had your revenge sooner than I thought you would. You are a clever, girl, Felise," Mrs. Arnold said, admiring-

"It is but begun," Felise answered moodily. "If time spares the old man until Bonnibel comes out of her school I will wring his heart even more deeply than I have already done. I bide my

Her mother, cruel and vindictive as she was herself, looked at her in wonder.

"Why, it seems to me that you have already deeply avenged yourself," she said. "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned!" Felise exclaimed, repeating her favorite text. "Be patient, mother, and you shall yet see what 'a woman scorned can

"What does Colonel Carlyle propose to do with himself while his wife is immured in her convent?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"He talks of a trip around the world. He affects to be very fond of travel now. But I could see while he talked to me that the old fool repented his intention and would retract it if he could."

"Perhaps he may do so yet." "No, he will not. He is too proud and stubborn to do so voluntarily, and I think that Bonnibel has acquiesced so readily in the plan that he can find no loop hole of escape from it. She is as proud as he is;

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besides, she does not love him, and his un- Men's Overcoats, Surprise and wonder run high, and the reasoning harshness has rendered her perfectly reckless. She will go to the school

> "Perhaps he will die of grief, Felise, or disappointment, and then she will be left | Top Shirts, wealthy young widow," cautions Mrs.

"No danger," sneers Felise, cynically. "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love, as the immortal Shakespeare says, mother. I do not anticipate such a contingency. The old dotard has buried two partners and not succumbed to the pangs of bereavement yet. It is possible he may live to plant the weeping willow over his little white-

"Perhaps so. She has never seemed over strong since her illness last summer." "She has been grieving over the loss of

Leslie Dane," Felise answered, carlessly. She goes to the piano, strikes a few chords, and gets up again, wandering about the room restlessly. There is a marked fitfulness and unrest in her every movement, and her eyes flash and roll about in their sockets in a way that troubles her

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Is intended to nourish and sustain us, but it must be digested and assimilated before it can do this. In other words, the nourishment contained in food must be separated by the digestive organs from the waste materials and must be carried by the blood to all parts of the body. We believe the reason for the great benefit which so many people derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla lies in the fact that this medicine

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# their origin in impure blood.

FIRST SCORE. "Mary," said Mr. Thomas when a, silence fraught with unpleasant meaning had followed his first altercation with his

voung wife.

"Yes?" said Mary, interrogatively. "When a man and his wife have had a -a difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicial air, "and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward re-

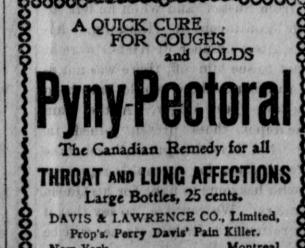
conciliation?" "The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas promptly, "and so, my dear, I'll say at once that I am very sorry."

It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to have made the first advance, after all, but he thoughtfully refrained from saying so.

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