

A Mad Love.

By the author of "Lover and Lord."

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"I wish James could bear the sight of that picture. I should like it in my room," she said musingly; "but he is so nervous, and the shock might bring back that terrible time too painfully to his mind. It can not trouble Ethel, for, of course, the child knows nothing. No, for the present it must stay here."

She went down-stairs soon after this, and had hardly reached the square hall, when the roll of carriage-wheels on the gravel-path told her that the travelers had arrived.

She threw the great door wide open, and the white moonlight streamed gloriously in, outlining her sharply against the creeper-grown veranda in her gray satin dress and with the rich lace picturesquely draped about her silver-haired head. She heard a little cry of astonishment and pleasure; then the carriage stopped, and Mr. Medwin alighted slowly and deliberately, turning to give his hand to his traveling companion.

Mrs. Medwin saw for the moment only a slender, graceful figure, in a closely fitting dark-red traveling-coat and close cap, and thought only of welcoming the young traveler to her home.

As the girl ran lightly up the steps, she came forward and caught her in a warm motherly embrace, saying heartily—

"My dear Ethel—most welcome to your home."

The girl laughed a little hysterically and returned the embrace with a convulsive hug. She was evidently excited and unnerved by the generous warmth of her reception, and perhaps a little over-tired and overwrought already.

"Oh, how sweet you are—how sweet this is—you dear pretty auntie!" she said hurriedly. "It is all a dream, I think, or I have come into Fairyland, and you are the fairy queen."

Something in the clear voice, something more than its excited ring, made Mrs. Medwin bend suddenly forward to try to scan the pretty flushed face more closely; but her husband was quicker than she, and touched Ethel gently on the shoulder saying authoritatively, though his smile took all sting from the words—

"Come into the house, my dear; that will be more comfortable. An emotional display in the veranda will not be good either for your aunt or you."

Miss Ross-Trevor laughed again—it was easier to laugh than to express her feelings in intelligible speech just then—linked her arm within Mrs. Medwin's, and walked with her into the house.

But on the threshold of the well-lighted dining-room Mr. Medwin again separated them by what seemed to his wife an inexplicable caprice.

"Go in, my dear," he said, motioning to the astonished Ethel to enter; then, closing the door gently upon her, he laid one hand upon his wife's shoulder and turned her round until she faced him in the red glow of the big swinging lamp above their heads.

"Don't look so frightened, Annie," he said, smiling kindly, yet a little sadly, into the kind puzzled old face uplifted so confidently to his. "I—I have had a little shock, my dear, and I want to prepare and spare you as much as I can. No, there is nothing wrong. I met Ethel in good time—landed her luggage safely, and we came up entirely without accident—in fact, all went well from first to last, only—"

"Only—you do not want me to see or speak to poor Ethel, until you have prepared me—for what? Shall I tell you, James?"

"If you can, my dear—do by all means," the man answered, with a comically perplexed and bewildered look.

"For the fact that she bears—a resemblance—perhaps, even a strong resemblance—to our dear Florrie!"

Mr. Medwin ran his fingers through his grizzled beard and fairly groaned aloud. "A resemblance! And do you think that will prepare you? Why, I could hardly trust my eyes, or feel sure that I was not waking from a long dream of pain and horror! But it is of no use talking; I could never explain. Come in and judge for yourself."

He pushed the door open as he spoke, and, passing in beside him, Mrs. Medwin for all her preparedness drew back with a little startled cry of half-incredulous pain, for there in the center of the room stood the picture of Florence Medwin awakened to sudden life.

The resemblance was almost terrible in its fidelity. Even with her husband's warning ringing in her ears Annie Medwin felt her brain reel beneath the shock.

The girl had taken off her closely fitting coat and hat, and now stood in the white serge dress with the knot of cardinal ribbon that she had worn on board the steamer. She had risen at their entrance, and now took a step or two toward them, with the frankly joyous smile in the deep violet eyes and on the parted coral lips that the artist had transferred to canvas from Florence Medwin's face.

"Oh, it is Florrie herself—eyes, hair, smile, features—everything!" the mother cried, with a thrill of rapture in her tone.

"My own dear Florrie, given back to me from the grave!"

The girl grew a shade paler, and turned the large lovely eyes, from which the smile had altogether faded now, in a frightened appealing glance to Mr. Medwin. He answered it at once, and with frankness.

"My dear, you are the living image of your poor cousin Florence, who was so sadly lost to us seven years ago. Annie"—he turned with the grave rebuke to the pale and frightened woman who was still struggling desperately for self-control—"remember this poor child; such a welcome is a little cruel to her!"

But Ethel Ross-Trevor was already kneeling by her aunt's side, caressing, soothing, and whispering consolation to her almost as lovingly as her own child might have done.

"Oh, no—oh no!" she cried rapidly, turning round the lovely glowing face, which was flushed with the generous ardor of her protest. "It is not of me you must think, but of her and you. Oh, what a wretch I am to come and frighten you all with my stolen face! I am so sorry I am like my poor cousin! No"—with a quick upward look into Mrs. Medwin's brightening eyes—"that is wrong and stupid. I am not sorry—I am glad; and you will be glad too after a time! You will learn to like me all the sooner and all the better, because I resemble her."

The impetuous warm-hearted words ended in an affectionate kiss, which Mrs. Medwin returned as affectionately.

"My dear, there is no fear that we shall not learn to love you, for your own sake as well as—"

Her voice faltered; she turned her head aside, and Ethel's clear tones filled up the break—

"As well as for hers! Thank you, my dear, dear auntie. Perhaps, after a time, I may even be to you something of what she was. May I try?"

Mrs. Medwin answered only by a kiss; but the answer satisfied Ethel, who sprang quickly to her feet.

"Uncle James and I are old allies; we swore a friendship on our way up and we quite understand each other's ways. Do we not?"

James Medwin smiled—a smile full of relief and satisfaction. He had dreaded this first interview inexpressibly; now that it was over, there seemed nothing more to fear. He had grown almost reconciled to the sight of this living image of his dead child, and did not doubt that in a very short period of time his wife would become so.

"I hope so, my dear," he answered cheerily; "we are neither of us very difficult riddles to read; and I do not doubt that we shall soon be a happy family."

"And you?" Ethel asked, with wistful softness, holding and gently patting her aunt's hand.

"I am sure your uncle is right, my dear," the kind woman replied, with a respectably successful attempt to emulate her husband's cheery lightness of tone; "but the best way to begin to be happy is to make yourself comfortable; so come upstairs with me, and take possession of your rooms. You must be tired to death."

"Not quite; but I think I shall sleep without rocking," Ethel responded gayly, as she followed her aunt upstairs, and into the pretty sleeping-chamber that had been prepared for her with such loving care, and at a sacrifice she could not measure.

CHAPTER IV.

"And the more you know her the better you will like her," Mr. Medwin said heartily. "It would be a queer person you could not get on with, Annie, and I fancy Ethel would make most people get on with her. She puts me much in mind of her poor mother, and when we were children together Bertha was the brightest and best of us all."

"Poor Bertha!" Mrs. Medwin echoed softly; but her look was oddly inattentive, and it was evident that at the moment her husband's sister did not occupy her thoughts.

"Poor Bertha indeed! I wish she had died in England and left the child to our care, for, though Ethel does not complain in any way, I don't fancy that even in her father's life-time her step-mother made much of a home for her. Tom Ross-Trevor was a good-natured weak creature sure to let any woman lead him by the nose, especially if she happened to be twenty years his junior!"

"Well, Mrs. Ross-Trevor has tried the other extreme now. Her present husband is younger than herself."

"Ten or fifteen years younger—and a clerk in the Bank, quite a common sort of person, I believe. Life under the new conditions would have been unendurable to Ethel—hence her very wise appeal. There has been no quarrel, and no scandal of any kind, for it seems the step-mother, wanting no third to break up the matrimonial duet, was very willing to let her go. Upon my word, I think she has acted with uncommon prudence and discretion for so young a girl!"

"Uncommon indeed," Mrs. Medwin assented vaguely; and the vagueness of her tone roused her husband's attention at last.

"Why, Annie," he cried, opening his eyes widely, "your wits are wool-gathering! I do not believe you have heard one single word I said."

A faint flush—which might have been but a reflection of the dark crimson roses she was arranging in a china bowl—tinged the pretty old face, as the lady answered with nervous haste—

"Oh, yes; I quite followed you, James! You spoke of Mrs. Ross-Trevor's marriage—of Ethel's determination to come home."

"Just so!" Mr. Medwin agreed, with a nod of his gray head and a slightly puzzled stare. "And I said she acted like a sensible girl. Do not you agree with me?"

"Entirely—but—"

"But"—Mr. Medwin brought out the word with emphasis half contemptuous, half angry—"but" is a detestable word, Annie; it always means something disagreeable to come. It is not like you to make objections; but I suppose there is one in the present case. Is it the girl's unfortunate resemblance to poor Florrie?"

"I do not call it unfortunate so far as I am concerned; but it is that that troubles me—that and something else, James. I did not tell you last night, but Bruce Dare will be home next week."

Mr. Medwin stared, started a little, and uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Good heavens, how unlucky! Are you sure it is true, Annie?"

"As sure as can be. Lady Dare and Crystal Joyce came over yesterday expressly to tell the news."

Mr. Medwin stood in his favorite attitude before the flower-filled grate, from which he presumably derived some glow of imaginary warmth, meditating on this startling news in displeased silence for at least five minutes—then he raised his head, and said decisively—

"Well, he ought to come, and sooner or later the trial would be just the same. Only, if I were you, Annie, I would tell Ethel something of poor Florrie's story before she meets Bruce Dare, or any of the Dares indeed. I suppose she was too young to be told it at the time."

"I suppose so; but here she is," Mrs. Medwin added hurriedly; and it was with a feeling of decided relief that James Medwin turned to greet his niece.

"Well, my young colonial, the old country does not seem to have disagreed with you as yet," he said, holding her at arm's length and looking with admiration at the fair fresh face and shining violet eyes. "She does not look like a girl worn out with a long journey, does she, Annie?"

"She looks like a girl who has had a good night's rest and is quite ready for her breakfast," Mrs. Medwin said kindly, as she kissed the beautiful face.

"And my looks do not belie me," Ethel observed, seating herself gayly between the two, and looking round the pretty room and out upon the velvet smoothness of the lawn with eyes that were full of innocent delight and happy readiness to enjoy all they looked upon. "I slept like a top, and am as hungry as a hunter. Is not that a shamefully unromantic state of affairs? Oh, Aunt Annie, what a little paradise this is of yours! How green the trees and grass are, and how more than sweet the flowers!"

And, with an air of intense enjoyment, she buried her sweet face in the dewy fragrant heart of the massed roses in the bowl.

Mr. Medwin smiled, well pleased with her childish unfeigned rapture. It was all so much delicate flattery to him. Praise of England in general—of Scantlebury in particular, and most of all, of the White House and its surroundings, seemed a sweet personal tribute.

"So you will concede some small praise to the poor old country," he observed, with a vainglorious smile. "Worn out and effete as we are, you still think we can in some things bear comparison with the new?"

Ethel looked saucily up from her plate, her large eyes flashing upon him in a bright defiant smile.

"Oh, pride that apes humility!" she quoted, with a delicious little shoulder-shrug and pout. "But I give you fair warning, Uncle James; I will not be trampled on too much. Pinnock has roused my rebellious instincts already. From the moment she drew up the blind this morning advising me to come to the window and look out, because I had never seen such a sky and such grass and flowers over yonder, to that in which she hurried me down stairs with the reminder that breakfast was ready, and English coffee and eggs and bread and butter were too good to be let spoil, she has never ceased crowing over me in the most exasperating way."

Mr. Medwin laughed and clapped his hands.

"Bravo, Pinnock! She is what I call a true-hearted Briton, in spite of her long exile!" he cried delightedly; while Mrs. Medwin put in, with a smile—

"Never mind your uncle, my dear, or rather postpone your fight till after breakfast; you will always find him ready for the fray. But, at the same time, Pinnock was quite right about the eggs and coffee; and you are letting both get cold."

Thus reminded, Ethel returned to the attack with a bright little nod, and dispatched her breakfast with considerable satisfaction. Perhaps her uncle would not so easily have relinquished a discussion that amused him, but that the servant at that moment brought in the letter-bag, and he began to deal out the contents.

"Two for you, Annie—one for me and the papers," he said, shaking out the bag

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal: whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful. The latter condition will be yours if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine,—there is nothing equal to it.

After a Cold—"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured." I. P. Vernot, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

and throwing it aside. "Not much of a burden for our Mercury. I dare say it will be heavier when Miss Ethel's correspondence begins to flow in."

"Oh, no!" the girl answered seriously. "I shall have very few letters. Mamma will write to me now and then, I suppose, and perhaps some of my school-fellows; but there is no one else."

"Friendless and fancy free! What a very remarkable young lady!" Mr. Medwin said teasingly; while his wife added, with her gentle smile—

"Ethel will soon make friends here; she will be the center of Scantlebury attraction for a month at least."

"Yes, the Scantlebury folk will expect her to be tattooed and dressed in feathers. I hope you do not mean to disappoint them, Ethel?"

"Certainly not. I promise to make a sensation when I appear," she answered gayly; and then the conversation dropped.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TOBACCO DYSPEPSIA.

The Majority of Smokers suffer From This Disease.

Heart Disease Follows it, Unless it be Checked—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets The Only Means of Curing it—They Never Fail

Do you smoke? Are you tortured with Heartburn, sometimes? Is your breath short, especially after exertion, such as running upstairs, or hurrying to catch a car? Does your heart take spells of painful fluttering, or palpitation?

The majority of smokers have these symptoms, one or all, at one time or another. They all don't know that they are caused by "Tobacco Dyspepsia." But they are.

And they lead to Death. The heart becomes affected, because it is in sympathy with the stomach and reflects every derangement. Heart Disease follows. Then Death comes.

There is one way of getting rid of all these ills. Only one way. But it is a sure, certain, quick, easy way. It is no secret. Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act immediately. They take on themselves the work of digestion. They digest the food, give strength and tone to the stomach, stimulate the bowels, and cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia of every form, Heartburn, Bilioiness, Sour Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Foul Breath, and all Diseases of the Stomach.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act in such a manner that you can eat any kind of wholesome food, while using them. They cure in two or three weeks. They leave stomach and bowels in such condition that they do their work properly.

THE FAMILY BIRTHDAY.

"Hubby dear, I can't wait to tell you what I'm going to buy you"

"Darling wife what is it?"

"Well I'm going to get a silver cardtray a bronze Hercules for the mantel piece and a new Persian rug to put in the front of my dressing-table. What are you going to do for me. Tootsey?"

"I've been thinking Jane and have made up my mind to get you a new shaving-brush."—Tit Bits.

Largest sales yet!

WHY?

Because the public know that

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

is the best and safest cough medicine in Canada or U. S.

Honest 25c. bottles.

Sold everywhere.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO.

424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

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. 2

IF INTENDING to build or repair, it will pay you to get our prices before buying elsewhere. We have now in store our usual spring stock of

White Lead, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Varnish, Shellac, Kalsomine, Ready Mixed Paints, all sizes of Nails, Spikes and Glass, Putty, Sheathing Paper, Zinc, Sheet Lead, in fact everything in the builders line can be found at our store and at prices as low as the lowest.

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

Timothy Seed, Alsike and Red Clover, Tare, Millet, Corn, Peas, and all Garden Flower Seeds.

2,500 Rolls WALL PAPER with Borders to match.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Men's and Boy's Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Hats and Caps, Ladies' Blouses, Dress Goods, Prints, Sateens, Furniture Covering, Ladies' and Men's Underwear, Men's and Boy's Fancy Shirts, Top Shirts, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles and Fixtures, Spring Blinds, Portiers.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS AND MATTINGS.

Flour, Corn and Oatmeal, Pork, Fish Ham, Iron and Steel, Plows and Plow Castings.

J. & W. BRAIT, KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

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!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

All Kinds of Printing.

Good Work---Low Rates.

Address Labels, Books, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blanks all kinds Bonds, Blotters, Bills of Fare, Business Cards, Ball Invitations, Ball Programmes, Catalogues, Circulars, Calendars, Checks, Certificates, Counter Bills, Charters for Societies, Dodgers, Drafts, Druggist's Printing, Folders, Gang Saw Bills, Hangers, Hotel Registers, Invoices, Insurance Printing, Letter Heads, Labels, Magistrate's Blanks, Memorandums, Menu Cards, Note Heads, Notes of Hand, Orders, Posters, Programmes, Pamphlets, Price Lists, Receipts, Reports, Statements, Show Cards, Shipping Tags, Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.