

A Mad Love.

By the author of "Lover and Lord."

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Miss Challis looked for once a little abashed; Ethel said nothing, but her eyes shone star-like from under their black lashes, and her cheeks glowed with pleasure at the words that came with all the force of unquestioned authority from her aunt's and uncle's lips.

When she fell asleep long after her usual hour that night, it was with something not unlike a prayer in her heart and on her lips that Bruce Dare might learn to look upon her as her living self and not as a mere mocking shadow of the forgotten dead.

"My dear, here is Bruce Dare!"

Mrs. Medwin raised her head quickly from the work on which she was engaged as her husband spoke, and held out both white hands to the young man.

"My dear Bruce," she cried affectionately, and, if her voice was a little shaken her smile was full of kindest welcome, "I can not say how glad I am to see you again!"

The young man stooped, and touched the old lady's face with his lips. Ethel, watching the strange scene with a beating heart, thought he must be moved beyond speech, and fancied she saw the gleam of tears in the beautiful gray eyes; but she was in a frame of mind to fancy anything just then.

"Don't forget my welcome, Mrs. Medwin," said a frank clear voice, which was as a sun-ray breaking through a stormy sky, a breath of fresh keen air in oppressive heat, to Ethel's over-wrought fancy, as she turned to see from whom the cheerful utterance came. She saw a tall good-looking young man, with a military bearing and a peculiarly pleasant smile, very big and bronzed, and bright-looking, and in every way unlike Bruce Dare.

Mrs. Medwin knew and apparently liked the new-comer, for, as she shook hands with him, she smiled without any effort at all.

"Captain Dare, most welcome!" she said heartily; but the young man shook his closely cropped head in affectionate reproach.

"Captain Dare?" he echoed. "It was Ronald years ago, Mrs. Medwin."

"But years ago you were a little boy; however with all my heart let it be Ronald still. Bruce—Ronald—allow me to introduce you to my niece, Ethel Ross-Trevor."

Ronald Dare gazed with frank admiration at the beautiful girl who came forward and looked with such lovely, wistful, entreating eyes into his cousin's face. Him she noticed only by a hurried inclination of her dark head; indeed no one was thinking of Ronald Dare just then.

"I came chiefly to apologize to Miss Ross-Trevor," Bruce said in a low voice. "I am afraid I frightened and behaved discourteously to her last night. But I was upset by the shock, and not—not myself. May I hope that she will forgive me?"

The tears rushed to Ethel's eyes. He looked so worn and haggard, with dark shadows about his tired pathetic eyes, and the cruel mark that vividly recalled the last night's accident plainly visible upon his forehead. He hardly looked at her, and even the apology was addressed to her aunt; but it thrilled to the girl's very heart, and changed what was already a dangerous sympathy into a pity achingly acute.

"Forgive you," she cried, her clear young voice trembling a little with its depth of earnest feeling, her eyes shining radiantly through their tender mist—"there is nothing to forgive! I am sorry—so sorry that I startled you!"

Bruce Dare winced visibly at the sound of her voice, and it evidently cost him no little effort to gaze upon her lovely eloquent face. But, once turned, his eyes appeared fascinated; it seemed impossible for him to look away.

"You are very good," he responded gently, and the low musical voice, with its deep melancholy undertone, stirred the girl's restless feelings once again; "but you must despise while you forgive, and think me a wretched hysterical coward, Miss Ross-Trevor!"

"Indeed, no!" she cried indignantly, her color rising at the unworthy thought. "I do not suppose the strongest nerves are made of steel!"

"And mine are not the strongest, though I do not ordinarily faint at shadows."

"I am sure of that," Ethel answered, with a frank and cordial sympathy that was the sweetest balm to her companion's smarting pride of manhood; "but, by and by, you will learn—you will try—I mean you will be able to meet me without pain!"

Bruce did not answer instantly; and yet when she met his eyes, they rested steadily upon hers, and their look was hardly that of pained remembrance; though his words, when they came at last, showed whither his thoughts had flown.

"Like and yet unlike," he said musingly. "In the moonlight, and with that pale frightened look of yours last night, I took you for Florrie. I should hardly have fallen into the same error here. You are not even very like her."

"No?" the girl queried wondrously, for it was the first time she had heard her absolute resemblance to her dead cousin questioned in any way. "Every one tells me that I am her living image!"

He frowned and bit his lip, declaring almost impatiently—

"No; not even very like her to-day."

Ethel thought that in all probability the wish was father to the thought, that he was determined to argue himself into believing what he most ardently desired to be true; and, as she was well content to think that this first momentous interview was so soon and so easily over, she would not contradict him.

Looking up with a sigh of relief as she came to this conclusion, she met Ronald Dare's bright interested look, and realized for the first time with a half-amused, half-embarrassed smile how curiously the little group had drifted apart; her uncle and aunt, with Captain Dare, being at one end of the long room, while she and Sir Bruce had enjoyed a virtual *tête-à-tête* at the other.

She colored faintly at the thought, and as Mrs. Medwin just then addressed some trivial remark to her, she crossed to her aunt's side; the conversation became general, and naturally fell into a lighter and less personal vein.

The two young men stayed to luncheon and after the meal was over they strolled together through the pretty grounds. This time however Bruce remained in dutiful attendance on Mrs. Medwin, while Ethel walked and chatted with Ronald Dare.

She had no cause to complain of her companion, whose frank cheery manner and pleasant easy flow of speech were a passport to most people's hearts; indeed, afterward, Ethel was vaguely conscious that it had never fallen to her lot to entertain a stranger more willing to please and to be pleased; but just then she was a little absent-minded, and, as he did not speak of the one subject that absorbed her, she took but a forced interest in those he did discuss.

Perhaps he guessed this, and divined her thought—those gay laughing brown eyes were shrewder than most people imagined them, as Ethel had yet to learn—or perhaps he was merely following out his own ideas, when he said, as they approached the veranda, in which Mrs. Medwin and Bruce were sitting—

"That is a painful interview well over, Miss Ross-Trevor."

"Well over, indeed!" the girl repeated earnestly. "I have so dreaded it after last night."

"Last night must have been a terrible time for you!" the young man said, looking a little curiously at the delicate profile, in which, for all its delicacy, there was a strong suggestion of spirit and latent force.

"Yes; it was not pleasant for me; but for him—" The girl paused, with a little shudder. "Oh, was not Lady Dare frightened when she saw him last night?"

"She did not see him; she was fast asleep," Captain Dare answered, with a faint smile. "He certainly did give Crystal Joyce a start, and I cannot say my own nerves were utterly unshaken, when he arrived in such a dilapidated condition. The worst of the matter was that he did not condescend to explain anything until this morning; so we were left in a state of agreeable conjecture all night long."

Ethel looked a little troubled.

"But he told you this morning," she said, with a deprecating upward glance. "He told you this morning, and you understood," she repeated reproachfully.

"Oh, yes, I understood! Pray do not think I am blaming poor Bruce! Heaven knows he has had enough to try him! I was only thinking how fearfully anxiety tells on some people. Of course you know Crystal Joyce?"

"Yes, I know her," Ethel answered, with noticeable coldness and constraint. Though she had seen her only two or three times, she fully shared her aunt's dislike and distrust of Miss Joyce. Moreover, the abrupt change of subject, surprised and did not please her; she began to think that for all his surface apparent sympathy Captain Dare must have a very frivolous mind.

"I see you do not like her," he went on. "Well, perhaps that is not strange, there could hardly be much sympathy between you two; but, liking or disliking, you must have pitied her to-day. Poor Crystal! It was the remembrance of her tragically suffering face that made me seem to blame Bruce just now!"

"How?" Ethel asked, a little angrily; she did not like to think that Bruce Dare was blameworthy, and was almost equally unwilling to accord pity to Crystal Joyce; but there was something convincing in her companion's tone. "If the anxiety of which you speak did not seriously affect Lady Dare or you, I do not fancy that Miss Joyce's sufferings were very acute." He gave her a quick searching glance, then bowed gravely, and walked on for a minute or two in what she felt was a disappointed silence.

As Ethel walked on, there was a little extra color in her cheeks, a little extra brightness in her eyes; the petted girl was wholly unaccustomed to receive even a tacit rebuke, and her proud heart resented the consciousness that she was being rebuked now.

"How dare he?" she thought angrily. "He is most insolent, most presuming! What right has he to thrust Crystal Joyce

upon me, and then take offense because I can not see a saint and martyr in a singularly disagreeable old maid?"

But just then Captain Dare's pleasant voice fell upon her ear in a trivial remark on the beauty of the view, reminding her that he had certainly arrogated to himself no right to show displeasure, and forcing upon her the conviction that she was acting in a very silly and ill-tempered manner.

To repent with Ethel Ross-Trevor at least to try to make amends; the quick-natured, warm-hearted girl was fearfully impulsive. She paused suddenly in the middle of the pathway, and, quite disregarding his last conventional remark, astonished her companion by saying, with a shame-faced smile and brilliant blush—

"You are quite right to be angry, Captain Dare. It was wrong of me to say Miss Joyce could not feel."

"It was wrong," Ronald returned, smiling into the lovely upturned face; "but it is very noble to admit the wrong, Miss Ross-Trevor. Not one young lady in a thousand would do that."

"Then young ladies are very mean!" Ethel said disdainfully. "The difficulty is to think yourself wrong; it is easy enough to admit it when you know."

"Well, I must congratulate you on surmounting the primary difficulty. For the rest, I do not wonder that you share the general prejudice against Crystal Joyce; she has a most unfortunate manner and an unlucky knack of getting herself disliked, but I am sure that she can and does feel deeply on some subjects and with regard to some people."

"I should have said she does not seem to feel," the girl remarked thoughtfully. "Even with Lady Dare, who must be more like a mother than anything else to her, there is no warmth or softness in her manner."

"Decidedly, there is none," Captain Dare agreed, "and I should say they had not one thought or feeling in common; but 'still waters run deep,' you know, and I would answer for no thought of Crystal Joyce's."

A quick impatient exclamation made the girl turn her head, and she saw that Bruce Dare had come up the slope and joined them.

He looked less like the melancholy Bruce of her fancy than he had looked an hour before. His face was a little flushed, and the large eyes had an excited, almost an angry sparkle, Ethel thought, as they moved restlessly from her own to his cousin's frank untroubled face.

"You will think us a couple of barbarians, Miss Ross-Trevor," he said, with a jarring little laugh. "I frighten you by moonlight, and Ronald marches you up hill and down dale in this burning sunshine as though you belonged to the rank and file of his Indian regiment!"

"Are you tired, Miss Ross-Trevor?" Ronald asked, coolly ignoring his cousin; and the girl was about laughingly to repudiate the idea of fatigue, when a look from Bruce Dare's soft beseeching eyes caused her suddenly to change her mind and answer quietly—

"Just tired enough to go in now, I think, Captain Dare."

They all three went into the house then; and soon after the two young men took their departure, Bruce saying, almost eagerly—

"But I may come again soon and often, may I not?"

His words were addressed to Mrs. Medwin, whose hand he held; but his eyes sought Ethel's in quick and eager appeal, and both words and glance won a satisfactory response.

CHAPTER X.

Three golden weeks of summer-time passed like a strange dream to Ethel Ross-Trevor—a dream of which she could never afterward say, with any absolute certainty, that in it she was wholly glad or wholly sad. She was conscious rather of a restless excitement that gave her little pause for thought of any kind.

The June roses blossomed and faded, the skies grew bluer and the days more warmly bright. July came, and still the two young men lingered at Dareholme, and one of them, at least, was a constant visitor at the White House—almost as constant a visitor, said the village gossips, as he had been in the old days when he was Florence Medwin's betrothed.

At first Bruce and Ronald Dare used to ride or walk over together and spend the summer afternoons with the kind old couple who had known them from their boyhood, and the girl, who seemed to have an equal attraction for them both; but by and by Ronald's visits grew less frequent. At first this troubled Ethel a little, more perhaps than, even to herself, she quite cared to admit, for, though he had no such hold upon her sympathy and imagination as Bruce Dare, she liked the frank pleasant young soldier, and would have been more than sorry to think she had offended him.

She did venture to ask Bruce once why his cousin no longer accompanied him; but the young man's quick pained flush and look of keen reproach made the first the last question.

"Perhaps Ronald is more delicate than I," he said, with a bitter little smile, "and fears to degenerate into a bore, by dropping in upon you at all hours. Perhaps it would be well for me to follow his ex-

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.

Run Down—"I had severe headaches and my constitution was generally run down. Had read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, tried it, and after using two bottles was entirely cured." Miss Mary Flannigan, Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

ample; but then he has not my temptation."

Ethel blushed at the last words; but she could not herself have told whether the blush was born of pleasure or vexation. To hide it she bent more closely over her embroidery, and Bruce, who was leaning upon the top rail of a tall chair-back, watched the delicate profile with eyes whose expression it was impossible to misread.

"You do not answer," he went on after a brief pause; "does your silence condemn me, Miss Ross-Trevor? Does it mean delicately and tenderly to let me know that even your patience is worn out?"

"It means nothing so untrue and so unkind," the girl answered, raising her bright eyes frankly now. "Do not follow Captain Dare's bad example, Sir Bruce, and grow suspicious of your friends. You know that you can not come too often to please my aunt and uncle."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Banish Dyspepsia

A Treatment of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Alone is Needed.

When it rains you use your umbrella. When it is snowy, slushy, you use your rubbers. When it is cold you use your furs. People who are equally sensible in all respects use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets when they have Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Insomnia, Sick Headache, Flatulence or Nervous Prostration.

One or more of the members of every family in Canada suffer from one or other of these diseases. All their sufferings can be relieved, their diseases totally and permanently cured in every case, by the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, etc., can be banished utterly from Canada, if the sufferers will each take a couple of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

Think of it! The health and happiness of almost the entire nation is dependent on Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. This is not an opinion. It's a fact.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the one and only remedy before the public to-day, that will positively, infallibly cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia and the other stomach troubles named above.

No undigested food can lie in the stomach if Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets be used. The first one taken begins the work of digesting it. The stomach rests and gains new strength and vigor. The bowels are regulated. In from one to three or four weeks you are cured for all time. You forget what dyspepsia or indigestion is, or what a sick headache feels like.

A stair carpet should be half a yard longer than the stairs, so that it can be moved up or down a little every time it is taken up, bringing the wear in a new place. Pad stair carpets with two or three layers of wadding between muslin, tacked occasionally to keep them in place.

The C P R strike at Winnipeg is practically ended and the men will return to work.

\$1000.00

We don't guarantee \$1000.00 to every user of our great Cough specific

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

But we do guarantee immediate relief.

Cures promptly. Is equally good for children and adults.

Honest 25c. bottles.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO.
424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

J. & T. Jardine,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS,

—AND—

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

—IN—

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

PORK AND BEEF,

HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE

BOOTS AND SHOES

DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE.

NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LINE.

English House Coal.

blacksmith's Coal

SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Kingston, Kent County, N. B

COMBINATION OFFER.

In order to extend the circulation of THE REVIEW and to introduce one of the brightest Canadian dailies into this section of the Province, we will make the following combination offer:—

THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD

—AND—

THE RICHIBUCTO REVIEW

will be sent to subscribers for one year for \$1.50

The Montreal Daily Herald is an 8-page daily with 16 pages on Saturday and is without doubt one of the best papers in Canada. Considerable of its space is devoted to agriculture, while its editorials are unsurpassed. We can recommend it as one of the newest and brightest papers in the Dominion.

The HERALD and REVIEW combined will keep any family posted on the doings of the world, local and foreign, and at the price quoted are within reach of every family in the County.

Cut the blank out and return it to us with your subscription and we will have the two papers forwarded to your address.

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which send me for one year THE REVIEW and The Montreal Daily Herald.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS:.....

THE REVIEW,

Richibucto, N. B.