

## RAILROADS.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

## LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

Accommodation for Moncton and St. John.....11.35  
Accommodation for Newcastle and Campbellton.....13.05

Vestibule Sleeping and Dining Cars on Through Express trains between Montreal and the Maritime Provinces.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four Hour Notation.

D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 15th June 1900.

## KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

## TIME TABLE.

9.30	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
9.45	Kingston,	14.45
9.58	Mill Creek,	14.33
10.15	Grumble Road,	14.04
10.21	Molus River,	13.59
10.45	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
11.00	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	13.25

Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

Connect with I. C. R. accommodation trains north and south.

WILMOT BROWN,

General Manager and Lessee.

Richibucto, June 18th, 1900.

## MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

## 1900 SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1900

On and after Wednesday, June 20th, 1900, trains on this railway will run as follows:

\* ↑ 7.50 [9.45 Arr. Moncton.....Dept. 15.00 13.15  
6.00 [7.45 Dep. Buctouche.....Arr. 17.00 13.05

(Eastern Standard Time)

Train from Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for Halifax, and at Moncton with the C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points, leaving at 14.05 and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.40.

Train for Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. day express from Halifax, and at Moncton with all I. C. R. trains from east and north arriving not later than 14.40.

Until Sept. 17th, excursion return tickets at one single first class fare will be issued from all stations on Saturday good to return on following Monday.

Trains run daily (Sunday excepted.)

\* Mondays only.

↑ Tues., Wed., Thur., Friday and Saturday.

↑ Mon., Wed., Thur., and Friday.

↑ Saturdays only.

E. G. EVANS,  
Superintendent

## THE DRESS MODEL.

Pineapple silk, which is always a favorite summer material with the French, is this season made up into some very attractive gowns.

Large collars of fine batiste in sailor shape, with long, slender shawl points that reach to the belt in front, are added to the open jackets and waists of many of the fashionable gowns of transparent material.

Many of the newest insertion bands are extra wide, and some of the Lyons woven designs have unevenly curved edges, making a rather new finish for the outlines of jackets, skirts, overdresses and capes of silk or net.

New weaves in crepe de chine and chiffon are especially craped for summer mourning toilets and costumes. These materials are made up as a rule without heavy foundation slips, light weight but closely woven taffeta, jet black being first choice.

Hemstitched ruffles, with or without a tiny valenciennes or cluny edge, are the preferred trimmings for some of the newest organdie or swiss muslin gowns. The waists are finished with hemstitched tucking and entre deux of lace, arranged in various odd and pretty ways.

Very charming are the shirred, draped and tucked hats of mousseline de sole, chiffon, net and gauze now worn at every fashionable summer resort in the country. All shapes are copied in them, even the stiff English walking hat. They prove becoming to nearly every wearer.

A smart sailor hat of fine black zephyr straw has a brim faced with white tulle and bound with a roll of black velvet. Quantities of soft pink roses cover the crown and are tucked under the brim at the back, while narrow bows of white satin and black velvet ribbons are put among the roses.

## THE VERDICT.

Now is a good time for civilized nations to quit selling to barbarian nations modern weapons of war and teaching their customers how to use them.—New York Tribune.

Swinging a scythe is a fine exercise just after sunrise, if you can avoid everything save the grass. The legs and feet seem to have a quiet knack of getting in the way, and it's bad for them.—Boston Transcript.

Western China will soon be as familiar to the world as South Africa. War teaches geography quickly. A year ago Ladysmith and Tientsin were as unplaced as Timbuktu and Poverty Hill.—Boston Journal.

The big New York stores are now handing out to shoplifters "the good, swift kick." Prosecuting them was found to be too expensive and precarious. The new floor bouncer is an athletic gentleman who enjoys trouble.—Minneapolis Journal.

The demand for the invention of an acceptable shirt waist for men is still unanswered, and men who sit in their shirt sleeves in their offices are compelled by custom to put on coats when they walk out in the sweltering summer sun.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An Idaho girl advertised for a husband and got him. The total expense for advertising, wedding outfit, etc., was \$11. Within a year he died, leaving her a life insurance policy of \$10,000. And still some persons claim it doesn't pay to advertise.

## WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, is down in the San Francisco city directory as "Miller, Joaquin, fruit farmer," which he really is by way of amusement.

When George B. M. Harvey, the editor of The North American Review, was a reporter on a New York daily his declaration that he would some time edit a large magazine was a joke among his companions.

A New York model says that C. D. Gibson is the easiest of all artists in that city to pose for. He never allows a model to stand for more than ten minutes without a rest, is most considerate and very rapid in his work.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale lives in a neighborhood of "appy homes." He declares that he is happy because 15 cats make their home under his piazza, while all his neighbors are happy because these 15 cats are not under their piazzas.

George Taylor Porter of Lawrence, Mass., the young artist whose seven pictures attracted so much attention at the Parisian exhibition of the Societe des Artistes, taught himself to draw, and one of the pictures in question was painted before he began to study in Paris under Gerome.

## GLEANNINGS.

London now has girl district messengers as well as boys. Those employed are from 16 to 18 years of age and are said to be efficient.

Baccarat is now prohibited in Russia, even in private houses, by a ukase of the czar. For a first offense the punishment will be a heavy fine, for a second a long term of imprisonment.

According to an apparent authentic article in a French periodical, not less than 20,000 aristocrats are at present confined in the prisons of Europe. Russia stands first with 12,000 blueblooded lawbreakers.

England uses 30,000,000 birds every year for decorative purposes, and to provide all Europe 150,000,000 are annually destroyed, and when we add America it brings the sum total up to 300,000,000.

The word compound, which is frequently used in dispatches from China, means an inclosure. In that country and in Japan it is customary to build high brick walls around factories, business houses, banks and residences for protection, and these are known as compounds.

## THE COOKBOOK.

Broiled meats should be served as soon as cooked.

Flour, meal, sugar, salt, spices and soda should always be sifted before measuring.

The flavor of string beans, peas and spinach may be improved by a sprinkling of nutmeg.

Salt should always be washed from butter before it is used for puff paste, as it retards its rising.

A blending of two or more flavors is usually more pleasing in gelatin jelly than a single decided one.

An ordinary glass of buttermilk contains as much nourishment as half a pint of oysters, two ounces of bread or a good sized potato.

## The Old Reliable Remedy for Diarrhea and Dysentery.



**Grandma** Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, Arr. prior, Ont., recently wrote: "My little girl, three years of age, was taken very bad with diarrhea, and we thought we were going to lose her, when I remembered that my grandmother always used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and often said that it saved her life. I got a bottle and gave it to my child, and after the third dose she began to get better and slept well that night. She improved right along and was soon completely cured."

## A Mad Love.

By the author of "Lover and Lord."

## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Speak then," he said, with a new sudden defiance in his look and tone.

"And when I do you will hate me—I who would die—but that is nothing—who would live such years of agony as these have been, twice over, to spare you further pain."

"Yes—I shall hate you," he answered slowly, "as I have never hated any one yet, if—if you torment me with your wild fancies, Crystal."

"Wild fancies!" she echoed, with a cruel laugh; then she moved a step or two nearer, and laid one slight cold hand upon his wrist. "Bruce," she went on earnestly, and there was pathos in the hard, untrembling tones, "I never know how much or how little you remember of the past."

"I remember nothing," he broke in fiercely—"nothing. The past with all its agony is dead. Are you a friend that you wish to revive it now?"

He pushed back the sheltering hat; she saw the great drops gather on the low brow and bead the soft thick hair, and the convulsive quiver of the lips, and she knew that, notwithstanding his protestations, he did not forget.

"Bruce, dear Bruce," she whispered—and none of those who knew her best would have thought that Crystal Joyce's eyes and voice could soften to such pitying tenderness—"forgive me, be patient with me, dear! Do you think I do not feel—do not suffer? Bruce, the past is dead. Nothing can revive it—if—if only you will let the dead rest. Bruce—you will give up Ethel Ross-Trevor?"

"Never," he answered vehemently—"never! I would rather die."

Crystal drew back a step or two, and looked at him with fear and horror in her eyes.

"Do you remember what there is between you?" she asked, in a low, vibrating tone.

"I remember nothing, and nothing shall come between us—neither the living nor the dead—I defy them both!" he said, with a wild laugh, and a gesture that seemed to sweep some phantom obstacle from his path. "Do your worst, Crystal; I will not live under your reign of terror, or humor your morbid fancies any more!"

Crystal's pale small features contracted in a spasm of agony. She clinched her thin hands tightly, and said, in a low, terribly significant tone—

"Shall I do my worst, Bruce? Even I may be goaded too far—even I may break my long silence at last! And then, if I speak, do you ever think what the consequences may be?"

"The consequences!" Bruce stroked his mustache reflectively.

All the fierce agitation had passed from the handsome face now—it would have looked absolutely placid in the moonlight but for the curious restless glitter of the ordinarily soft and melancholy eyes. "The consequences! Why, yes, my poor Crystal. They would be most disastrous to you."

"To me?" Crystal repeated, more bewildered by his manner than by his words, strange as they were.

"Why, yes, to you. Do you not see what would be the inevitable result if you made any mad attempt to prevent this marriage of which the world so warmly approves? I should simply say that you were mad, and everybody would believe me."

"Oh"—Crystal staggered back, as though she had received a sudden blow—a blow from which she found it hard to recover—"you do indeed forget—"

"I forget nothing," the other went on calmly—"neither the unpopularity your evil temper has won you, nor the extent to which public sympathy goes with me. As Heaven is my witness, I believe you are mad, Crystal! Your morbid fancies are the outcome of a disordered brain; but, while you keep them for my ear, I

forgive them. Once attempt to make them public, and then—"

"And then?" Crystal echoed, as he paused, with a menacing look.

"Then prepare to spend the remainder of your life in a lunatic asylum—the proper place for the victim of such dangerous delusions," he answered, with savage exultation. "It is but a question of a couple of doctors' certificates, a little evidence as to your eccentricity and the thing is done."

Crouched against the ivy, ghastly, breathless, speechless with horror, Crystal listened to the cruel words, the meaning of which she found it so hard to grasp. She was silent so long that Bruce thought her absolutely crushed beneath a wholesome conviction of her own helplessness; and, thinking this, feeling himself master of the situation, he added, in a softer tone—

"But things will never come to that pass between us, Crystal. Mad as you are, I know you would never do me real harm; I hardly think you will threaten me again."

"No," she replied, shuddering violently: "I have done my best and worst; I shall never threaten you again."

"And you will keep your ugly fancies to yourself!"

She simply inclined her head, still trembling so that, but for her desperate hold on the stem of the ivy, she must have fallen to the ground; and, looking at her, the young man drew a long breath of relief.

"Why, then, we are friends and cousins once again!" he went on, with a sudden glow in his bright eyes. "Crystal, you could not quarrel long with me."

He touched her arm, as though to draw her to him; but she broke away with a wild scream of mingled fear and agony that brought an angry flush to his brow.

"No, no! Do not touch me," she gasped—"do not speak to me again! Let me be locked up! Let me think that I am mad, Bruce. Oh, what am I made of that I can live through this and still retain my senses!"

"Startled!" Lady Dare repeated indignantly. "That is a very poor, weak, inadequate word, Annie. I literally had my nerves shattered, and they were bad enough before. That Crystal should ever leave me was a contingency I had not contemplated, for she was not the sort of girl to marry; and what else but marriage should ever take a young woman from a good and comfortable home. But that she should go in this way, without, as I may say, a moment's notice—"

She paused, unable to complete the sentence, and wiped her heated face. "It certainly was a strange proceeding," Mrs. Medwin observed thoughtfully; "but Miss Joyce was always eccentric and unlike other girls."

"Eccentric indeed; but she never before acted so insanely as this," the poor lady said, uncertain whether to cry or not in her wrath and consternation. "Imagine my amazement when I awoke this morning to find her crying beside the bed, all dressed for traveling, and looking more like a ghost than ever! She had not meant me to see her, for she drew back a little; and, when I asked why she was up and dressed at that time, she answered evasively that her head ached, and that, as she could not sleep, she was going to try the effect of the fresh air. Of course, I thought she meant to walk in the grounds, and warmly commended the idea—more especially as I was still sleepy, and wanted to finish my nap; but she suddenly bent over me, and, as she kissed me, I felt a tear drop on to my cheek."

"You are crying, Crystal," I said, really frightened now, for I should as soon expect to see Bruce or Ronald cry as Crystal Joyce. "You are ill, now, I know, and Bruce shall insist on your seeing the doctor to-day."

"She shivered and drew back, smiling such a wild dreadful smile that it made me more miserable than her tears. Then she added in a curious tone—

"Bruce has already threatened me with the doctor, Aunt Lucilla."

"Then that shows how really ill you are, and perhaps you will pay more heed to his wish than to mine. You never care to cross Bruce, Crystal."

"No," she answered softly; "and I will not cross him now. Good-bye, dear Aunt Lucilla."

"Say good-bye."

"Good-bye, you morbid child!" I answered, humoring, as I thought, her foolish whim, and then she went, and Heaven only knows when I shall see her again!"

Lady Dare fairly broke down with the last words, and sobbed aloud with a grief that was absolutely honest and sincere.

"But you are not afraid that she has come to any harm; she has left some explanation of her flight?" Mrs. Medwin asked, with perplexed sympathy, when the other had calmed down a little.

"There is her letter. Bancroft brought it to me a couple of hours ago; beyond that I knew nothing. Read it, and see what you think she can mean. Bruce says she must have gone suddenly mad, and I really can find no other excuse for her. Oh, dear, what will people say when they hear of this escapade!"

Mrs. Medwin read the closely covered sheet, which was blotted here and there, evidently with fast-falling tears.

"Do not be angry, Aunt Lucilla," the

letter ran, "when you learn that I have left you and my home, and gone out into the world. I should go mad or do something that would make you all hate me if I stayed at Dareholme. I shall be quite safe; but you must not try to find or follow me; and perhaps, years hence, I may come back to you again. Show this letter to Bruce, and tell him—no, tell him nothing; he at least will understand."

"And does Bruce," Mrs. Medwin asked, looking up from the letter—"does he understand?"

Lady Dare shook her head. "Bruce treats the affair with really shocking levity, and will not even let me write or telegraph to Ronald, who might write and make inquiries for me."

"Set your mind at rest, mother," he said, when I showed him the letter. 'I dare say she has gone to Madame Michon's; she was talking of her old governess only the other day.'

"And he went off whistling to his dogs as composedly as though nothing had happened. I have not seen him since then. Indeed, I have done nothing but cry my eyes out, thinking of that wicked, unhappy runaway girl; and at last, as I could not bear the dreadful solitude any longer, I thought I would come over here for a little comfort and advice."

"And I am very glad you came," Mrs. Medwin assured her cheerfully. "Depend upon it, Miss Joyce has gone off in a fit of ill-temper, for which she must sooner or later be sorry, and we must take care that no exaggerated story of her flight gets spread about the place. At the same time I think Bruce should make some inquiries if only to set your mind at rest."

"Perhaps you or Ethel will suggest that to him, then," the mother said, with doleful eagerness; "he may listen to you—he certainly will not to me."

"Of course we will. Come, you must not give Bruce a bad character, and you must not look so wretched, for here are the rector and Edith, and nothing escapes that girl's eyes."

Thus adjured, Lady Dare wiped her eyes, and prepared to receive the newcomers with something like composure, succeeding so well that Miss Challis only thought her a little more excitable, and considerably more gracious than usual.

She listened with interest to the rector's plans for the school-feast, and promised her help; and finally, with a rather nervous smile, expressed a hope that Crystal would have returned in time to be present.

"Returned!" Edith repeated, turning to Ethel, who was pouring out tea at a side-table. "I did not know Miss Joyce was away."

Ethel colored a little, but answered composedly that she believed Miss Joyce was paying a long promised visit to a friend in town.

"A sudden one, I should imagine," the other remarked, with an inquisitive side-glance, "for I met her yesterday, and she never spoke of going away."

"She is not a communicative person, Edith."

"No, that she is not; however, Miss Joyce's proceedings are not very interesting—are they, dear? And it will not make much difference to us whether she comes or stays. We can count on you, and Sir Bruce, and Lady Dare, and Mrs. Medwin, so the thing is sure to be a success."

And much to Ethel's relief, the young lady began to launch out on the subject more immediately interesting to herself, and to get further and further away from Crystal Joyce.

Nevertheless it was a relief unspeakable to both Ethel and her aunt when at last the visitors rose to go, for both were on thorns lest Lady Dare should, by some unguarded speech or chance allusions, awaken Miss Challis's keen detective instinct, and set her on the track of a mystery.

But nothing happened. They left not only unenlightened, but unsuspicious; and Ethel, who had walked with them to the gate, stood there for a few seconds staring after them, with a look of trouble and perplexity on her face.

For some reason that she could hardly define to herself, Crystal Joyce's mad freak had filled her with a vague and restless terror. That Bruce's cousin would do things that no other woman of her age and condition dreamed of doing, she knew; that she was original to the verge of eccentricity and daringly self-willed she knew also; but still with all her hardness and coldness she had seemed to care for Bruce and Lady Dare. Why had she deserted them so suddenly and strangely now?

"Dreaming, Ethel," said a low voice beside her, and raising her head with a slight start, she looked straight into Bruce Dare's eager jealous eyes—"dreaming of me!"

Something in his glance, something glad and confident in his manner, jarred upon her. It was strange, to say the least, that he should be elated by the very fact that caused his mother genuine distress.

"No," Ethel answered coldly, shrinking from his touch with a new shyness that he was quick to notice and resent. "Your mother is here, Bruce; she is in great distress. I was thinking of her and Crystal Joyce!"

"Oh, Crystal is safe enough," he answered, with a look of quick annoyance; "and I warned my mother not to go gossiping all over the place; but she never

## GREAT WORK FOR LITTLE MONEY.

## DIAMOND DYES

ARE THE MOST PROFITABLE AGENTS USED IN THE HOME.

No other article used in the homes of the Dominion of Canada are as popular as the Diamond Dyes. These indispensable helps in economical housekeeping make new friends every day. This popularity is gained by quality, excellence of colors and ease and comfort in doing the work of dyeing.

Just think of it! One package of any of the Diamond Dyes will color from one to six pounds of goods, according to the shade desired. This is wonderful work when the small expense is considered.

Your last year's jacket, cape, blouse, dress, skirt, and your husband's suits and children's clothes may be soiled, faded and unsightly; but with a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes you can work a mighty change, and make the old things look like new for this season's wear. One effort in this work of true economy will convince you that Diamond Dyes are true money savers to the family.

could learn to hold her tongue! Crystal is, as I thought, at Clapham, with Madame Michon, and, in order that she may come to her senses without any coaxing, I shall, for a few days, keep back her address from my mother. Crystal has of late ruled a little too tyrannically at Dareholme, as she will rule at Dower-house in the future, unless she is taught a whole-some lesson now."

There was much that should have relieved, much that did relieve Ethel's mind in this fluent brocade explanation; but she was half-angrily conscious that it left her vaguely uneasy.

"Bruce," she said, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them with a nervous effort "I wish you would tell me one thing."

"What is it?" he asked, frowning, and, as she noticed, giving no unconditional promise to accede to the request.

"Only this, Lady Dare is utterly bewildered and at a loss to account for her niece's flight; but you are not. Tell me only this, dear. Do you know what drove her away?"

"Her own evil temper," he almost hissed between his clinched teeth, and Ethel felt her heart sink as she looked at the darkly-threatening face, the knitted brows, and the eyes that seemed to gleam with a curiously alarming light. Perhaps Bruce saw the fear he was inspiring, for he controlled himself with a strong effort, and added in a more natural tone—"You are a skillful cross examiner, Ethel."

There is no hiding anything from you, and I will confess again, though this confession also must remain a secret between ourselves. I do know why Crystal went. She and I had a desperate quarrel overnight—a quarrel, in which, all things considered, I must admit I did not shine, for I spoke to her more harshly than I should have spoken to any woman, and most of all to Crystal Joyce. But I could not help it, Ethel, for she preached a sermon to me, the gist of which was that—I should give up you."

The blood mounted rapidly to the roots of Ethel's softly waving hair, staining cheek and brow and round white throat, and even the slender ungloved hand, with a fierce blush of passionate distress. Swiftly and vividly came back to the girl's memory the words of passionate adjuration that Crystal had addressed to her, the words that had accused her of a hidden love for Ronald Dare. Had she told the same tale to Bruce? The thought stung her into sudden passionate speech.

"How could she, how dared she?" she cried, her eyes flashing, her voice ringing out with an indignant thrill that, misinterpreting it, as he did, stirred Bruce Dare to new and rapturous delight.

"My darling," he whispered fondly, throwing his arm about the slender figure, and not noticing in the tumult of his own joy how nervously the girl shrunk from his touch. "Oh, Ethel, your anger makes me so happy, that I can forgive Crystal now! But it is wasted all—nothing could shake my faith in you, or make me give you up. Fate has indeed been kind to me since it has given me you."

Ethel did not answer; but she wished in her heart that her lover would speak and think less of the love that was fast becoming a burden to her from its frantic excess, and more of the girl whose strange flight no quarrel seemed sufficient to explain.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Why, Dare, I did not know you were in town."

"Nor am I," Ronald Dare said with a smile, as he came to a sudden halt in the middle of Bond Street, almost as crowded this bright October afternoon as it had been at the height of the season; "that is to say I am a bird of passage only. I came over from Queenstown by the morning boat, and go down to Scantlebury tonight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Children Cry for  
**CASTORIA.**

THE REVIEW Office.