

A Mad Love.

By the author of "Lover and Lord."

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He looked down kindly and bent to kiss the tear-wet face. Sir Bruce Dare was by no means as stately a specimen of his sex as his mother was of hers; but his light slender figure was so well knit and well proportioned that no one ever thought of caviling at his height.

"Thank you, dear mother," he said, with a smile that gave a strange dazzling brightness to the handsome melancholy eyes; "it is good to be home—good to see you again, and not looking a day older in all these years! Have you discovered a fountain of youth at Dareholme?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Bruce," the mother answered, with a well-pleased smile; then, catching sight of the other figure standing nonchalantly out on the terrace, apparently satisfied to be overlooked, she said, with outstretched hands and very real remorse—"Oh, Ronald, forgive me! I really did not see you."

"Of course not!" Captain Dare answered, with a quick bright glance. "I always suffer eclipse in Bruce's presence, and accept it as my natural fate."

"Rather an unnatural one if you do," Sir Bruce remarked dryly, with a glance at the good-natured young giant, and then at his slighter self; "but modesty is your besetting sin, Ronald!"

"Alas, yes!" Ronald admitted with an exaggerated sigh. "I have made strenuous efforts to conquer it too."

Lady Dare's dark eyes sparkled. Foolish as the jesting between the cousins might be, it fell like sweetest music upon her ears; for in each light and meaningless word she seemed to read a confirmation of the fact that Bruce was cured of his great sorrow.

In spite of all her protestations she had looked forward to his coming with a secret dread. If he came back, as she half feared, a moody, melancholy man crushed by the weight of an abiding grief, it would be worse than mourning his absence to see him so terribly changed.

But in the very first moment of their meeting that tremulous fear took flight. Bruce looked older, graver, perhaps a shade more thoughtful than he had done in the old days, and his had always been a picturesquely melancholy face; but these changes were natural—were perhaps inevitable in seven long years, and these were all that had taken place.

"Crystal's ideas were absurdly overstrained and opposed to common sense; I always knew that," the good lady thought complacently, as the two young men followed her through the lofty entrance-hall. "I believe she will be quite disappointed to see him so much like himself. No doubt, after the lapse of seven years, she thinks he should look as though he had just come back from the funeral. Ah, if all goes well this summer, we shall see what we shall see, and discover whether Miss Crystal is so much wiser than her elders, after all!"

Bruce Dare's soft voice broke in upon her musing, and startled her by touching upon its very subjects.

"How familiar it all looks, and yet so strange!" he said, with a puzzled glance round. "Have I been away from you and Dareholme seven days, or seven years, mother?"

"Seven long years for me, Bruce; but time passes so quickly for the young."

"Does it? I am not so sure of that. But you are not alone here? Surely you have Crystal Joyce with you still?"

"Yes," Lady Dare answered promptly. "Poor Crystal, where else should she be?" "Here to meet us, if she is in the house," Sir Bruce said, with a quick little frown and more irritation than the occasion seemed to call for.

"Oh, Crystal has a headache!" Lady Dare responded tranquilly. "She is a martyr to headaches, Bruce, as you will soon find out. To-day she seemed no worse than usual—she always looks rather ghastly; but just as you turned into the avenue her head grew unbearable. I really thought she was going to faint with pain; and, as I could not attend to her then, I advised her to take a dose of sal volatile and lie down."

Bruce listened to his mother's explanation with a look of mingled pain and anger. When it was finished, he said somewhat crossly—

"Well, we can do without her welcome, having yours, mother; but, what do you say, Ronald—does not the headache seem rather unseasonable?"

Ronald Dare opened his big brown eyes in a bewildered stare, thinking in his simple way that Bruce was, as he phrased it, "making a confounded fuss about nothing at all."

"I am sure I cannot say," he answered bluntly. "A headache is not an agreeable thing, as I know, who am not troubled with many. I do not suppose Crystal chose to have one to-day. She was doubtless overexcited; and she is awfully nervous, is she not, Aunt Lucilla?"

"I think her nerves are strong enough," Lady Dare said, with reproachful emphasis on the pronoun, as she suddenly recalled her own half-forgotten invalid rôle, "but as you say, she is sickly and— Oh, here she is!"

And, as they entered the low long room, which ran nearly the whole width of the building, and through its high pointed windows commanded a noble view of rolling ground, wide sparkling river, and high timber-crowned hills beyond, Crystal Joyce came slowly forward, her gray face set more rigidly than ever, her eyes appearing to shine with a dull phosphorescent gleam. She murmured a few set words of greeting with what seemed like constrained calm; but while the cold stiff fingers she extended rested passively for a moment in the soldier's hearty clasp, she just suffered Bruce Dare to touch their chilly tips, then drew them hurriedly away.

But Bruce was not so easily to be got rid of. His delicate face contracted in a little spasm that might have passed either for pain or anger; but the distressed expression of his dark gray eyes could not be misread.

"My dear Crystal, you are indeed ill," he said softly, almost tenderly; and the gray dreadful pallor of the girl's face changed to a sudden burning glow. "Mother, what ails her? Has she been ill long?"

"Nothing," Crystal broke in with harsh abruptness, before Lady Dare could frame a reply. "I am seven years older, more haggard and worn than when you last saw me, that is all. You must be prepared for changes everywhere. It is only with Aunt Lucilla time stands still."

"But you are still so young," Bruce went on earnestly, his gray eyes still seeking a clew to the enigma in the tragically changed face—and only Crystal knew the painful effort it cost her to endure that wistful gaze—"years younger than I, Crystal, and you have known no crushing agony."

"None." She seemed to force the word from between her pale set lips, so little did their rigid line relax; but her eyes met his quite steadily.

He turned away with a troubled sigh, and joined his mother and Captain Dare in the wide embrasure of the window. Crystal's eyes followed him, and lingered long on the little group, though only the movement betrayed them, for their gaze was still obstinately blank.

It was a group worth studying—a group in which the three figures of the handsome stately old lady and the two young men stood out in distinctly characterized and very effective contrast. Ronald Dare was, if not the least attractive, certainly the most conventional figure of the three. The tall athletic young soldier, with his well set-up frame, good-looking if not absolutely handsome face, bronzed skin, and clear direct gaze, with his conventionally cropped brown head and drooping mustache, would have been easy to match in any garrison town, but it would have been far more difficult to find a prototype for Lucilla Dare, while Bruce—well, no one had ever been able to define the vague inexplicable something that distinguished Sir Bruce Dare so clearly from his fellow men—to make his face, if only once seen, haunt even the memory of the most unimaginative with an uncomfortable persistency. Some people said that the shadow, brought there by the great tragedy of his life, had never wholly passed away from the picturesque face and melancholy eyes; but those who knew better answered that, while Florence Medwin still lived, while all went prosperously with him, and there was not one crumpled rose-leaf on his flower-spread couch, that look of unsatisfied melancholy craving had still been there—nay, they pointed it out triumphantly in the picture of the large-eyed, delicate-featured boy, whom his father had had painted in cavalier costume, after the fashion of a famous Van Dyck, the pride of the Dareholme gallery. "Not Charles the Martyr himself could look more predestined to melancholy and misfortune," they would declare, with the proud consciousness that in that sorrowful young presence their opponents were silenced if not convinced. "Bruce Dare carries his doom in his face."

Perhaps the prophecy came back to Crystal Joyce's mind, as she looked and saw the red stain flung by the sunlight streaming through the crimson-painted glass of the tall window fall upon the upturned face and bronze-gold head. She turned away with a little shuddering gesture and a sigh that seemed wrung from her against her will, and stole unnoticed from the room.

Somehow, though they did not even miss her until she had been gone ten minutes, the room seemed brighter for the removal of that brooding presence. Lady Dare chatted on in her gay cheery inconsequent fashion, appealing now to one young man, now to the other, for information or agreement, finally winding up with the remorseful remark—

"But there, I am keeping you boys from your rooms, when you must be quite tired out and execrating me in your hearts as a tiresome old gossip."

"Not quite so bad as that," Ronald Dare said gravely, "though"—as his eyes rested on the tweed that clothed his sturdy limbs, and which was thickly besprinkled with the summer dust—"perhaps a brush-up would be desirable. What say you, Bruce?"

"I say, come along," the young man answered curtly, and the two vanished from the scene.

Lady Dare sat on for some minutes in a silence that was really thoughtful, a most unusual thing for her. She was

wondering how long Bruce's cheerfulness would last, whether it was his habitual mood or only forced for the occasion, whether he would be able to meet the Medwins, and, above all, Ethel Ross-Trevor, as quietly as he had met her.

"We must warn him of the curious likeness between the girls; it would never do to let him meet her unprepared," she decided promptly, then added, with a natural wish to postpone the evil day and prolong the present peace. "But not to-night—his first night at home shall not be spoiled by miserable memories if I can help it!"

It was a natural and reasonable resolve, and one that Lady Dare was not tempted to break. Bruce talked of any and every subject through the dinner-hour, save that which was uppermost in his mother's thoughts—asked questions as to tenants and friends and neighbors, spoke of the many changes he had noticed on the homeward drive, warmly applauded some of her arrangements and laughingly criticised others; but of the Medwins he did not speak, and Lady Dare almost began to hope he did not think.

Crystal Joyce sat pale and gloomy, eating nothing, and answering Captain Dare's tentative remarks with a monosyllabic impatience that would have ruffled that young man's excellent temper had not her haggard aspect touched his kindly heart.

"By George, I pity poor Aunt Lucilla!" he thought, with a furtive glance across the feathery fern-barrier. "How can that good comfortable old soul live with such a tiger-cat? I suppose her temper is wearing her to her grave, for she looks more like a ghost than a living woman. How she stares at Bruce, too, from under those light long lashes of hers! I believe she could count every mouthful he has taken. I wonder what makes her take such a life-and-death interest in his meal? Perhaps she has poisoned the viands, and expects every moment to see her victim fall stiff and stark at her feet. She looks a little in the Borgia-Brinville line of business—as if she would hardly stick at murder, either for love or hate."

Dinner over, and the two ladies gone, Bruce Dare rose abruptly from the table and strolled over to the window that opened on to the terrace, and stood thoughtfully staring at the wide stretch of park and the tall trees, above the tops of which the moon was slowly rising, shedding a tender silvery radiance over the distant earth and pale blue sky, from which the stars were just beginning to peep.

"A lovely evening!" Ronald Dare remarked, with a sort of lazy enjoyment, tilting back his chair the better to survey the fairy scene.

"Too lovely to spend indoors," Bruce agreed with a short laugh. "Ronald, I am going to do something awfully selfish—at least, you will think it so, I fear."

"Out with it, and let me judge!" Captain Dare said calmly.

"I want you to keep my mother and Crystal company for an hour or so this evening while I go out."

The young man nodded, wondering why Bruce should ask so small a favor in such an odd constrained fashion, guessing the object of his pilgrimage, and thinking, with a quick throb of pity, how much more apparent than real was the other's cure.

"I suppose one never does quite get over such a staggerer as that!" he soliloquized. And then, his one modest cigarette smoked through, he dutifully wended his way to the pretty room in which Lady Dare sat, placidly enjoying her after-dinner nap, while Crystal paced the moonlit terrace like an unquiet ghost.

She turned quickly at the sound of the opening door, and summoned Captain Dare to her with a quick imperious gesture. He dared not disobey, though in truth he felt but little inclination for a *tête-à-tête* with his weird fantastic cousin's cousin.

"Was that Bruce who went out just now?" she asked, with harsh abruptness, her eyes shining with that curious dull gleam that made them unlike all other eyes, her face looking ghastlier than ever in the moonlight and against its somber drapery of lace.

Ronald Dare was certainly neither a nervous man nor a coward, yet, as she drew a step or two nearer in her eagerness, he was shame-facedly conscious that he drew back with a vague uncomfortable thrill.

"Yes, it was Bruce," he answered awkwardly; then, with a feeble attempt to change the subject that seemed to excite her so curiously, he added some lame conventional comment on the calm beauty of the night.

She held the young man as resolutely with her glittering glance as ever the "Ancient Mariner" held his victim, and said, in the same half fierce tone—

"And why did you not go with him?" "Because he wished me to stay here," Crystal uttered an impatient exclamation, and the young man went on gravely, "And also because I thought his first visit to poor Florence Medwin's grave should be paid alone."

Miss Joyce answered only by a look; but it was a look destined to haunt Captain Dare's memory and perplex his

"Never Quit Certainty"

For Hope."

You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures, — completely and permanently, — when others fail to do any good.

Tonic—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep." John Y. Patterson, Whitby, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

thoughts for many a day and week to come.

CHAPTER VIII.

"But the moonlight is so lovely, auntie, and Edith goes to the church to practice every evening now."

"My dear, Edith Challis has only to cross the church-yard from the Rectory garden," Mrs. Medwin answered, smiling into the lovely, childishly-eager face. "However I do not see any great objection to your going, so long as you wrap up well. No doubt the rector or one of the boys will see you home."

"No doubt," Ethel returned with a gay little laugh, thinking how very sincerely she preferred her own light-hearted company or that of pretty prim little Edith on her moonlight run, and how artfully she would evade the escort of the solemn rector, and the fledgling curate, and the subaltern whose admiration for the brilliant young stranger had, from the first moment of their meeting, been equally loud and pronounced. However, she judiciously kept her thoughts and her determination to herself, and thanked her aunt demurely, saying at the door, "I shall be back long before Uncle James has finished his nap, in plenty of time to pour out tea. Perhaps Edith will come back with me; I want her to try that diet."

"Very well, my dear," Mrs. Medwin answered easily; and, well pleased with her success, the girl went out, and ran lightly down the green sloping bank that led to the small square-towered ivy-grown Norman church, which was already visible through a gap in the tall trees, and the village God's-acre, which was bathed in calm silvery light.

"Oh, what a lovely night!" the girl cried. "What a beautiful world! How hard it must be to leave it, how hard to die when one is happy and young!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."

Yet some people are never hungry. Whatever they eat has to be "forced down." There is, of course, something wrong with these people. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time they are given an appetite and then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite failing, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

The International, interdenominational Sunday-school work is making great progress throughout the country. Twenty-nine of the States, and five of the British Provinces have secretaries devoting their whole time to the work, and some of the States have several workers, whose time is devoted exclusively to the advancement of Sunday-school interests. Fully ten thousand conventions are held every year in these various States and Provinces. The uplift given to Sunday-school work thereby cannot be estimated. The General Secretary of the International Convention, Mr. Marion Lawrence, Toledo, Ohio, will upon application, furnish circulars explaining the work in detail.

DR. HARVEY'S
SOUTHERN
RED PINE
FOR
COUGHS
& COLDS
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO.
424 ST. PAUL 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. 8

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, Satens, 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.