

GETTING SQUARE.

I was just a little "shaver," but I never shall forget the night my sister wedded—I can see her sweet face yet.

MRS. MONTGOMERY SWIFT

Jessica Wynne had wavy brown hair, merry dancing eyes, red lips, always parted over small white teeth, a round face, and a bright, fresh complexion; she was barely 17, a perfect pocket edition of the Venus, and the possessor of a fair portion.

One never to be forgotten day Jessica was invited by some acquaintances she had made at Cardiff, and who had taken a great fancy to her, to spend two months with them in London immediately after Easter.

The truth of the matter was that the popular Welsh belle had been sorely neglected in London. She found, to her indignation, that her beauty, wit and repartee remained unappreciated; with increasing cholera, she soon remarked that other maidens as fresh and fair as herself shared her ignominious obscurity.

Mrs. Montgomery Swift took a charming furnished house in Mayfair, kept a perfectly appointed brougham and victoria, procured her toilets from Paris and forthwith became the rage. Her gowns were copied, her repartees quoted, her 5 o'clock at homes crowded.

nor parties, availed herself of a few of the introductions obtained through the Tressillians, who were abraded; with charming impertinence and prety audacity dropped all the people she considered bores, and plunged into the maddest whirl of society dissipation.

"Who the deuce is Capt. Swift, and where does he hang out?" queried a guardsman of a fellow-warrior parting from Jessica, when she re-entered her carriage after her daily walk in the park.

"Who cares a big D for the husband of a pretty woman?" was the flippant answer. "He's somewhere on the gold coast, or in India, or at Suakin, she tells me; he might be dead and buried for all I care—only it's much safer to know there's a husband somewhere; and, to do the little woman justice, although she flirts to the nines, she does drag the captain in pretty freely; and even were he to mount guard over her like a watch dog, he wouldn't find much to make a rumpus about."

"No," said the other, reflectively, pulling his mustache; "it's a case of Canute and the sea—just so far and no farther." She's a ticklish one to deal with. I don't quite make her out."

For once the verdict of clubs mess-rooms and smoking-rooms was just; Mrs. Montgomery Swift's morals were unimpeachable. Without ostentation, she frequently alluded to her absent consort, retailed passages from his correspondence, bewailed the long exile and frequent changes entailed by his profession, wondered how long he would remain in those outlandish places where wives were an impossibility, and occasionally reduced her admirers to frantic despair by announcing her intention of joining Capt. Swift wherever he might be sent next.

Sometimes—not very often—Jessica was alone, and then she would look at herself in the glass and smile quaintly. "Isn't it funny?" she murmured scanning her features. "I am sure I am not quite so fresh and pretty as I was two years ago, and I don't think I am nearly as nice. And yet—then nobody even looked at me, while now—"

Toward the middle of August, with the abruptness which characterized all her movements, Jessica, without a word of warning to her courtiers, accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight in Scotland with a young married couple who had taken a house on Loch Lomond for two months. She had not been told whether or not there would be other guests, but she knew that the Bellunes had the knack of making people comfortable, and she felt just a little tired of a surfeit of devotion, and inclined to escape from it and rusticate in comparative solitude.

Before reaching Leicester the travelers had already exchanged a few commonplace civilities connected with the pulling up and down of windows, the loan of newspapers, etc. Instinctively they recognized that they belonged to the same social class; each discovered in the other a certain independent, unconventional originality, and, like strangers meeting by chance at some dinner party, they soon began to converse on every possible subject.

"Do you propose stopping at Edinburgh?" said the gentleman, when, after Nonington and lunch, they had resumed their seats.

"For the night, perhaps; but I am bound for Inversnaid," answered Jessica. "Ah!" with a slight start; "I have some friends about there myself—relations." "I wonder if they know my friends—at the Towers?"

When You Need

An Alterative Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and take no other.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cooke, Denton, Texas.

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"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood."—G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W. T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

that I got a three months' leave only to make myself a free man once more. I left the P. and O. three days ago, and am on my way to the Bellunes to ask what they were about in allowing their nearest relative to be labeled all over the world as booked and done for."

"A hard case, and one deserving of much pity. So the indignity of wedlock has been put upon you. Accept my deepest sympathy."

"You may laugh, but it was, it is odious. All the fellows out there affect to believe it is true—that I am a derelict husband with a family. On landing here I found no end of letters of congratulation. I dare not show myself at the clubs. If at first I was inclined to treat the matter lightly, now I am determined to sift the whole thing, sue the libelers, and give a public denial."

"To the compromising accusation of matrimony? I would, if I were you."

"I shall!" he said, sternly. They were just steaming into the Carlisle station. Jessica remained alone while her companion smoked a cigar on the platform. She took advantage of the gathering twilight to rise and, unperceived, to examine the label on the hat box reposing on the rack. She had some difficulty in deciphering it, and fell back into the seat as the owner of it stepped once more into the carriage. He fancied she looked very pale, and asked her if she was tired. She did not answer at once, but as soon as the train was fairly under way she said, abruptly: "Is your name Montgomery Swift?"

"It is," he said, surprised; but glancing at the hat box, which lay in an altered position, he added: "Have you guessed that, too, you fortune teller?"

"And you call yourself a captain?" continued Jessica, in the same harsh voice. "I do, till I become a major."

"Impossible! There is not a Captain Montgomery Swift in the whole British army."

"I beg your pardon, I am that humble officer."

"No, you are not; there is no such man in the army list—there was not a year ago."

"Possibly not at that time, for a year ago I was Monty Gordon. Last Christmas a good old man, who was my godfather, died and left me all his fortune and estates, on condition that I should take and bear his name. I complied. A Swift was manufactured out of a Gordon, and yet remained a captain. Under either appellation, equally at your command. But now I must ask of your dressing bag the same introduction furnished by my hat box, and learn by what name I can address my travelling incognito when I meet her again at the Towers." He quietly bent over the flap of Jessica's neat Russian leather bag, but saw only the letters "J. M. S."

"Ah," he said, "the same initials as mine," then, interrogatively, "they spell?" "Jessica Montgomery Swift."

A dead silence followed. Jessica lay back against the cushions, motionless, with a crimson flush on her cheeks and forehead. Captain Swift felt that some painful mystery was about to be disclosed and that the woman by his side was gathering strength for a great effort. He generously repressed every sign of curiosity or astonishment, and waited her pleasure.

After a few moments she turned toward him and spoke slowly and hesitatingly. "I throw myself upon your mercy, Captain Swift, do not deny publicly tomorrow that you ever were married to Jessica Wynne. Do not pursue those who originated that—libel. Give me time. I assure you that I will do my utmost to undo what I have done."

She looked very young and fair, with her earnest eyes and moist lashes. "What have you done?" he said, simply. "Listen to me, and forgive me if you can. When I first came to London at 18, I found it a horrid place; only married women were admired, petted and courted—we girls were nowhere. So I made up my mind to come back to town—married; and as I had not a husband handy—they are so scarce, you know—I invented one. I thought I was quite safe. I wanted him to be an officer, because England has such a lot of troops in places people never go to. I looked all over the army and navy lists to make sure I did not choose a name belonging to any living man; I christened him Montgomery Swift, haphazard; I put the paragraphs in the papers. He was a very likely sort of husband to have, you know, and it seems so natural that he should forever be among the savages—anywhere. Nobody seemed to care about him at all; but they did for his wife simply because she was not a girl, and it was all working beautifully. Oh, why did you turn up? Why did he die? Why did you turn up? Why did he die?"

"Would it have suited you to keep up this farce much longer?" said Captain Swift, gravely, but an amused look passed in his eyes.

"Only a little while," said Jessica, promptly. "I intended becoming a widow very soon—some of the climates out there are so unhealthy—no one would have asked any questions. One accepts anything in London when it is convenient to be credulous; but if you are that horrid man please don't expose me yet."

"Not till I am dead, eh?" "I can't make him out dead now," she said petulantly; "but I will go away, hide myself, never show my face again."

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"That would be a pity; there must be some other way to achieve widowhood." "Don't be cruel—it is dreadful! and I know I have been very foolish. But really," she added, with a resumption of her old quaint coquetry, "I can't do more than ask your pardon."

"Yes you can; you can ask for my advice," he said, extending his hand, "and on my honor as a gentleman, I will help you to get out of this scrape."

They talked low and earnestly for the remainder of the journey. At Edinburgh they shook hands warmly and parted. But neither Jessica nor Captain Swift went to the Towers. Two separate telegrams informed Mrs. Bellune that her expected guests were unavoidably prevented from joining her party; nor did Mrs. Montgomery Swift again gladden the hearts of her faithful swains by her presence at the fashionable resorts of late summer or early autumn.

Three months later Jessica was walking on the seashore only a mile distant from a pretty village near Bagini di Luca, looking as fresh, crisp and fair as before her first disastrous London campaign, only there was a new tenderness in the dancing brown eyes as she lifted them trustfully to those of a tall man on whose arm her small hand rested.

"And so you are really, truly not sorry that you never denied your marriage with Miss Wynne?" she said, coaxingly. "Not sorry at all, darling, as it saves me the fuss of communicating it now," answered Captain Swift. "I'm desperately glad, though, it's all settled and done with."

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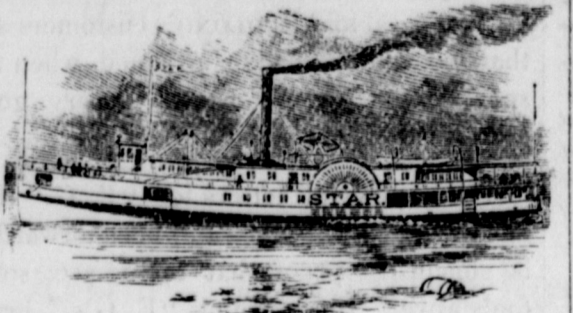
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STEAMER "STAR" will leave her wharf, Indian town, for the Lake, every

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

CALLING AT ALL INTERMEDIATE STOPS. RETURNING, is due at INDIANTOWN at 2 p. m., on alternate days.

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RETURNING, will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown wharf each way. Will run on the West side of Long Island.

The owners of this reliable steamer having put her in the best repair during the past winter, and are now running her strictly under Dominion Government inspection, which, combined with qualities for speed and comfort, make her one of the best boats now plying on the St. John River or its tributaries.

This "Old Favorite" EXCURSION STEAMER can be chartered on reasonable terms for Picnics, etc., on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

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WILL LEAVE HAMPTON FOR INDIANTOWN

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WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE," every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indian town.

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THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," FLEMING, master, will sail from

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FOR DIGBY AND ANNAPOLIS, until further notice, on

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 7.45 a. m. RETURNING SAME DAY, commencing WEDNESDAY, 27th instant.

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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing April 29, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

6.10 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. St. Stephen at 11.30, Portland, Boston, and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

4.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

1.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.20 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.25 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

Yanovers at 11.15, 11.35 a. m.; 12.10 noon. Woodstock at 16.00, 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. Houlton at 16.00, 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. St. Stephen at 16.20, 11.40 a. m.; 19.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.20 a. m.; 19.25 p. m. Fredericton at 16.00, 11.20 a. m.; 18.40 a. m.; 12.20, 11.60 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 8.10 a. m.—Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from St. John. 1.40 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. John and St. Stephen.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after MONDAY, DEC. 31, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a. m.; St. Stephen, 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m., St. George, 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m., St. John at 1.12 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. F. W. HOLT, Supt. St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888—Winter Arrangement—1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 29th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7 30 Accommodation..... 11 20 Express for Sussex..... 16 55 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18 00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00 Express from Sussex..... 8 35 Accommodation..... 13 30 Day Express..... 19 20

All trains run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

Time Table—Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

No. 1. No. 2. Lv. BUCTOUCHE. 8 00 Lv. MONCTON..... 16 00

Lv. River..... 8 18 Lewisville..... 16 04 St. Anthony..... 8 34 Humphreys..... 16 08

Cocaine..... 8 50 Irish town..... 16 30 Notre Dame..... 8 52 Cape Breton..... 16 40

McDonald's..... 9 08 Scotch Sett..... 16 48 Scotch Sett..... 9 20 McDonald's..... 17 00

Cape Breton..... 9 28 Notre Dame..... 17 16 Irish town..... 9 38 Cocaine..... 17 18

Humphreys..... 10 00 St. Anthony..... 17 24 Lewisville..... 10 04 Little River..... 17 50

AR. MONCTON..... 10 08 AR. BUCTOUCHE. 18 08 Return Tickets, good for THREE DAYS, are issued between Moncton and Buctouche at \$1.50. April 16, 1889. C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

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