PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

THE GIRL HE SAVED.

16

Neil Farquharson sat in his kitchen ruminating by the fire. The fir-wood and dry whinsticks were blazing merrily, and on the top of them the stout, round, black kettle was singing. Neil sat with the wooden chair slightly tilted forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his cheeks pressed in his hands, his stockinged feet toasting on the irou fender. His black Gordon-setter lay stretched full length on the stone floor, snoring with fatigue and the dinner it had just devoured.

Single men ruminate when alone, and Neil was filled with strange longing. His house-help had gone home and left the young bachelor game-keeper to his own devices. At twenty-eight most gamekeepers are married, and have possibly two or three children sprawling about while their mother prepares her husband's supper. Neil was an exception. A fine, tall manly fellow, with a kindly face and kindly blue eyes, and a Highland politeness, many a lass had farcied him. But Neil had never made any advances.

Yet while he showed himself totally indifferent to the girls in the neighborhood, he was now mooning and sighing over the fire as it he were hopelessly in love. So he was. Every autumn the attack returned with renewed force, and abated only after the shooting tenants of the glen had gone south, bag and baggage.

Next day the grouse were to have a day off, and Mary Baldwin, the daughter of the rich banker who had rented the shooting of Glen Sannox for some years, had expressed a wish to try the fi hing in Loch Brander.

Three figures were standing on the shore of the loch. At the outlet where they stoo -the gamekeeper, Mary Baldwin, and a young man of the shooting partythe water ruffled by the wind lapped softly against the rude boulders, while back from the lake the ground was covered with red heather already tading. and patches of blueberries. The gamekeeper presently left his companions to flog the rippling surface, and went to a thatched shanty hidden behind a knoll to attend to the wants of the two ponies which had brought them on their expedition. For a time Mary Baldwin, in her workmanlike shootingdress, fished away patiently enough, and cast her line with a certain amount of dexterity, for the novelty of the thing amused her. Then she grew tired.

"Farquharson !" she called.

The gamekeeper came to her with a swinging step, and said, "Yes, madam."

"Why do you call me 'madam' ?" asked the girl a little crossly, "and not 'mum,

Burt rode in on one of the ponies and threw a rope. Mary, half dead with cold caught it, and was dragged ashore, and Niel, relieved of his sore burden, paddled slowly till he had gained a tooting and was sate.

There was a splashing in the shallows.

He was no sooner on the bank than Mary Baldwin exclaimed faintly-"I am so sorry, Farquharson. I should not have been so toolish. You should have-I deserved to be left in the middle

of the loch." "Women have uncommonly little sense," muttered Burt under his breath; "and

they are confoundedly ungenerous Then handing his flask to the girl who sat dripping on a rock, he said aloud-"Take a drop of this. It will do you good."

She passed it on to the gamekeeper, who lay white and limp on the ground. They had a sorry journey home. Farquharson riding on the second pony. Burt was out of temper. Mary was decidedly cross, for she telt guilty and ashamed of herselt. Neil was serene in mind, but weak in body. His mistress was in his debt; yet while that could not fail to be a source of satisfaction . to himself, it was quite the reverse to her.

She was oppressed by the obligation, and she was filled with admiration for the quiet, prompt young man, her inferior in position, over whom she was conscious of

having exercised a petty authority. "Hullo ! what have you been doing ?" asked old Baldwin when his daughter came into the house of Glen Sannox Lodge, her wet clothes clinging to her shapely person.

"I have had a ducking," she said somewhat curtly.

"A serious one?"

"It was a close shave," put in Burt quietly. "If it had not been for Farquharson, it would have been more than a ducking." Mary looked at him for a moment; then she ran up stairs to her room, where her

first proceeding was to throw herself wet on her bed and have a good cry. * * * * * *

Next morning a letter came to Mr. Baldwin, returning a ten-pound note, and informing him that Niel Farqubarson was grateful for the kind feeling that prompted the gift, but could not think of receiving payment for doing his duty-he would have added "pleasure" if he had expressed all his thoughts.

"Do you hear that, Mary ?" asked Mr. Baldwin as he read the note aloud at the breakfast table.

leave us. He has given notice."

which he had been reading.

his hand warmly.

such a question."

thing I can do for you?"

Australia."

good luck."

win !"

crimson.

your obligations !"

humiliating us.'

"Yes. He is abominably proud.

When the father and daughter arrived

at the gamekeeper's cottage, they found

him sitting wrapped in a thick plaid on a

rustic seat at the front door which over-

looked the river Clova and the ridge of hills

beyond. As soon as he saw them, he

started up and dropped on the seat a book

The banker stepped up to him and shook

"Studious, I see," he said glancing at

the book. "'Pon my word, I believe you

have more learning in your head than I

have. Well; I came to thank you sin-

cerely, heartily, for rescuing my daughter.

Mr. Burt tells me you had a long way to

swim, and it would have gone hard with

Miss Baldwin, but for your gallantry and

"I cannot stay, sir. I am going to

"Well; I am very sorry. Is there any-

"No, sir, thank you; unless wishing me

"That I do most heartily, my dear fel-

low. Well, I think my daughter has some-

Mr. Baldwin walked away and disap-

thing to say to you, so I shall leave you."

peared round the corner of the cettage.

Neil stood with his face halt averted, and

his eyes on the ground. Mary Baldwin

advanced timidly; her usual gaiety and

"Mr. Farquharson," she had never so addressed him before. "It was-it was very

good of you to save my wretched little self.

"But why must you go? Are you not

"Yes. I like people to be reasonable."

"It is because I love you, Miss Bald-

The young lady started back and flushed

Neil stood pale and trembling. He bit

not mean to insult you. After all I am a

It is you who are to blame for being

The girl's heart softened. She would

never meet a better or a truer man than

this. But, after all, it was too ridiculous.

She held out her white hand to the big,

"You have forgiven me, Miss Baldwin?"

"Yes. Can I do anything for you?"

what you are. But I know my place, and

that is why I am leaving the country.'

handsome, stout-hearted fellow.

he asked without taking her hand.

in bodie

relieved of

his lip, and clenched his strong hands. "I am very sorry, Miss Baldwin. I did

contented? Will you not give a reason?"

"I must. I am going to Australia."

flashes of coquetry had vanished.

But-but why must you go ?"

"Do you insist upon me ?"

THE MISSING WILL.

"She was a light-hearted girl, fond of the pleasures and excitements of lite. whilst Roland Murlay was devoted to his study of chemistry.'

Fred Harwell, a grave looking man, probably younger than he appeared, was speaking to his old triend Dr. Maitland.

"A good reason for not getting married," replied the latter, "but a very bad one for

neglecting his young wife." "He paid for it," said the other. "A man in the diplomatic service induced her to elope with him. Within the year she was deserted and, as I have heard, died of her remorse and misery. When I returned from India, with a post-dated death warrant signed by the doctors, I was just in time to ay farewell to Roland and to promise him to protect bis daughter."

"Like a generous fellow as you are, said Maitland.

"Generous !" exclaimed Harwell. "It was a partial reparation. The man who had ruined that home was my father."

"Your father, and you have been here !" "It is not for a son to deal out judgment and punishment against his father.' said Harwell.

"He came here a ruined, destitute man, dismissed from the service and relying upon my help. I gave him shelter, and in my will I have provided for his necessities. by a sound. no more : my fortune which I have acquired in India. I leave to Lisette, a wretched compensation for so much wrong inflicted by my relative. Some day I will tell you where that will is placed. That is the secret that I had to tell about Lisette. Does it alter your desire to see her your son's wite ?"

"On the contrary, I trust that Alfred may help to make her forget the past," said Maitfand. "I think she was too young when the events occured for her to remember anything about them." Eavesdropping, Mr. Leslie Harwell had heard the conversation through the rogues'

whispering gallery-the keyhole. Meantime months elipped away, months bright with happiness of the young lovers, but fraught with the fulfilment of Fred Harwell's dread presentiments.

"You here, Mr. Harwell, at such a time as this?" said Maitland, as he surprised Leslie in the library.

"Books have always been my hobby, Dr. Mait'and," replied the old gentleman opened without success. He was so enwith a benevolent smile at his own literary grossed in his task that he thought of nothtaste.

"Do you not know that your son is near closing a more precious volume that any here-the record of his own existence ?"

tather of him who had talked to Maitland in the dead man's library.

"What am I to do ?" he thought. "No doubt Fred has left Lisette every penny he possesed, trusting to her providing for me. What he called making her the reparation, as far as he could, due to her from me. When she learns the story of her mother what chance shall I have? Even now she knows it, perhaps. The girl will marry Maitland's son and I shall then be left destitute."

Then he thought how he could make one more search amongst the bookshelves to find the will that would confiscate what he considered his rights as a father.

He had heard that Fred Harwell had had a whim to keep his will in some book in the library. He hoped that the caprice might have lasted to the end. Maitland must have known this, or why should he have locked the library door that day? Harwell had collected all the keys in

which he could find in the house, hoping to be able to open the locked door with one of them. Then he waited, listening for all sounds to be hushed in that abode of death. Midnight, one hour, two hours, glided past. Not a sound, not a breath disturbed the stillness that almost hushed itself. He disembarassed his feet of his slippers, and holding a lamp in his hand softly descended the stone stairs, which did not betray him

As he passed Maitland's opened door, he involuntarily cast a glance within.

The doctor had sunk into a chair after having taken off his coat, and had been overwhelmed by the slumber that previous watching and anxiety had induced. Harwell remembered that Maitland had put the library key in the breast pocket of that coat. Slowly and stealthily he crept into the room. So noiselessly did he enter, that the buzzing of a fly seemed trumpet-toned to awaken the sleeper. Handling the coat as if it were slumbering like its owner and could be as easily awakened, he abstracted the desired key, and, leaving the rifled garment where it lay, glided down the stairs.

Leslie Harwell entered the library, the small lamp he carried giving but a faint and circumscribed light in the darkened space. He had possessed himself before of the keys of the bookcases, thus he was able to pursue his search without hindrance. But book after book was taken down and ing else. He had neither eyes nor even consciousness far anything besides. The work seemed to be fraught with dis-

appointment, when he turned over the

died, he might have been taken for the Point du Bute, Feb. 9, to the wife of Capt. Edward Halifax, Feb. 7, Bertha, daughter of Frank and Annie Williams, 3 mouths. Dorchester, Mass, Feb 11, Eunice, widow of th late David P. Rockwell, 73. New Glasgow, Feb. 6, to the wife of Thomas G. MacKav. a

Milton, N. S., Feb. 10. wife of Charles Sweeney, & son.

Charlottetown, Jan. of Sergt, Neil McNevin, a son

Dorchester Road, Jan. 13, to the wife of Delbert Bulmer, a daughter

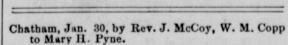
West Bay, C. B., Feb. 6, Leonard, a daughter

South Brookfield, N. S., Feb. 3, to the wife of John Cashman, a daughter

Upper Woods Harbor, Feb. 4, to liam H. Malone, a son

Victoria Mines, C. B., Feb. 10, to the wife of J. McNamara, a daughter.





St. Mary's, Veb. 12, by Rev. William Tippett, John Stilwell to J. Jarvis.

Windsor, Feb. 11, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Clarence Purcell to Libbie Shaw.

Frederictón, Jan. 15, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Rateliffe to Dora Hamilton.

Gaburus, C. B., Feb. 7, by Rev. D. Sutherland, John Boyd to Maggie Ferguson.

Hammond Plains, Feb. 10, by Rev. E. Dixon, Rob-er: Grant to Lottie Goffican. Centreville, Feb. 6 by Ray, Jos. A. Cahille, Inglis Harold to Ella L. McLeary.

Halifax, Feb. 12, ov Rev. Dr. Watson Smith, Robert Laidlaw to H W. Hinds.

Amherst, Feb. 11, by. Rev. H. G. Estabrooks, Albert Mullen to Nettie Wood.

St. John, Feb. 12, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Archibald McLachlan to Annie Watson.

Dartmouth, Feb 12, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Ge E. Bird to Mrs. Grace McLeod. Pleasant Lake, N. S., by Kev. T. M. Munroe, Fred Nichols to Josephine Butterwell.

West Head, C. S. I., Feb. 5, by Rev. Wm. Haliday, John G. Newell to Athalla Smith.

Chipman, Feb. 7, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Emery D. Capen to Catherine A. Wilson.

Yarmouth, Feb. 11, by Rev. W. H. Bowen, Moses A. Simaons to Ada B. Langford.

Smith's Cove, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, David Thomos Sibley to Lucretia Simm

Yarmouth, Jan. 24, by Rev. E. O. Miller, George Roy to Fannie E. G. Montgomery.

Enfield, N. S., Feb. 5, by Rev. Fr. Young, Martin O'Shaughnessy to Rose McCarthy.

Annapolis. Feb. 11, by Rev. A. Gale, Leopold P. C. Hodgson to Beatrice M. M. Gavaza.

Fredericton, Feb. 13, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, James C. Weaver to Annie B. Sutherland.

Oxford, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. T. B. Gregory, W. H. Hutcheson to Rebecca Brownell. North Williamston, Feb. 7, by Rev. R. S. Whidden,

Joseph H. Crowe to Annie L. DeLaney. Canning, N. S., Feb. 12, by Rev. W. N. Hutchings, Allister W. Camp to Emma E. Lockhart.

Prince Willian, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. Wm. Ress, Harry W. Love to Amanda A Matthews.

Fredericton, Feb. 13, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, James C. Weaver to Annie B. Sutherland. Liverpool, Fet. 13, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning, Josepb K. Ritchie to Minnie E. Eisenhaur.

Chatham, Feb. 14, John Ellis, 95.

St. John, Feb. 16, Hugh Smith, 69.

Milton, Feb. 18, James Shields, 64.

Halifax, Feb. 10, Michael Ryan, 56.

St. Stephen, Feb. 9, Sarah Cook, 14.

Halifax, Feb. 17, David Phillips, 50.

St. John, Feo. 12, Michael Walsh, 84.

Pennfield, Feb. 9, Maud Thompson, 17.

Dufferin, Feb. 11, Hannah McBean, 84.

Moore's Mills, Feb. 12, Newton Fisk, 28.

Woodstock, Feb. 11, William Anderson.

Red Beach, Feb. 2, Berjamin Cawley, 43.

Lower Pokiok, Feb. 5, Fannie Fraser, 29.

Burnt Hill, N. B., Feb. 1, John Haley, 65.

Kingston, N. S., Feb. 3, Jonathan Pierce.

Tower Hill, Feb. 9, Bessie M. Hyslop, 15.

Canterbury, Feb. 14, Godfrey Worth, 107.

Fairfield, Feb. 8, Mrs. Elizabeth Bain, 75.

St. Stephen, Feb. 3, James McClymont, 80.

Fredericton, Feb. 15, Joseph Vandine, 60.

Black Rock, N. S., Feb. 7, James Ore, 81.

Midgic, Feb. 3, Mrs. Judson M. Hicks, 57.

Glen Margaret, Feb. 13, James Marvin, 48.

New Maryland, Feb. 2, James Charters, 48.

Sackville, Feb. 15, John R. Richardson, 86.

Westport, N. S., Feb. 12, Braddish Balley.

Westville, N. S., Feb. 4, Murdock Murrav. 87.

Pugwash Junction, Feb. 5, John W. McKim, 38.

Lorway Mines, N. S., Feb. 4, David Keating, 59.

Armstrong's Corner, Feb. 12, Alexander Walker, 48.

St. Stephen, Feb. 6, Celesta B., wife of Henry Dow,

Armstrong's Corner, Feb. 12, Alexander Walker,

Townshipline, Feb. 13, of consumption, Charles

Ohio. N. S., Feb. 10, Rufus, son of Samuel M. Kil

Sand Point, N. S., Feb. 4, Maria, wife of William

Halifax, Feb. 11, Thomas, son of John and Barbara

Smith's Island, N. S., Feb. 10, Sarah, wife of Rob-

Halifax, Feb. 15, Catherine, widow of William

St. John, Feb. 17. Mary, widow of the late Robert McFarlane, 90.

Moncton, Feb. 14, Mary, widow of the late David

St. John, Feb. 18. Cornelia, widow of the late An

Truro, Feb. 5, Effie, daughter of John A. and Bella

Whiteburn, N. S., Feb. 5, Sophia, widow of the late John McBride, 76.

Grand Lake, Feb. 8, George, son of James and Lavinia Bailey, 22.

Woodstock, Feb. 13, Martha, widow

lam, 30

Firth, 84

Young, 8.

Dwyer, 57.

Hurley, 20

Sollows, 3

Appleton,

ert Conley, 66

Barnstead. 78

McMasters, 82.

Laura H. Carter.

drew Gibson, 74.

McKay, 3 months.

Benbow Ferguson

Bristol, Feb. 9, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, assisted by Rev. J. Gavinor, G. Fred DeLong to Belle F. Jones.

Folly Village, N. S., Feb. 11, Lavinia Smith daughter of the late Martin Smith. Cornwallis, N. S., Jan. 28, George, son of Joseph Rockwell, of Canard, N. S., 68.

East Scotch Settlem nt. Jan. 23, Henrie ta, daugh-ter of Thomas and Jennie V. Bell, 8 months.

Ritchey's Cove, N. S., Feb. 5, Caroline, widow o the late Ephram Lobnes, 70.

Shelburne, Feb. 7, of ir flammation, William, son of W. B. and Jane Hill, 6 months.

Dartmouth, Feb. 16. Elizabeth, daughter of Annie

Grand Desert, N. S., Feb. 4, Sophie, daughter of Rufus and Katie W. Lapierre, 4.,

Halifax, Feb. 14, Madeline, daughter of William C. and Bessie W. Bauld, 7 months.

Sackville, Feb. 11, of spinal meningitis, Rene L. Buflet, of Grand Banks, Nfld., 15.

Steeves Mountain, N. B., Feb. 5, of inflammation, Delila, wite of Joshua C. Lutz, 57.

and the late Daniel Sullivan, 28.

Central Argyle, N. S., Feb. 9, of scarlet fever, Elma, son of Captain Edward and Ethelinda Ryder, 16.

Tupperville, Feb. 11, of inflammation, Mary M., daughter of Hennigar E. and Susie B. Tupper, 12 months

St. John, Feb. 15, Sarah Josephine, widow of the late Peter Clinch, and daughter of A. J. Wetmore, of St. George 70



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or 'ma'am,' like the rest, or even 'Miss.' ' Then, noticing that Neil flushed hotly, she went on, "I suppose it is because you wish to be correct and to speak correctly. And I hear that you have a library of your own and read Shakespeare."

Mary rather enjoyed tyrannising over this good-looking young man, and she was sometimes surprised he bore it so meekly.

"Well." she continued, "you can call me Miss Baldwin if you, like. mand what I want you for is to put on annew fly in place of one a fish has just taken away." As a matter of tact she had flicked it off inadvertently while casting.

He did her bidding careful'y and neatly, and she went on fishing again.

"I say, what's your name? Farquharson !" called Harry Burt, the remaining . member of the party, from a spot fifty yards off. "Isn't there a boat? I can't get anything standing here."

"Yes, sir. It's in the hut yonder."

"Well, go and fetch it, will you? But stop a moment, I'll help you.'

They went to the hut and presently reappeared carrying a 'anvas boat over the rocks. They launchea it in the little creek which sank into the overflowing burn, and looking at it for a second or two. Then hey turned and look ad at one another with a dubious smile.

."I don't think much of that bost," said Burt with a grimace. Alteis uncommonly gusty on his lake, too. Is the thing safe ?" "It is rather flimsy, sir."

"Well I don't intend to risk my valuable person in it. I prefer terra firma !"

Mary Baldwin, who was fishing a few yards off, glanced at him, and her lip

curled scornfully. Her eyes flished and she cried, "Farquharson, will you take me out in the boat ?'

"I had rather not, Miss Baldwin," said the gamekeeper quietly.

"You are afraid, I suppose. How courageous you men are! But I order you to go out."

She stepped up to the boat, carrying her rod in her hand. Burt said not a word. partly because he was angry, partly because he knew that opposition would only make her more determined. She got in the boat and sat down at the stern while Niel held the craft, and then he followed gingerly, taking care not to over-balance it. He pushed off, and the boat began to rock with the little waves.

When they were twenty yards from the shore Mary Baldwin, who had been sitting with a smile on her face, gave a cast with her rod. The boat rocked uneasily, and she almost lost her balance. She gave a quick little "Oh !" of fright.

"Will you pull in your rod, Miss Baldwin ?" said Neil almost stornly. "It is all right it you sit quiet, otherwise it is all wrong. Would you like to go back now?" "L'ke to go back ! No; push out far-

ther. tarther! I wish to make Mr. Burt ashamed of himselt." to the Neil rowed out farther and father. A

great black cloud began creeping over the sun. The air became colder, the wind freshened the herald of the rain-burst. A sudden squall beat fiercely against the side of the frail boat. Mary lost her presence of mind. She half rose to her seet. The motion was tatal; the boat lurched; man and woman were thrown into the chilly water.

Will!

asked the doctor with severity. suppose he means us to go and call on him

"Poor Fred !" sighed Leslie. "Who and thank him personally. He enjoys would have thought that he was to go before his old tather? But I am not wanted. "There is something else, too," added Fred never understood me, and perhaps I her father. "I declare; he is going to did not quite understand him."

"At any rate I should have thought you would have been within a cell at such a time. and not at this distant wing of the house." "Lisette is there-Fred asks for no one else." whined Harwell, who still stood by the bookcase, while Maitland watched him. "Have you no admission to make to your son, no repentance to express, no

pardon to ask ?" "Dr. Maitland," retorted Harwell angrily, "you are a physician; are you a

priest as well ?" "I do not ask your confidence," said Maitland. "You could not tell me anything of your later life which the dying man has not revealed to me."

"Lies, lies, all lies !" exclaimed the other. 'Fred would not speak against his old father, who returned to spend the last years ot his life with him." perseverance. I could say a great deal

"Your son is haunted by one anxiety, more, but I am a man of few words, and we English are-well-inclined to suffocate one doubt-what can have become of Lisette's mother ?" our emotions. I am sorry, very sorry you

"Who was Lisette's mother?" Leslie are leaving us. Will you not reconsider asked with assurance. it? Why must you go?-If I may put

"The woman whom a scoundrel named Leslie Harwell lured from her husband, soid Maitland, fiercely.

"How do you know that she did not lure me?" asked Leslie. "Mercy on us, what long memories people have for the fauls of others. Edith got homesick and left me-at least we parted, and I believe she died soon after. Does Lisette know her mother's history ?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Maitland, who had sat down, evidently resolved to stay as long as the other did.

"Why does he come here just now ?" thought Leslie. Then he added aloud. "Dr. Maitland, when you go to my son] will accompany you."

"We will go at once then," replied the doctor, as he held the door open for Leslie to precede him. Harwell slowly left the room. The next moment Maitland had followed him out and locked the door. "Your son used to keep private papers

there sometimes," he said. They walked side by side towards the dying man's chamber and were entering it, when a cry from Lisette and a burried movement of the nurse told them that the crisis had arrived.

From early morning, all through the "How dare you! How dare you take a day, a woman had stood hovering about mean advantage of having put us under Westmount House, with that indecision of timidity which at any other time would have attracted attention.

A How many years had passed since Edith Murlay had found herselt alone in the gay dity of Vienna? How had she lived in haman being, and I could not help myself. those far off days?

Why had not the drudgery of need closed an existence that her own folly and fault had blighted? Misery had little by little usurped the very consciousness of her nature, and the wretchedness of each passing hour killed the memory of the long ago. Poverty and need had numbered for a time the impulses of her nature, but little by little came the sense of her own abject condition, and then grew the longing to see "You can grant me a favor before I go, once more the daughter she had left. From if-if you do not think me too rustic, too that moment she had one other incentive

pages of an old magazine. The next moment the sought-for document was before him. In his excitement he let fall his eyeglasses, and as he stooped to pick them up he was unaware that other eves than his had already conned the lines.

He read this posthumous fiat of his dead son, and saw that he had virtually fulfilled his expressed intention. He had left his father an annuity that would simply maintain him, and, as a poor reparation for the misery which Lisette and her parents had experienced through the machinations of their one enemy, he had bequeathed her everything else in the world.

Without a moment's hesitation he placed the paper in the little flame of the lamp. but the next moment it was withdrawn as a woman's hand grasped Fred Harwell's last will and testament.

"What would you do?" whispered a voice. "Would you increase your wrong to me by robbing my child ?"

Edith Murlay's longing to see her daughter had tempted her to take advantage of an opened window, and she had waited for the chance of Lisette coming in, until night had made her afraid of being caught leaving the premises.

But she was not to be long left alone with Leslie Harwell. Dr. Maitland had Moncton, Feb. 13, Charles H. Lawrence, 70. awoke, and seeing his coat upon the floor, Green Head, N. B., Feb. 16, James Gray, 69. Centreville, Feb. 9, Mrs. James D. Davis, 70. had instinctively felt for the missing key. A moment's reflection convinced him where it would be found. Putting on his coat he quitted his room to find Lisette going Windsor, N. B., Feb. 1, Mrs. George Marsh, 72. to him.

"There are people in the library," she said. "I have just heard their voices." He signed to her to follow him. When

they entered the room Leslie Harwell was leaving it, dazed and terror-stricken. "What are you doing here?" asked

Maitland. "He was searching tor this will," said Edith Murlay. "Is there some one dead here?"

Kentville, Feb. 9, Ruby, daughter of Freeman Maitland took the scorched paper from St. John, Feb. 15, Mary Ann, wife of Andrew her hand, and gave Leslie Harwell a look of angry contempt. Hallfax, Feb. 16, Agnes, daughter of the late John

Then Lisette asked, "Who is this strange woman P" Partridge Island, Jan. 18, Almira, wife of John Maitland saw the wonderful likeness Milton, N. S., Feb. 11, of consumption, George between mother and daughter and guess-

ed their relationship. "I came here by inadvertence," answered Edith Murlay, "and was able to help that gentlemen in his search. If you open this window I can go by the way I came." Then she looked at Lisette, with a

strange light in her eyes, and went out in to the night's darkness that was never to lighten for her.

Halifax, Feb. 10, to the wife Edward Doyle, a son. Joseph Yetman,

Barrington, Feb. 13, to the wife of R. D. Doane,

Charlottetown, Jan. 26, to the wife of E. Wheally, a

Amherst, Feb. 1, to the wife of Edward Anderson,

St. John, Feb. 18, Cornelia, widow of the late

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the West, North-West and the Pacific Coast. P

For tickets, sleeping car accomodations, &c., en-quire at City Ticket office, Chubb's Corner.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. MCPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal. Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN :

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou	
and Halifax	
Express for Halifax	
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon-treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

Express from Halifax. Pictou and Camp-15.50

bellton..... Accomodation from Moncton 24.60

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

AT Al trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D, POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic R'y

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BE-tween St. John and Halifax.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.) On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows :

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

- Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 3.25 p. m. Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth
- 4.50 p. n
- Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax,
- Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Accommodation TRAINS: Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolus, 4.55 p. m. Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Satur-day, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville. 7.20 p. m. Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. parrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m. Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Rich-mond. 11.15 a. m.

nond, 11.15 a.m. Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p.m. Arrive Kent-

Hahfax, Feb. 12, Elizabeth, widow of the late Edward Albro, 81. rille, 8.10 p.m.

ville, 8.10 p.m. Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where-close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steam-ship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Corn-wallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Juncion and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager.

01 \$10

Weymouth Falls, N. S., to the wife of John Robar &

a son.

Dartmouth, Feb. 7, to the wife of W. A. Dymond,

Springhill, Feb. 13, to the wife of Frank Heffernan,

Andrew Gibson, 74.

St. John, Feb. 16, Lucy A. McK., daughter of the late Alex. Duff. BORN. St. John, Feb. 15, Margares, widow of the late Thomas McKee. Truro, Feb. 13, Jean Agnes, daughter of C. M. and Mrs. Dawson, DeBert, N. S., Feb. 8, Clarence, son of Lorenzo and

Sackville, Feb. 12, to the wife of Robert Stone, a Halifax. Feb. 12. to the wite

On freeing his eyes from the water, Neil saw his pretty mistress beating frantically	much beneath you, as I know I am. May I carry a memory away with me? May I	What need to tell of that long-deferred	a son. Dertmouth Feb 8 to the wife of J. F. Sterns a	Halifax, Feb. 10, Harold, son of Arthur C. and Lizzie E. Keddy, 1. Glenwood, N. S., Feb. 1, Dalzell. son of Herbert	W. R. Campbell, General Manager. K. Sutherland, Superintendent
with her arms. He swam to her with an oar which he had caught, and, thrusting it before her, seized her quickly with one	kiss your hand?" Mary Baldwin blushed. She said not a word, but gave him her hand.	ling visit to the home where her husband had died, and thence from place to place	St. John, Feb. 19, to the wife of W. F. Davis, a daughter.	Upper Canard, N. S., Feb. 3, Wilnelmina, wife of Samuel Kinsman, 70.	
hand before she could clutch him, and struck out with the other for the shore. It was a hard struggle. Stroke after stroke	down and touched it gently with his lips.	young life. At last she had traced the child, grown	daughter. Yarmouth, Feb. 8, to the wife of R. H. Bendrigh, a daughter.	St. Patrick, N. B., 18.	TRADE MARKS; and DESIGNS. HANBURY A. BUDDEN,
ance. The gillie's left arm was almost maralyzed with the weight upon it. Would the shore never come nearer? How much	full of tears.	I not knowing what she had been fold of the	Whiteburn, N. S., Feb. 2, to the wife of Hugh Boyle, a daughter.	Dartmouth, Feb. 14, John, son of Albert and Mar- tha Wisdom, 3 weeks.	dvocate, Attorney, and Solicitor in Patent Cases Expert, 517 New York Life Building, MONTREAL.
longer could he hold out? The waves	A recluse had just died from starvation in Chelsea. He was over seventy years old.	Day by day she had lingered round the	ters, a son.	 Shag Harbor, Feb. 3, Guy, son of Ormond and Alice Garren, 4 months. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Feb. 8, Mary A. Wilson, wife of Rev. W. Scott, 59. Halifax, Feb. 16, Catherine Inglis, winow of the 	
made him still strike, strike out for the land, and still grasp, grasp the woman	and during the whole of that time had never been known to venture out of doors. He			Halifax, Feb. 16, Catherine Inglis, winow of the late Rev. John Miller, 82. Bridgewater, Feb. 10, Jean, daughter of the late Charles M., DesBrisay, 18.	