

A CASE OF NEMESIS.

Mr. Arthur Merivale, J. P., was distinctly the leading man of Bridgeton. He owned the mill which was the source of its prosperity, had been its mayor, and was ambitious to be its member, had restored its parish church, and was understood to have the intention of presenting the town with a free library.

His age was hardly forty-five; and he lived, as his father had lived before him, in 'Vale View' a large square substantial house on Bridgeton's outskirts. To it he had brought his wife—the daughter of a country magnate—some twenty years before the date of this story, and there their eldest daughter was now on the eve of 'coming out' with all the éclat to which the position of her parents entitled her.

Altogether Mr. Merivale was a fortunate man, big, bluff and hearty, very pleased with himself, and righteously sorry for any person who held a contrary opinion.

One dull November evening he had returned early from business and was enjoying the company of his wife and daughter over afternoon tea in a cosy corner of the drawing-room, when the sound of wheels on the gravel of the drive interrupted a laughing argument between father and daughter as to the amount of cake allowed to the form-r. The usual insane 'speculations' as to the identity of the visitor were ended by the entry of a maid with a card.

Mr. Merivale, as he took it from the salver, read wonderingly, 'Mr. Johnson E. R. Rawlings, Martynville, N. Y.'

'The gentleman is in the library, sir,' explained the servant, and her master, with some remark as to 'those fools of clerks sending business people here,' reluctantly finished his tea and proceeded to interview the intruder.

That gentleman greeted the millowner with a fusion. 'How d'ye do?' he cried, seizing both Merivale's hands. 'How d'ye do?' Why, you are hardly altered, and I looked for a patriarch!

'I am sorry,' responded Merivale, his intended stiffness melting before a dim memory of something familiar to him, 'I am sorry, but I really do not recollect your name.'

'Not surprising,' replied the other; 'it is over twenty years since we met; but can you remember Narbocken and the Millings?'

'Of course! of course!'—something of a tremor seemed to shade the heartiness of the tone—'we met there, didn't we, and you undertook to come to see me here; why have you not done so sooner?'

'That is a long story,' replied the visitor 'but—'

'And the Millings,' inquired the host then, 'what has become of them?'

'Gone,' answered the guest musingly, 'all gone. The old folk perished out long ago, and of the two girls, Susan married out West, and Alice—'

The speaker hesitated, and Merivale queried with something of eagerness, 'Ah, yes, Alice—pretty girl, wasn't she—what of her?'

'Well,' responded the other, 'to tell you the truth, Alice has brought me here—that and the pleasure of renewing our acquaintances.'

The master of the house pursed his lips and pushed his free hand deeper in his pocket, the geniality fading from his face. 'Anything I can do?' said the host.

'I don't know,' replied Rawlings; 'cer tainly not in any way money can buy, for she is dead.'

'Dead! poor girl!' Mr. Merivale suddenly attacked the fire viciously with the poker. 'Poor girl,' he repeated; 'did she marry?'

'It is a queer story'—Rawlings ignored the question—'so queer I hardly know how to tell it, but when I said she brought me here I spoke literally—she accompanied me.'

Merivale sat forward in his chair. 'What in the world do you mean?' he demanded. 'You said she was dead, and it is not a subject, nor was she a person whom I, a lean, understand jokes about.'

'Nothing was further from my mind than jocular,' said his companion, 'as you will know if you listen to my tale. Ever heard of the Prychic Church?'

'No.'

'No more had I until I chanced upon it in Chicago one Sunday some months ago. I had seen most religions and thought to have a look at the newest, so entered the building.'

'What has that to do with Alice Millings?' Merivale's voice indicated impatience.

'Everything, as you will see. The place was like any meeting house and crowded to the door. There was a kind of service, and then, instead of a sermon, an elderly man no way remarkable in appearance got upon the rostrum and began calmly to give out messages which he said the spirits present desired to convey to members of the congregation. A little of that made me feel tired, and I was making tracks when he sung out my name. 'Johnson Rawlings,' he called, 'Alice Millings wishes you to know she cannot find rest.'

'What rubbish!' interpolated Merivale. 'Exactly my first thought,' commented the American; 'but I had never seen the man before. I had not been in Chicago for years, and was there quite unexpectedly, for the day only, through missing a connection.'

'What did you do?'

'Well, I like to get to the bed-rock of a thing, so took no notice in the church, but was on hand in the vestry when the old man came to it.'

'You are Mr. Rawlings?' he said to me as he entered.

'Where did you get my name?' I asked him, for I did not like the pat way he had it.

'You would not believe if I told you,' he answered; 'but you left Ranch City on train'

one hundred and sixty-eight last Monday, and are going to Europe on the twenty-eight of next month, after paying some visits at Newport.'

'That staggered me, for I had spoken to no one of my plans, and had not booked my passage. However, I kept my head, and told him all that was my business, and what I wanted was what he knew of Alice Millings, whose funeral I had attended years before.'

'You are a sceptic,' he said, 'a sceptic, and here we treat sceptics according to their scepticism—Alice Millings is before you!'

II.

Merivale poured out a liquor glassful of the brandy which stood beside him and drank it off.

Rawlings went on in awed tones—'Before heaven, Merivale, I tell you that in that bare, electric lit room a shape stood which was, and was not, Alice Millings. The thing looked towards the old man, who nodded, and then it spoke to me as directly as I am speaking to you.'

Merivale's cigar had gone out, and the trembling of his fingers shook little showers of snowy ash from its dead tip.

'What she said,' Rawlings continued with more of confidence, 'is too much between you and herself for me to repeat, but it appeared that in some infernal way the old man had become conscious of my thought of visiting you, and had determined that this spirit, who, it seems, could not come alone, should accompany me. My permission was not asked, no option to refuse was left me. I simply had to come—why, I cannot myself say, but it was distasteful enough. Now,' he added, 'I am equally compelled to show her to you.'

He went to a window, and, drawing up the blind, beckoned Merivale towards him. Together they gazed out upon the lawn, which a half moon behind drifting clouds was covering with eerie shadows. From the blackness of one of these a figure appeared clad in some long garment, whose straight lines accentuated the weirdness of it, and the face turned towards Arthur Merivale was recognized by him as that of Alice Millings.

With a grasp which broke the cord he let down the blind and staggered back to his chair. Rawlings was the first to break the silence.

'She will haunt the place now,' he said. 'I am too sorry for words. From what passed at Chicago, also, I fear she means to appear to Mrs. Merivale.'

'It is a judgment,' groaned Merivale; 'I shall be ruined. My wife and daughter will leave me; for I married her, and have behaved shamefully. Is there no escape?'

Rawlings's eyes searched his host's face. 'Of course,' he said, 'I did not know you had gone so far, though I did see you were sweet upon her. But I did ask, not at Chicago, but of a New York man, a solicitor, and as 'out as they make 'em, it there was any way out.'

'And what did he say?'

'Oh, he said he had had more than one case similar—naturally I put it to him hypothetically—and that the law could not touch these people; besides, his opinion is that they have really some inner knowledge and as spirits don't lie, they are sure of their ground. It is a matter of money, like all else on our side of the pond. I advise you to let me cable to try to settle, and you can pay me afterwards, but it will cost you ten thousand dollars at least. I have no idea of the process.'

'My dear Rawlings,' Merivale raised his head with an air of relief, 'if you will undertake that I can never repay you. But you can't cable from here without remark. Do you think you could get the 9.40 to town to-morrow morning? I'll give you a cheque on London, for you must not be out of pocket.'

'As you please,' replied Rawlings. 'In a sense I have brought this upon you, though innocently, and you may count on me.'

'Never mind,' interrupted Merivale genially, 'you are here now, and will, I hope, at least stay the night and take pot-luck with us.'

'To be quite frank,' returned Rawlings, 'I did reckon upon your hospitality, but quite knowing what accommodation, Bridgeton offered, so will remain with pleasure.'

'That's right,' said his host; 'we are just having tea. Come and be introduced to Mrs. Merivale and my daughter.'

The ladies were charmed with the new arrival. Tall and dark, he appeared rather younger than his newly-claimed friend, and possessed all the polish of manner which an American who has travelled much and intelligently is so capable of acquiring.

Before dinner was over he had quite won the hearts of the entire Merivale family, whom he regaled with carefully selected reminiscences of his former acquaintance with the head of the house, who had met him during a trip to the States which Merivale had taken soon after coming of age. These recollections were continued more freely when the gentlemen adjourned to discuss their cigars and coffee in the library.

'Arthur,' remarked Mrs. Merivale that night, 'you must see the constable to-morrow. Cook went out after dinner, and was stopped by a woman who stepped from the shrubbery and gave her a message to me that I should hear from her to-morrow. Cook calls her a ghost, and was so frightened she gave me notice. It is most annoying.'

Merivale next morning 'ped the parting guest' with no small urgency, and, after seeing Rawlings off, with a fat cheque to 'bearer' in his pocket, proceeded to his office, where later in the day, the millowner was waited upon by the police sergeant of Bridgeton.

'It's this way, sir,' explained the caller, 'we are after one Vospor, wanted for embezzlement in the States, and a lot on this side, and as he is thought to be about here I require this warrant endorsed for him and a woman with him by the name of Millings. I'd be a feather in Bridgeton's cap to collar them—I hope we may.'

Arthur Merivale, J. P., sincerely hoped—inwardly—that no such distinction would come to the town of his nativity, or to any other.

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BORN.

Lunenburg, June 9, to the wife Wm. Wilb., a son.

Shelburne, June 9, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hood, a son.

Yarmouth, June 9, to the wife of Mr. Cleveland, a son.

Shelburne, June 9, to the wife of John Hood, a son.

Westville, June 15, to the wife of John Carrigan, a son.

Long Island, June 14, to the wife of E. L. Gould, a son.

Mt. Denison, June 9, to the wife of Fred Falkner, a son.

Lunenburg, June 2, to the wife of Ralph Mailman, a son.

Hantsport, June 10, to the wife of Fred E. Peniz, a daughter.

Truro, June 15, to the wife of William McMillan, a daughter.

Bridgeton, June 7, to the wife of H. R. Shaw, a daughter.

Amherst, June 14, to the wife of James Bulmer, a daughter.

Windsor, June 7, to the wife of Mr. Sampson, a daughter.

New York, June 13, to the wife of B. C. Nash, a daughter.

Lunenburg, June 4, to the wife of Willard Wile, a daughter.

Springhill, June 11, to the wife of Charles Atkinson, a son.

Springhill, June 12, to the wife of Michael Lind, a son.

Margaretville, June 12, to the wife of A. B. Strong, a son.

Seattle, Wash., May 31, to the wife of A. H. Dimock, a son.

Lunenburg, June 11, to the wife of Hibbert Went, a son.

Harmony, June 12, to the wife of John H. Johnston, a son.

Westville, June 15, to the wife of Daniel Johnston, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Montreal, June 1, Jack Martin to Maud Jordan.

Summerside, June 16, Alexander Hilz to Agnes Fraser.

Halifax, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Reuben G. Rent to Edith Kaye.

Cambridge, by Rev. E. O. Reid, J. R. Webster to Una Caldwell.

Manitoba, May 20, by Rev. Mr. Lewis, Silas Smith to Mabel Nelson.

Amherst, by Rev. D. MacGregor, W. F. McPhie to Isabel Spencer.

Oxford, June 12 by Rev. C. Munro, Robert Riches to Lily Mountain.

Halifax, by Rev. N. Le Moine, Reuben G. Rent to Harriet E. Kaye.

Hill Grove, June 12, by Rev. W. L. Parker, George Lewis to E. T. Wagner.

Truro, June 12, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, John Logan to Annie Turner.

North Sydney, June 10, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Geo. Rose and Alice Lorman.

Stellarton, June 7, by Rev. W. M. Tufts, Bessie M. Inglis to John F. Lynch.

Halifax, June 13, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Edmund Sullivan to Mabel Taylor.

Truro, May 31, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, James W. Swan to Annie McLean.

Halifax, June 11, by Rev. Fr. Moriarty, William Edwards to Annie Morsh.

Halifax, June 12, by Rev. Dr. Hearz, Augustas Fowler to Annie Candie.

Bedford, June 14, by Rev. R. Dixon, George R. Barrett to Annie A. Candie.

Shelburne June 8, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Wm. E. Delaney to Maud Dickeyson.

Boston, June 7, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, W. J. McLean, to Melinda Adams.

Kings' Co., June 9, by Elder A. Woodworth, Wm. Lunt to Mary McDonald.

East Dover, June 5, by Pastor A. E. Ingram, Winnie Fader to Chas. McGrath.

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South Bay 25	Sutton 30
Grand Bay 35	Ingliside 40
Riverbank 45	Westfield 50
Lingley 50	Nerepis 60
Essex Rock 70	Westford 75
St. Andrews 140	St. John 1.65
Fredericton 2.10	Harvey 2.30
Meadm Jet 2.70	St. Stephen 2.70
St. Andrews 2.70	Woodstock 3.70

Tickets on sale at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner and at station.

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Passr. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, June 19th, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Edward.

DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 10.00 a.m.

Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr St. John, 3.45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr in Digby 12.30 p.m.

Lve. Digby 12.50 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.25 p.m.

Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a.m., arr. Digby 11.25 a.m.

Lve. Digby 1.45 p.m., arr. Halifax 5.30 p.m.

Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 8.30 a.m.

Lve. Digby 3.30 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p.m.

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Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton..... 5.30

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Picton and Halifax..... 7.25

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 11.60

Express for Moncton..... 16.10

Suburban Express for Hampton..... 17.40

Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18.10

Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 23.30 o'clock for Truro.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton..... 7.15

Express from Moncton..... 11.35

Accommodation from Moncton..... 13.65

Express from Halifax..... 17.00

Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton..... 19.10

Suburban Express from Hampton..... 21.50

Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 21.55

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899. City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

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For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street, North Street, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 134 Hollis Street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director, Yarmouth N. S., January 9th, 1899.

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On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indian town same days at 4 p.m. local.