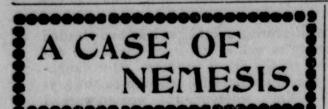
### PROGRESS SATURDAY, JUNE 24 1899



16

Mr. Arthur Merivale, J. P., was distinctly the leading man of Bri geford. He owned the mils which were 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 bouse on Bridgeforo's outskirts. To it he had brought his wife-the daughter of a connty 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 eclat 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 daugater 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 of visiting you, and had determined that daughter as to the amount of cake allowed | this spirit, who, it seems, could not come to the former. The usual insane speculations as to the identity of the veitor ware ended by the entry of a maid wi h a card. Mr. Merivale, as he took it from the

salver, read wonderingly, 'Mr. Jobson E. R. Rawlings, Martyrville, N. Y.' 'The gentleman is in the library, sir,

explained the servant, and her master, with some remark as to 'those fools of Together they gazed out upon the lawn, clerks sending business people here,' reluctantly finished his tea and proceeded to interview the intruder.

That gentleman greeted the millowner with effusion 'How d'ye do ?' he cried, straight lines accentuated the weirdness of seizing both Merivale's hands. 'How a'ye | it, and the face turned towards Arthur do? Why, you are hardly altered, and I Merivale was recognized by him as that of looked for a patriarch !"

'I am sorry,' responded Merivale, his intended stiffness melting before a dim mem- let down the blind and staggered back to ory of something familiar to him, 'I am his chair. Rawlings was the first to break

one hundred and sixty-eight last Monday, and are going to Europe on the twentyeight 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 bookel 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 Milling, whose funeral I had attended years before.

'You are a sceptic,' he said, 'a sceptic, and here we treat sceptics acording to their scepticism-Alice Milling is before you !'

Merivale poured out a liquor glassful of the brandy which stood peside 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 Milling. The thing looked to wards the old man, who nodded, and then it spoke to me as directly as I am speaking to you.'

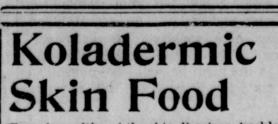
Merivale's cigar had gone out, and the trembling of his fingers shock little show ers of snowy ash from its dead tip.

'What she said,' Rawlings continued with more of confidence, is too much between you and herselt for me to repeat, but it ap peared that in some infernal way the old man had become conscious of my thought alore, should accompany me. My permission was not asked, no option to refuse was let me. I simply had to come-why, I cannot myself ssy, but it was distasteful enough. Now,' he added, 'I am equaly compelled to show her to you '

He went to a window, and, drawing up the blind, beckoned Merivale towards him which a halt moon behind drifting clouds was covering with eerie shadows. From the blackness of one of these a figure ap peared clad in some long garment, whose Alice M.lling.

With a grasp which broke the cord he

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. Wile, a son. Shelburne, June 9, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hood, a son Yarmouth, June 9, to the wife of Mr. Cleveland, a Shelburne, June 9, to the wife of John Hood, a Westville, June 15, to the wife of John Carrigan, a Long Island, June 14, to the wife of E. L. Gould. a Mt. Denson, June 9, to the wife of Fred Faulkner, Lunenburg, June 2, to the wife of Ralph Mailman, a son. Hantsport, June 10, to the wife of Fred E. Pentz,a daughter. Truro, June 15, to the wife of William McMillan, a daughter. Bridgetown, June 7, to the wife of H. R. Shaw, s daughter. Amherst, June 14, to the wife of James Bulmer, daughter. Windsor, June 7, to the wife of Mr. Sampson, s daughter. New York, June 13, to the wife of B. C. Nash, a daughter. Lurenburg, June 4, to the wife of Willard Wile, daugater.

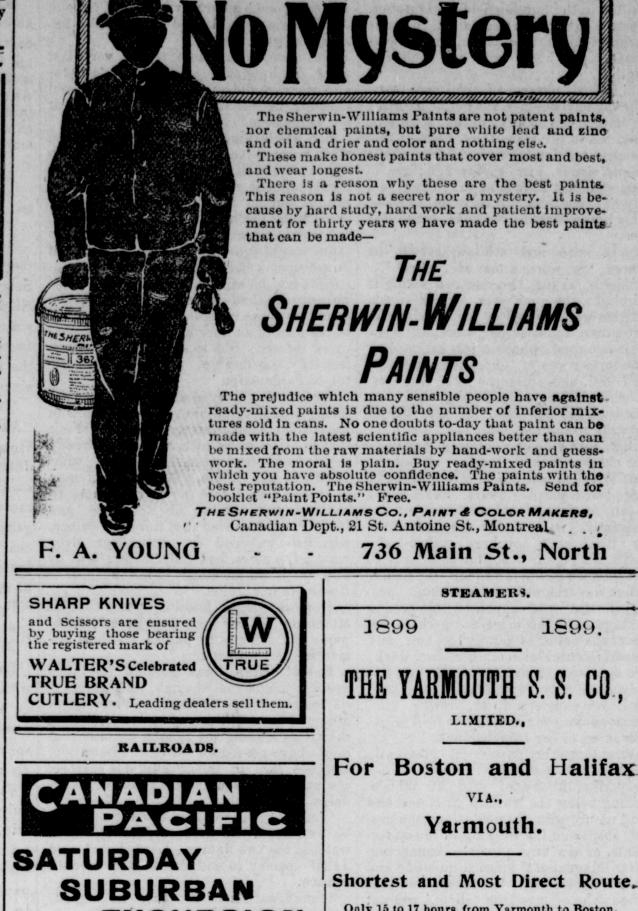
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say, a son Margaretville, June 12, to the wife of A. B. S ron

Seattl , Wash , May 31, to the wife of A. H. Dim

Lunenburg, June 11, to the wife of Hibbert Went

Harmony, June 12, to the wife of John H. Johnstep, a son. Westville, June 15, to the wife of Daniel Johnston, a daughter.



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nor chemical paints, but pure white lead and zinc These make honest paints that cover most and best,

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sorry. but I really do not recollect your the silence. name.'

'Not surprising,' replied the other; 'it is over twenty years since we met; but can passed at Chicago, also, I fear she means you remember Narbocken and the Millings ?'

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 'bu'-'

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

'Gone,' answered the guest musingly, 'all gone. The old tolk petered out long ago. and of the two girls, Susan married out West, and Alice-

The spesker hesitated, and Merivale queried with something of eagerness, . Ah, yes, Alice-pretty girl, wasn't she-what of ber ?'

'Well,' responded the other, 'to tell you the truth, Alice has brought me herethat and the pleausure 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 l' 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 though innocently, and you may count on 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: leas', understand jokes about.'

Notning was turther from my mind than joculari y.' said his companion, 'as you will know it 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 lock at the newest, so entered the American who has travelled much and inbuilding.'

'What has that to do with Alice Milling?' Merivale's voice indicated impati en ce.

'Everything, as you will see. The place was like any meeting house and crowded with the head of the house, who had met to the door. There was a kind of service, him during a t ip to the States which Meriand then, instead of a sermon, an elderly man no way remarkable in appearance got These recollections were continued more upon the rostrum and began calmly to give freely when the gentlemen acjourned to out messages which he said the spirits pre- discuss their cigars and coffee in the libents desired to convey to members of the rary. congregation. A little of that made me teel tired, and I was making tracks when that night, 'you must see the constable tohe sung out my name. 'Jobson Rawlings,' he called, 'Alice Milling wishes you to

She will haunt the place now,' he said. 'I am too sorry for words. From what

to appear to Mrs. Merivale.' gs ?' 'Of course ! of course !'-something of a shall be ruined. My wite and dauguter

will leave me; for I married her, and have behaved shan etully. Is there no escape ?' R .wlings's eyes searched his host's lace. '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 'cute 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 thet they have really som + 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, tor you must not be out of pocket.'

'As you please,' replied Riwlings. 'In a sense I have brought this upon you. 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

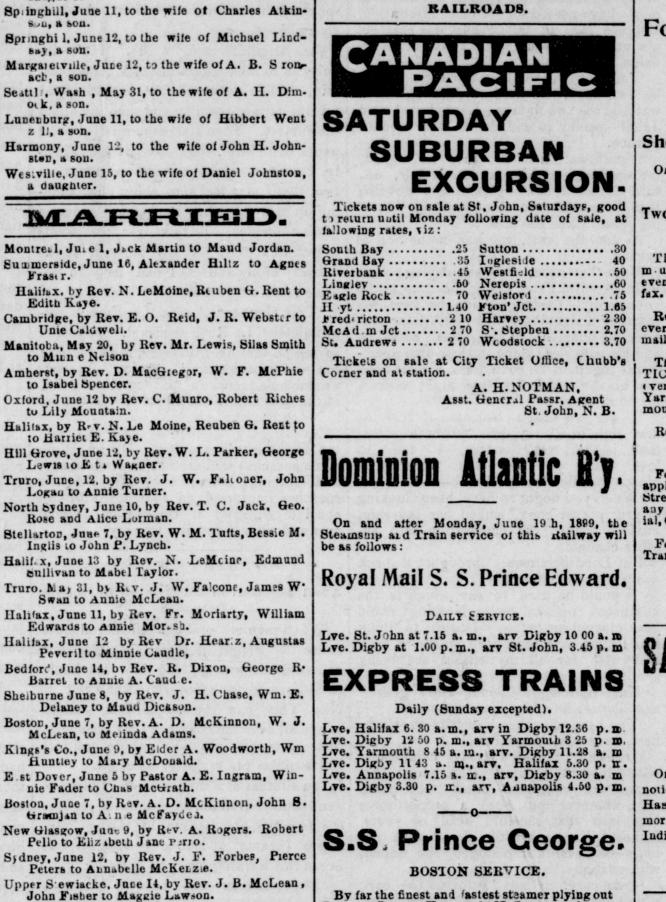
'To be quite frank,' returned Rawlings, Truro, June 14, by Rev. R. G. Strathie, J. D Mur-ray Crocket, 10 Miss Jessie Hall. 'I did reckon upon your hospitality, Lot quite knowing what accomodation, Bridgetord offered, so will remain with pleasure." 'That's right,' said his host; 'we are just

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 triend, and possessed all the polish of manner which an telligently is so capable of acquiring.

Betore dunner was over he had quite won the hearts of the entire Merivale family, whom he regaled with carefully selected reminiscences of his former acquaintance vele had tak n soon after coming of age.

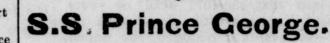
'Arthur,' remarked Mrs. Merivale morrow. Cook went out alter dinner, and Southvile, June 11, Flossie H. Sabine 17. was stopped by a woman who stepped from New Glasgow, June 12, John W. Hill 75.



Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 00 a. m Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arv St. John, 3.45 p. m

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Lve, Halifax 6. 30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.36 p.m. Lve. Digby 12 50 p.m., arv Yarmouth 3 25 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8 45 a.m., arv. Digby 11.28 a.m Lve. Digby 11 43 a.m., arv. Halifax 5.30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a.m., arv, Digby 8.30 a.m Lve. Digby 3.30 p.m., arv, Annapolis 4.50 p.m.



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Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William

Street, at the whart office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all informa-tion can be obtained.

P. GIFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Bailway

Oa and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 rains will ran daily, (Sanday excepted,) as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN 

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

Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Two Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

THE STEAMER BOSTON WILL leave Yarm. uth every WEONESDAY and SATUBDAY evenings, after arrival of express train from Hali-

Return ng, will leave Lewis' wharf, Bostor, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at noon, Regular mail corried on steamer.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MON-TICELLO," Leaves Cunard's wharf. Halifax, (very Monday (midnig t) for intermed a e ports, Yarmouth and St. Jcho, N. B., connecing at Yar mouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 6 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Domini n Altantic Railway, 126 Hollis. Street; North Street d. pot, Balifax. N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterorms, etc Apply to Halifax. Transfer Compan; , 134 Hollis street, or

L. E. BAKER, President and Director.

Yarmouth N. S., January 9th, 1899.



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

> CAPT. R G. EARLE, Manager.

# Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediste stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

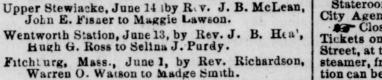
On and after June 24.h, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 5.30 p. m. for Wickham and Intermediate Points. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. in.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1 30 p. m.

> JAMES MANCHESTER, Mansger, Prootem.

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New York, Eastport, and St. John N. B., Line:



Johr, May 16. by Rev. J. A. Gordon assisted by Rev. E. W. Keily, J. Fred Fraser, to Carry Splis.

Windsor, June 13, by Rev. Canon Maynard, assist-by Rev. J. Keks, Rev. Chas. Wm. Verben to to Bessie C McNeil.

Dartmouth. June 14. by Rov. Fred Wilkinson, Jas.

King's Co., June 9, by E der Arthur Woodworth,

E. Patnuer to Nel ie F. Whebby.

Henry Barkhouse to Dora Butler.

DIED.

Colorado, June 5, Amanda Best 66. Boston, May 22, George Rankine 57. Boston, June 13, Walter L. Scott 23. New 6 lasgow, June 12, John Kerr 85. Guysbore, June 10, Thomas Harty 93. Hal'fax, June 14, Margarst A. Belcher. Halifax, June 14, Margaret McGrath 40. Falmouth, June 8, Mrs. Joel Payzant 77. age to McEiroy Ridge, June 7, James Morton 46.

	'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 unexpected- ly, for the day only, through missing a connection.' 'Weat did you do?' 'Weat did you do?' 'You are Mr. Rawling?' 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	trightened she gave me notice. It is most annoying.' Merivale next moraing 'sped the parting guest' with no small urgency, and, after seeing Rawlings off, with a fat cheque to 'bearer' in his pocket, proceeded to his of- fice, where later in the day, the millowner was waited upon by the police sergeant of Bridgetord. 'It's this way, sir.' explained the caller, 'we are after one Vospor, wanted for em- bezzlement 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 Milling. It'd be a feather in Bridgetord's	<ul> <li>West Pubnico, June 10, Merville Merritt 9 months.</li> <li>West Pubnico, June 9, Mrs. Jas. D'Entremont.</li> <li>Digby, June 14, infant son of Edward L. Gould.</li> <li>St John, June 14, Enma, wife of J. A. Fowler.</li> <li>Somerville, Mass, June 10, Me bourne Wilson.</li> <li>Little Ridgeton, June 13, Henry J. Poneroy 48.</li> <li>De Wolfe Corner, June 9, Elizabeth McGeorge 80.</li> <li>Milltown, June 11, Mary L., wife of John McIntee 23.</li> <li>Boston, June 12, Margaret, wife of William Shannahan 76.</li> <li>Clark's Harbor, June 8, Tillie N., wife of Job N. Duncan 27.</li> <li>Loch Lomond, June 19, Annie, daughter of Bernard Nelson.</li> <li>Hali'ar, June 15 Joseph P. infant son of James De-Young 3 months.</li> </ul>	Surburban Express from Hampton	the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements [both by rail and water.] we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUIH, we are in a position to handle all the business. intrusted to us to the ENFIRE SATISFACTION Of OUR PATHONS BOTH AS REGARDS SER- VICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEMING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
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