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FOR LOVE OR HONOR.

(Continued.)

"Oh, but she did," interrupted Coventry jealously—"a year—six months—she tried to postpone her wedding for six months more. I began to understand."

"Peace, Edward!" said Elizabeth, trembling violently. "The Marquis of Richmond is nothing to me, that is never be anything to me, that is. The wedding shall proceed at the appointed date. I give you my word. It was the wish of my mother, the wish of the admiral, your wish—"

"And yours also, dearest Elizabeth, is it not?" said Coventry, taking her hand entreatingly. She hesitated and stood silent.

"Have me executed at once, sir, in mercy and pity," said O'Neill to the admiral. "Let it be now—this I cannot stand. The sooner the better. 'Tis too much."

"No so," replied the admiral gravely. "I will consider the matter further and consult with you again. Meanwhile, if you will give me your parole, I will allow you freedom of the castle."

"Parole! 'Tis given, sir. Faith, I hardly think that you could drive me away."

"That's well," returned the admiral. "Sergeant, call my steward and have him assign chambers to the Marquis de Richmond. Coventry, I presume that you will place your wardrobe at his disposal in case he needs anything. Now, the marquis will doubtless wish to retire. We will see him in the morning. Come, Elizabeth. Good night, sir. The sergeant will attend you."

"Lord Westbrooke, I thank you, Major Coventry, your servant, Lady Elizabeth, I wish you joy on your wedding. Good night," replied the young man, bowing to all in succession.

As the admiral and the others left the room, the young lieutenant sank down into his chair and put his head upon his hands upon the table. The old sergeant who had seen it all, watched a moment in silence. Walking up to him finally and laying his hand upon his shoulder with the familiarity of a privileged character he said:

"Come now, sir, be a soldier."

"You can give no worse advice than to be a soldier, my friend," replied O'Neill, rising and smiling in spite of his misery. "Lead on, I will follow you," he added.

As they passed down the great hall the eyes of the wretched lieutenant fell upon a large picture hanging rather low on the wall in a far corner above a dais near the doorway. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman in the fashion of some fifty years back. She was seated in a great, carved, oak chair, the counterpart of and evidently painted from one sitting beneath it. In face and figure the portrait was a striking likeness of Lady Elizabeth. The skill of the painter had been so great

the colors had been so nicely chosen, so delicately laid on that in the flickering, uncertain candlelight which left this part of the room in a rather deep shadow, the picture actually seemed to breathe. O'Neill stopped as if petrified.

"Come along, sir," said the sergeant, gruffly.

"A moment, if you please, my friend—a moment. What sort of a man are you to pass by such as this without notice. It should be Lady Elizabeth, but the fashion of the dress—"

"It's her mother, sir. A cousin of the admiral. I pass it every day, sir, an' I've got so I don't take no notice on it, no more. She was a young thing, scarcely older than her ladyship when she set for that there paintin', an' they had no children for years, leastways they all died till this baby was born. An' then she died, too. I've been attached to the admiral's service, one way and another, since I was a boy, an' dandied her many a time on my knee. Yes, and her young ladyship, Lady Elizabeth, that is, too, w'en she was a little girl."

"My regard for you goes up a thousand fold, my friend," said the lieutenant, smiling. "I could almost envy you your opportunities. Would that I had been you."

"Taint no use wishin' that," said the old sergeant, shaking his head. "There was never a Frenchman that could take my place."

"Quite right," replied O'Neill, smiling. "Twould clearly be impossible."

"Come along then, yer honor."

"Stay a moment," returned the enraptured Irishman. "A year at gaze would not sate me with the beauty of this picture. How like is the fair image!" murmured the enraptured young man, approaching nearer and fairly holding his breath under the influence of that moment. He stretched out his hand towards the painting with a little reverential gesture.

"Look out, sir!" said the sergeant warningly. "That picture hangs very loose an' the frame—"

What evil fate was it that determined its fall at that moment? There was a tremendous crash, something gave way and the great frame dropped from its place and fell across the heavy oak chair which stood beneath it, and the picture was impaled upon its Gothic points. The two men sprang to seize it and life it up. Alas, it had been literally torn to pieces. The canvas had evidently been a defective one, for it had split in every direction. Restoration was clearly impossible.

"Good heavens!" cried the Irishman. "What a misfortune!"

"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the sergeant philosophically. "So we must get on."

"Very good," said O'Neill, tenderly lifting the frame with the tattered canvas hanging to it, back against the wall. "There is nothing to keep us here now. Unlucky fool that I am! Even the semblance of the original is not for me!"

CHAPTER X.

Lady Elizabeth Will Keep Her Word.

The night fell on three of the most unhappy people in the world; yet to each had been vouchsafed a partial realization of a cherished hope. Coventry should have been luxuriating in the thought of his approaching marriage to the girl that he loved; Elizabeth should have been overwhelmed with joy at the reappearance of O'Neill, after his long absence, and O'Neill during that time had asked for nothing but the opportunity to stand once more in the presence of his divinity. The desire of each had been granted, and yet, all three were completely miserable. Coventry, because he more than suspected that Elizabeth loved O'Neill; Elizabeth, because she felt that honor compelled her to marry Coventry, to whom she was deeply attached, but towards whom her feelings, she now found, were vastly different from those that

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the better. You will be prepared to meet him. These Coats are up-to-date in every particular, having been made especially for us by the best makers in Canada. The past week has been a busy one at the corner. Our ready-made bargains are open to all.

Yours respectfully,

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Campbellton Wharf," will be received at this office until Thursday January 11, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a wharf at Campbellton, Restigouche County, Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N. B.; C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S.; E. T. P. Shoven, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., on application of the Postmaster at Campbellton, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand dollars, (\$2,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, December, 11, 1905.
Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.
Dec. 14—431.

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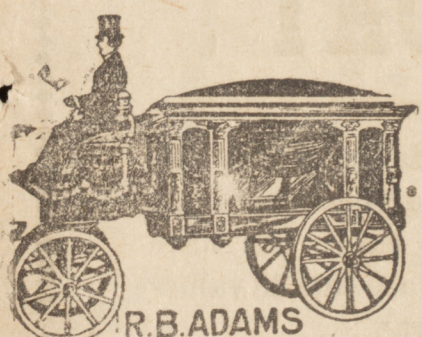
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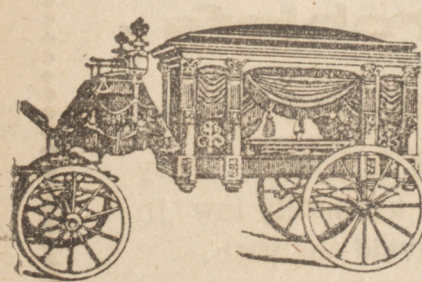
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TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON
No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville..... 5.45
No. 304 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville..... 6.20
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville..... 6.12
" 321 Suburban for Marysville..... 8.15
" 326 Suburban for Marysville..... 12.25
" 329 Suburban for Marysville..... 12.40

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville..... 13.00
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville..... 12.35
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville..... 8.15
" 328 Suburban from Marysville..... 12.25
" 328 Suburban from Marysville..... 12.40

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Macton, N. B., Oct. 12th, 1905

F. ST. JOHN BLISS,

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Entrance—Carleton street

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Chemicals in soap may remove the dirt but always injure the fabric.

Sunlight Soap will not injure the most dainty lace or the hands that use it, because it is absolutely pure and contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap should always be used as directed. No boiling or hard rubbing is necessary. Sunlight Soap is better than other soap, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

5c. Buy it and follow directions. **5c.**

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had flooded her being at her first sight of the young Irishman. Her period of waiting and dreaming had unconsciously developed a passion for him which had broken all barriers at the mere sound of his voice. As for O'Neill, he found her fairer than he had ever thought, even in his most extravagant dreams, and it was in an agony of despair that he contemplated her as the bride of another. There was this saving grace in his position, however—he would probably be condemned to death forthwith, and he was in no mood to balk the executioner; if ever death be welcome it would be so to him.

(To be Continued.)

ELEGANT CABINET PHOTOS OF HIS EXCELLENCY
The Right Honorable Sir Aibert Henry George, Earl Grey,
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For All Users of the Celebrated "DIAMOND DYES"

We have received so many letters from ladies in Canada asking us to continue the supplying of the beautiful Cabinet Photos which we have been sending out for the last two months, that we have decided to continue the supply until the end of February, 1906. Please note the conditions for securing a Photo.

One photo will be sent free of cost to each lady who sends her full post office address and four of the inner envelopes which contained DIAMOND DYE of any color.

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age dyes will not be accepted.

This offer will be valid until the end of February, 1906.

Send in your address at once with the four envelopes, so that you may get this photo without delay.

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GORED BY A BULL.

Wakworth, Ont., Dec. 12—(Spec)—J. Dray, an old resident and farmer of Percy township, living a mile west of Dartford, had a narrow escape from being killed by a bull. He went out to put the bull in the stable for the night, when it suddenly turned on him, knocking him down and tramping on him. His daughter heard his cries for help and ran to his assistance. She set the dog on the bull and it chased after the dog. She then pulled her father through the fence. He had his left arm and four ribs broken, and his chest crushed, but he is likely to recover.

QUEBEC TORIES REPUDIATE BORDEN.

No Cheers for the Leader at the Close of Convention, and Mention of His Name Ignored.

Montreal, Dec. 14.—So far as the Conservative party in the province of Quebec is concerned they have exhibited a wonderful unanimity in tactically repudiating the leadership of R. L. Borden, during the convention has which just closed. Although the convention was held behind closed doors, no doors could hide the fact that there was a great deal of dissonance on the question of leadership and that the resolution aimed against Mr. Borden was with difficulty suppressed and a perfunctory resolution accepting his leadership adopted.

A large section of the younger French party, was keen to drop Borden altogether, and appoint a leader for the French Conservative wing at Ottawa, but no herculean efforts on the part of Monk and one or two others of the old guard, this was prevented.

Last night the convention closed with a public meeting which was remarkable for the wary manner in which the speakers skirted over the thinnest kind of ice and avoided all references to leaders since Tupper's time. From the first to the last politics were scarcely mentioned, the whole discussion setting itself into a

denunciation of the Manitoba School Bill and Autonomy Bills and a condemnation of Laurier for his alleged "bowing to the will of Sifton and that miserable spoilsman, Fielding," and sacrificing the rights of French Catholic minorities in the west. One or two of the speakers went further and with obvious references to Borden declared that since Tupper's time the Conservative leaders had abandoned the constitution and rights of Quebec. This was the nearest mention to Mr. Borden of the evening, even the customary cheers for the leader at the close being omitted. The speakers all eulogised past leaders, Sir George Etienne, Carter, MacDonald, and Tupper, but there they stopped short.

The English element in the Quebec Conservative party were consistently ignored, not an English word being spoken or the slightest reference being made to them. Although there were fully a hundred present out of the six hundred delegates, the result of the convention appears to have merely deepened old provincial quarrels and aroused the whole party in the province in an out and out rebellion against Borden's leadership.

No, you cannot sell "any old thing" merely by advertising. Many liniments are advertised. Only one Perry Davis' Painkiller, has stood the test of sixty years. Today it is more popular than ever. 25 and 50c.

Never use a fork when taking a piece of bread.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER SEEN OR HEARD THE HELPLESS CHOKING OF A CONSUMPTIVE CAN THINK LIGHTLY OF A COUGH

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will convince you that it will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and start you on the road to recovery.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, skillfully combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. It is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine for Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all troubles of the Throat and Lungs.

Be sure and do not accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cts.

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"I had a very bad cold which settled on my lungs. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend I procured a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Before the bottle was half finished I had not the slightest trace of a cough, and in my opinion Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has no equal as a cure for coughs, colds, or any affection of the throat and lungs."

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