

Linked by Fate

BY CHARLES GARVICE

Author of "The Verdict of the Heart," "A Heritage of Hate," "Nell of Shorne Mills," "Paid For," "A Modern Juliet," Etc.

(Continued.)

Sutcombe started; then he remembered the paper and the ring he had seen Nina weeping over, and realized the truth—and his own absolute, irrevocable loss. He stood for a moment or two quite silent, then he came forward and held out his hand.

"I—I congratulate you," he said, simply, and not even Vane could appreciate the effort, the words, the tone, cost him; but perhaps Nina could.

She laid her hand on his arm and looked up at him through a mist of tears.

"We—we owe—our happiness to you," she whispered. "But for you I should not have come back to the island—"

Sutcombe patted her hand in silence for a moment, then he said:

"We must go back to my sister; she is anxious."

"Yes, let us go," said Vane.

Sutcombe had preceded them, but Nina walked resolutely by his side; and so, all together, they came to Vivienne in the saloon. Nina flew to her and hid her face on her bosom; and Vivienne stared over her at the tall, rough-looking man, whose grave face had already the glow of his new found happiness in it.

"Vivienne—oh, Vane, I can't tell her! You!" she broke down.

Vane came forward.

"It is soon told," he said, gently.

"This lady to whom you and your brother have been so good—God bless you for it!—and I am husband and wife. We were married on this island a long time ago. My name, her name, is Manning. I am Vane Manning."

He stopped, aghast, at the slip of the tongue, and was more aghast still when he saw the brother and sister exchange glances. He was glad that Nina had—like a good housewife—turned to the fire to see after the supper.

"Vane Manning!" exclaimed Sutcombe. "Are you related to the Lesborough family? There was a Vane Manning—the last earl, who perished in a fire at Lesborough Court—"

Vane signed to him warningly, and Sutcombe, embarrassed and speechless, stopped and stared at him. Vivienne made a show of helping Nina, and presently Nina shyly invited them to supper. They sat down, and Vane told the Sutcombes of the wreck, and the story of the marriage. Nina sitting near him with bent head and face that grew hot and pale by turns; and the Sutcombes listened with an amazement which grew still more intense when Vane abruptly said, as if he had suddenly arrived at a decision:

"And now for something else. Just now you asked me if I were connected with the Lesboroughs. I am. I am the man who was supposed to have been killed by the fire at the Court."

"Supposed! Then—then you are Lord Lesborough!" exclaimed Sutcombe.

Vane stretched out his hand and got Nina's and held it tightly, and looked tenderly and reassuringly into her startled eyes.

"Yes," he admitted gravely. "It is a strange business. Listen!"

Amidst their breathless silence he told them the story of the accident, the sacrifice he had made for Julian.

"What was the use of the title, the estate, to me?" he said, simply. "I had lost Nina forever, as I thought; for even if she were alive, I thought she had risked death rather than remain alive with me. Life was over for me; such a life as that which I should have had to lead was impossible. And Julian would make a ten thousand times better Lord of Lesborough—it was only pushing the clock on a little, I thought! I should never marry—even if I had been free to do so, for, you see, I loved my wife here, wife or no wife. And so I disappeared that Julian Shore might reign in my stead! It wasn't much of a sacrifice, and it was lessened by the fact that the poor soul, the poor deaf and dumb woman, who was so devoted to him, had given her life to save mine. It was some kind of a return, acknowledgment, of her heroism. I could make the master she loved rich and happy. You see? You think I was mad; but I hadn't found my wife again," and he colored and looked round. "She is my wife, Lord Sutcombe. Tell her so!"

Sutcombe nodded gravely.

"Yes," he said, "I am a barrister, though I've never practiced; and, strangely enough, while I was reading for the bar, I studied the marriage laws. The marriage was legal!"

"Thank you!" said Vane, with his eyes on Nina's face. She rose, and without a word Vivienne and she left the saloon. At the door she paused for an instant and looked at Vane. He had started to his feet, but, before the look in her eyes, he sank down again.

"She is not satisfied," he said, almost inaudibly, as the door closed on them.

Sutcombe shook his head. "It is only natural. You must be married in due form. Though, mind, this one is legal and absolutely valid!"

"But—but—there is another matter," continued Sutcombe. "Do you mind telling me again about the accident, the fire? It is a painful subject—but I have a reason for asking."

Vane repeated the account of that awful scene in the Wizard's or Witch's Room, and Sutcombe stopped him now and again to ask for

some detail; then he said, very gravely:

"And you call it an accident?"

"Certainly!" responded Vane, with surprise. "The poor woman upset the stove, furnace whatever you call it, and the burning spirit ran over the floor and caught."—He shuddered.

"The fire? Yes, that was an accident," said Sutcombe, still more gravely, his face pale, his eyes fixed earnestly on Vane. "But the fumes which nearly suffocated you? The door was locked—"

"It locked with a spring."

"The ropes of the ventilator gave way in your hands. Your cousin, Mr. Julian Shore, did not return—"

"Good God! What is it you are suggesting?" cried Vane, white to the lips, not only at the suggestion, but at his own vague sense that it might be true.

"Murder," replied Sutcombe.

Vane fell back and regarded him with horror-stricken eyes.

"Murder! Julian—Julian plot, plan my death! Oh, you don't know him! He is incapable of—"

The sweat stood thickly on his brow.

Sutcombe looked at him steadily.

"You had never met your cousin before that day at the lawyer's; knew nothing about him," he said.

"I know more than you!"

"You!" said Vane.

"Yes; because I have not come under the spell of his presence, that peculiar charm of which you tell us. I, unbiassed, untrammelled by the influence of his personality, can view his actions with a clear judgment. Wait! Think how much he had to gain by your death! A peerage, the estate, the woman he loved!"

"But—but," stammered Vane, eagerly. "I was not in their way! She did not care—I did not care for her. She knew it!"

Sutcombe smiled grimly. "She had cared for you; I am not so sure, from all you tell me, that she did not still care. At any rate, he thought so. You were terribly in his way, Lesborough, and he—tried to remove you! Why did that poor woman come back to that infernal room, and by the other door? She suspected her master, as I suspect, and she came to save you from death and him from—murder!"

Vane sprang to his feet.

"My God!" he cried, "I can't, I won't believe it! I dare not! Julian, my own flesh and blood!"

"More kind than kind!" murmured Sutcombe. "Heaven grant that you may be right and I wrong. But your duty is clear. You must go to England and discover the truth for yourself. Go secretly, concealing your identity—"

"I will!" said Vane, resolutely. "And I'll prove you're wrong! Yes, I'll prove it to your satisfaction. Julian try to—murder me!" He laughed, but the laugh had a note of dread and doubt in it.

They sat and talked for some time; then Vane said he must go.

"I can't leave the boat; I'm not certain of the tide," he said. "I'll come around to-morrow, and we'll talk it over. Of course, not a word to the ladies!"

They shook hands and parted, but neither slept. Vane lay awake looking up at the stars and thinking of Nina, and Sutcombe paced the saloon and carried on the fight with his disappointment and loss.

Going to the spring quite early the next morning, he was surprised to find Vivienne seated on the beach a little way from the ladies' hut. She beckoned to him, and when he came within hearing held up her finger warningly.

"Hush!" she whispered. "She is asleep. She has been awake all the night, but has just fallen off. We have been talking; she has been telling me everything, and I have been thinking. Sutcombe—she paused and bit her lip—"you are sure the marriage was quite legal?"

"Quite," he said, gravely, and looking away from her.

"Then bend down; I—I want to whisper, Sutcombe."

With her face against his, she whispered something in his ear. He started and drew a long breath, then nodded assentingly.

"Yes!" he said, in a low voice. "We will do it. It—it is a clever idea of yours, Vivienne. How did you come to think of it?"

"I am a woman, dear!" she said. "But you will have to be quick—there is no time to lose."

"I will manage my part, if you will do yours," he said, and he laid his hand on her shoulder. "To see her happy—it is all I ask!"

The tears came to her eyes and she put up her hand and caressed his, with the familiar gesture. It was not necessary for her to say anything.

It was late when Nina awoke—awoke to find that her dream that Vane was restored to her was true!—and Vivienne was standing beside the bed with a cup of tea in her hand.

"You lazy bones!" she said. "We've all had breakfast, and Sutcombe has gone off to his work—how pretty you look when you blush, Decima, for it must be 'Decima' for me still! At any rate, until I can get used to the 'Nina.' I like the way he says it—Nina, Nina!"

Nina hung her head and blushed all the rosier.

"Mr. Manning, or, rather, Lord Lesborough, has gone back to the boat to mend a sail, or something

of the kind. And Sutcombe says, do you mind making some bags for him this morning? He particularly wants them at once!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECENT DEATHS.

Popular Newcastle Lady and Prominent Woodstock Citizen Have Passed Away.

The death occurred at Newcastle on Wednesday afternoon of Mrs. R. T. D. Aitken. The news, says a despatch from that town, caused a shock to every one, and expressions of sorrow and sympathy are heard on every side. Mrs. Aitken was the perfection of beautiful womanhood. She was highly accomplished, and had such a sweet, winning disposition that every one who knew her loved her. The bereaved husband and two infant daughters, and numerous near relatives have the sympathy of the entire community. The deceased lady was a daughter of the late Samuel Thomson, a prominent Newcastle lawyer, and surviving sisters are Mrs. Stavert, wife of Manager W. B. Stavert of the Bank of New Brunswick, St. John; Mrs. A. C. Patterson, of Truro; and Mrs. Benedict. A brother, Dr. Thomson of Halifax, is well known in Fredericton military circles.

Mr. Aitken, so sadly bereaved, is well known here, having graduated at the U. N. B. some years ago. He is a barrister, and town clerk and treasurer of Newcastle.

GILBERT W. VANWART.

Woodstock, April 22.—Woodstock has lost one of its most prominent citizens in the death Thursday night of Gilbert W. Vanwart, at his residence on Victoria Terrace.

Coming from Queens County, Mr. Vanwart early connected himself with business here, and during a long mercantile career was prominent in all matters relating to the town. He established a dry goods business, which became highly successful, and which he continued until his death. For some years he did business as a private banker, and afterwards represented the Maritime Bank at Woodstock. He took an active interest in all matters relating to the town, and was always progressive. He served at the council board for a number of years, where he did good work. He was for a long time a member and chairman of the board of school trustees. In political life he was a pronounced Liberal. He was a member of the Free Baptist church.

He is survived by a widow, who is a sister of the late David Merritt, of this town, and three daughters—Mrs. J. N. W. Winslow of Woodstock, Mrs. Stinson of Boston, and Mrs. G. H. Harrison of Woodstock. Mr. Vanwart has been in poor health all winter.

(Deceased was an uncle of Mrs. S. A. Belyea of Fredericton, and of the late Mrs. G. J. Colter of Keswick.)

MANUAL TRAINING.

Vacation Course to be Given This Summer.

Mr. T. B. Kidner, provincial director of manual training, announces that should there be a sufficient number of teachers apply a vacation course will be held in the provincial Norman school, or some other convenient centre, from July 5th, to 29th, inclusive.

Particular attention will be given to the various forms of hardwood suitable for small schools and for the lower grades of town schools, as suggested in the departmental circular issued last autumn. Courses of paper-folding and cutting, colour work, pottery and designing in coloured papers, constructive work in paper and cardboard, benchwork in wood and Venetian iron work will be offered.

A good opportunity will be thus offered teachers who may be desirous of becoming acquainted with the latest developments of manual training; also to those who contemplate taking the courses for specialists in manual training later on.

Applicants for admission must be made not later than May 25th, to the director, from whom any further information may be obtained.

ACCUSED OF BIGOTRY.

Chatham World Scorches Newcastle for Rejecting Mr. Hennessey.

For a second time Mr. P. Hennessey, a prominent Roman Catholic citizen of Newcastle, has been defeated in a mayoralty election, this time failing of success by only ten votes, and commenting on the result the Chatham World says:

There were two candidates for Mayor—Mr. P. Hennessey and Mr. S. W. Miller. Mr. Hennessey has served the public in several capacities, and was an alderman for some years.

He had every reason to expect that his fellow citizens would recognize his worth, his age and his services by electing him, but they proved themselves too strongly sectarian for that. Mr. Miller, a nice young man who could have waited another year for the honor, a man with no claim whatever on the score of previous public service, was chosen merely because he professes the creed of the majority.

We are sorry that a Protestant community should show itself to be so narrow and bigoted. It is not creditable, and shows both lack of intelligence and Christianity.

FUMIGATE THEIR BEARDS.

Sanitary Whiskers Insisted Upon in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, April 22.—When Capt. James McLaughlin of the Alleghany Bureau of Health, in starting his campaign to cleanse the city of lurking germs, ordered that all long beards must be fumigated, as they were excellent propagating grounds for the germs, it was looked upon in the nature of a joke by those who did not wear beards, and as an insult by those that did.

"The matter was neither intended as an insult or a joke," declared Superintendent McLaughlin. "A great number of cases of scarlet fever last summer was found in families where one or more of the members wore beards. These cases were mostly in the slum districts. Most of the men wear long beards to avoid shaving, and they seldom, if ever, take a bath. A glance at the beards is convincing that they are liable to breed scarlet fever or most of the other kind of infectious germs. It was therefore decided that this class of people must keep their beards as well as their places of abode clean."

"It has been found out that a solution of bichloride of mercury will destroy any lurking germs that may be propagating in these unclean beards. Where the inspectors find a filthy house presided over by a man who will not keep his beard clean, they will provide him with a bottle of this solution, and request that he use it. The inspectors will call at later dates to see that the order is put into force."

CONVICTION QUASHED.

Charles King Will Have New Trial for Murder.

Regina, April 22.—The appeal on behalf of Charles King, sentenced to death at Edmonton for the murder of Henry Hayward, was heard before the Northwest Territories Appeal Court at Regina today on a reserved case submitted by Judge Harvey. The last question committed for consideration at the trial was whether a remark by counsel for the crown,

that "the counsel for the accused had taken the best and wisest course in not having him go on the stand, and I think it is wise for himself," was a proper comment for a counsel to make.

The court held that the comment tended to do the accused wrong, and accordingly the conviction was quashed. The sentence was set aside, and a new trial ordered.

PLASTER ROCK.

(Special Correspondence to Herald.)

April 18.—We are having some very cold weather for this time of year, if there is not rain and warmer weather soon it will be hard for the lumbermen to get their logs out of the brooks. The water is very low in the Tobique just now, and the snow is wasting away fast in the woods.

Mr. J. J. Hale had a crew of 28 men arrive last night in this place.

The Hotel Tobique has changed hands. Mr. Mason Johnson is now proprietor. Mr. G. W. Bishop, former proprietor of the hotel, has moved across the river to the River Side Hotel, which is being fitted up with the latest improvements, which will be very satisfactory.

The Rev. F. D. Bell is holding services at Oxbow, with good results. Six were baptized last Sunday, April 16th.

The Tobique Manufacturing Company's new mill is running. They expect to start the shingle side of the big mill some time next week.

UPPER HAYNESVILLE.

(Special Correspondence to Herald.)

April 22.—Island Lad, A. Dunlap's pure Clyde stallion will be at Burr's Corner on Tuesday, May 2, and at the city hall on Thursday the 4th. It will remain there through the season. All are invited to call and see Island Lad.

Mr. Andrew Dunlap, of Upper Haynesville, wishes to thank his neighbors and friends through the columns of this paper for their kindness shown to him and his family in their sad bereavement over the loss of their son, who died on Toledo, Ohio.

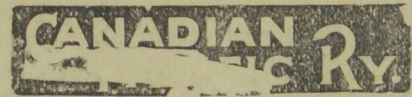
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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, October 9th, 1904

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a.m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

7.30 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston and intermediate stations. Leaves St. Mary's 8.10 a.m.

9.50 a.m.—For St. John and East.

5.50 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Boston, etc. Montreal and West. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

9.00 p.m.—For St. John and East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.20 a.m.—From St. John and points east, 11.45 a.m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, etc.

5.40 p.m.—From Woodstock and all points north as far as Perth and Plaster Rock via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 5.07 p.m.

8.10 p.m.—From St. John and east.

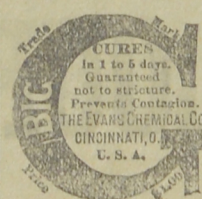
10.40 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, etc.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, November 20th, 1904 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville.....	5.45
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville.....	16.30
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville.....	6.15
No. 319 Suburban for Marysville.....	10.00
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville.....	11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville.....	15.00
No. 325 Suburban for Marysville.....	17.10
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville.....	18.25
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville.....	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville.....	13.05
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville.....	18.25
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.....	8.15
No. 320 Suburban from Marysville.....	11.00
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville.....	12.25
No. 324 Suburban from Marysville.....	17.05
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.....	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.....	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.
Moncton, N. B., November 18th, 1904.

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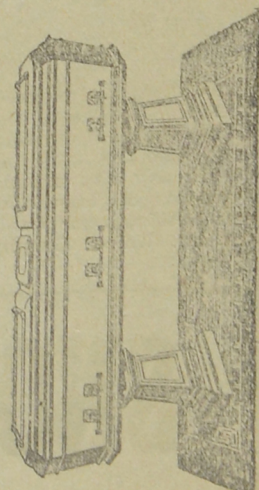
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