

FISHING TACKLE.

Rods and Flies of the very latest production.

Lines, Reels, Baits, Baskets, Landing Nets, Etc.

All Sporting Goods and Fishing Tackle will be sold at a very small advance on cost to make room for other goods.

Just Received a Full Stock of

BICYCLE PARTS!

Can supply any piece that goes into a Bicycle.

Wheels straightened and repaired as good as new.

C. ELLIOTT,

42, Main St.,

Moncton, N. B.

WE BEG

To call attention to a new make of Corset called

QUEBEH

"Pronounced Keba"

Which is highly recommended, and to introduce we will sell at

- - \$1.00 - -

Excellent Value at \$1.50.

Wm. Cowling & Co

NEW GOODS

OPENED AT E. FORBES
NEW TRIMMING LACES,
NEW ART CATEFNS,
ART DENIM for Cushions, Bags, &c,
ART EMBROIDERY SILKS.

To open, a fine assortment of CHINAWARE, in sets and odd pieces.

E. Forbes,

Albion Block, Main St.

ODDS' KIDNEY PILLS
DIAMOND DINNER PILLS
R WILLIAMS PINK PILLS

HASE'S KIDNEY PILLS
HASE'S LIVER PILLS
HASE'S OINTMENT, ETC.

Wholesale and Retail.

McD. COOKE,

Medical Hall.



Charles Elliott Gunsmith Moncton N.B.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE.

(Continued.)

"I will promise anything you ask," he answered. He was carried away by the fervor of her words.

"Promise me that you will not marry this girl until I have seen her and have given my consent."

"Certainly I will promise it. I do not bind myself, mother, to give her up even if you do refuse. I do not think any power on earth could part me from her."

"Hush, my dear boy! Let me be frank with you. I must see her. Want of fortune, nay, even lowly birth will not influence me, if I think she has the gifts that will make you happy."

He threw back his head with a look of unutterable content.

"That I can safely aver," he said. "Mother, you shall see her to-morrow. I did not tell them at Hatton where I was going; I merely said that I should be absent for a few days on business. No one will know anything about it. We can take the train to Armytage, and drive from the station to the house. You can spend an hour with her, and then I will bring you home again. Will that suit you, mother?"

She sighed as she said "Yes." In her heart she envied the girl whom he loved. She felt that in some measure she had lost him; while he gave himself up to unbounded happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Carew never forgot the journey to Hatton. Her impetuous son hardly gave himself time to sleep, or allowed her time to prepare for the journey. He was up with the sun; everything was ready for his mother when she came down—breakfast, the carriage, a time-table, and traveling-rugs: he had forgotten nothing.

How few men, thought Sir Carlos complacently, situated as he was, would care whether they had a mother's consent to the marriage or not? How few would give themselves any trouble! Whereas he, although he loved with such a deep love the girl whom he had chosen, had not asked her to be his wife until he had consulted his mother.

The morning was fair; but Lady Carew was ill at ease. This impetuosity, this breathless impatience of her son, seemed to her far more like the fever of passion than the steady flame of love. If it should be but a boy's foolish fancy, a young man's first love, and after a few weeks of married life it should die, what then?

On their way Lady Carew reminded her son of Penennis and his mad love for Miss Costigan, and spoke highly of the wisdom of those who parted him from his idol. She told him that the tie of marriage was to last for life; surely it required a few months' deliberation! But he heard only the sound of the birds singing sweetly in the trees, and their one song seemed to be of "Maggie."

He had sent the girl a few lines on the previous evening, saying that his mother, Lady Carew, would be at Armytage on the morrow, and that he should bring her to the cottage for an hour or so.

"Your house is very prettily situated," he added; and the girl's heart beat as fast as she read the words. She could imagine what would follow if he brought his mother there. For some reasons, it was not wise of him to have written. Had she been taken by surprise, Maggie would have been ten times more at her ease and more graceful. As it was, the idea that Lady Carew was coming made her feel nervous.

The cool muslins and pretty prints were discarded, as not being good enough for the occasion; they were all very well for a lover who had no eyes for anything but her face; but, thanks to the notions of gentility that had been impressed upon her, she knew better than to receive a visit from Lady Carew in a pink print dress. She had a hideous crimson merino elaborately trimmed with shining black beads, which had been purchased by her aunt a year before for a tea-party, a dress that would have made any lover of good taste shudder. This was her state-dress. So far as it could, it robbed her beautiful figure of its grace—it changed her from a lovely girl to a vulgar, but beautiful, woman.

Not content with this, and to do honor to her illustrious visitor, Maggie put on a gaudy necklace of coral beads. She also wore a few common rings, which made her hands look redder and coarser than they otherwise would. So far as it lay in the power of dress, she made herself look vulgar and gaudy; but she could not spoil the peerless beauty of her face.

It was an anxious time for her. Disquietude deepened the rose-bloom of her cheek and gave fresh lustre to her eyes. This was, she believed, the most eventful hour of her life.

Mother and son talked pleasantly as they drove along.

"There is the house," said Sir Carlos; and then Lady Carew grew pale and trembled. What would she be like, this girl whom her son meant to marry, and who was to take her place?

Sir Carlos went into the cottage first. Lady Carew could hear the murmur of loving words; and then her son came out, his face radiant with happiness.

"Make haste, mother!" he cried. "Every moment seems to me an hour!"

He led her into the little house, through the narrow passage into the small parlor, where Maggie stood awaiting her.

Lady Carew's first glance was one of wonder and dismay—wonder at the brilliant loveliness of the girl's face, dismay at the vulgar dress, the red hands and tawdry ornaments.

"Exceedingly beautiful, but unquestionably plebeian," was her first comment to herself.

She smiled in her sweetest fashion. "My son Carlos asked me to call and see you," she said, "as I was passing by."

It is one thing to charm and fascinate a young man by the display of pretty affectations, and another and far more difficult to please a well-refined woman.

Maggie asked Lady Carew to take a seat. Her voice, just because she tried to make it sweet, sounded hard and unmusical.

Lady Carew's heart sunk within her. Could it be possible that her son, who might have chosen from the loveliest and best-bred girls in England, had given his heart to this girl?

"She has a beautiful face," said Lady Carew to herself, "but if he marries her, he will tire of her in three weeks. She has had no education, she is unintellectual and without refinement. When the first glamour of love is over, he will hate her."

She did her best to like Maggie. She kept on talking to her. The girl could talk well enough under the shade of the trees in the wood, with her lover listening to every word that fell from her lips, but, when sitting opposite to Carlos' calm well bred mother, she was almost speechless.

The more Lady Carew talked to Maggie, the deeper grew her dismay. When Sir Carlos talked to the girl, he watched the play of the beautiful features and the graceful gestures. Lady Carew was indifferent to these things. She listened with sharpened ears to the girl's grammar listened and shuddered. Could it be possible that her fastidious son loved a girl who called February "Ferbuary," and talked of "ares and ounds"—Carlos, who had even found fault with the smooth and polished diction of pretty Alice Bathurst?

Sir Carlos could see the consternation in his mother's face; and he was conscious, for the first time, of the blunders Maggie made. But did it matter? he thought, that beautiful mouth was made for kisses, not for grammar; besides, he could teach her. He saw his mother's eyes rest on her hands, which, although prettily shaped had grown red and rough owing to the work her aunt had insisted on her performing. But wearing gloves for a few weeks would rectify all that. Let his mother look at the peerless face, at the eyes brighter than the stars, at the dark arched brows, and the shining masses of dark hair.

Lady Carew thought she would not ask too many questions; she wanted to see if Maggie would talk to her spontaneously. But no, she was very silent. They did not like each other—that was soon seen. Maggie thought Lady Carew cold and proud. She neither understood nor appreciated her good-breeding and refinement. Lady Carew saw at a glance that Maggie was beautiful, but uneducated, quite commonplace, and vulgar in taste and manner.

Even to the enraptured Sir Carlos the conviction came at last that there was a vast difference between the two women who sat together—a difference as great as that between day and night.

"Your house is very prettily situated," observed Lady Carew. "What fine old trees!"

"Yes, they are very well," answered Maggie; "but I like town. There is no society here. I like society. When I lived with my aunt I seen plenty of life."

She wished Lady Carew to understand that she herself was ill-content with country quiet, and well-fitted to take her part in society.

"I should like," she continued, "to live where I could go to balls and parties. My aunt always said that I ought to have been born a lady."

"What charming simplicity!" said Sir Carlos to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD SOLDIER'S SUICIDE.

MONTREAL, July 9.—Chris Graves, an old soldier, who kept the Liverpool house, Craig street, went to the bathroom at an early hour this morning and shot himself through the head. No cause has been given for the suicide.



one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored gray hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

REPAIRING

OLD CLOTHES Is An Art

And it takes a first-class tailor to make a first-class clothes renovator. Having had a long experience at the trade I am in a position to give good satisfaction in all its branches. Old clothes cleaned, dyed, repaired and made to look like new.

Second Hand Clothing Bought.

Don't forget the place,

NO 200 MAIN ST.,

A. McLEOD,

Formerly Occupied by J. W. Gay, printer.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, the 24th June, 1895, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE MONCTON.	
Through Express for Halifax (Monday excepted).....	1 00
Accommodation for St. John (Monday excepted).....	1 10
Through Express for St. John and Montreal.....	1 15
Through Express for St. John (Monday excepted).....	5 15
Through Express for Halifax, Pictou and Sydney (Monday excepted).....	5 20
Accommodation for St. John.....	8 15
Express for Halifax and Pictou	10 20
Accommodation for Campbellton	10 20
Through Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	13 10
Express for St. John.....	15 00
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene	15 30
Through Express for Halifax.....	16 00

WILL ARRIVE AT MONCTON.	
Through Express from Halifax (Monday excepted).....	1 00
Through Express from Montreal & Quebec, Monday excepted.....	5 00
Accom. from Pt. du Chene.....	7 55
Express from St. John.....	10 10
Accommodation from Springhill Junction.....	10 10
Through express from Halifax.....	13 05
Accommodation from Campbellton.....	14 30
Express from Halifax.....	14 55
Accom. from St. John.....	14 55
Through Express from St. John.....	15 55
Through Express from St. John.....	24 50

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Moncton, N. B., June, 1895.

THE MONCTON MAILS.

On and after Monday Oct. 1 mail will close at the Moncton post office as follows:—
For Halifax also Prince Edward Island and all points east at 10.05 o'clock.
North by the accommodation at 10.05.
For Shediac and Pt. du Chene at 10.05.
For all points west by the C. P. R. express from Halifax at 12.55 o'clock and by No. 1—14.35.
For Albert county (points) along the Albert railway) will close at 19.20.
C. P. R. east at 16.20.
Night mails for all points at 19.20.
Country mails are made up at the Moncton post office as follows:
Coverdale, Upper Coverdale and Middle Coverdale on Monday's and Thursdays at 11.20 o'clock.
Dakeburn every day except Friday at 11.20.
Lewisville, Fox Creek, daily at 10.45 o'clock.
Lates Mountain, Style Village, Indian Mountain, and Annon on Thursday at 11.20 o'clock.
Stoney Creek, Lower Coverdale and Bridgedale on Wednesday and Saturdays at 11.20 o'clock.
Irishtown, McQuade's and O'Neil's on Thursdays at 11.20 o'clock.
Allison on Wednesdays at 11.20 o'clock; Shediac Road (Lakeville) on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10.05.
Letters are collected from street letter boxes at 9.45 a. m. on Main street and 6.30 p. m. all the boxes are visited

FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH

3. Corner St. George and Cameron streets.
4. Corner Dominion and High streets.
5. Corner Gordon and Highfield streets.
6. Corner Lutz and Main streets.
7. Corner Britz and Foundry streets.
8. Corner Church and Queen streets.
23. Foot Botsford on Main street.
24. Corner Duke and Main street.
25. Foot of King on Main street.
26. Temperance Hall, Steadman street.
31. Corner Telegraph and St. George streets.
32. Corner Botsford and St. George streets.
34. No. 2 Engine House, St. George street.
35. Corner Church street and Mountain Road.
41. Corner Bonaccord and Princess streets.
42. I. C. R. station.
On Main street, opposite Brunswick Hotel.