

RAILROADS.



New Brunswick Railway Coy. (ALL RAIL LINE).

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: In effect Oct. 24th, 1887. Leave St. John International Station—Eastern Standard Time.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN. 6.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Mornings)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Pictou, St. John and Edmundston.

LEAVE CALETON. 8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Pictou, St. John and Edmundston.

ARRIVE AT CALETON. 10.10 a.m.—From Fairville and points west.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1887 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1888

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 24th 1887 the train will run daily except as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John. DAY EXPRESS. 7.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. EXPRESS FOR SIOUX FALLS AND QUERBEK. 11.30 a.m.

Trains will Arrive at St. John. EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX AND QUERBEK. 7.00 a.m. EXPRESS FROM SIOUX FALLS. 8.30 a.m. EXPRESS FROM QUERBEK. 11.30 a.m.

RAILWAY OFFICE. Montreal, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows: LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2.00 p.m., and Carleton at 2.30 p.m., for St. Stephen, Sigheo, and intermediate points, arriving at St. George at 5.15 p.m., St. Stephen at 7.45 p.m., and Carleton at 10.15 p.m.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

FOR BOSTON, PORTLAND, VIA EASTPORT AND PORTLAND. COMMENCING MONDAY, November 14, and 17, 1887.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO., Limited, DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS.

BOARDING. MR. CHAPMAN, ENGLAND LADY, has taken the house, 150 Cornhill Street, and will be pleased to receive gentlemen, who will have with her all the comforts of home.

"To-morrow. Must I then tell him of this new affliction?" "Yes, and tell him that whatever happens, we, my wife and I, will be to his little daughter true and tender parents, and that we will take her to our home, where she may forget, in time, all this sad trouble. We shall stay here as long as there is a hope that poor Henriette's body may be found, and then we will go home. I will also arrange for Roger's factory, and manage it for him until this is all settled; and if the worst should come the proceeds will be for Suzanne. Tell him he will find me at Rue Saint-Maur or at my home, as long as I live."

"You are a good and noble man, M. Bernard," said Lucien. "And you, also, M. De Noireville, God bless you!" "Lucien went on to Versailles, and said to Roger: "Friend, prepare yourself to hear a new trouble."

"No, but it is feared, and with alas! only too much reason, that poor Henriette has thrown herself into the river in a fit of mental aberration." Roger's knees bent under him, and he sank to the floor. But he had not strength enough left to weep. At last he lifted his head and said, "It is better so, better so. Oh, my poor Henriette, my poor Henriette!"

"The day of the trial came, and Roger learned that they were going to bring Suzanne again to testify. This was the last drop in his already brimming cup, and he sat indifferent and apparently the least interested of all there present as the mass of testimony was given.

CHAPTER IX. After the scenes related in the preceding chapter Suzanne was taken ill of brain fever, and for a long time they despaired of her life, but at last she regained consciousness and little by little recovered. As soon as it was possible she was removed to her great uncle's home in the Val Dieu, near the Ardennes mountains. Here the old man had a foundry and a garage, while not far away flowed the river Meuse. The sweet, quiet and pure air soon restored the child to health, but she remained languid and weak.

"What caused her to do it?" "I don't know," said Roger. "You saw from your balcony a man go into Lucien's house and kill him. Was it your father?" "The child made a negative sign."

"Your mother saw him, too—your poor, dear mother. You loved her, did you not?" "Oh, yes, sir."

For answer, Roger hid his eyes in both his hands and bowed his head in silence. Lucien was amazed and his heart ached. Lucien thought, "His eloquent plea for Roger had ceased, but he dimly felt that he must proceed. He must continue. He was here to save Roger from the accusation of the crime he did not commit, not to condemn him for the one he did. At least he could do his duty, but he felt something give way in his brain. He rose to the occasion and his duty, and began again his interrupted address, though his voice was hoarse and faint."

"But Lucien shook his head. He now knew all, and Roger's innocence of this crime commanded his best efforts. The rest could come afterwards."

"I charge you, men of the jury, to remember that Roger Laroque is a man who knows his own duty, and that he would not do anything that he would not do with a clear conscience."

CHAPTER X. Lucien entered the court room painfully, sustained by a brother lawyer, and he went direct to Roger and embraced him with warmth and genuine affection. The spectacle went straight to the hearts of the spectators.

"This is not right. Thou shalt not see a child in his mother's milk. You have no right to make this child condemn her father."

"I know nothing about it," said Roger. "I have never told my mother anything, and she has never told me anything."

"I am, and who are you?" The unknown looked at him timidly, and then said in a low voice that seemed broken by emotion: "Alas, I am Roger Laroque."

bread, for pity's sake; I have not eaten for three days." After having eaten, Roger told his story of how he had escaped with three political prisoners, and they had made their way, step by step, from one place to another, working their passage as sailors until they reached America. At New York Roger had found a position in a machine shop, and as soon as he had earned enough money he had returned to Europe, but he had not enough, and at Antwerp he found himself without money to buy food, and he dared not attempt to make the voyage in France on foot for fear of being recognized. So he paid railroad fare and had reached here almost starved. He knew from Lucien that the Bernards would take Suzanne, and here he came, scarce daring to hope she was alive.

CHAPTER XI. There was a grave in the churchyard at Ville d'Avray, and on the headstone was the name of Henriette Laroque, with the date of her death engraved upon it; but she who slept beneath was not the unhappy young wife of that still more unfortunate man. Henriette, after that last day at the court, had fallen into such a state of mental apathy as would have caused her friends the liveliest apprehension had the poor creature had any sense capable of appreciating her dangerous condition; but those who surrounded her thought this only the natural reaction after such acute suffering as she had undergone.

"I have come to take her." "You are going to take her from me?" "I had no such thought," said the good old man. "I only wished to know your plans. I know that you would be lost if you remain in France."

"I shall leave France to-night, and only ask of you that you lend me a few clothes and a little money. The money is not for myself, but for Suzanne, who could not endure deprivation. Be sure that I will repay her."

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Then the uncle kissed the pale little face, and his heart swelled with grief, but he tried to be brave. "My precious baby," said he, "your father needs you, and you must go. He will do all he can to make you happy. Do the same for him. If you ever come back to France, come home here, where you are our own child. God bless you. Roger, write to us, and let us know how she is, and send her photograph if you can, and as often as you want money send for it."

"Good aunt and uncle, I will never forget you, and I will love you forever," said the child. Then Roger took her in his arms and went out into the tempest of snow and icy wind, and in twenty minutes more they were speeding away toward the frontier, while the two desolate old people wept in their deserted home.

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THE Saturday Gazette

IN THE BEST PAPER FOR SUNDAY READING. Published in the Maritime Provinces.

Every Family should buy it and read it.

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