MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887

ON and after **MONDAY, June, 13th 1887** the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 00
ACCOMMODATION	11 00
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	22 15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22 15 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	5 30
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 30
ACCOMMODATION	12 55
DAY EXPRESS	18 00

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1887.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

In effect June 27th, 1887.

Leave St. John, Intercolonial Station, Eastern Standard Time:

6.40 a. m—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

9.00 a. m—For St. Stephen, and for Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

4.45 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque, Isle and Edmundston.

8.20 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

2.20 p.m—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstocks, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

7.40 p m—From St. Stephen, and From St. Andrews Houlton, and Woodstock.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.00 a.m—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock.

4.30 p.m—For Fairville, and for Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.40 a.m—From Fairville and Fredericton.

5.05 p.m—From Fairville.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Tick Agent.
St. John, N. B., June 23, 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 2.09 p. m., and Carleton at 2.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 5.14 p. m.; St. Stephen at 7.42 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.30 a. m.; St. George at 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 1.00 p. m.; St John at 1.15 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSTON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

J. N. GREENE, Eanager.

F. W. HOLT, Superindendent.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co'y,

—FOR—

BOSTON!

—VIA—

EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 9th, and until further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every **Monday, Wednesday and Friday** at 8 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston; and every **Saturday** evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

Returning, will leave Boston at 8.30 a.m, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Portland at 5 p. m., same days, for Eastport and St. John.

Also leave Boston for St. John via Annapolis every **Thursday** at 8 a. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent

Union Line.

St. John and Fredericton.

FARE ONE DOLLAR.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE a Steamer of this Line will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, calling at intermediate points, every morning (except Sunday), at nine o'clock, local time; and will leave Fredericton for Indiantown, etc., every morning (Sunday excepted), also at nine o'clock.

Freight carried at low rates; a careful agent constantly in attendance to receive same.

N. B.—Good facilities have been provided at Iniantown and Fredericton for embarkation of Passengers and Freight.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager,
Office at Wharf, Indiantown.

DAWN:

A NOVEL

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

[Continued.]

"I am sick of this place. I want to go to the Isle of Wight. It must be quite nice there now. We will go by the next Currie boat."

"My dear Mildred," replied Miss Terry, aghast, "if you were going back so soon, why did you not leave me behind you? And just as we were getting so nicely settled here too, and I shall be so sorry to say good-by to that young Heigham, he is such a nice young man! Why don't you marry him? I really thought you liked him. But perhaps he is coming to the Isle of Wight too. Oh, that dreadful bar!"

Mildred winced at Miss Terry's allusions to Arthur, of whom that lady had grown extremely fond.

"I am very sorry, dear," she said, hastily, "but I am bored to death, and it is such a bad insect year: so really you must begin to pack up."

Miss Terry began to pack up accordingly, but, when next she alluded to the subject of their departure, Mildred affected surprise, and asked her what she meant. The astonished Agatha referred her to her own words, and was met by a laughing disclaimer.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

One day, some three weeks after Arthur had gone, Angela strolled down the tunnel walk, now, in the height of summer, almost dark with the shade of the lime-trees, and settled herself on one of the stone seats under Caresfoot's staff.

"Oh, Aleck, she said, aloud, to the dog that was sitting by her side with his head upon her knee, for he was now her constant companion, "I wonder where your master is, your master and mine, Aleck. Would to God that he were back here to protect me, for I am growing afraid, I don't know of what, Aleck, and there are eleven long silent months to wait." At this moment the dog raised his head, listened, and sprang round with an angry "woof." Angela rose up with a flash of hope in her eyes, turned, and faced George Caresfoot.

He was still pale and shriveled from the effects of his illness, but otherwise little changed, except that the light-blue eyes glittered with a fierce determination, and that the feature had attained that fixity and strength which sometimes come to those who are bent heart and soul upon an enterprise, be it good or evil.

"So I have found you out at last, Cousin Angela. What, are you not going to shake hands with me?"

Angela touched his fingers with her own.

"My father is not here," she said.

"Thank you, my dear cousin, but I did not come to see your father, of whom I have seen plenty in the course of my life, and shall doubtless see more; I came to you, of whom I can never see enough."

"I don't understand you," said Angela, defiantly, folding her arms across her bosom and looking him full in the face with fearless eyes, for her instnct warned her that she was in danger, and also that, whatever she might feel, she must not show that she was afraid.

"I shall hope to make you do so before long," he replied, with a meaning glance; "but you are not very polite, you do not offer me a seat."

"I beg your pardon, I did not know that you wauted to sit down, I can only offer you a choice of stones."

"Then call that brute away, and I will sit down."

"The dog is not a brute, as you mean it. But I should speak of him like that, if I were you. He is sensible as a human being, and might resent it."

Angela knew that George was a coward about dogs; and at that moment, as though to confirm her words, Aleck growled slightly.

"Ah, indeed; well, he is certainly a handsome dog;" and he sat down suspiciously. "Won't you come and sit down?"

"Thank you. I prefer to stand."

'Do you know what you look like, standing there with your arms crossed? You look like an angry goddess."

"If you mean that seriously, I don't understand you. If it is a compliment, I don't like compliments."

"You are not very friendly," said George, whose temper was fast getting the better af him.

"I am sorry. I do not wish to be unfriendly."

"So I hear that my ward has been staying here while I was ill."

"Yes, he was staying here."

"And I am also told that there was some boy-and-girl love affair between you. I suppose that he indulged in a flirtation to while away the time."

Angela turned upon him, too angry to speak.

"Well, you need not look at me like that. You surely never expect to see him again, do you?"

"If we both live, I shall certainly see him again; indeed, I shall, in any case."

"You will never see him again."

"Why not?"

"Because he was only flirting and playing the fool with you. He is a notorious flirt, and, to my certain knowledge, has been engaged to two women before."

"I do not believe that is true, or, if it is true, it is not all the truth; but, true or untrue, I am not going to discuss Mr. Heigham with you, or allow myself to be influenced by stories told behind his back."

"Angela," said George, rising, and seizing her hand.

She turned quite pale, and a shudder passed over her frame.

"Leave my hand alone, and never dare to touch me again. This is the second time that you have tried to insult me."

"So!" answered George, furious with outraged pride and baffled passion, "you set up your will against mine, do you? Very well, you shall see. I will crush you to powder. Insult you, indeed! How often did that young blackguard insult you? I warrant he did more than take your hand."

"If," answered Angela, "you mean Mr. Heighman, I shall leave you to consider

And as they talked, Maderia, in all its summer glory, loomed up out of the ocean, for they had passed the "Desertas" and "Porto Santo" by night, and for a while they were lost in the contemplation of one of the most lovely and verdant scenes that the world can show. Before they had well examined it, however, the vessel had dropped her anchor, and was surrounded by boats full of custom-house officials, boat full of diving-boys, of vegetables, of wicker chairs and tables, of parrots, fruit, and "other articles too numerous to mention," as they say in the auctioneer's catalogues, and they knew it was time to go ashore.

"Well, it has been a pleasant voyage," said Mrs. Carr. "I am glad you are not going on."

"So am I."

"You will come and see me to-morrow, will you not? Look, there is my house," and she pointed to large, white house opposite Leuw Rock, that had a background of glossy foliage, and commanded a view of the sea. "If you come, I will show you my beetles. And, if you care to come next day, I will show you my mummies."

"And, if I come the next, what will you show me?"

"So often as you may come," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "I shall find something to show you."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Had Arthur been a little less wrapped up in thoughts of Angela, and a little more alive to the fact that being engaged or even married to one woman does not necessarily prevent complications arising from another, it might have occurred to him to doubt the prudence of the course of life that he was pursuing at Madeira. And, as it is, it is impossible to acquit him of showing a want of knowledge of the world amounting almost to folly, for he should have known upon general principles that, for a man in his position, a grizzly bear would have been a safer daily companion than a young and lovely widow, and the North Pole a more suitable place of residence than Madeira. But he simply did not think about the matter, and, as thin ice has a treacherous way of not cracking till it suddenly breaks, so outward appearances gave him no indications of his danger.

Mildred felt, when her eyes first met Arthur's in Donald Currie's office, that this man was for her different from all other men, though she did not put the thought in words even to herself. And from that hour till she embarked on board the boat he was continually in her mind, a fact which so irritated her that she nearly missed the steamer on purpose, only changing her mind at the last moment. And then, when she had helped him to carry Miss Terry to her cabin, their hands had accidently met, and the contact had sant a thrill through her frame such as she had never felt before. The next development that she could trace was her jealousy of the black-eyed girl whom she saw him helping about the deck, and her consequent rudeness.

Mildred was sitting, or rather half lying, in a cane-work chair, one sleepy afternoon, gazing out over the peaceful sea, and Arthur, looking at her, thought what a lovely little woman she was, and wondered what it was that had made her face and eyes so much softer and more attractive of late. Miss Terry was also there, complaining of the heat, but presently she moved off after an imaginary beetle, and they were alone.

"Oh, by the by, Mr. Heigham," Mildred said, presently, "I was going to ask you a question, if only I can remember what it is."

"Try to remember what it is about. 'Shoes, sealing-wax, cabbages, or kings.' Does it come under any of those heads?"

"Ah, I remember now. If you had added 'queens,' you would not have been far out. What I wanted to ask you—" and she turned her large, brown eyes full upon him, and yawned slightly. "Dear me. Agatha is right; it is hot!"

"Well, I am waiting to give you any information in my power."

"Oh! to be sure, the question. Well, it is a very simple one. Who are you engaged to?"

Arthur nearly sprung off his chair with astonishment.

"What makes you think that I am engaged?" he asked.

She broke into a merry peal of laughter. Ah! if he could have known what that laugh cost her.

"What makes me think that you are engaged!" she answered, in a tone of raillery. "Why, of course you would have been at my feet long ago, if it had not been so. Come, don't be reticent. I shall not laugh at you. What is she like?" (General a woman's first question about a rival,) "Is she as good-looking—well, as I am, say—for, though you may not think it, I have been thought good-looking."

"She is quite different from you; she is very tall and fair, like an angel in a picture, you know."

"Oh! then there is a 'she,' and a 'she like an angel.' Very different indeed from me, I should think. How nicely I caught you out"; and she laughed again.

"Why did you want to catch me out?" said Arthur, on whose ear Mrs. Carr's tone jarred; he could not tell why.

"Feminine curiosity, and a natural anxiety to fathom the reasons of your sighs, that is all. But never mind, Mr. Heigham, you and I shall not quarrel because you are engaged to be married. You shall tell me the story when you like, for I am sure there is a story—no, not this afternoon; the sun has given me a headache, and I am going to sleep it off. Other people's love-stories are very interesting to me, the more so because I have reached the respectable age of thirty without being the subject of one myself"; and again she laughed, this time at her own falsehood. But, when he had gone, there was no laughter in her eyes, nothing but tears, bitter, burning tears.

"Agatha," said Mildred that evening, whether that term is not more applicable to the person who does his best to outrage an unprotected woman, and take advantage of the absent, than to the gentleman against whom you have used it;" and, darting on him one glance of supreme contempt, she swept away like an angry queen.

Left to his meditations, George shook his fist toward where she had vanished.

"Very well, my fine lady, very well," he said, aloud. "You treat me as so much dirt, do you? You shall smart for this, so sure as my name is George Caresfoot. Only wait till you are in my power, and you shall learn that I was never yet defied with impunity. Oh, and you shall learn many other things also."

From that time forward, Angela was, for a period of two months or more, subjected to an organized persecution as harassing as it was cruel. George waylaid her everywhere, and twice actually succeded in entering into conversation with her, but on both occasions she managed to escape from him before he could proceed any further. So persistently did he hunt her, that at last the wretched girl was driven to hide herself away in odd corners of the house and woods, in order to keep out of his way. Then he took to writing her letters, and sending handsome presents, all of which she returned.

Poor Angela! It was hard both to lose her lover and to suffer daily .rom the persecutions of her hateful cousin, which were now pushed forward so openly and with such pertinacity as to fill her with vague alarm. What made her position worse was, that she had no one in whom to confide, for Mr. Fraser had not yet returned. Pigott indeed knew more or less what was going on, but she could do nothing, except bewail Arthur's absehce, and tell her "not to mind." There remained her father, but with him she had never been on sufficiently intimate terms for confidences. Indeed, as time went on, the suspicion gathered strength in her mind that he was privy to George's advances, and that those advances had something to do with the harsh terms imposed upon Arthur and herself. But at last matters grew so bad that, having no other refuge, she determined to appeal to him for protection.

"Father," she said, boldly, one day to Philip, as he was sitting writing in his study, "my cousin George is persecuting me every day. I have borne it as long I can, but I can bear it no longer. I have come to ask you to protect me from him."

"Why, Angela, I should have thought that you were perfectly capable of protecting yourself. What is he persecuting you about? What does he want?"

"To marry me, I suppose," answered Angela, blushing to her eyes.

"Well, that is a very complimentary wish on his part, and I can tell you what it is, Angela, if only you could get that young Heigham out of your head, you might do a deal worse."

"It is quite useless to talk to me like thatf" she answered, coldly.

"Well, that is your affair; but it is very ridiculous of you to come and ask me to protect you. The woman must, indeed, be a fool who can not protect herself."

And so the interview ended.

Next day Lady Bellamy called again.

"My dear child," she said to Angela, "you are not looking well, this business worries you, no doubt; it is the old struggle between duty and inclination, that we have most of us gone through. Well, there is one consolation, nobody who ever did his or her duty, regardles of inclination, ever regretted it in the end."

"What do you mean, Lady Bellamy, when you talk about my duty?"

"I mean the plain duty that lies before you of marrying your cousin George, and of throwing up this young Heigham."

"I recognize no such duty."

"My dear Angela, do look at the matter from a sensible point of view, think what a good thing it would be for your father, and remember, too, that it would reunite all the property. If ever a girl had a clear duty to perform, you have."

"Since you insist so much upon my 'duty,' I must say that it seems to me that an honest girl in my position has three duties to consider, and not one, as you say, Lady Bellamy. First, there is her duty to the man she loves, for her the greatest duty of any in the world; next, her duty to herself, for her happiness and selfrespect are involved in her decision, and, lastly, her duty to her family. I put the family last, because, after all, it is she who gets married, not her family."

Lady Bellamy smiled a little.

"You argue well; but there is one thing that you overlook, though I am sorry to have to pain you by saying it, young Mr. Heigham is no better than he should be. I have made inquiries about him, and think that I ought to tell you that."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that his life, young as he is, has not been so creditable as it might have been. He has been the hero of one or two little affairs. I can tell you about them, if you like."

"Lady Bellamy, your stories are either true or untrue. If true, I should take no notice of them, because they must have happened before he loved me; if untrue, they would be a mere waste of breath, so I think that we may dispense with the stories—they would influence me no more than the hum of next summer's gnats."

Lady Bellamy smiled again.

"You are a curious woman," she said; "but, supposing that there were to be a repetition of these little stories after he loved you, what would you say then?"

Angela looked troubled, and thought awhile.

"He could never go far from me," she answered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I hold the strings of his heart in my hands, and I have only to lift them to draw him back to me—so. No other woman, no living force, can keep him from me, if I choose to bid him come."

"Supposing that to be so, how about the self-respect you spoke of just now? Could you bear to take your lover back from the hands of another woman?"

"That would entirely depend upon the circumstances, and upon what was just to the other woman."

"You would not then throw him up without question?"

"Lady Bellamy, I may be very ignorant and simple, but I am neither mad orr a fool. What do you suppose that my life would be worth to me if I threw Arthur up? If I remained single it would be an aching void, as it is now, and, if I married any other man while he still lived, it would become a daily and shameful humiliation such as I had rather die than endure."

Lady Bellamy glanced up from under her heavy-lidded eyes. a thought had evidently struck her, but she did not express it.

"Then I am to tell your cousin George that you will have absolutely nothing to do with him?"

"Yes, and beg him to cease persecuting me; it is quite useless; if there were no Arthur and no other man in the world I would not marry him. I detest him—I can not tell you how I detest him."

"It is amusing to hear you talk so, and to think that you will certainly be Mrs. George Caresfoot within nine months."

"Never," answered Angela, passionately stamping her foot upon the floor. "What makes you say such horrible things?"

"I reflect," answered Lady Bellamy, with an ominous smile, "that George Caresfoot has made up his mind to marry you, and that I have made up my mind to help him to do so, and that your will, strong as it certainly is, is, as compared with our united wills, what a straw is to a gale. The straw cannot travel against the wind, it must go with it, and you must marry George Caresfoot. You will as certainly come to the altar-rails with him as you will to your death-bed. It is written in your face. Good-by."

For the first time Angela's courage really gave way as she heard these dreadful words. She remembered how she herself had called Lady Bellamy an embodiment of the "Spirit of Power," and now she felt that the comparison was just. The woman was power incarnate, and her words, which from anybody else she would have laughed at, sent a cold chill through her.

"She is a fine creature both in mind and body," reflected Lady Bellamy, as she stepped into her carriage. "Really, though I try to hate her, I can find it in my heart to be sorry for her. Indeed, I am not sure that I do not like her; certainly I respect her. But she has come in my path and must be crushed, my own safety demands it. At least, she is worth crushing, and the game is fair, for perhaps she will crush me. I should not be surprised; there is a judgment in those gray eyes of hers—Qui vivra verra. Home, William.

[To be Continued.]

GENERAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Dusky Belle (very fashionable)—I hears, Mrs. Johnsing, dat yo'is really gwine to Europe?

Mrs. Johnsing (also very fashionable)—Yes, Miss Thomson, we specs to sail nex' week.

Dusky Belle—Yo' takes a Cuna'dah ob co'se?

Mrs. Johnsing—No; Mistah Johnsing allowed dat we had bettah take de Ethiopia.

THE Saturday Gazette

IS THE BEST PAPER FOR

SUNDAY READING

Published in the Maritime Provinces.

Every Family should buy it and read it.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Can be had from the following Newsdealers and Rooksellers:

J. & A. McMILLAN, Prince William Street.

T. O'BRIEN & CO., King Street.

T. H. HALL, corner King and Germain Streets.

M. L. HARRISON, King Street.

D. McARTHUR, King Street.

E. G. NELSON, corner King and Charlotte Streets.

WATSON & Co., corner Charlotte and Union Streets.

D. JENNINGS, Union street.

J. D. McAVITY, Brussell Street.

G. A. MOORE, corner Brussels and Richmond Street.

R. W. McCARTY, Haymarket Square.

JOHN GIBBS, Sydney Street.

JAMES CRAWFORD, corner Duke and Carmarthen.

R. A. H. MORROW, Garden Street.

JAMES CRAWFORD, Main Street Portland.

J. D. ROBEREON, Wall Street, Portland.

R. E. COUPE, Main Street, Portland.

ALBERT McARTHUR, Main Street, Portland.

JAMES McKINNEY, corner Charlotte and St. James Street.

J. BROWN, Indiantown Post Office.

G. W. HOBEN, Union Hall, Portland

WM. RORERTSON, Exmouth street.

E. WALSH, corner Clarence and Brussels streets,

D. J. GILLIS, Marsh Road.

KING & IRWIN, corner Princess and Charlotte street.

THOS. L. DEAN, corner Duke and Carmarthen streets.

RICHARD EVANS, corner Carmarthen and Brittain streets.

L. E. DEFOREST, Coburg street.

NEWS STAND Intercolonial Passenger Depot.

W. MALONEY, corner Duke and Sydney streets.

P. DAVIS, Mill Street.

FAIRVILLE.

C. F. TILTON.

ST. STEPHEN.

C. H. SMITH & CO.

ST. ANDREWS.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

FREDERICTON.

W. T. H. FENETY.

WOODSTOCK.

G. W. VANWART.

MONCTON.

W. H. MURRAY.

SUSSEX.

H. A. WHITE.

HAMPTON.

DR. MACPHERSON,

ALBERT.

L. M. WOOD.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

T. L. CHAPPELL.

EASTPORT.

E. S. WAIDE.

SHEDIAC.

FRED. H. SMITH.

AMHERST.

G. F. BIRD.

ST. MARTINS.

M. KELLY.

YARMOUTH

WM. BYRNE.