The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip, it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 17, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

THE "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The MIRAMICHI ADVANCE having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of East Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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CHATHAM N B

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NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
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Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets which are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value.
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Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth
Also Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect
Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No 53.
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WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
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Laths,
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THOS. W. FLETT,
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WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
SPONGES
A Beautiful Line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
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May 18, 1896.

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ALL WHO ARE DESIRING CLOTHES WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
W. L. T. Weldon's
Tailoring Establishment,
WATER STREET.
We Give you the Very Best Value for Your Money.
Our Ulsters and Overcoats of Beavers, Meltons, Frizes and Serges, are acknowledged the best and are made in prices ranging from $12 to $30.
Our Scotch and English Tweed Suitings are of the very latest style and Patterns, and best anything in the market.
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Our Ready made Ulsters and Overcoats will simply astonish you. A good Ulster for $4.00 and our $8.00 Ulsters are regular $12 Coats. Call at once and get fitted up for X'mas

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THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
.. .. IS AT THE .. ..
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
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ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOILET CONDIES AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
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Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
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Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN,
ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley deceased, are Plaintiffs and William McDougal is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that piece parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Lock stead Settlement, Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William McDougall by reference to the grant with more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Renous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Ware, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes, east twelve chains and fifty links and thence south eighty-four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains to the place of beginning containing over a hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one hundred and twelve, in Lockstead Settlement.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiff's solicitor.

Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
Winter Arrangement!
ONE TRIP A WEEK
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BOSTON.

COMMENCING Dec. 23rd the Steamship "St. Croix" will leave St. John every THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning will leave Boston MONDAY, at 8 a.m., Portland, 5 p.m.
Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations, and Baggage Checked through.
Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent.
C. E. LAMBLER, Agent.
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FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
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HAY AND OATS,
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COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
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A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

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There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the county of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the Twenty First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte Elizabeth Grady are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Brunswick Settlement, east, thence running by the magnet north eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy-two degrees, east fifteen chains to a spruce tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty-seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees west fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one in the Brunswick settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs solicitor.

Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiffs solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

X'MAS OF 1897
finds us with our usual large assortment of Holiday goods.
IN LEATHER GOODS
We have such articles as gents' Travelling Cases, Cuff and Collar Cases, Writing Tablets, Albums, Military Brushes in cases, Ladies' Wallets and Card Cases, Manicure Sets, etc.
IN CELLULOID AND WHITE METAL
We have Brush and Comb Cases, Manicure Sets, Shaving Cases, Necktie Cases, Jewel Cases, Photo Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Smokers' Sets, etc.
IN CHINA GOODS
We have such articles as Rose Bowls, Toilet Bottles, Fancy Trays, Chocolate Pitchers, as well as many other useful and ornamental pieces.
OUR PERFUMES
are beyond the ordinary, consisting of French, English and American goods and being put up in fancy bottles and boxes make very handsome X'mas Gifts.
Perfume Atomizers, Elegant Panel Pictures and Smokers' Supplies assist in completing our fine assortment.
Favor us with a call before going elsewhere as we are in a position to supply your wants.
HICKEY'S
DRUG STORE.
Next to R. A. Murdoch's, Chatham, N. B

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of
John McDonald & Co.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.

Chatham, June 17th, 1897.

While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.

JOHN McDONALD

MARK YOU!
We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
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QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

THE STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER I.

Looking at them as they lie in the shop-windows of the vendors of old gold—wedding-rings of every size, worn, bruised, taken most of them from hands that will never more be raised to caress or to threaten—who realizes the tragedies that belong to their history? The love of which they were the outward symbol is known on earth no more—the wave of time has passed over it, obliterating all trace; but what poetry, what romance, what tragedy ever equalled the stories attached to these old worn wedding-rings?

I have a story to tell of one—the ring that Paul Waldron placed on his wife's finger—a ring of plain thick gold.

The birds that had built their nests in the grand old trees of Dene Woods were singing their vesper hymn; the forest glades, the dells and knolls, the dark tangled shrubs, were all bathed in a flood of golden sunset light.

On the eastern side of the wood stood the pretty little cottage that had been given to Paul Waldron for himself and his beautiful young wife—a cottage such as poets delight to sing of—all covered with wild roses and woodbine, and with trailing sprays of jessamine, its windows framed with flowers, its rustic porch overgrown with scarlet creepers, and its large, old-fashioned garden containing almost every sweet flower that grows.

As it appeared now in the evening sunlight the air so full of richest fragrance, the roses all abloom, the little brook close by singing as it ran, the birds filling the air with jubilant song, the cottage in itself furnished matter for a poem.

At the door, looking intently down one of the broad woodland paths, stood a young and most beautiful woman—Ismay Waldron, Paul Waldron's wife, and mother of the lovely little boy playing on the grass. She was only nineteen; and marked by a great girlish beauty.

She had hair of shining brown, which looked like gold in the sunshine; it covered a head of most perfect shape and symmetry, falling in waving masses round a neck that also was perfect—it was such hair as the old masters loved to paint in their famous pictures of Mary Magdalene. She had eyes of an indescribable violet hue, with a golden light in their clear depths; they were bright and proud, but the long silken lashes softened them into wondrous beauty. Her brows were straight, and her forehead was white, rounded at the temples, and full of ideality. She had ripe red lips, the upper one short, the lower one full—a beautiful mouth that would have made even a plain face lovely; the chin was delicately moulded, and the curves of the neck and shoulders were full of grace.

Ismay Waldron was that most perfect of all poems—a beautiful woman. Her dress was quite plain, but the homely material only showed the marvelous beauty of her girlish figure to greater advantage. The hand that shaded her eyes was white and graceful. One might have wondered how she—living in a cottage, the wife of a man who worked hard for his daily bread—came by the dainty beauty, this delicate, graceful loveliness that would have been fit dowry for a queen.

Suddenly her eyes brightened, and a low musical laugh came from her lips. She heard her husband's footsteps, saw him in the distance, and hastened to meet him.

Paul Waldron had the true Norman type of face—dark, handsome, full of fire and power. He had dark eyes from which an undaunted soul looked out on the world, dark hair that clustered round a noble head, firm, well-closed lips, a tall, manly figure, a free, independent carriage and bearing, as though he felt himself to be any man's equal—and so indeed he did.

His whole face changed and softened when he saw his beautiful young wife.

"You are waiting for me, my darling," he said—"waiting and watching for me."

She clasped her little white hands around his arm, and they walked slowly home together.

"You have not been dull to-day, Ismay, I hope?" said the young husband questioningly.

"Not more dull than usual" she replied. "Oh, Paul, make haste to be rich, and let us leave this quiet, homely little cottage!"

His beautiful countenance fell as he listened to her. He drew the beautiful face towards him, and kissed it with a passion that knew no words.

"My darling wife, to me this little cottage is more beautiful than a palace; that is because I love you so dearly and it is our home. Do you not love it also?"

She smiled carelessly.

"Yes, but I cannot go into raptures over it. When we have a grand mansion—a large house full of all kinds of beautiful things—then I shall be as charmed as ever you wish me to be."

"But, Ismay, I must work long and hard, dear, before attempting to find you a large house. Will you never be happy or contented until then?"

A slight shadow came over her face.

"My darling," he continued earnestly, "you will never—oh, believe me!—you will never be happier than you are now. You have sunshine and music all the day long; the birds sing to you, the little brook there murmurs sweetest melody. I am no poet, Ismay—not even an educated man—but I can hear all these. You have bright flowers, the beauty of the morning heavens, the glory of the sunset, the long gloaming, and soft dewy nights. You will never be happier, sweet."

With a careless smile she looked into his earnest face.

"I should like a large house best," she said.

"I have you here all to myself," he resumed, "my beautiful bird of bright plumage, and I can worship you as I do. Your beauty makes my heart glad—your love makes earth like heaven to me. But, if we were rich, and lived in the great world, you would belong to so many others; others would delight in your loveliness, and follow you with praise. You know those favorite lines of mine, Ismay?—

"'Is in your eyes, my sweetest love,
My only world I see;
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me.'

"I should not like my beautiful wife to be admired by all the world. I am jealous, and would fain keep her all to myself."

"That is just what would please me," she said. "I long for this beautiful great world you seem to despise. The idea of passing my whole life in this pretty little cottage does not content me. I feel like a bird—I would fain stretch my wings and fly away." She looked laughingly at him. "Do you not think I am right, Paul? Answer me."

"No," he replied. "A woman should be content with the love and admiration she wins in her own home."

"I do not think," said Ismay, "frankly speaking, that they will ever content me."

She did not perceive how her words jarred upon his sensitive nature. He had been holding her tightly clasped in his arms, but now he let his arms fall nervelessly. She looked up at him again with a smile that was beautiful to behold.

"Will it be so very long before you are rich, Paul?"

"I cannot tell, Ismay. At present I have but little chance. I am Squire Schofield's steward; I keep his woods in order, and look after the farms. I have just sufficient money to keep our home—no more."

"But," she remonstrated, her lovely eyes growing dim with tears, "you told me that you would make money some day."

His face cleared; brighter thoughts evidently arose within him.

"That will be my patents, Ismay. I have something like a genius for mechanics, I believe. If I could but find time to work at one of my inventions, I think I could make a fortune."

"Then it is all uncertain!" she questioned, despondingly.

He drew his tall figure to its full height.

"I am vain enough to think the contrary, sweet. I have now an idea—if I could but work it out—as to an inexpensive method of improving the working power of steam engines. If anything should ever come of that, I shall be a rich man, Ismay."

"Then you must turn your mind to it, Paul," she said, caressingly.

"My darling," he responded, wistfully, "I would rather be poor—ah, believe me, love!—far rather. I am quite happy in this peaceful woodland life of ours; it seems to me ten thousand times more beautiful than anything that money could give; and it seems to me that if I won wealth I should in some measure lose you. Why, Ismay, the whole world would not compensate me for the loss of one atom of your affection!" And again that deep and wonderful love of his seemed to master him.

"You think of nothing but love," she said. "I think of a thousand things besides."

He looked at her half doubtingly.

"I have read of women whose souls were not fully awakened," he said; "but that cannot be the case with you. My own soul came into full, perfect, and beautiful life when I first saw and loved you. Money and luxury have no charm for me."

"They have a great charm for me, Paul. Of course I love you very dearly; but, when you have won for me all my heart desires, I shall love you even more."

The words were not kind; but she bent her lovely face near him with a smile that made him forget everything in the world except her.

"If I am to make a fortune," he said, suddenly. "I must study hard. Shall we have just one half hour out amongst the flowers? Afterwards I will get my books, and do my best."

She accompanied him, and as they stood amongst the roses, Paul Waldron said to himself that no flower that bloomed was so fair as his beautiful wife. If it were possible he would win name, fame, and gold for her sweet sake—he would study hard toil, that she might have the toys her heart was fixed upon.

"They are but toys after all," he said to himself. "She loves dress and jewels—these are women's toys."

He took himself to task for having, even for a moment, felt impatient with her.

"Should I feel vexed because the birds love the sunshine," he said to himself, "or the butterflies love flowers? They follow their instincts. My beautiful Ismay, in loving all things bright and fair, only follows hers.

"If money could not buy beautiful things you would not care for it, Ismay," he said, looking earnestly at her.

She laughed aloud that sweet musical laugh which stirred his pulses and thrilled every nerve, as some soft strain of music would have done.

"You shall have money, he said, "I will never cease working until I have won for you your heart's desire.

CHAPTER II.

Martin Schofield, Esquire, was Lord of the Manor of West Dene. He was a wealthy man, and one who enjoyed life to its full extent. He had a great aversion to all kinds of responsibility and trouble; he had a land agent who managed one portion of his estate—the woods of Dene and the farms beyond them were under the care of Paul Waldron. By courtesy Paul was called the Squire's steward, but in reality his duties were more those of head keeper than anything else.

He was the son of poor parents. His father had been the head game keeper at West Dene Manor for many years; his mother was an amiable, gentle woman, whose very life was centered in that of her boy. They had given Paul a fair education—something above his station. The boy was naturally quick and clever, but his chief delight lay in mechanics. He liked all kinds of machinery; he enjoyed finding out how he could improve upon anything he saw made; he longed to learn some practical trade, but his parents were not willing. "The Squire had always promised," they said, "that their son should have the charge of the West Dene woods, and it was not kind of him even to wish for anything else." So, to please them, he accepted the Squire's offer, and before he reached his twentieth year he was master of the keeper's cottage.

"I can study," he thought; "I shall have long hours to myself, and I can work out the ideas that have lain so long in my brain."

But in a short time a change came over him. He went one day to a pretty little town called Ashburnham, and here he met his fate. There he saw Ismay Hope and, from that moment until the hour of his death he loved her with a deep, true, lasting love, and gave no thought to another.

He was walking down the principal street of the town when he met her. Her lovely face, her light graceful figure, her wealth of waving brown hair, the pretty blue cloak—he remembered the picture while he lived. He looked earnestly at her as she passed, and a faint smile rippled over her lips. That long, lingering gaze amused her. As a sudden glow of warm sunshine will bring to life some late-blossoming flower, so that half-smile, that one look at her seemed to bring Paul's whole soul to life; a new world opened to him—a great golden blaze of light seemed to have fallen at his feet, and he walked on, dazed, giddy and confused.

Then he turned back to see where she went. She entered a small house that stood by itself at the end of the street.

"I must know who she is," he said to himself. "I feel that I must win her."

His soul seemed on fire; there was to be no more peace, no more rest for him until he had won her. He did not leave Ashburnham that day until he had been introduced to Mrs. Hope and the beautiful girl who had so completely stolen his heart. Mrs. Hope was a widow; her husband had been in the Civil Service, and she was left with barely sufficient to live upon.

Paul told her frankly that he had seen her daughter, and had fallen in love with her.

"Many people do that," was the quiet reply. "But I must tell you although we call her Ismay Hope she is not my daughter."

Won by Paul's manner, his handsome face and eloquent words, she told him Ismay's story.

"She is no child, not even a relative, of mine," said Mrs. Hope; "nor have I the least idea where she comes from, or who her parents are. One summer night—it was very warm, and I was standing at the open window, watching the passersby—I saw a woman loitering near my house—in my own mind I called her then a lady, and I am inclined to call her so now; she had a pale, beautiful face, with wavy brown hair; she was poorly dressed, and held by the hand a little child. I saw her turn aside and drop a letter into the post-office; then, when she walked on again, her face grew paler, and her eyes had in them an agony of entreaty when they had met mine. I saw that she could hardly walk, and that in a few minutes more she must fall, so I spoke to her, and she looking at me, said:—

"'Oh, if you would but let me rest for one-half hour in your house! Will you, for the love of heaven?'

"I could not refuse such a request. She entered my house never to leave it alive.

"'My very heart seems chilled,' she said, when I had placed a chair for her. "She sat down, and called to her child.

"'Ismay, my darling, my heart is growing cold!' And immediately afterwards, when I went to help her, I found that she was dead. The coroner's verdict was that she died from disease of the heart, increased by over fatigue and privation. We buried her—all the neighbors were kind, and, looking at the beautiful dead face, none could suggest a workhouse funeral for her. We buried her, and then my husband said he would never part with the child. She was so like her mother, that the resemblance startled me. We buried the mother and kept the child. My husband almost worshiped her, and she has been called Ismay Hope ever since."

"You never discovered anything about her mother?" asked Paul.

"No; our vicar, Mr. Kirdell, inserted some advertisements in the papers, and made some inquiries, but all was in vain. The poor mother had round her neck a little gold locket containing the portrait of a gentleman, and besides her wedding ring she wore one with a motto inside it. The vicar took them all away with him. I fear we shall never know who that poor dead woman was."

"And the—the child—has been as a daughter to you ever since?" questioned Paul Waldron. "If I can persuade her to love me, Mrs. Hope, will you give her to me?"

And then the coy, blushing beauty came in and Paul Waldron was more enchanted than ever. He was not long before he had told her how dearly he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife. There were times when she puzzled him. There was something about her quite different from other girls; she was so refined, so gentle, her very beauty was of an unusual kind—dainty, exquisite, unlike the rosy beauty of the country girls. He found too, that her head was filled with romance. Who her mother was, formed an endless object of thought with her.

"I am sure," she said one day to her han some young lover, "that my mother was a lady, even though she was wandering through the streets with me alone."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

"I cannot tell. I feel sure of it. And I feel sure of another thing, Paul; and that, that though I have been brought up in this homely fashion, I am a lady myself. You may laugh at me, but I feel like one—or rather how I imagine a lady should feel. I love all things bright and beautiful; I detest everything mean, sordid, and little. I feel as though I had tastes which could never be gratified, longings which can never be realized. I have strange sensations alway of not being in my right place."

They were sitting under the spreading shade of a large oak-tree, the evening sun in its full splendor making everything bright. The next moment he was kneeling at her feet.

"You are not in your right place, darling. Your place is my cottage—that must be your home. You shall be my queen, and I will work for you as no man ever worked before, because I love you as no man ever loved."

He wooed her as women are seldom wooed, with such eloquence and truth, such love, such tenderness, that she could not resist him. His handsome face, his musical voice, his devotion, all touched her heart as nothing else could have done. She was too beautiful not to have many admirers, but none of them had pleased her. This handsome young keeper, with his dark eyes and thrilling voice, was quite different. His great passionate love touched her—his utter and entire devotion flattered her; beside which, he talked of one day being rich, and that was the one great wish of her heart. She knew that she was beautiful. To have her beauty adorned by costly dresses and rich jewels, to live in a grand house, to have servants to wait upon her, seemed to Ismay Hope the very acme of bliss.

She did not stop to consider how visionary after all was Paul's idea of growing rich. He would show her occasionally models of steam-engines or of looms, and tell her that a patent for his invention and that improvement would make him a wealthy man. He painted the future for her in glowing colors, and after many months of chivalrous wooing he persuaded her to be his wife.

Did she love him then? Many times in the dark after years Ismay Waldron asked herself that question. She believed she did; his devotion, the flattery of his great love, was as needful to her as the air she breathed. It was a grand thing too, to win the love of the handsome game keeper; all the girls envied her. She did not dislike the idea of being her own mistress Mrs. Hope had always been very strict with her; the cottage, moreover, was a pretty home; and then Paul loved her so—oh how dearly he loved her! She was very young to marry, but Mrs. Hope seemed to think that did not matter.

Continued on 4th Page.

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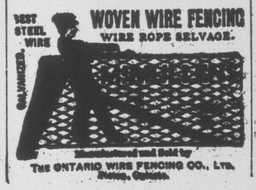

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NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next ensuing session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick for the passing of an act to authorize the Town Council of the Town of Chatham to impose a license or tax equal at least to a poll tax on Mechanics and laborers not being rate payers in the parish of Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, 7th February, 1898

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
Mayor.

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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows:—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited."

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General

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