[Continued from 1st page.]

CRISSCROSS LOVE.

He paused and held her hand. "I could have wished"—he began.

Freda started back, half alarmed. "No, no, Mr. Gilman," she said, anticipating his words. "You may feel it, if you will but you must not say it."

"Then you know what I meant!" Phil cried, leaning eagerly forward

Freda's bosom heaved and fell. "How could I help it?" she asked. "You must have felt I knew it."

Phil looked at her earnestly. "What ought I to do?" he asked. "You see how things stand. I loved her dearly once. Now—yes I will speak the truth I love some one else better. No, don't start away. I want you to advise me, to help me, to counsel me. Is it right of me, then, knowing and feeling all this, to marry her? Can I meet her tomorrow and pretend I love her as I loved her five years ago? Ought I not rather to make a clean breast of it from beginning to end and explain to her that my heart is no longer hers; that, as things stand, I ought not to marry her? Is it right to bind her to me for life when I no longer know whether or not I can make her happy? Oh, Miss Trevelyan—Freda—do counsel me, advise me!"

The beautiful girl held one hand up deprecating. "You musn't call me so," she said in a very low voice. "It is unjust to her—and to me, Mr. Gilman, though perhaps if only"— She broke off suddenly. "But, indeed," she went on, after a deep pause. "I think it would be cruel to her to bring her to Bombay and then not marry her. You must do it now, at all hazards. Either way is bad—to marry a woman you no longer love, or to break the heart of a woman that loves you. But the last is infinitely worse than the first. You must go on with it now, whatever it costs you. It's two late to go back. You may ruin your life but you protect your honor."

"Well, but, Freda," Phil cried, with a very pleading voice, "wouldn't it just be possible"—

"You musn't call me Freda," the beautiful woman said, with gentle firmness. "You must forget all about me. Take me back to my uncle. It is wrong of us to have stopped here so long together."

Phil stood off a little and looked at her.

"But we can always be friends," he said very slowly.

The woman in Freda rose up irresistibly for a second.

"Yes, we can always be friends," she answered, with a lingering cadence, then after a short pause, "though, after all, Mr. Gilman, that's poor consolation."

And the moment she'd said it womanly shame overcame her, and she rushed back, all blushes, into her uncle's drawing room.

But Phil Gilman lay half that livelong night, the night before Aggie was to arrive in India, thinking over to himself the evil turns of fate below and the curious tricks that fortune sometimes plays us. He knew now that Freda would have married him had he been free to marry her. She had as good as told him so in those few last words but come what might he must marry Aggie. And so those two good young people, one in Bombay and one on the Indian ocean, were rightly prepared to make four lives unhappy that might all have gone straight, out of pure devotion to the cause of duty.

It had come down to duty now. They both frankly recognized it. Phil felt he could never do anything but marry Aggie after bringing her out all the way from England to meet him. Aggie felt she could never do anything but marry Phil after he had actually paid her passage money and arranged for her outfit. And both were prepared to go to their martyrdom with the best grace they could summon up for the sake of the other and the purely historical love they had once felt for another.

CHAPTER VI.

Next day was stormy, and when it's stormy at Bombay I can tell you it really is stormy. The Indus arrived in due course in the open bay, surf running very high. No surf in the world like the surf that beats upon Malabar point in heavy weather. The passengers were transferred to the little lighter boats which take people ashore from the ocean steamers. To Aggie, who had never been away from England before, the whole scene of the landing was peculiarly terrifying. The sight of the black boatmen, naked to the waist, all clamoring and jabbering in their unknown tongue; the high surf on which the little boats danced up and down like corks; the novelty of the situation; the painful feeling of parting from her fellow voyagers, with whom she had struck up a good many friendships on the way, and the horrid sense of being abandoned to the tender mercies of strangers in a strange land—all these things conspired to produce on her mind a terrible sinking of awe and terror. She looked around her helplessly. Mrs. Mackinnon, her chaperon, was to land in the same boat, but that fact, I will frankly confess, gave Aggie far less comfort than the other consideration that Angus Stuart was also to accompany them. Women are timorous creatures. They need the consolation of the opposite sex. Aggie didn't think she could ever have stepped into that dreadful boat, all dancing on the surf and with those strange black creatures shouting and gesticulating, without a man to take care of her, and if a man, then Angus Stuart by preference. She wasn't afraid of him, she said to herself, and she knew he would protect her against sea and savages, for as so many savages Aggie simply envisaged those good unsophisticated Bombay boatmen.

She hardly knew how she ever tumbled into that boat, but she tumbled in somehow, with Angus Stuart's aid, and sat cowering in the stern, while the spray dashed up against the sides in a surprising manner. In a very few minutes the boat was full and the boatmen began to get under weigh for the quay with strange cries and loud ejaculations. Aggie had never seen anything so terrific in her life, and though Angus assured her there wasn't the slighest danger—I'm afraid I must admit she sometimes thought of him as Angus in her own heart, though she was on her way out to marry Phil Gilman—she couldn't quite believe him. At each very big wave, she crouched nearer and nearer him.

"Oh, Captain Stuart," she cried at last, "do please hold my hand! I don't know what I shall ever do. We can't stop and get out? Oh, I am so frightened!"

The young man tried his best to assure her there was no danger, but Aggie was inconsolable. And indeed the surf was running very high and dangerous. Even the native boatmen looked ahead with evident apprehension. The waves broke over them once or twice and drenched them. It was dreadful to have crossed the Mediterranean and the Red sea in perfect safety and then to be tossed and bullied like this, well within sight of Bombay harbor. The nearer they got to shore the more appalling, of course, did the surf become. It's famous, that surf. It makes Malabar point itself almost uninhabitable at certain seasons. At last Aggie could suffer her alarm no longer. She shrank back with all a woman's appealing terror.

"Oh, do put your arm around me Captain Stuart," she cried in pure feminine fear. "Whatever shall I do? I am so frightened!"

Just at that moment one of the boatmen missed his hold on the treacherous water, and of a sudden the lighter slued round, broadside to the waves, and all was up with them. Aggie clapped her hands to her ears. There was a sound of rushing water, a horrible sense of wetness and helplessness and terror, and next instant she was aware of a great salt flood rushing in at mouth and eyes and ears and nostrils. She was sinking to the bottom! They had capsized the boat! She was drowning!

Down, down, down, in that deep warm watter! Even in the midst of her terror Aggie was dimly consciousnes of the fact that it was warm, not chilly. If you've got to be drowned, she thought to herself vaguely as she gasped and choked, it's better to be drowned in warm than in cold water. Down, down, down, to the very lowest depths, and then slowly up again! She reach the surface spluttering. Oh, great heavens, what waves, what surf, what large mountains of watter! Aggie couldn't swim, but even if she could no swimmer, she felt sure, could ever live through those irresistible billows.

One of the black boatmen, more accustomed to such mishaps, made a desperate grab at her. Aggie, horrified at his dusky hands, wriggled aside and eluded him. She was going down a second time now. Even with the water in her ears and eyes and mouth she remembered to have read that if you go down three times all is up with you (a foolish superstition, which must only two often have worked out its own fulfillment.) She gasped and struggled. All at once she thought to herself, "Oh, if only Captain Stuart could catch me!" And straightway, upon the thought, she felt two strong arms around her and was aware that Angus Stuart had come to her rescue.

What followed she hardly knew. To say the truth the art of surf swimming is much simpler than it looks. If you try to breast the waves or go broad side on to them, all is up with you at once. You are tossed a helpless corpse on the beach in front of you. But if you merely rise on the crest and let the wave carry you with it landward you find yourself deposited gently ashore in an incredibly short space of time. All you have to do then is to run deftly out of reach before the force of the undertow begins to suck you back again. Angus Stuart, as it happened, was an adept in the art, and almost before Aggie quite realized what was actually happening he was standing with her on the sand, well out reach of the waves, and holding her tight in her dripping clothes to prevent her from fainting,

As for Aggie, in that first flush of joy and relief at her delivery from such appalling and impending danger she forgot everything on earth exceept her sense of gratitude to her brave deliverer and clung to him passionately and covered him with kisses.

CHAPTER VII.

Phill was standing on the shore and witnessed with some little resentment this unrehearced effect in a living drama. His own greeting of Aggie was perhaps a trifle less warm than might have been expected after five years' separation. But then, you see, it might be pleaded in extenuation that Aggie was wet, most painfully wet, and that Angus Stuart was quite obviously in possession. It was an awkward moment. However, after a short pause, Phil took Aggie over so to speak, and proceeded to accompany her up to the house of their mutual friend, whence she expected to be married. Angus Stuart came round there, too, after a very brief interval for changing his clothes. Naturally enough, he was anxious to learn how the lady he had rescued had survived her wetting.

The young soldier had a word or two alone with the little bride in the room behind, while Phil talked to their hostess in the big front drawing room. By this time Aggie had got the fluffy hair tolerably dry and had endued herself in her pretty little morning dress with the pique waistcoat. She looked really charming. Angus Stuart thought he had never seen her quite so sweet before. She looked up at him appealingly.

"Well, shall I speak to him?" Angus asked.

And Aggie, drawing back, made answer very low: "Oh, no, not for worlds! You musn't! How could you?"

But the soldier was fortunately of bolder mold. With a resolute face he went up to Philip.

"Might I have a few words with you alone, Mr. Gilman?" he asked quietly.

Phil half expecting what was coming, bowed his head in acquiescence, and the two men went out together on the broad veranda.

Angus Stuart cleared his throat. It was an awkward subject to tackle, but there was no avoiding it.

"It's some years since you saw Miss Oswald, I believe?" he began tentatively.

Phil met him half way. "Yes, some years," he answered, "and I imagine Miss Oswald has had almost time to change her mind meanwhile." He said it a little anxiously.

"Well, no. Perhaps not quite that," Angus answered, with a faint smile of pleasure, "but you see, I've had it in my power to render her to-day a slight service, and—but I've no right to speak on her behalf, and I'm sure she desires to act honorably in the matter."

"Precisely my desire," Phill murmured meaningly.

Angus Stuart caught by instinct at the faint undercurrent of intonation in his singificant words.

"To act honorably?" he repeated, with a tone of abstract inquiry. "You put it on these grounds, then?"

"I do perhaps," Phil answered, a sympathetic glance in his neighbor's eye.

Angus ventured to be still bolder. "Then you wouldn't feel it a slight," he said quickly, "an irreparable slight, if, as a consequence of recent events, Miss Oswald"—

"On the coutrary," Phil answered frankly, helping him out in turn, "recent events on my side too"—And he broke off shortly.

They looked at each other and smiled. They had no need to say much more. But Angus drew back a little.

"I think I understand," he said "Another lady"—

"Quite so," Phil answered. "And in Miss Oswald's case, I suppose, another gentleman"—

"In point of fact—myself," Angus replied, growing hot.

"Then, as a matter of honor, neither side is bound," Phil put in somewhat timidly.

"I think not" the soldier replied. "And as to the business arrangements, I fancy you and I can settle those between us."

When Aggie came to hear of it all afterward, only one serious difficulty in the way occurred to her. She hesitated to mention it. But Angus Stuart gave her an easy lead.

"Well, your trousseau'll do, Aggie," he said, laughing, a little later that very evening. (It was Aggie and Angus by that time between them.)

"Ye-es," Aggie answered, with a blush, holding her head very low, "but—the worst of it is, my things, don't you know, are all marked A. Gilman."

Bombay had never two gayer weddings. And nobody on earth was ever more astonished than poor old Mrs. Oswald when she received the news that Aggie was married, not to Phil Gilman, but to an officer she had met on board the Indus

A VAST DIFFERENCE.

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The genuine Paine's Celery Compound—the kind that cures—is easily distinguished by the words "Paine's Celery Compound," and the "stalk" of celery, found on the bottle and outer cartoon. Look for these special features and you always get just what will meet your case.

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THREE TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

Commencing Sept. 11th the steamers of this company will leave St John for Eastport, Lubec and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 7.00 a. m. (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and St. John.

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Connexions made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen.

All Agents in the East sell Through Tickets and Check Baggage Through. Call on or address your nearest Ticket Agent.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent, St . . . B

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That desirable property situate near Saint Paul's church, Upper Chatham, known as the DesBrisay property, running from the river to the rear lots and containing about ninety five acres. There is a good house and barn and a good deal of wood land with some ten acres cleared in front. There is also a good fishing privilege in front.

The subscriber wishes also to sell the marsh lot at the mouth of the Tabusintacriver known as the John Murray Marsh Terms moderate.

Chatham, 26th March 1895. MARY CHALMERS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having any just claims against the estate of Patrick Lannon, late of the Parish of Beresford in the County of Gloucester, farmer, deceased, are requested to file the same, duly attested, with the undersigned, or either of them, within one month from date.

Dated Belledune N. B. 30th September 1895.

JOHN CURRY, H. G. POIRIER, M. TALBOT, } Executors.

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ONE NEW ROYD THRESHER COMPLETE. Can be seen at the Railway Station, Chatham. For particulars apply by letter to VANMETER, BUTCHER & CO., Moncton.

11.14.

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Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

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Terms made known by groom.

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MEN OR WOMEN IN EVERY locality (local or travelling), to introduce a new discovery, and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary $65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars, write THE WORLD MEDICAL ELECTRIC CO, P O Box 221, London, Ont., Canada.

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WANTED.— ACTIVE, HONEST GENTLEMAN OR LADY to travel representing established, reliable house. Salary $65 monthly and traveling expenses, with increase, if suited. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope.

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REMOVAL.

Dr. John S. Benson, has removed his office to the Bowser Cottage opposite his former residence.

He will reside at Mr. Samuel Benson's, next Mr. Haviland's Harness shop: where he will be found during the night, and where messages can be left during his absence

Chatham, 13 Sept. 1895.

CHATHAM

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I wish to make known to the public in general that I have on hand the best stock of carriages and farm implements ever offered for sale in this country. They consist of the following:

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES of different styles,
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4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

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It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
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This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

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Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health, Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants.

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As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

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J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

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JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

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The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood: am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON

CHATHAM, N. B.