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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

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On Her Wedding Morn.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

Just then Lewis came in, her face grave and anxious.

"Mrs. Neville," she said, "Doctor Fletcher would like to see you."

Promising to join him at once, I turned to Miss Vane, and whispered to her:—

"An idea has just occurred to me. You would like to see Lord Wynton without being recognized? Well, dress yourself in your maid's attire. She wears a front of false curls; borrow it, and that will disguise you; put on her glasses, too, and her neckerchief—no one will know you then."

"That is the very thing," she said, gratefully. "I will do it at once, for I must see him."

And then I went upstairs with Lewis, who was almost as confused and embarrassed as her mistress.

"Of all the wonderful things to happen!" she said, wringing her hands "It is stranger than a romance, Mrs. Neville. If you only knew!"

"Lewis," I said, "Miss Vane wished to see our patient."

Her face grew pale, and her eyes opened wide

"Miss Vane wishes to see Lord Wynton?" she repeated. "It is impossible!"

"It is true; she desires to see him, but she does not wish him to recognize her. I have suggested that she should dress herself in some of your clothes. Will you help her?"

"Ah! poor lady, that I will. My poor mistress! This will kill her—my poor lady!"

So, moaning and lamenting, the faithful old servant hurried to her lady's dressing-room, and I went to the doctor.

"There is better news, Mrs. Neville" said the doctor, "I can see an improvement. I want you to attend to these iced cloths, and see that they are applied regularly. I must go home—I want several things which no one but myself can find."

"I will remain until you return, Doctor Fletcher." I promised, thinking that his absence would give Miss Vane a fair chance of seeing the invalid.

He went. Some twenty minutes afterward I heard a sound outside the door. I opened it hastily, and there stood Miss Vane, so skillfully disguised that at first sight I hardly recognized her. Her lips were white and trembling, and her eyes appealed piteously to me.

"You must be brave," I said; "if you break down the consequences may be serious."

"I never break down," was the laughing reply, and then she stepped into the room.

She had well disguised the loveliness of her face, but she could not disguise the imperial beauty of her stately figure. As she went up to Lord Wynton's bedside she seemed to grope with her hands as one suddenly blinded, and then she sunk on her knees by his side, and buried her face in her hands.

After she had knelt there some time, and she raised her head slowly as she looked at the white face and closed eyes, a great, gasping sob coming from her lips. The sound must have reached him, for he moved uneasily.

"You will be very careful?" I whispered.

"Yes," she replied; and then she forgot my presence—she was alone with heaven, and with him.

Oh! the gentleness of her touch as she drew back the clusters of hair from his head, her eyes riveted on him, tears raining down her face. It seemed to me that he must have known something of what was passing, he grew so calm and quiet under her gentle, caressing touch. So she knelt for nearly an hour. One thing struck me. Though she was bending over him, her face close to his, her lips quivering, she never offered to kiss him. He did not open his eyes. To me it seemed that, soothed by her gentleness, he slept. Presently she spoke in a low murmur, yet every word fell distinctly on my ears.

"I forgive you, Clive—all the fierce hate and hot anger, the pride and sullen despair, have died out of my heart. Before heaven I forgive you. I pray that every curse I have heaped on you may turn into a blessing. I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven."

And then she kissed his hand, and I thought in my own mind she was bidding him farewell.

"I never thought to have seen you again," she continued, in the same low, passionate voice. "There are lines on your face and round your lips that tell me you have suffered. You will never know in this world that I have knelt by your side and looked into your face—that I have whispered words of pardon to you, but you will know it in heaven. Clive, you will know that I took back my cruel curse, and in heaven's name forgave you."

Her head sunk on his breast, and as she lay there a bright golden sunbeam came in at the window and played round them, touching his white face and making an aureole of glory round her.

The warm sunbeam seemed to rouse her. She raised her head and gazed about her with a dazed, dreamy air. She had evidently for the time forgotten all present things. She rose and turned to leave him. When she reached the door she looked back, gave a low, moaning cry, and fell with her face on the ground.

"I knew," said Jane Lewis, when she answered my hasty summons, "that she was not strong enough for it; but she would do it. As though she had not suffered enough!"

It was not for many minutes that merciful oblivion lasted. I was compelled to intrust her to Lewis and remain with Lord Wynton.

On the doctor's return he pronounced him much better. Again he asked if he would have another professional man; but, remembering our peculiar circumstances, I said:—

"No, we will do without one."

"Lord Wynton will recover," said Dr. Fletcher; "I have no fear now. But he will require great care and attention for some days."

Not long afterward I had the satisfaction of seeing my patient unclose his eyes and of hearing him speak in a low voice. His first conscious action was to raise his hand to his head.

"Am I much injured?" he asked me.

"Not much," I replied, cheerfully. "A little patience, a little rest, and you will be all right."

"I remember all about the accident," he said. "The train fell over the bridge into the river."

He shuddered as though the memory of the dreadful scene were still with him.

"Try to forget," I said; "try to sleep"

But he did not seem inclined to obey me.

"Will you tell me where I am?" he asked, after a short time.

"Yes; you were brought to the River House, near Daintree," I replied. "The mistress of the house saw the accident, and ordered you to be brought here."

"Are you the mistress?" he asked.

"No. Miss Vane lives here. It is to her you are indebted, not to me."

"Miss Vane," he repeated, indifferently; the name was evidently not familiar to him. "And you?" he interrogated.

"I am Mrs. Neville, Miss Vane's friend, and your nurse for the time being; in virtue of my office I insist upon your going to sleep, and refuse absolutely to answer another question."

Afterward it struck me as strange that he had not even seemed to remember the fact of his wife's existence.

CHAPTER IX.—"A SCARLET POPPY AND A MAIDEN BLUSH-ROSE."

"Mrs. Neville," said the patient voice of Mary Smith, the housemaid, "I should be glad if you would see the Lady. I can do nothing with her."

"What is the matter, Mary?" I asked.

"Well, ma'am, I can not please or satisfy her She will not take anything the doctor sends; and she finds fault with everything."

I went. Lady Wynton was up and dressed, walking about the room with hurried steps, and seeming altogether in a very impatient frame of mind. She turned to me abruptly.

"I am very glad to see you—I am glad to see any one. This absurd person who is supposed to attend to me annoys me very much."

I bowed quietly, making no answer. The quietness of my manner seemed to restrain her.

"Because some ridiculous country doctor has told this worthy woman that I am to be kept quiet, she refuses to answer me any questions. I was not injured in the accident—I was merely stunned; and I want to know where I am."

"You are at River House," I replied; "and River House is near Daintree."

"To whom does River House belong?" she asked, more graciously.

"It is the residence of Miss Vane," I answered.

"Miss Vane? I should like to see her then, to thank her."

"Pardon me, Lady Wynton, Miss Vane is an invalid. She sees no one. I must ask you to consider me as her substitute."

"Surely Miss Vane will not refuse to see me if I desire it?" she questioned, proudly.

"I assure you that Miss Vane sees no one," I replied; and then I began to wonder if the wife would forget the husband as the husband had forgotten the wife.

"It was a terrible accident," she said. "I have no recollection of anything that occurred after I signalled for help. How came I to be brought here?"

There was not one word of him, the man on whose breast Huldah Vane had bowed her head, praying, I knew, to die there.

"You were brought here with Lord Wynton." I replied. "The doctor ordered him to be carried to the nearest house. It happened to be this one."

"So I was brought with him!" she said, with a strange little laugh. "That was a happy idea. We were in the same carriage, I remember."

Her remark struck me as curious. She did not ask how he was.

"The doctor does not think that I am injured, does he?" she asked, after a time.

"Not in the least," I replied, coldly; her indifference to everything but herself angered me.

"Then I shall not be compelled to remain here?" she interrogated.

"I am sure Miss Vane will be pleased to show you all hospitality until Lord Wynton has quite recovered. Pray do not think of leaving him."

Again came that strange laugh.

"Does he know that I am here?" she asked.

"I can not tell you, Lady Wynton. I do not know."

"Did he ask if I was living or dead?" she inquired.

I felt confused; for the whole world I could not tell why. His indifference about her had not angered me as did hers about him.

"You do not answer me—you do not like to tell me the truth, that he forgot all about me—never cared to know whether I had been killed or saved. We are certainly model man and wife. I must be more considerate. Pray, how is Lord Wynton? My heart is not one of the easily broken kind—do not hesitate to tell me."

There was a mocking smile on her lips, a mocking light in her eyes—in her entire manner derision and contempt.

"Lord Wynton's life was despaired of at first," I replied, curtly; "but he has recovered consciousness, and is in a fair way toward recovery."

"I thought he would escape," she said, and to me it seemed that there was real regret in her voice.

"I have not asked to whom I have the pleasure of speaking," she said, after a time.

"I am a friend of Miss Vane's; my name is Mrs. Neville," I replied.

"Will you ask Miss Vane if she will see me? I can not think of remaining here unless I can see the mistress of the house."

"I will ask Miss Vane."

"There are one or two other things I should like to mention. I can not take the tea that woman brings; I prefer French chocolate, I like, too, a little claret at breakfast time, with fruit, no your English compounds—they are horrible. And have you no French novels in the house. How am I to pass my time?"

Feeling too angry for words, I left her.

I can not well describe Lady Wynton. I did not think she was an Englishwoman, although she spoke with a tolerable accent. She was beautiful, but it struck me that her fair beauty was of a made-up kind—all glitter. Her wealth of hair was artistically arranged, her eyes were large and blue, with a steely glitter, her lips red, her teeth gleaming white but there was a touch of Parisian art about face and figure. She was tall, well formed, and elegant rather than graceful. One thing was quite plain to me—she was not a lady; no matter what her tastes or position, she lacked the refinement and good breeding of an English gentlewoman. Still I was bound to comply with her wishes.

Going to Miss Vane's room, I found her sitting at the window. She did not look round as I entered; on her face were traces of bitter, passionate tears.

"Lady Wynton is desirous of seeing you, Miss Vane," I said, "She would like to thank you, and to mention several little things needful for her comfort."

She turned her head quickly enough then—such contempt, such unutterable scorn, such anger, I never saw evinced in any face before.

"I decline to see Lady Wynton," she returned, curtly.

"So I told her; but she persisted in sending the message."

"I persist also in sending a refusal," she declared. "Anything that she requires for her comfort let her have; but for heaven's sake keep her out of my sight!"

"She wants French chocolate and French novels," I said, laughingly.

"Oh! give them to her. Only keep her away from me!" was the contemptuous response.

After a short time she obtained a little stool and sat down at my feet, laying her head on my knee; it was the first time she had used that caressing manner with me

"Mrs. Neville," she said, slowly, "I want to ask you a question. Tell me, what do you think of Lady Wynton?"

She asked the question with curious shyness. My reply was abrupt.

"I do not like her at all, Miss Vane."

"Do you not? She is beautiful, I suppose?"

"After the fashion of a Parisian actress—nothing more."

For a time she seemed buried in thought, and then, with a soft moan on it, she raised her fair face to mine.

"Do not think me vain, Mrs. Neville, but you have seen us both—should you imagine Lady Wynton to be a woman whom a gentleman—a man of refinement and taste—would prefer to me—who would be better loved than I could her?"

"No; there is as much difference between Lady Wynton and yourself as between a scarlet poppy and a maiden blush-rose. But have you seen Lady Wynton, Miss Vane?"

"Yes, I saw her once, but under strange circumstances; I could not judge of what she was really like"; and then she continued, shyly: "Does she, do you think, love Lord Wynton very much?"

"I do not think she does, Miss Vane; I should imagine that all the love and interest she feels are centered in herself."

"Poor Clive!" I heard her say; and then she asked me if I knew where they were going when the accident happened.

I told her to Paris.

"Mrs. Neville," she said, "I have one great wish, one intense longing—it is to see them together—husband and wife. I shall never, in all human probability, see either of them again; and I wish, before they go, to see them together. Can it be managed?"

"I will think about it, and tell you later on," I replied, determined that she should be gratified, if it were possible.

CHAPTER X.—"HANDS THAT I USED TO LOVE VERY DEARLY."

"Mrs. Neville," said the shrill, clear voice of Lady Wynton, "it is hardly needful for me to remain here any longer. The house is very dull and quiet and there is not a novel in the place fit to read—in very truth, I am bored to death, and should like to go."

"You will like to remain until Lord Wynton goes," I said, surprised.

She looked at me in real, unaffected astonishment.

"Lord Wynton!" she exclaimed. "Why, what has his going or staying to do with me?"

"I believe the movements of a husband generally concern his wife," I replied.

"We are an exception," said Lady Wynton, laughing. "I do not live with Lord Wynton; we do not share the same house, home, or even country. Ah, I see, Mrs. Neville! You are not acquainted with all the gossip and rumor of the great world, or you would know that while Lord Wynton kills time after his own fashion at Wyndere Park, I hold a little court of my own in la belle France. I have not seen Lord Wynton for some years until lately."

I offered no remark.

"I see!" she continued, with a mocking laugh. "Because we were travelling in one carriage you fancied we were devoted—of the Darby-and-Joan type Nothing of the kind. No two people could care less for each other, or be greater strangers, than Lord Wynton and myself. It was a mere accident our being in the railway carriage together I reside in the south of France, but my business relations with Lord Wynton were not satisfactory—indeed, he did not allow me sufficient to live upon. I wrote, asking him to meet me at his lawyer's, and he consented. We came to a satisfactory arrangement, and had each other good-bye. I do not think that either of us expected to see the other again. I was returning to France, and Lord Wynton, it appears, was going to Paris. I assure you that it was by complete accident we were put into the same carriage. I did not feel pleased—I am sure Lord Wynton did not."

She paused, evidently expecting that I should make some observation. I made none, and she continued:—

"Look at me, Mrs. Neville. You must see that I am not strong—that I am even consumptive, that is why I live always in the south of France. I enjoy my life so much that I do not care to lose it."

Looking at her, I saw that her eyes were very bright, that her complexion was transparent and delicate.

"You will understand now," she said, "why I am in such a hurry to get away. This cold, foggy England kills me. I want the warm sun of fair France. Will you tell Miss Vane that I am much indebted to her for her kindness, but am compelled to leave River House? I suppose, too, that I must sacrifice to the proprieties, and bid farewell to my liege lord. Will it be convenient for me to see him this afternoon? I thought of leaving about five."

"It will be convenient; but I hope you will not agitate him," I said.

Continued on 4th Page.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.
This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

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IS OFFERING
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WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLRY,
Silverware & Novelties,
during the Holidays All new goods. Give him a call
We are glad to welcome visitors, pleased to show our goods and ready to make close prices to all.
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GO TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC.
VIA THE
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Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Junction to Boston.

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Send name and address and get our Business and Shorthand Catalogues.
THE St. JOHN Business COLLEGE
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NEW TERM BEGINS MONDAY, JAN. 3RD.

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Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON, PROPRIETOR

REVERE HOUSE.
Near Railway Station,
Campbellton, N. B.
formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan
Comfortable accommodation for permanent or transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
Mrs. Desmond, Proprietor

Pulp Wood Wanted
Advertiser is open for good spruce lumber for pulp mill for delivery during next three months; highest price to "Magnacut" care of Editor Chatham ADVANCE.

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Apply to
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WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
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STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES
AT LOW PRICES
PUMPS, PUMPS,
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash
A. C. McLean Chatham.

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LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

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Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

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 13 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 J. DUNN,
Surveyor General

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER.
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Christmas and New Year Holidays.

LOCAL Excursion Return Tickets will be issued by the Agents of this Railway from the 21st December, 1897, to the 1st January, 1898, inclusive, at about First Class Single Fare, good for return journey commencing not later than the 7th January, 1898. Tickets are not good for going after date of issue. Through Excursion Journey Tickets will be issued on above dates at about First Class Single Fare, good for return journey commencing not later than 7th January, 1898 Tickets are not good for going journey after 1st January, 1898 All tickets are good only for continuous journey in either direction

P. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
14th December, 1897.