### JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD;

OR THE DETETIVE'S DAUGHTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Woman's rime," "The Missing Diamond," Etc., Etc.

Madeline dropped the letter, and stood amased. What did it mean? "Cora Mme. Arthur!"

Henry stooped for the letter, and the act recalled her to herself. She thanked him for the service he had deen her; told him of her intended departure; gave him some last instructions, and dismissed him with a kind good-by.

"It is time to act," she muttered. "Good heavens! the audacity of that man and woman! She is married on my step-father, if that letter does not lie; has married him for money, and is baffled there. She hoped to become his widow, aha! The plot thickens, indeed! Goodness! what a household! That bad old man, the still viler woman, dangerous Lucian Davlin, and that funny, youthful, cross, 'conceited spinster,' Ellen Arthur, who has a lover, and his name is—heaven save us—Percy! That name will mix itself up with my fate web, and why? Percy beloved of Claire; Percy who brought Philip Girard to his doom; Percy the lover of a rich old maid, are ye one and the same? Percy! Percy! I must cultivate the Percys at any cost."

She turned and entered the house, her head bent, thinking, thinking.

Less than a week after the events last related, and a family group surrounds the lunch table in the newly-furnished morning room of Oakley.

The fatr and fascinating Mrs. Torrance

Less than a week after the events last related, and a family group surrounds the lunch table in the newly-furnished morning room of Oakley.

The fair and fascinating Mrs. Torrance had accomplished the purpose for which she came to Bellair.

Truly had she said, "There is no fool like an old fool," for John Arthur had

been an easy victim. He had lost no time with his woolng, and so, a little less than two months from the day the fair widow came to Bellair, saw her mistress

of John Arthur's household.

A bridel tour was not to her taste, much to the delight of the bridegroom. So they set about refitting some of the fine old rooms of the mansion, Cora having declared that they were too gloomy to be inhabitable.

As it was to her interest to keep up the deception of frank affection, she had been, during the two months of their honeymoon, a model wife. But the discovery that John Arthur could leave her nothing save his blessing, had now been made, and Cora, who was already weary of her gray-headed dupe, had been for a few days past less careful in her dissembling.

mourning, and was very glad to bloom out once more in azure and white and -hues which her soul loved.

rose—hues which her soul loved.
Opposite sat Miss Arthur, her sallowness carefully enameled over, her head adorned with an astonishing array of false braids and curls and frizzes, jetty in hue to match her eyes, which, so Cora informed, Lucian in private, were "awfully beady."
The lady is perusing a paper, which she suddenly threw down, and said, languidly, while she stirred her chocolate carefully. "Should not this be the day on which my new maid arrives?
Miss Arthur, from perusing many novels of the Sir Waiter Scott school, had acquired a very stately manner of speech,

equired a very stately manner of speech, and, so she flattered herself, a very effect-

mended, you know, by Mrs. Overman and Mrs. Grosvenor. You have heard of

"On certainly," aloud, "not," aside.
"And the name of the maid?" pursued

"And the name of the maid?" pursued Lucian.

"Her name," referring to the letter, "Celine Leroque—French, I presume."

"No doubt," dryly.

"Stop him, Miss Arthur," interrupted Cora, prettily; "he will certainly ask if she is handsome, if you let him open his mouth again."

List Arthur glanced at him suspicously, "Not having seen her, I could not inform him," she said, coldly.

"Don't believe my sis'er," said Davilin, quietly as he passed his cup. "Cora, a little more chocolate please. Miss Arthur, I nut Mrs. Grosvenor at the seaside, two years ago. Her toilets were the marvel of the day; she protested that all credit was due her maid, who was a whold 'magazine of French art." I thought this might be the same. I most carnestly hope that it is," pronounced Miss Arthur.

"And I most earnestly hope it isn't," grumbled her bryther, who to-day felt vicious for many reasons, and didn't much care what the occasion was, so long as it gave him an excuse for growling.

At this happy stage of affairs the door was opened and the housemaid announced: "An old lady, who says I am to tell you that her name is Hagar, wants to see you, sir," addressing Mr. Arthur.

The master of the house started, and an angry flush settled upon his face.

bedlam. Send her away."

The girl bowed and was about to retire, when she was pushed from the doorway with little beremony, and Nurse Hagar entered. Before the occupants of the room had recovered from their surprise, or found voice to address her, she had crossed the room, and paused before John Arthur. Placing a small bundle when the sable near him, she said:

"Prime! bah! I'd like to strangle you, or ""." had crossed the room, and paused before John Arthur. Placing a small bundle upon the table near him, she said: "Don't think you can order me from your door, John Arthur, when I choose to enter it I shall never come to you with-out good reason, and I presume you will

think me a welcome messenger when favor on me, too, by Jove!"
you know my errand." favor on me, too, by Jove!"
"I don't want to confer

"Confound you," said the man, angrily, yet with an uneasy look in his eyes
"if you must chatter to me, come into
the library." He grose and made a step
toward the door.

age stopped at my door and a woman came in, bringing that bundle in her hands."

She paused, and seemed struggling with her feelings.

"She said," continued Hagar, "that she was requested to come by a dying girl, else she would have written the message given to her. She belonged to a charitable society, and visited the hospital every week. She brought flowers and fruit to one of the patients—a girl who died asking her to write down what is on this card," holding out a bit of white cardboard, "and not to tell the officers of the hospital her true nameshe had entered under the name of Marchael She had entered under the name of Marchael She had entered under the name of Marchael She had entered under the lady kept her word, and brought the message. There is the bundle," in a choking voice, "and here is the card. That is all. Good-by, John Arthur; be happy, if you can. And may God's curse fall upon all who dreve her to her doom!"

She gathered her shawl about her

corner.

Satisfaction beamed in the face Coraturned toward Lucian, and away from Miss Arthur. She was mindful of the proprieties, however, and turning her eyes back upon the lady opposite, she pressed a dainty handkerohief to her countenance, and murmured plaintively: "How very, very shocking, and sad! Poor Mr. Arthur is quite overcome, and no wonder—that poor, sweet, young girl."

Across Lucian's averted face flitted a

girl."

Across Lucian's averted face flitted a smile of sarcasm. How little she knew of the truth, this fair hypocrite, and how unlikely she was ever to know now. If Madeline were dead, of what avail was any effort to break from the olden thraldom—for this is what had been in the mind of the scheming man.

dom—for this is what had been in the mind of the scheming man.

Cora brushed her handkerchief across her eyes and arose languidly. "I must go to Mr. Arthur, poor man," she murmured, shaking out her flounces. "He is terribly shocked, I fear."

Studiously avoiding the necessity of Studiously avoiding the necessity of glancing in the direction of Mr. Davlin, she glided from the room.

And so the news fell in Madeline's home, and its inmates were affected no more than this.

With Cora a renewal of tenderness to-ward "Dear John," and an increased stateliness toward Miss Arthur and the servants. More deference on Miss Arthur's part towards her brother, and less on his part toward her, as the possi-bility of being obliged to ask a small loan faded away into the past of empty puress and closed up offers.
Lucian took upon himself the responsibility of visiting the city and calling at St. Mary's, there to be re-assured of the fact that one Martha Gray had died within its walls and been buried.

CHAPTER XIII.-MISS ARTHUR'S FRENCH MAID.

After this the days flew by very much alike.

"I don't know why Miss Arthur can want a maid; her toilets are always perfection," remarked Mr. Davlin to the general assembly.

Whereupon, Miss Arthur blushed, giggled, and disclaimed; Mrs. Arthur disappeared behind a newspaper; and Mr. Arthur emerged from the fog of thought that had enveloped him, to say brusq-lely:

"Miss Arthur want a maid? what's all this? A French maid in a country house—faugh!"

Miss Arthur gazed across at her brother, and said, loftily, and somewhat unmeaningly:

"It is what I have chosen to do, John."
Then to Mr. Davlin, sweetly: It is so hard to dispense with a maid when you have been accustomed to one."

"And this one comes so well recom—"

Miss Arthur's maid arrived, and proved indeed a treaure, nor was she as obnoxious to Mr. John Arthur as he had been domited the master of Oakley cherished an averspectional French maid, and craved neither the smiles nor slyly administered caresses, that fall to the lot of pretty femmes de chambre, at least, in novels. At any rate, certain it is that Miss Arthur's maid arrived, and proved indeed a treaure, nor was she as obnoxious to Mr. John Arthur as he had evelous to Mr. John Arthur as he had colous to Mr. John Arthur as he had the master of Oakley cherished an averspection to French maid, and craved neither the smiles nor slyly administered caresses, that fall to the lot of pretty femmes de chambre, at least, in novels. At any rate, certain it is that Miss Arthur's maid arrived, and proved indeed a treaure, nor was she as obnoxious to Mr. John Arthur as he had deductively intended to find her. Perhaps Celima Leroque knew by instinct that the master of Oakley cherished an averspectional type of perhaps she was an exceptional French maid, and oraved neither the smiles nor slyly administered caresses, that fall to the lot of pretty femmes de chambre, at least, in novels. At any rate, certain it is that Miss Arthur's maid arrived, and provious to Mr. John Arthur as he had deen valently in the master of Oaklently intended to find the proviou Miss Arthur's maid arrived, and prov

Cora was growing restless. Not that the astute lady permitted signs of dis-content to become manifest to the unin-titated, but Lucian Davlin saw, with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and dis-may, that the role of devoted wife had

ceased to interest his blond comrade in

see you, sir," addressing Mr. Arthur.

The master of the house started, and an angry flush settled upon his face, "Send her away. I won't see the old bedlam. Send her away."

Dotther: Sine ejacutated tossing her in the sine ej

"Or ?-" inquiringly. "Somebody," laughing nervously.
"Just so; Miss Arthur would be a
good subject, and that would confer a "I don't want to confer a favor on ou. You had much better try and do ne one I think "

toward the door.

"There is no need," said Hagar, with dignity; "my errand may interest others here besides yourself. I bring a message from the dead."

John Arthur turned ashen pale and trembled violently. All eyes were thrned upon the speaker, however, but his agitation was unnoticed save by Hagar.

"Last night," she continued, "a carriage stopped at my door and a woman came in, bringing that bundle in her shears."

She paused and said: "Do I? then mum's the word," and he relapsed into silence. He seemed bent on annoying her, for

and amused him, and he had become well accustomed to Cora's "little ways," as he called them. Deprived of his cigar, he thrusa his hands into his pockets and whistled softly.

The hall facing the front entrance to Corbin was deserted now, says for the whistled softly.

"Lucian, if you don't stop looking so comfortable, and content, and altogether don't-care-isb, I shall do something very desperate," she exclaimed, pettlshy.

"No?" raising his eyebrows in mock incredulity; "you don't tell me. I thought you were in a little heaven of your own, Mrs. Arthur."

"Oh, you did? Very clever of you. Well, Mr. Davlin, has it occurred to you that heaven might not be a congenial climate for me?"

"Not while your wings are so fresh, surely? You have scarcely entered your Celine Leroque suppressed a cry of Celine Leroque suppressed a cry of

climate for me?"

"Not while your wings are so fresh, surely? You have scarcely entered your paradise, fair perf."

"Haven't I?" ironically. "Well, I am tired of manna, anyhow." Cora was always strictly elegant in her choice of expressions, "Now, Luciau, stop parleying and tell me, when is this going to end" the lower half of his face covered with a mass of yellow waving beard; pale blue, searching, unfathoma le eyes; pale yellow hair; a handsome face, the face she had seen pictured in Claire's coverants."

pressions, "Now, Lucian, stop parleying and tell me, when is this going to end" "When?" He stopped and looked at her intently. Twice they had traversed the terrace, and now they paused at the termination far-thest from the house. Just before the a diminutive flight of stone steps led down to a narrow graveled walk, that skirted a velvety bit of lawn, and wai in its turn hedged by some close and high-growing shrubs from the "Bellair woods," as they were called. Beyond its steps was a gap in the hedge, and this, cut and trimmed until it formed a compact and leautiful arch, was spanned by a stile, built for the convenier co of those

shortest route, the Bellair woods, "Don't repeat like a parrot, Luc'an." Cora raiged her voice angilly. "I say, when is this to end? and low?" when is this to (ne? and low?"
They were just opposite the gap in the hedge, and Lucian, looking down upon Cora, stood facing the opening. As the words crossed her lips, his eyes fell upon a figure just behind her, and he checked the conversation by an involuntary motion of the hand.
The figure came toward them. It was miss Artiur's French maid, and she carried in her hand a small parcel. Evidently she was returning from some errand to the village. Miss Ar hur's maid had black hair, dressed very low on the forehead; eyes of some sort, it is to be presumed, but they were effectually concealed by bine glasses; a rather

expressed it, "floppy," style of jacket which she habitually wora. She pa sod them with a low "Bon jour, madame," and hurried up the terrace. At least she was walking swiftly, but not very was, waring switch, but het very smoothly, up the terrace when Lucian cast after her a last disapproving glance. "Your lady's maid is not a swan not a beauty," he said, as they by mutual consent went down the steps. Cora made no reply to this, seeming lost in thought. They walked on for a

She dropped her package, and, stooping to recover it, cast a swift glance after the pair. They were sauntaring slowly down the hedgerow walk, their backs to ward her.
Probably the falling parcel had re-

minded the French maid of something forgotten, for she turned swiftly, silent ly, and without any of her pervious awk wardness retraced her steps and disap peared beyond the stile.

"What's the row, Co?" asked Luctan kicking a pebble with his boot toe
"You are getting restive early in the game. Can't you keep to the track for specifical track properties that may more the stress than the stre another two months?

"This. We must get that fool out the way''
''Meaning who?'' "She, of course—Ellen Arthur. The me in two months more."
"By Jove! and of me, too, if I don's get out of this.

"We must get rid of her."
"How?"
"I don't know—somehow, anyhow." 'And then?" "And then"- she gave him glance, and laughed unpleasantly.

"And then? fou have a plan, m
blond. Out with it; I am a listener."

And he did listen. vas some difference of opinion, but the difference became adjusted. And the turned toward the house, evidently satisfied with the result of the morning's con-

Not long after, Miss Arthur's maid to "I see by the papers that Dr LeGale has come back from Europe; Cora," an nounced Mr. Davlin from his seat at the lunch table that day. "Dr. LeGuise! how delightful! Now on will not be afraid to be sick-our off family physician, you know," to Mis Arthur; "and so skilful. He has been to Europe a year. The dear man, how I lon

"Well," laughed Lucian, "I will car him any amount of affection, providities not too bulky. I find that I not run up to the city to-morrow, and,

lightful Trevanions!" Then, regretfully, "can't you stay another week, dear?"
"Out of the question, Co., much as I regret it," glancing expressively a hiss Arthur. "But I shan't forget you

"Pray do not," simpered the spinster. "And when do you return?"
"Not for two or three weeks, I fear.
But rest assured I shall lose no time, when once I am at liberty." During his lazy, good-humored mo ments, Mr. Davlin had made most ridiculous love to Miss Arthur, and that lady had not been behind in doing her part. Now, strange to say, the face which she bent over her napkin wore upon it a look, not of sorrow, but o relief. And why?

CHAPTER XIV .- WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS. "Take especial care with my tollet this morning, Celine," drawled Miss Arthur, as she sat before a mirror in her luxuriously appointed dressing-room.

Wise Cora had seen the propriety of given the statement of the cora s

ing to this unwelcome sister-in-law with the heavy purse, apartments of the best in the newly-fitted-up portion of the man-"I want you to be especially careful with my hair, and complexion," Miss Arthur continued.
"Yes, mademoiselle." demy "Yes, mademoiselle," demurely.
Then, as if the information might bear
upon the question of the tollet "Does
mademoislle know that Monsieur Davlin

left an hour ago?"
"Certainly, Celine, but I expect a visitor. He may arrive at any time to-day, and you must do your very best with my

"Madamoiselle est charmante: "Madamoiselle est charmante; slight need of Celine's poor aid," coocd the lit-tie hypocrite, and the toilet proceeded. At length, the resources of art having been exhausted, Miss Arthur stood up, and approved of Celine's handlwork.

"I really do look nicely, Celine; you have done well, very. Now, go send me a pot of chocolate and a bit of toast."

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"And a bit of chicken, or a bird's wing."

"Oui."

"And a French roll, Celine, with perhaps an omelette."
"Pardonne, mademoiselle, but might I rardonne, mademoiselle, but might I suggest we must not forget this?" touching Miss Arthur's tightly laced waist.
"True, Celine, quite right; the toast then. And, Celine, remain downstairs, and when Mr. Percy comes," (her maid visibly started at the name) "show him into the little parlor, and tell him I am somewhere in the grounder-wou undersomewhere in the grounds—you understand? Then come and let me know. I prefer to have him fancy me surprised, you see," smiling playfully.

"I see; mademoiselle has such tact," and the French maid disappeared.

"Mr. Percy?" muttered the French maid, in very English accents; "I will certainly look for your coming, Mr. Percy. Can it be that I am to meet you at last?"

Mrs. John Arthur was restless that morning. She flageted about after the departure of her brother; tried to play the agreeable to her husband, but finding this a difficult test, left him to his cigar and his morning paper, in the solitude of his sanctum, and seizing her crimson shawl statted out for the solitude of the sanctum.

his sanctum, and seizing her crimson shawl, started out for a turn upon the terrace.

The "little parlor," as it was called, commanded a view of one end of the terrace walk, but no portion of it was visible from the immediate front of Oakley mansion, the terrace running across the "But documents don't do," sne no

rupted "don't forget that?"

"Not for worlds. For instance, I remember that in a certain church register may be seen the marriage lines of Alice Ford and—ahem—myself. And somewhere, not far away, there m st be on record the statement that Mr. Arthur, of Oakley, has wedded the incomparable Mrs. Torrance, a blonde widow—ahem Where did you go, my dear when you left my bed and board so very unceremonlously?

"What had I done, or what hadst thou, That through this weary world till now I've walked with empty arms?" He stretched out those members tragi-"And I don't forget that I was never legally your wife, as you had another living," cried Cora, ignoring the latter part of his speech. "No of course not Does Mr. John Arthur know that you were once my—" "Dupe? no," she interrupted. "Come, time passes, tell me what you know, and

face she had seen pictured in Claire's souvenir!
Celine Leroque led the way toward the little parlor with a heart beating rapidly.
"Miss Arthur is in the grounds," she said, in answer to his inquiry. "I will go look for her;" and she turned away.
Mr. Peroy placed his hat upon a little table and tossing back his fair hair, said:
"I think I can see her now."
Approaching the window he looked down upon the terrace. down upon the terrace. Celine looked too, and catching a gleam of crimson, said: "That is not Miss

"Stop a moment, my girl," the man exclaimed. who desired to-reach the village by the exclaimed.

He was gazing down at Cora, who was walking away from them, with a puzzled look. "Good God!" he ejaculated, as she turned and he saw her face.

He observed himself code with the control of she turned and he saw her tace.

He checked himself, and withdrawing hastily from the window, took up his hat as it about to depart. Approaching the window once again, he looked cautiously forth, and seeing Cora still pacing the terrace in evident unconcern, he muttered to himself, but quite audibly, "Thank goodness, she did not see me." Then turning to Celine: "Girl, who is that woman?" The girl approached the window:
"That, monsieur, is Madame Cora

"A widow, eh?"
"Oh, no, monsieur. Mr. Arthur is the master of Oakley." "Oh! and madame—how long has she been his wife? been his wife?"
"She is still a bride, monsieur."
"Still a bride, is she? How exceedingly pleasant." Mr. Percy had evidently recovered from his panic. "Was she a miss

"Oh, no, monsieur; a widow."
"Widow?" stroking his whiskers caressingly.
"What name?" "Madame Torrance, monsieur."
"Madame Torrance, eh? Well, my good
girl, take this," offering a bank note "I
really thought that Madame Torrance, I mean Arthur, was an old friend; how-ever, it seems I was mistaken. Now, my girl, go and tell that lady that a gentle-man desires to see hes, and do not an-nounce me to Miss Arthur yet. May I depend upon you?" glancing

keenly.

"You may, monsieur."

Taking the offered money, she made an obelsance, and withdrew.

The little parlor had but one means of agress—through the door by which Mr.

Percy had entered. This door was near that, as it has agreed the your so near that, as it Percy had entered. This door was near the angle of the room; so near that, as it swung inward, it almost grazed against a huge high-backed chair, stiff and grim, but reckoned among the elegant pieces of furniture that are always, or nearly always, uncomfortable. This chair occupied the angle, and behind its capacions back was comfortable room for one or two persons, should they fancy occupying a position so secluded. The act of opening the door completely screened this chair from the view of any person not directly opposite it, until such time as the door should again be closed.

As Celine Leroque opened the door and disappeared one might have fancled, had they been gazing at that not very-interesting object, that the high-backed chair moved ever so little.

Celine flew along the hall and down the stairway, tearing viclously at something

stairway, tearing violously at something as she went. Once in the open air, the hrisk autumn breezes caught something from her hand, and sent little fragments whirling through space—paper suraps, that might have been dissected particles

Cora listened in some surprise to the messenger, who brokein upon her meditations with a trifle less of suavity than was usual in Miss Arthur's maid.

"A gentleman to see me! Are you quite sure, Celine?"

Mrs. Arthur, for various reasons received but few friends, and Celine thought now that she looked a trific annoyed.

"Well, Celine, where is the gentleman? Stop," as if struck by a sudden thought, and changing color slightly, "tell him I am out, but not until I have got upstairs," she said; "not until I have had an opportunity to see him, myself unseen," she thought.

"But, madame," hesitated Celine, "he is in the little parlor. He saw madame at the upper end of the terrace." was usual in Miss Arthur's maid the upper end of the terrace. "Confusion! What did he say, girl?"

"He said, madame, that he wished to speak with you; that he was an old friend." "Well, go along," sharply. "I will see the man."

Celine turned about and Cora followed her almost sullenly. She had some apprehension as to this unknown caller, but he had seen her, and whoever he was she must face him, for Cora was no coward. Celine tripped along thinking intently. "This man is Edward Percy—Edward Percy, the lover of two women. He was frightened when he saw this Mrs. Arthur, and my words reassured him; why? At the mention of a strange caller, she must needs see him before she permits him an interview—for that is what she meant. Do they know each other? If so, the plot thickens." **ASK FOR** 

Edward Percy had certainly been agi-tated at sight of Mrs. Arthur, and had as

closes, neither one having glanced toward
the girl, who has disappeared,
Cora stands before him, the folds of the
crimson shawl falling away from the
plump, graceful shoulders, and mingling
with the sweep of her black cashmere
wrapper in rich, graceful contrast. One
fair hand gathers up the crimson fabric
and, instinctively, the other thrusts itself
out in a repellent gesture, as the soft
voice utters, in tones of mingled hate and
fear: "You!"

within her.

"You won't say you are glad to see me Cruel Alice," he murmurs, plaintively "And after all these years, too; how many "Yes," serenely "both of us."
"Both of us, then. How dare you see

honor. I came to this house for another purpose, and Providence, kind Providence in an injured tone.

"No: by my faith, you are a handso you were Mrs. --

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what you want."

"Softly, softly, Mrs. Arthur. I know enough to insure me against being turned out of Oakley by you; and I want a wife and a fortune."

"I don't understand you." "I don't understand you."
"Possibly not, Madame Arthur." Then,
with mock emotion: "Might I, dare I,
ask you to give to my keeping, that incomparable maiden, that houri of hourls,
your young and lovely sister-in-law, Miss
killen Arthur?"
The woman looked at him in silence for

a time, and then, flinging hereelf upon a couch, burst into a peal of soft laughter. She understood it all now.
"So you are the expected lover?" she ejaculated, laughing afresh "and she is upstairs, in bright array, waiting for you."

upstairs, in bright array, waiting for you."

"And I am down here, pleading for permission to address this pearl of price."
Cora arose and gathered her orimson wrap about her shoulders. "And how is it to be between us?" she asked coolly.

"My sweet Alice, if you were John Arthur's widow instead of John Arthur's wife, it should be as if the past ten years were but a dream."

"Indeed—provided, of course, I were John Arthur's helress as well."

"Certainly!"

"Certainly!"

And how is it that you are once more fortune hunting? Five years ago you inherited wealth sufficient for your every need."

The elegant Mr. Percy went through the pantomime of shuffling and dealing cards, then looked at her with a grimace "All?" she inquired, as if the action had been words. "All?" she inquired, as if the action had been words,
"Every ducat," solemnly. "So what is to be my fate, fair destiny?"
Cora mused, then laughed again "After all, you may prove a friend in need," she said. "I shan't interfere between you and Miss Arthur be sure of that."

To be Continued

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tated at sight of Mrs. Arthur, and had as certainly recovered when assured that the lady was Mrs. Arthur. He looked the image of content now, as he lounged at the window. Under the blonde mustache, a smile of cunning and triumph rested; but his eyes looked very blue, very, very calm, very unfathomable.

"Madame Arthur, sir."

Celine opens the door gently, and admits the form of Cora. Then, as the two face each other in silence, the door quietly closes, neither one having glanced toward the girl, who has disappeared.

voice utters, in tones of mingled hate and fear: "You!"
He laughs softly, "Yes, I. I knew you would be delighted." All the time he is gazing at her critically, apparently viewing her loveliness with an approving eye And now the woman feels through her whole being but the one instinct—hate. She has forgotten all fear, and stands before him erect, pallid, but with eye and lip expressing the bitterness that rages within her.

are they, my dear?"
"No matter!" fleroely. "They have given the devil ample time to claim his own, and yet you are upon earth!" "My dear wife, I never did you so muc

ence, has guided me to you."

The woman seemed recalled to herself Again the look of fear overspread herface, and looking nervously about her she said: "For God's sake, hush! Wh: you wish to say, say out, but don't le your voice go beyond these walls."
"Dear Alice, my voice never was vuigar ly loud, was it? recollect, if you please "Well! well! what do you want witme? Peroy Jordan, I warn you—I annot the woman you wronged ten year

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