

LILIAN, THE HEIRRESS.

"I have seen the widow," he says at length, rousing himself to a sense of his own tactfulness. "On my way home this morning, before I met you,"—turning to Lilian—"I thought it my duty to look her up, and say I hoped she was comfortable, and all that."

"And you saw her?" asks Cyril, regarding Guy attentively.

"Yes she is extremely pretty, and extremely coy—could I ought to say, as there didn't seem to be even the smallest spice of coyness about her?"

"That's the safest beginning of all," says Cyril confidentially to his mother, "and I no doubt the latest. I dare say she looked as though she thought he would never leave."

"She did," says Guy, laughing, "and, what is more unflattering, I am sure she meant it."

"However, if she intended what you think, she rather defeated her object; as I shan't trouble her again in a hurry. Can't bear feeling myself in the way."

"Is she really pretty?" Cyril asks, curiously, though idly.

"Really; almost lovely."

"Evidently a handsome family," thinks Cyril. "I wonder if he saw my friend the sister, or step-sister, or companion?"

"She looks sad, too," goes on Guy, "and as though she had a melancholy story attached to her."

"I do not hope my dear," interrupts mother, uneasily. "There is nothing so objectionable as a woman with a story. Later on one is sure to hear something wrong about her."

"I agree with you," Cyril says, promptly. "I can't bear mysterious people. When in their society, I invariably find myself putting a check on my conversation, and blushing whenever I get on the topic of forgeries, burglaries, murders, and so forth. I never can keep myself from studying their faces when such subjects are mentioned, to see which it was had ruffled the peace of their existence. It is absurd, I know, but I can't help it, and it makes me uncomfortable."

"Does this lady live in the wood, where I met you?" asks Lilian, addressing Guy, and apparently deeply interested.

"Yes, about a mile from that particular spot. She is a new tenant we took to oblige a friend, but we know nothing about her."

"How very romantic!" says Lilian: "it is just like a story."

"Yes, the image of the 'Children of the Abbey,' or 'The Castle of Otranto,'" says Cyril. "Has she any one living with her, Guy?"

"Yes, two servants, and a small ill-tempered terrier."

"I mean any friends. It must be dull to be by oneself."

"I don't know. I saw no one. She doesn't seem anxious about making acquaintances, as when I said I hoped she would not find it lonely, and that my mother would have much pleasure in calling on her, she blushed painfully, and said she was never lonely, and that she would esteem it a kindness if we would try to forget she was at the Cottage."

"That was rather rude, my dear, wasn't it?" says Lady Chetwode, mildly.

"It sounds so, but, as she said it, it wasn't rude. She appeared nervous, I thought, and as though she had just lately recovered from a severe illness. When the bluish discoloration, she was as white as death."

"Well, I shan't distress her by calling," says Lady Chetwode, who is naturally a little offended by the unknown's remark. Unconsciously she has been viewing her coming with distrust, and now this pleasing message—for as a message directly addressed to herself she regards it—has had the effect of changing a smoldering doubt into an acknowledged dislike.

"I wonder how she means to employ her time down here," says Cyril. "Scenery abounds, but lovely views don't go a long way with most people. After a while they are apt to pall."

"There's pretty scenery round Tru-tum," says Lilian.

"Any amount of it. Like 'Auburn,' it is the loveliest village of the plain." But I can't say we are a very enterprising people. Sometimes it occurs to one of us to give a dinner party, but no sooner do we issue the invitations than we sit down and repent bitterly; and on rare occasions we may have a ball, which means a drive of fourteen miles on a freezing night, and universal depression and sneezing for a week afterwards. Perhaps the widow is wise in declining to have anything to do with our festive gatherings. I begin to think there is method in her madness."

"Miss Chesney doesn't agree with you," says Guy, casting a quick glance at Lilian: "she would go any distance to a ball, and dance from night till morning, and never know depression next day."

"Is that true, Miss Chesney?"

"Sir Guy says it is," replies Lilian, demurely.

"When I was young," says Lady Chetwode, "I felt just like that. So long as the band played, so long I could dance, and without ever feeling fatigued. And provided he was of a good figure, and could dance well, I never much cared who my partner was, until I met your father! Dear me! how long ago it seems!"

"Not at all," says Cyril, "a mere reminiscence of yesterday. When I am an old gentleman, I shall make a point of never remembering anything that happened long ago, no matter how good it may have been."

"Perhaps you won't have anything

good to remember," says Miss Lilian, provokingly.

"Guy, give Miss Chesney another glass of wine," says Cyril, promptly: "she is evidently feeling low."

"Sir Guy," says Miss Chesney, with equal promptitude, and a treacherous display of innocent curiosity, "when you were at Belmont last evening, did you hear Miss Bellair say anything of a rather rude attack made upon her yesterday at the station by an ill-bred young man?"

"No," says Sir Guy, rather amazed. "Did she not speak of it? How strange! Why I fancied—"

"Miss Chesney," interposes Cyril, "if you have any regard for your personal safety, you will refrain from further speech."

"But why?"—opening her great eyes in affected surprise. "Why may I not tell Sir Guy about it? Poor Miss Bellair! although a stranger to me, I felt most genuine pity for her. Just fancy, Sir Guy, a poor girl alone upon a platform, without a soul to take care of her, what she must have endured, when a young man—apparently a gentleman—walked up to her, and taking advantage of her isolated position, bowed to her, smothered imperceptibly, and was actually on the very point of addressing her, when fortunately her cousin came up and rescued her from her unhappy situation. Was it not shameful? Now, what do you think that rude young man deserved?"

"Extinction," replies Guy, without hesitation.

"I think so too. Don't you, Lady Chetwode?"

"There was once an unhappy young man, who was sent to a station to meet a young woman, without having been told beforehand whether she was like Jane, tall enough 'to sniff the moon,' or whether she was so insignificant as to require a strong binocular to enable you to see her at all."

"I am not insignificant," says Lilian, her indignation getting the better of her judgment.

"Am I speaking of you, Miss Chesney?"

"Well, go on."

"Now it came to pass that as this wretched young man was glancing wildly round to see where his charge might be, he espied a tall young woman, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion, looking about for some one to assist her, and seeing no one else, for the one he sought had meanly, and with a view to his disfigurement, crept silently behind his back—"

"Oh, Cyril!"

"Yes, I maintain it; she crept silently behind his back, and bribed her maid to keep silence. So this wretched young man walked up to Jane, and pulled his forelock, and made his very best Sunday bow, and generally put his foot in it. Jane was so frightened by the last bow that she gave way to a stifled scream, and instantly sank back unconscious into the arms of her betrothed, who just then ran fantastically upon the scene. Upon this the deluded young man—"

"That will do," interrupts Lilian, severely. "I am certain I have read it somewhere before; and—people should always tell the truth."

"By the bye," says Guy, "I believe Miss Bellair did say something last night about an unpleasant adventure at the station—something about a very low person who had got himself up like a gentleman, but was without doubt one of the swell mob, and who—"

"You needn't go any further. I feel my position keenly. Nevertheless, Miss Bellair made a mistake when she rejected my proffered services. She little knows what a delightful companion I can be. Can't I, Miss Chesney?"

"Can you, Lady Chetwode? I am not in a position to judge."

"If a perpetual, never ceasing flow of conversation has anything to do with it, I believe he must be acknowledged the most charming of his sex," says his mother, laughing, and rising bears Lilian away with her to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

When seven long uneven days have passed away, every one at Chetwode is ready to acknowledge that the coming of Lilian Chesney is an occurrence for which they ought to be devoutly thankful. She is a boon, a blessing, a merry sunbeam darting hither and thither about the old place, lighting up the shadows, dancing through the dark rooms, casting a little of her own inborn joyousness upon all that comes within her reach.

To Lady Chetwode, who is fond of young life, she is especially grateful, and creeps into her kind heart in an incredibly short time, finding no impediment to check her progress.

Once a day, armed with huge gloves and a gigantic scissors, Lady Chetwode makes a tour of her gardens, snipping, and plucking, and giving superfluous orders to the attentive gardeners all the time. After her frolics Lilian, supplied with a basket and a restless tongue that seldom wears out, is always ready to suggest, or help the thought that sometimes comes slowly to her hostess.

"As you were saying last night, my dear Lilian—"

"says Lady Chetwode, vaguely, coming to a full stop before the head-gardener, and gazing at Lilian for further inspiration; she has evidently remembered only the smallest outline of what she wants to say."

"About the ivy on the north wall? You wanted it thinned? You thought it a degree too straggling?"

To be continued!

Buy all your fuel both wood and coal from M. BARNES.

New Store.

JUST OPENED:

GREY, WHITE, COTTON, PILLOW

White Sheetting, Grey Sheetting, Towels, Towelings, Linen Damask, Napkins,

TABLE CLOTHS, HAMBURGS.

J. HASLIN.

Fredericton, Jan. 21, 1885.

10 CAR LOADS OF CHOICE

HAY

(CARLETON COUNTY),

NOW LANDING BY TRAIN.

Which will be disposed of at a

Very Low Figure

For cash; and will be delivered free of charge.

Send in Your Orders

EARLY.

H. MORECRAFT,

PHENIX SQUARE.

Fredericton, Jan. 15, 1885.

LOOK HERE!

For Good All Wood

shirts and Drawers

at a lower price than you ever got them before, go to

C. H. THOMAS & Co's

Fredericton, Sept. 19, 1885.

"Golden Fleece."

BARGAINS

JACKET & ULSTER CLOTHS.

The Subscriber has on hand a Large Stock of

LADIES' Jacket & Mantle

CLOTHS

In Colored and Black for Winter wear which he intends to dispose of

AT HALF PRICE.

Parties desiring an article of this kind will find it to their advantage to call at the

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

Also, a lot of

Ladies' Jackets, ULSTERS

Knit Vests

AT HALF PRICE.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Dec. 24, 1885.

Ungar's Steam Laundry,

82 Waterloo St., - St. John, N. B.

HAVING opened a Branch office in this city, parties desiring work done will please leave orders at our office

SHARKEY'S BLOCK, QUEEN ST.

GOULD'S American Dye Works AND HAT FACTORY.

All kinds of dyeing and cleaning done in European style. Fast dyes used and altered to any desired shade as color at 50 cts each. Samples may be seen at Laundry Office.

Fredericton, Nov. 7th, 1885

An Immense Stock

BOOTS & SHOES

Now on Exhibition at

Lottimer's Shoe Store!

WINTER STOCK About Complete!

The Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now showing the Largest Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, OVERBOOTS.

Moccasins, Larrigans, &c.,

To be found in the city of Fredericton. Don't fail to give him a call.

A. LOTTIMER

Fredericton, Jan. 21, 1885.

CUSTOM TAILORING.

LATEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PLATES RECEIVED MONTHLY.

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS.

THE FINEST ASSORTMENT TO BE FOUND IN FREDERICTON.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED, TURNED OUT PROMPTLY AND AT LOWER RATES THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY.

Next Door below Maritime Bank. JOHN G. GUNN,

Fredericton, May 9, 1885.

WINTER

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

GENTS' SNOW EXCLUDERS, LADIES' FANCY OVERBOOTS, FANCY OVERBOOTS, PLAIN do, MANITOBA do, ALASKA do, AMERICAN do.

Boys' Misses' and Children's OVERBOOTS, All Very Cheap!

GENTS' FINE BALMORALS, GENTS' FINE CONGRESS, GENTS' DANCING PUMPS, GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS, Cheap For Cash!

BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, TRY

J. B. MCALPINE.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1885.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE!

Bring Your Cloth to

W. E. SEERY'S

AND HAVE IT MADE UP IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

A Perfect Fitting Garment Every Time.

CUTTING FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN attended to as usual. The LATEST FASHIONS always on hand

W. E. SEERY, Wilmot's Alley.

Fredericton, December 9, 1884.

FAIL AND WINTER 1885-6.

On hand at the

"IMPERIAL HALL."

A Very Fine Assortment of CLOTHS, comprising SUITINGS in

Diagonals, Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds.

OVERCOATINGS

Naps, Worsteds, Tweeds, Meltons and Diagonals

A choice lot of IRISH TWEED from the Shannon Mills, in

ATHLONE, FRIEZES AND IRISH SERGES, which, for strength and durability, cannot be beaten.

The above will be made up in First Class Style, at the very shortest notice. Fashion Plates received monthly. Gent's Furnishing Goods &c., always in stock. Call and see prices before buying elsewhere.

THOMAS STANCER, Opposite Post Office, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B. Fredericton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

DAILY EXPECTED: A CARGO OF SUPERIOR

Joggins Coal

Fr sh Min d and Ser n d, which will be sold at usual LOW rate from boat

PLEASE leave your orders early.

ALSO

O. M. S. COAL, (GENUINE) AND HARD COAL

same last year, in Egg, Stove and Chestnut.

Customers will please call and obtain prices before purchasing elsewhere.

John Richards & Son.

Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1885.

RELIABLE

Fire Insurance.

The LANCASHIRE Fire Insurance Company

CAPITAL - \$10,000,000

RESERVE FUND - \$2,000,000

INVESTED WITH GOVERNMENT - \$100,000

THE SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO'Y, OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

ESTABLISHED 1824

CAPITAL - \$20,000,000

TOTAL ASSETS - \$25,000,000

INVESTED IN CANADA - \$25,000

AGENTS:

Gregory & Gregory.

Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1885.

ADAMS'

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

County Court House Square.

Fredericton, Dec. 10, 1885.

Tea! Tea!

Landing To-day.

54 Half Chests Kaisow Congou, 50 Box s (20 lbs each) Packing do.

24 Caddies (10 lbs in each) Kaisow do.

Our stock of TEA is now complete, and customers can depend upon getting Good Values.

A. F. Randolph & Son.

Fredericton, Jan. 22, 1885.

Look Here!

For a Good Single or Double-Breasted

Cardigan Jacket, CHEAP!!

GO TO

C. H. THOMAS & Co's

Fredericton, Sept. 19, 1885.

Miss Annie Louise Lugin,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

(Pupil of Madame de Angeli, Boston.)

TERMS: 20 Lessons. - \$7.00.

RESIDENCE: Corner York and Brunswick Streets, Fredericton.

Fredericton, May 9, 1885.

New Brunswick Railway Co

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 12, 1885.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON: 6 30 A. M.—Express for St. John.

8 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Headton, Woodstock, Piquette Lake, Grand Falls and points North.

10 50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Houlton and Woodstock and for St. John.

3 20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON: 10 20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.

2 40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

5 50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Houlton, Woodstock, Piquette Lake, Grand Falls and all points North.

7 30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON: 6 50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON: 4 20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

H. D. MCLEOD, F. W. CRAM, Super. Southern Division, General Manager.

General Pass. and Ticket Agent: St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1885.

Northern & Western Railway.

WESTERN DIVISION.

A MIXED TRAIN for passengers and freight will be run daily (Sundays excepted).

Between Gibson and Boiestown