

LILIAN, THE HEIRES

When he reaches Triston the train is almost dark, and two minutes afterwards it steams into the station.

The passengers alight. Cyril gazes anxiously up and down the platform among the women, trying to discover which of them looks most likely to bear the name of Chesney.

A prettily tall young lady, with eyes like soles and a very superior figure, attracts him most. She is apparently alone, and is looking round as though expecting some one. It is—it must be she.

Raising his hat, Cyril advances towards her and makes a slight bow, which is not returned. The soles sparkle indignantly at the superior figure grows considerably more superior; and the young lady, turning as though for protection from this bad man who has so insolently and openly molested her in the broad daylight, lays her hand with an expression of relief upon the arm of a gentleman who has just joined her.

"I thought you were never coming," she says, in a clear distinct tone meant for Cyril's discomfiture, casting upon the superior figure a glance replete with scorn.

As her companion happens to be Harry Bellair of Belmont, Mr. Chesney is rather taken aback. He moves aside and colors faintly. Harry Bellair, who is a young gentleman addicted to huge plaids, and low hats, and three or four lockets on his watch-chain, being evidently under the impression that Cyril had been "up to one of his larks," bestows upon him in passing a covert but obviously knowing wink, that has the effect of driving Cyril actually wild, and makes him give way to low expressions under his breath.

"Vulgar beast!" he says at length, out loud with much unction, which happily affords him instant relief.

"Are you looking for me?" says a soft voice at his elbow, and turning he beholds a lovely childish face upturned somewhat timidly to his.

"Miss Chesney?" he asks, with hesitation, being mindful of his late defeat.

"Yes," smiling. "It is for me, then, you are looking?" "Oh—with a thankful sigh—"I am so glad! I have wanted to ask you the question for two minutes, but I was afraid you might be the wrong person."

"I wish you had spoken," laughing; "you would have saved me from much ignominy. I fancied you something altogether different from what you are"—with a glance full of kindly admiration—"and I fear I made rather a fool of myself in consequence. I beg your pardon for having kept you so long in suspense, and especially for having in my ignorance mistaken you for that black browed lady." Here he smiles down on the fair, sweet little face that is smiling up at him.

"Was it that tall young lady you called a 'beast'?" asks Miss Lilian, demurely. "If so it wasn't very polite of you, was it?"

"Oh—with a laugh—"did you hear me? I don't I have begun our acquaintance badly. No, notwithstanding the provocation I received (you saw the withering glance she bestowed upon me), I refrained from evil language as far as she was concerned and consoled myself by expending my rage upon her companion—the man who was seeing after her. Are you tired? Your journey has not been very pleasant, I hope?"

"Not unpleasant at all. It was quite fine the entire time, and there was no dust."

"Your trunks are labelled?"

"Yes."

"Then perhaps you had better come with me. One of the men will see to your luggage, and will drive your maid home. She is with you."

"Yes. That is, my nurse is; I have never had any other maid. This is Tipping," says Miss Chesney, moving back a step or two, and drawing forward with an affectionate gesture, a pleasant faced, elderly woman of about fifty-five.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Tipping," says Cyril, genially, who does not think it necessary, like some folk, to treat the lower classes with studied coldness as though they were a thing apart. "Perhaps you will tell the groom about your mistress's things, while I take her out of this draughty station."

Lilian follows him to the carriage wondering as she goes. There is an air of command about this new acquaintance that puzzles her. Is he Sir Guy? Is it her guardian in propria persona who has come to meet her? And could a guardian be so—so—likable? Inwardly she hopes it may be so, being rather impressed by Cyril's manner and handsome face.

When they are about half-way to Chetwood she plucks up courage to say, although the saying of it costs her a brilliant blush.

"Are you my guardian?"

"I call that a most unkind question," says Cyril. "Have I fallen short in any way, that the thought suggests itself? Do you mean to insinuate I am not guarding you properly now? Am I not taking sufficiently good care of you?"

"You are my guardian then?" says Lilian, with such unmistakable hope in her tones that Cyril laughs outright.

"No, I am not," he says. "I wish I were, though for your own sake it is better as it is. Your guardian is no end a better fellow than I am. He would have come to meet you to-day, but he was obliged to go some miles away on business."

"Business?" thinks Miss Chesney, disdainfully. "Of course it would never do for the goodly goody to neglect his business. Oh, dear! I know we shall not get on at all."

"I am very glad he did not put himself out for me," she says, glancing at Cyril from under her long curling lashes. "It would have been a pity, as I have not missed him at all."

"I feel intensely grateful to you for that speech," says Cyril. "When Guy came out later on—as he always does—I shall still have the memory of it to fall back upon."

"Is this Chetwood?" Lilian asks, five minutes later, as they pass through the entrance-gate. "What a charming avenue!"—putting her head out of the window—"and so dark. I like it dark, it reminds me of—"

she pauses, and two large tears come slowly, slowly into her blue eyes and tremble there—"my home," she says, in a low tone.

"You must try to be happy with us," Cyril says, kindly, taking one of her hands and pressing it gently, to enforce his sympathy; and then the horses draw up at the hall door, and he helps her to alight, and presently she finds herself within the doors of Chetwood.

CHAPTER IV.

When Lady Chetwood, who is sitting in the drawing-room, hears the carriage draw up to the door she straightens herself in her chair, smooths down the folds of her black velvet gown with rather nervous fingers, and prepares for an unpleasant surprise. She hears Cyril's voice in the hall inquiring where his mother is, and, rising to her feet, she makes ready to receive the new ward.

She has put on what she fondly hopes is a particularly gracious air, but which is, in reality, a palpable mixture of fear and uncertainty. The door opens, there is a slight pause; and then Lilian, alight, and fair, and pretty, stands upon the threshold.

She is very pale, partly through fatigue but much more through nervousness and the self-same feeling of uncertainty that is weighing down her hostess. As her eyes meet Lady Chetwood's they take an appealing expression that goes straight to the heart of that kindest of women.

"You have arrived, my dear," she says, a ring of undeniable cordiality in her tone, while from her face all the unpleasant fears have vanished. She moves forward to greet her guest, and as Lilian comes up to her takes the fair, sweet face between her hands and kisses her softly on each cheek.

"You are like your mother," she says, presently, holding the girl a little way from her, and regarding her with earnest attention. "Yes—very like your mother, and she was beautiful. You are welcome to Chetwood, my dear child."

Lilian, who is feeling rather inclined to cry, does not trust herself to make any spoken rejoinder, but putting up her lips of her own accord, presses them gratefully to Lady Chetwood's, thereby ratifying the silent bond of friendship that without a word has on the instant been sealed between the old woman and the young one.

A great sense of relief has fallen upon Lady Chetwood. Not until now, when her fears have been proved groundless, does she fully comprehend the amount of uneasiness and positive horror with which she has regarded the admittance of a stranger into her happy home circle. The thought that something unexplained, disagreeable, unexplainable, might be coming has followed her like a nightmare for the past week, but now, in the presence of this lovely child, it has fled away ashamed, never to return.

Lilian's delicate, well-bred face and figure, her small hands, her graceful movements, her whole air, proclaim her one of the world to which Lady Chetwood belongs, and the old lady, who is accustomed to her fingers' ends, feels the fact with delight. Her beauty alone had almost won her cause, when she cast that beseeching glance from the doorway; and now when she lets the heavy tears grow in her blue eyes, all doubt is at an end, and "almost" gives way to "quite."

Henceforth she is altogether welcome at Chetwood, as far as its present gentle mistress is concerned.

"Cyril took care of you, I hope?" says Lady Chetwood, glancing over her guest's head at her second son, and smiling kindly.

"Great care of me," returning the smile.

"What you are tired, of course; it is a long journey, and no doubt you are glad to reach home," says Lady Chetwood, using the word naturally. And though the mention of it causes Lilian a pang, still there is something tender and respectful about it too, that gives some comfort to her heart.

"Perhaps you would like to go to your room," continues Lady Chetwood, thoughtfully, "though I fear your maid cannot have arrived yet."

"Miss Chesney, like Juliet, boasts a nurse," says Cyril; "she seems to travel with a mere maid."

"My nurse has always attended me," says Lilian, who has no old maid without her. "She is not far from being a perfect nurse."

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New Store.

JUST OPENED:

GREY, WHITE, COTTON, PILLOW

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

TABLE CLOTHS, HAMBURGERS.

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 Wool shirts and Drawers

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

C. H. THOMAS & Co

Fredericton, Sept. 19, 1885.

"Golden Fleece."

BARAINS

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

dies' Jackets, LSTERS

Knit Vests

HALF PRICE.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Oct. 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 first-class style. Felt Hats dyed and altered to any desired shape and color at 50 cts. each. Samples may be seen at Laundry Office.

Fredericton, Nov. 7th, 188

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

WINTER CHRISTMAS GOODS!

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

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,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, May 9, 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 6, 1884.

FALL 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 Stock &c., always in stock. Call and see prices before buying elsewhere.

THOMAS STANGER

Opposite Post Office, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Fire Insurance.

The LANCASHIRE Fire

Insurance Company

CAPITAL - \$1,000,000

REVENUE FUND - \$2,500,000

DEPOSIT WITH LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO. LTD.

THE SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

ESTABLISHED 1824

CAPITAL - \$3,000,000

TOTAL ASSETS - \$1,636,535

INVESTED FUNDS - \$1,500,000

ASSETS IN CANADA - \$23,000

AGENTS:

Gregory & Gregory.

OFFICES.

Carlton Street, Fredericton, N. B.

May 7, 1885.

LOOK! LOOK!

W. H. Vanwart

has in stock 2 1/2 tons

different grades FLOUR in whole and half barrels, 50 lb. and 25 lb. SUGAR, the best, 50 lb. and 25 lb. Candles and Hat Chests Etc.

100 bbls. Apples,

W. H. Vanwart's.

Fredericton, Dec. 16, 1885.

DAILY EXPECTED:

A CARGO

OF SUPERIOR

Joggins Coal

Fresh Mined and Screened, which will be sold at usual LOW rate from boat.

25¢ Please leave your order 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.

"WHEN YOU BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT BUY SOMETHING SERVICEABLE."

Your Wife

Would have no objection to one of our fashionable and stylish

PARLOR SUITS.

With—Plush Rocker, Corner Chair, Easy Window Chair, Sofa, &c.—upholstered in figured plush, hair silk and hair cloth coverings. We are selling them very low!

Or Your Husband

To use of our

Easy, Reclining and Study CHAIRS,

Of which we have a fine line, at all prices

And the Children

Will be sure to be pleased with our

Small Bureaus, Sofas, Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Rocking Horses, Sleds, &c.

We have also,

Drapery Tables, Music Stands, Slipper Boxes, Wall Pockets, Cabinets, Foot Rests, Towel Racks, Corner Stands, Brackets, etc., etc., etc.

ADAMS'

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

County Court House Square.

Fredericton, Dec. 5.

Tea! Tea!

Landing To-day.

54 Half Chests Kaisow Congou, 50 Boxes (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. 23, 1886.

A GIFT