

ADVOCATE SUPPLEMENT.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., MAY 31, 1898.

Clevelands, the success of '98

Having the experience, possessing the facilities, incurring the expense, justified by volume of business, and inspired with an ambition to construct "THE WORLD'S GREATEST BICYCLE," accounts for the extraordinary increase of Cleveland sales in every civilized country.

\$80.00 CLEVELAND BICYCLE \$80.00

The handsomest in design and finish. The best in material and workmanship. The most perfect in its lines and bearings.

\$55 CLEVELAND BICYCLES, \$70.

Our enormous facilities permit us, and we do sell better bicycles for \$55 than others sell for \$75 and \$80.

Beautiful and Great, contain points of superiority not included in the highest-priced competitor.

\$1.00 30 in. wheels

Represents the highest ideal in the art of Bicycle construction. Short head, long wheel base, 4 inch drop crank hanger, Cleveland improved bearings and numerous other new and beautiful improvements make it the easiest and smoothest running wheel in the world.

Agents Everywhere.

Write for Catalogue.

Sole Representative,
H. WILLISTON & Co., Newcastle.
H. A. Lozier & Co., Toronto Junction.

THE ... UNION ADVOCATE

is one of the most up-to-date newspapers in the province. Of late we have been obliged, on account of our bountiful advertising patronage which is the largest of any paper on the North Shore, to publish only the most important news in a condensed form. In the future we intend to issue a two page supplement which will contain a high class serial story entitled "Between Two Sins," by Bertha M. Clay and will be continued from week to week for about two months. Don't fail to read it.

OUR JOB PRINTING PLANT

is equipped to do any class of work in the latest and most up-to-date styles for which we ask very reasonable prices. We have a good variety of stationery and paper stock to select from.

We also solicit orders for the celebrated E. B. Eddy Co.'s wrapping paper, bags, etc. We have in stock a few rolls of wrapping paper in the following lengths;—15, 18, 24 and 30 inch, also 100lbs. of cotton twine. Patronize us and you will save money.

Between Two Sins,

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER I.

She came in with a quiet, graceful movement.



She came in with a quiet, graceful movement.

Miss Forster, she said, "It is eight o'clock, and we are just going to take tea. Mrs. Harper shall show you to your room, and then you can join us."

"Not to save my life could I have refrained, as I raised my eyes, filled with tears, to her face, from saying, 'This is not much like Christmas. And, if the words had been so many barbed arrows that pierced her heart, she could not have started more. It was as though some long-lost voice had spoken to her."

"I had forgotten it," she replied. "You forgot that it was Christmas Eve?" "I cried, wondering to myself what manner of woman this was. 'Why?' I continued, 'the whole world remembers and loves Christmas. I loved it once,' she remarked. 'And why not now?' I asked, without thinking that perhaps my words were abrupt."

"Now?" she answered, dully. "Oh, now is quite different!" She looked confused, as though she hardly knew how to answer me. Then, seeing the tears rain down my face, she added, "You must try to be happy. It was kind of you to come. You will find Ullamere a beautiful place, but very dull."

She shuddered as she spoke, and I noticed that her voice was sweet and clear, but sadly deficient in the sweet intonations that speak of hope and love. I believe that I was almost frightened by her. "You are fatigued with your long journey," she said, seeing that my tears still filled my eyes.

"Yes, but it is not that," I replied. "I thought Christmas was so beautiful in England." "So it is," she replied, and she clasped her white hands together. "But not here, where we forget it. It must seem strange to you."

I had read such beautiful stories of Christmas Eve in England—of the holly and mistletoe, and of Christmas decorations. I remembered my prayer at the altar under the snow-frosted trees. "I have asked for a Christmas gift," I said, impulsively. "What have you asked for?" she inquired.

"I was looking at the blue sky, watching the stars, and I asked that Heaven, as my Christmas gift, might bestow on me one I love." "Some one to love you?" she echoed. Her face flushed, her eyes sparkled, but she trembled. "Ask for a sword to pierce your heart, for a deadly serpent to poison you, for lightning to strike you, and you will, but never ask for any one to love you—never for any one whom you can love."

And the next minute she was gone. A kindly, comely woman, whom I knew afterward as Mrs. Harper, the housekeeper, came to me a few minutes later. "Will you go to your room, miss?" she asked. "You must be tired and cold."

Yet, though the wintry wind had pierced me, and the frost had seized my hands, my heart was colder still, and I longed for the happy, sunny France that I had left.

We went through long winding passages, Mrs. Harper carried a wax-taper, which made the darkness seem all the more profound. The wind moaned fitfully. "What a dreary house!" I cried involuntarily. "Why do you not have a light?"

"I was not so near to Ullamere," she replied, "and that is quite five miles away. Besides, no one cares about light here. The wax tapers, 'No one cares!' I repeated. 'What an extraordinary thing! I thought everyone liked to make a house cheerful.'"

"All the gas that could be made in the world would not render this house cheerful," said Mrs. Harper. "There is a shadow over it." "The shadow of what?" I asked, with a pale face and fast-beating heart. "No one knows. I can see the shadow and feel it, but I can not tell what it is. You are young, Miss Forster, and you must try to be cheerful. Do not let the gloom oppress you. That is the best for tea."

I looked at my few plain and simple dresses. "I am ashamed to go down in one of these," I said. "Are there any visitors?" "She laughed a dreary laugh. 'Visitors?' No; they seldom come here."

"But Lady Culmore was so superbly dressed!" I cried. The housekeeper looked at me earnestly. "In all the county," she replied, "there is no one who dresses so gracefully as my lady; but she will never get that which she dresses for—never."

I took out a dress of plain black silk and some holy berries. "I will not forget it is Christmas. If every one else in the house does!" I cried, as I placed a spray of red-berried holly in my hair and one in the bosom of my dress. A few minutes afterward I stood at the drawing-room door with a beating heart. There was a death-like silence within; the wind was waiving outside, the shadows were deepening and gathering around me. I took courage, opened the door, and found myself in a magnificent room, lofty and beautifully decorated. The ceiling was painted; there were fine pictures, a few rare statues, jardinières filled with costly exotics, luxurious furniture; altogether it was a most charming apartment. It was lighted by wax-tapers. Lady Culmore was seated before the ruddy fire.

"You will be glad to have some tea, I am sure," she said. A cosy little table was drawn to the fire; a silver tea-service, with cups and saucers of Sevres china, was placed on it. I took a seat, and then Lady Culmore forgot all about me. She sat looking into the fire, holding in her white hand a fan of delicate feathers. Evidently she saw pictures in the fire which I could not see, she read stories there which I could not read. After a short interval, a servant brought in a silver stand and kettle, and placed them on the table. "Sir Rudolph is coming, my lady," she said.

She said, "I had thought her cold and without emotion, but I saw now that I had been mistaken. Her face changed. The peculiar pallor of the lips disappeared; the mask of stone fell; there was the flushed, passionate, beautiful face of a living, loving woman. I noticed that she placed one hand over her heart, as though she would still its beating. I have never seen such pain, such passion, such intensity of longing in any human eyes as I read in hers."

Again the door opened, and Sir Rudolph entered. I forgot at first to look at him, in the wonder I felt at her. The agony in the eyes of a frightened bird when the snake first fixes it would give a faint idea of the expression in hers; yet in them shone a gleam of love—unutterable, despairing love. But, when he spoke, I looked at him. He was not a model of manly beauty; but he had a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten. He was tall, with the erect figure, the broad shoulders, the muscular limbs that distinguish a true Englishman. The chief charms

of his face lay in his mouth and eyes. The mouth was tender, proud and firm, its graceful lines unbroken by the least mustache. I could never describe the beauty, the power and the pathos of his eyes. When they looked at me, they were kindly, clear and bright; when they fell on Lady Culmore's face, I read aversion and fear in them.

Sir Rudolph held out his hand and bade me welcome to Ullamere. His greeting was a thousand times more kindly than Lady Culmore's had been. He said that he hoped I should not find it dull—that he spent his own time in reading, boating, fishing and rambling over the hills. And all the time he spoke his wife's eyes were fixed on him with the look of a frightened bird.

We sat down, and if ever there was a study these two, husband and wife, presented one. I saw the whole scene so plainly—the magnificent room, with the pale clear light from the wax tapers, the glow of the fire as it fell on the pictures and statues, the bloom and fragrance of the hothouse flowers. I shall never forget how the freight fell on the rich dress and jewels, the fair hair and beautiful face of Lady Culmore, and on the dark head and noble face of Sir Rudolph. Had she donned the rich robe and gems to please Sir Rudolph? If so, it was indeed labor in vain. After the first half-shrinking look his eyes were carefully averted from her. I could see that plainly. It was not curdled indifference; it was that he would not look at her. When he spoke to me his eyes met mine with a frank, open expression. If Lady Culmore addressed him, they were studiously fixed on anything but her.

As tea proceeded, the wonder to me grew greater. When Sir Rudolph addressed his wife he seemed quite unconscious of the pleading that came into her voice, as she seemed quite unconscious of the pleading that came into her voice. There was no attempt at conversation between them. I could not say that Sir Rudolph was wanting in civility or attention to the beautiful woman who looked at him with such passionate, entreating, love-lit eyes; but he did only just what was needful—no more. Unless I was greatly mistaken, the surface, shrinking aversion, something more than dislike—loathing even on his part, on hers, love that was painful in its passionate entreaty. Altogether I felt that I was in an atmosphere of mystery. The gloom of the house, the silence that reigned in the splendid rooms, the curious aspect of husband and wife, all confirmed the idea.

A little incident impressed me much. Lady Culmore wore a very handsome diamond bracelet, the gold

of the setting of one of the stones was slightly damaged, and hurt her arm. She raised it suddenly with a little cry of pain, and went over to her husband.

"Rudolph," she said, "will you see to this bracelet for me?" And she looked at him with eyes so full of love that my wonder was that he did not embrace her on the spot and kiss the lovely pleading face.

She held out her beautifully rounded white arm to him, and showed him the little red mark caused by the broken gold. In doing so her hand touched him. It was accidental, I believe; but I shall never forget the incident. It was over in a moment; but, while that moment lasted, the scene was terrible. His face changed, fierce anger flamed from his eyes. He shook the white hand from his arm as though it had been a viper.

"You forget?" he cried in a voice so cold and hard that I recognized it as cold and hard, and shuddering white, trembling, she shrank away from him. "Good-night, Miss Forster," said Sir Rudolph, abruptly. "I hope you will make yourself as happy as you can."

He was gone before I had time to reply. Lady Culmore stood quite still for a few moments; then she tore the jewels from her hair, from her neck, from her arms, and dashed them upon the ground.

"Am I so hateful, so horrible," she cried, "that he will not look at me, that I may not touch him? Oh, heaven, am I so hateful, so loathsome as that?" Suddenly she remembered my presence, and looked at me with a wild, passionate despair that touched my very heart. I went to pick up the

beautiful gems strewn upon the ground. I laid them, a glittering, magnificent mass, on the table. She came up to them with a half-shamed face. "How passionate I am, Miss Forster!" she said. "What can you think of me?"

"I have had no time to think at all yet," I replied. Then she walked to one of the large mirrors, and stood before it for some minutes in silence. "Miss Forster, come here," she said, after she had looked long and earnestly at herself.

I went to her, and we stood side by side. She regarded me critically. "You are beautiful," she said, slowly. "You are dark as the daughters of sunny Spain, and your eyes are like dusky velvet—in, they are like purple heart's-ease; but you are not so beautiful as I am." She turned to me fiercely and clutched my hands. "Tell me," she cried—"you have had time to judge—tell me—am I not a woman whom any man could love?"

"Yes," I replied, quickly, half-frightened by her strange manner. "Look at my arm," she continued. "If any other man had been in his place, he would have kissed it, and he flung it from him!"

I had no time to answer. The footman came in to clear the table, and I went back to my room.

CHAPTER II.

What manner of house, what manner of people were these? What was wrong under this roof? What was the shadow where all should have been bright? I had been tired before, but the mystery and novelty had so excited and bewildered me that I could not rest. I could not sleep. Surely no one had ever spent a stranger Christmas Eve than this!

I drew aside the hangings. Ah, me, the sweet, white world that lay outside, the beauty of the Christmas night, and golden stars! I could not bear the light, although I knew they would shine until past midnight, and I knew in sheer desperate pity for my own loneliness had it not been that my thoughts were so deeply engrossed with the mystery of Ullamere.

I went to sleep at last, thinking of the beautiful face of the wife, of the noble face of the husband wondering what shadow, what sorrow lay between them.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. I drew near the window and looked out in wonder and delight. There lay the mere, known as Ulla Water, and the grounds of the estate sloped down to the very edge. It was a beautiful lake, on which, in summer the water-lilies slept, green reeds and sedges grew on the banks and in many places the boughs of the trees dipped into the water. There was almost every variety of tree in the grounds—copper-beech and silver-beech, stately oak and graceful lime, trembling aspen and spreading walnut, the pride of the place being a grand old cedar. In its mantle of white snow, with the sun shining full on it, the scene was most striking. The robins were flying about in search of food, and the innumerable was in full flower. My heart and spirit rose. It could not be all misery in such a world as this, such a beautiful world, disfigured only by man and sin!

I went down-stairs, thinking that, if Christmas Eve were forgotten, surely, being Christmas, they would remember Christmas Day! But again there was no recognition of it—no holly, no mistletoe, no cheery voice, no laughter, no Christmas greeting. The house was as silent in the morning sunshine as it had been on the previous night. Breakfast was served in the dining-room; but neither Sir Rudolph nor his wife came down to it. The old butler told me that Sir Rudolph's breakfast was served to him in his study, and

(Continued on next page.)