

MONA; OR The Irish Bride of an English Gentleman.

Now come and see my own room," says Mona, going up to Rodney, and slipping her hand into his in a little trustful fashion that is one of her many loving ways...

It is a very curious little room they enter,—yet pretty, whimsical, and suggestive of care and affection, and certainly not one to be laughed at. Each object that meets the view seems replete with pleasurable memory...

"Now I am here, you will sing me something," says Geoffrey, presently. "I wonder what kind of songs you like best," says Mona, dreamily, letting her fingers run noiselessly over the keys of the Collard.

"Then I will sing you a song I was sent last week," says Mona, and forthwith sings him "Years Ago," mournfully, pathetically, and with all her soul, as it should be sung. Then she gives him "London Bridge," and then "Rose-Marie," and then she takes her fingers from the piano and looks at him with a fond hope that he will see fit to praise her work.

"You are an artist," says Geoffrey, with a deep sigh, when she has finished. "Who taught you, child? But there is no use in such a question. Nobody could teach it to you: you must feel it as you sing. And yet you are scarcely to be envied. Your singing has betrayed to me one thing: if ever you suffer any great trouble it will kill you."

"I am not going to suffer," says Mona, lightly. "Sorrow only falls on every second generation; and you know poor mother was very unhappy at one time: therefore I am free. You will call that superstition, but, with a grave shake of her head, it is quite true."

"I hope it is," says Geoffrey, "though, taking your words for gospel, it rather puts me out in the cold. My mother seems to have had rather a good time all through, devoid of anything that might be termed trouble."

"But she lost her husband," says Mona, gently. "Well, she did. I don't remember about that, you know. I was quite a little chap, and hustled out of sight if I said 'boo.' But of course she's got all over that, and is as jolly as a sand boy now," says Geoffrey, gayly. (If only Lady Rodney could have heard him comparing her to a "sand-boy!")

"Poor thing!" says Mona, sympathetically, "but sympathy, by the bye, is utterly misplaced, as Lady Rodney thought her husband, if anything, an old bore, and three months after his death confessed to herself that she was glad he was no more!"

"Where do you get your music?" asks Geoffrey, idly, wondering how "London Bridge" has found its way to this isolated spot, as he thinks of the shops in the pretty village near, where Molloy and Adams, and their attendant spruce called Weatherly, are unknown.

"The boys send it to me. Anything new that comes out, or anything they think will suit my voice, they post me at once." "The boys!" repeats he, mystified. "Yes, the students, I mean. When with aunt in Dublin I knew ever so many of them, and they were very fond of me."

now sad with a "lovely melancholy," as the words and music sway her. Her voice is clear and pure and full of pathos. She seems to follow no rule; an "F" here or a "p" there, on the page before her, she heeds not, but sings only as her heart dictates.

"When she has finished, Geoffrey says 'thank you' in a low tone. He is thinking of the last time when some else sang to him, and of how different the whole scene was from this. It was at the Towers, and the hour, with its dying daylight, rises before him. The subdued light of the summer eve, the open window, the perfume of the drowsy flowers, the girl at the piano with her small drooping head and her perfectly trained and very pretty voice, the room, the soft silence, his mother leaning back in her crimson velvet chair, beating time to the music with her long jeweled fingers—all is remembered.

It was in the boudoir they were sitting, and Violet was dressed in some soft gray dress that shone and turned into palest pearl as she moved. It was his mother's boudoir, the room she most affects, with its crimson and gray coloring and its artistic arrangements, that blend so harmoniously, and are so tremendously becoming to the complexion when the blinds are lowered. How pretty Mona would look in a gray and crimson room! how—

"What are you thinking of?" asks Mona softly, breaking in upon his soliloquy. "Of the last time I heard any one sing," returns he, slowly. "I was comparing that singer very unfavorably with you. Your voice is so unlike what one usually hears in drawing-rooms."

He means highest praise. She accepts his words as a kind rebuke. "Is that a compliment?" she says, wistfully. "It is well to be unlike all the world! Yet what you say is true, no doubt. I suppose I am different from all the other people you know."

"This is half a question; and Geoffrey answering it from his heart, sinks ever deeper into the mire. "You are indeed," he says, in a tone so grateful that it ought to have betrayed to her his meaning. But grief and disappointment have seized upon her.

"Yes, of course," she says, dejectedly. A cloud seems to have fallen upon her happy hour. "When did you hear that—that last singer?" she asks, in a subdued voice.

"At home," returns he. He is gazing out of the window, with his hands clasped behind his back, and does not pay so much attention to her words as is his habit. "Is your home very beautiful?" asks she, timidly, looking at him the more earnestly in that he seems rapt in contemplation of the valley that spreads itself before him.

"Yes, very beautiful," he answers, thinking of the stately oaks and aged elms and branching beeches that go so far to make up the glory of the ivied towers. "How paltry this country must appear in comparison with your own!" goes on the girl, longing for a contradiction, and staring at her little brown hands, the fingers of which are twining and intertwining nervously with one another.

"How glad you will be to get back to your own home!" "Yes, very glad," returns he, hardly knowing what he says. He has gone back again to his first thoughts,—his mother's boudoir, with its old china, and its choice water-colors that line the walls, and its delicate Italian statuettes. In his own home—which is situated about fourteen miles from the Towers, and which is rather out of repair through years of disuse—there are many rooms. He is busy now trying to remember them, and to decide which of them would look best decked out in crimson and gray, or blue and silver; he hardly knows which would suit her best. Perhaps, after all—

"How strange it is!" says Mona's voice, that has now a faint shade of sadness in it. "How people come and go in one's lives, like the waves of the restless sea, now breaking at one's feet, now receding, now—"

"Only to return," interrupts he, quickly. "And—to break at your feet? To break one's heart, do you mean? I do not like your simile." "You jest," says Mona, full of calm reproach. "I mean how strangely people fall into one's lives and then out again!" She hesitates. Perhaps so something in his face warns her, perhaps it is the weariness of her own voice that frightens her, but at this moment her whole expression changes and a laugh, forced but apparently full of gaiety, comes from her lips. It is very well done indeed, yet to any one but a jealous lover her eyes would betray her. The usual softness is gone from them, and only a well suppressed grief and a pride that cannot be suppressed takes its place.

"ping out of your life?" "Because, of course, you will, you must. Your world is not mine." "You could make it yours." "I do not understand," she says, very proudly, throwing up her head with a charming gesture. "And, talking of forgetfulness, do you know what hour it is?"

"You evidently want to get rid of me," says Rodney, discouraged, taking up his hat. He takes up her hand, too, and holds it warmly, and looks long and earnestly into her face. "By the bye," he says, once more restored to something like hope, as he notes her drooping lids and changing color, and how she hides from his searching gaze her dark, blue, Irish eyes, that, as somebody has so cleverly expressed it, seem "rubbed into her head with a dirty finger," so marked lie the shadows beneath them, that enhance and heighten their beauty—"by the bye, you told me you had a miniature of your mother in your desk, and you promised to show it to me." He merely says this with a view to gaining more time, and not from any overwhelming desire to see the late Mrs. Scully.

"It is here," says Mona, rather pleased at his remembering this promise of hers, and going to a desk, proceeds to open a secret drawer, in which lies the picture in question. "It is a very handsome picture, and Geoffrey duly admires it; then it is returned to its place, and Mona, opening the drawer next to it, shows him some exquisite ferns dried and gilded on paper.

"What a clever child you are!" says Geoffrey, with genuine admiration. "And what is there?" laying his hand on the third drawer. "Oh, do not open that—do not!" says Mona, hastily, in an agony of fear to judge by her eyes, laying a deterring hand upon his arm.

"And why not this or any other drawer?" says Rodney, growing pale. Again jealousy, which is a demon, rises in his breast, and thrusts out all gentler feelings. Her allusion to Mr. Moore, most innocently spoken, and, later on, her reference to the students, have served to heighten within him angry suspicion.

"Do not!" says Mona, again, as though fresh words are impossible to her, drawing her breath quickly. Her evident agitation incensed him to the last degree. Opening the drawer impulsively, he gazes at its contents. Only a little withered bunch of heather, tied by a blade of grass! Nothing more! Rodney's heart throbs with passionate relief, yet shame covers him; for he himself, one day, had given her that heather, tied, as he remembers, with that self-same grass; and she, poor child, had kept it ever since. She had treasured it, and laid it aside, apart from all other objects, among her most sacred possessions, as a thing beloved and full of tender memories; and his had been the hand to ruthlessly lay bare this hidden secret of her soul.

He is overcome with contrition, and would perhaps have said something better, but she prevents him. "Yes," she says, with cheeks colored to a rich carmine, and flashing eyes, and lips that quiver in spite of all her efforts at control, "that is the bit of heather you gave me, and that is the grass that tied it. I kept it because it reminded me of a day when I was happy. Now," bitterly, "I no longer care for it: for the future it can only bring back to me an hour when I was grieved and wounded."

Taking up the hapless heather, she throws it on the ground, and in a fit of childish spleen, lays her foot upon it and tramples it out of all recognition. Yet, even as she does so, the tears gather in her eyes, and, resting there unshed, transfuse her into a lovely picture that might well be termed "Beauty in Distress." For this faded flower she grieves as though it were, indeed, a living thing that she has lost.

"Go!" she says, in a choked voice, and with a little passionate sob, pointing to the door. "You have done mischief enough." Her gesture is at once imperious and dignified. Then in a softer voice, that tells of sorrow, and with a deep sigh. "At least," she says, "be lieved in your honor."

The reproach is terrible, and cuts him to the heart. He picks up the poor little bruised flower, and holds it tenderly in his hand. "How can I go," he says, without daring to look at her, "until, at least, I ask for forgiveness?" He feels more nervous, more crushed in the presence of this little wounded Irish girl, with her pride and her grief than he has ever felt in the presence of an offended fashionable beauty full of airs and caprices. "Mona, love makes one cruel; I ask you to remember that, because it is my only excuse," he says, warmly. "Don't condemn me altogether, but forgive me once more."

"I am always forgiving you, it seems to me," says Mona, coldly, turning from him with a frown. "And as for that heather," facing him again, with eyes shamed but wrathful, "I just kept it because—because—oh, because I didn't like to throw it away! That was all."

Her meaning is quite clear; he is clear; but Geoffrey doesn't dare so much as to think about it. Yet in his heart he knows that he is glad because of her words. [To be Continued]

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Hats, &c.

McALPINE'S. A Large and Well Assorted Stock of CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES. JUST RECEIVED—FOR SALE CHEAP. J. B. McALPINE, Next above C. H. Thomas & Co., Queen Street, F'ron

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, Wilmots Alley. Frederickton, December 23, 1884.

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. JOHN G. GUNN. QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON. Frederickton, May 9, 1885.

AGENTS FOR MITCHELL, VANCE & Co., New York, Gas Fixtures G. & E. Blake, PLUMBERS AND Gas Fitters, 177 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Boots, Shoes RUBBERS SLIPPERS

30th APRIL, 1884. ELY PERKINS, HALF BLS. HERRINGS. ALSO: CODFISH, OATMEAL, RICE, RAISINS, TEA, STIGARS, &c. FOR SALE LOW. Kelly & Murphy, Carriages and Sleighs. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. Old Carriages Bought and Sold and Exchanged for New. FACTORY: MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. KELLY. C. MURPHY July 11, 1885—1 yr.

SUGARS! 80 Barrels Cheap Refined Sugars Just Landing. 150 Barrels Granulated Sugar In Store—For Sale Low. A. F. Randolph & Son. Frederickton, May 10, 1885.

THE SCOTTISH UNION NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. ESTABLISHED 1824. CAPITAL: £1,000,000. RESERVE FUND: £2,000,000. DEPOSITED WITH THE GOVERNMENT: £100,000. THE ANNUAL SALE of Stock on the Government Stock Farm will take place on WEDNESDAY, 7th OCTOBER NEXT, AT 11 A. M. Among the animals to be sold are: Shorthorn, Ayrshire, Friesian and Red Polled Norfolk Bulls and Heifers, Leicester Cotswold, and Shropshire Lambs, and Yorkshire Pigs. Bidding at the sale will be open to all. A bond will be required from the purchasers to keep the animals in the Province for 3 years, or such time as may be mentioned at the time of sale. Agricultural Societies may purchase as usual. For further particulars apply to the Secretary of the Board. CHAS. H. LUGGIE, Secretary. D. McLELLAN, President. OFFICE FOR AGRICULTURE, Frederickton, Aug. 25, 1885. Telegraph: Sun, Globe, Courier, Advance, Transcript, Maple Leaf, Sentinel, copy.

SUN LIFE Assurance Comp'y of Canada.

Unconditional Incontestable Life Policies. Assets about \$1,300,000. THE object of the Company is to provide Life Assurance for the benefit of the insured, and to accumulate funds for the support of the aged and infirm. The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, issues absolutely unconditional policies. There is not one restriction of any kind on them. The assured may reside in any part of the world without paying any extra premium. He may change his occupation at will; he may travel, hunt or do anything else without any extra of any kind. The contract is remarkable for its simplicity. It is so simple that it can be explained to any one who speaks for itself.

REMEMBER THE SUN IS THE ONLY COMPANY IN AMERICA WHICH ISSUES AN ABSOLUTELY UNCONDITIONAL POLICY. IF YOU WANT The simplest and best form of investment policy which is issued by any company, IF YOU WANT Term Assurance at the lowest possible rate, with an investment for your savings at compound interest, IF YOU WANT Cheap Life Assurance while your children are young, and an endowment to yourself when they are grown up, IF YOU WANT The accumulation of Twontine profits without the risk of losing all you have paid by missing any payment, IF YOU WANT Assurance with an unconditional policy which is sure to be paid without delay or trouble, THEN YOU WANT A NON-FORFEITING "Semi-Endowment" Policy IN THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Life Insurance. THE Insuring Public of New Brunswick are requested to examine the following POPULAR PLANS OF THE North American Life Assurance Co'y.

Head Office: Toronto, Ont. Hon. Alex. Macdonald, M. P., President. Hon. Alexander Morris, M. P., Vice-President. Wm. McCabe, Esq., F. L. A., F. S. S., Managing Director. This Company has Full Power with Dominion Government, \$50,000,000. Guarantee Fund \$300,000,000. The Company's Plans that are well and favorably known to the Public are: Its Twontine and Semi-Twontine Investment Policies; Its Commercial Plan of Life Policies; and Its Reduced Rates for Partial Endowment Policies. The Twontine Policies are issued at the same Premium Rates as all ordinary Plans, and give the Holder the advantage and security of Life Assurance, combined with a productive investment of his ready means, that result MORE ADVANTAGEOUSLY THAN SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS.

Guaranteed Life Assurance within the reach of all classes. People who want the protection of Life Assurance pay on the Commercial plan the Lowest Cost of Warranted Insurance yet offered to the Canadian Public. The cost to a person of 30 years of age, per \$1000, averaging about \$3 per annum, payable in quarterly instalments. The Policies on this Plan are of the same liberal character as the Company's Policies, and are guaranteed by the ample resources of the Company. The following gentlemen are the New Brunswick Board of Directors and References: T. W. Daniel, Esq., St. John; J. B. E. Stevenson, Esq., St. John; Hon. D. McLehlan, Esq., St. John; John Black, Esq., Bank Nova Scotia, St. Stephen; Wm. Wilson, Esq., M. P. P., Fredericton; W. W. Turnbull, Esq., St. John; James Macpherson, Esq., St. John; A. A. Stockton, M. P., F. L. L. D., St. John; Hon. Judge Fraser, Fredericton; F. W. Holt, Esq., Supt. Grand Southern, St. George; R. K. Jones, Esq., Barrister, Woodstock; Hon. C. N. Skinner, Solicitor, St. John; H. J. A. GODARD, Manager for New Brunswick. Applications received and all information given by Wm. Wilson, or CHAS. E. DUFFY, Agents, Fredericton. GEO. E. LAVERS, General Provincial Manager, Halifax, N. S.

RELIABLE Fire Insurance. The LANCASHIRE Fire Insurance Company. CAPITAL: £10,000,000. RESERVE FUND: £2,000,000. DEPOSITED WITH THE GOVERNMENT: £100,000.

AGENTS: Gregory & Gregory, OFFICES, Carleton Street, Fredericton, N. B. May 7, 1885.

New Brunswick Railway Co. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. IN EFFECT JUNE 28, 1885.

Eastern Standard Time. LEAVE FREDERICTON: 6 20 A. M.—Express for St. John, connecting at Fredericton Junction with East-Express train for Bangor, and points West, and for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Frege Lake, Grand Falls and points North. 8 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. 12 20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John. 3 30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East. ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON: 11 20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John. 2 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. 6 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Frege Lake, Grand Falls and points North. 7 45 P. M.—Express from St. John. LEAVE GIBSON: 7 00 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, Supt. Southern Division, General Manager. F. LEAVITT, General Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., June 24, 1885.

New Brunswick Railway Co. ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF THE NEW ST. JOHN BRIDGE AND RAILWAY EXTENSION. COMMENCING THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1885. Passenger Trains will Arrive and Depart from the New Passenger Station of the Intercolonial Railway at St. John. Tickets issued by this Railway will thereafter be sold and Baggage Checked at this Station. F. W. CRAM, Genl. Manager. J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., Sept. 22, 1885.

THIS IS THE PIONEER LINE. THE MARYSVILLE BUSS DEPOT! Gunter's Livery Stable, NEARLY OPPOSITE CHAS. HARRIS ST., where all orders and parcels may be left.

For PIC-NIC or OTHER EXCURSIONS. GEORGE I. GUNTER, Agent. Per S.S. Hanoverian, via Halifax. IRON. IRON. IRON. 886 BARS Best Refined Iron: 236 Bundles Iron. All well assorted and laid to hand. For sale at market rates by R. CHESTNUT & SONS, July 15, 1885.

COAL! COAL! ON HAND: Best Grand Lake, OLD MINE SIDNEY Sugar Loaf, Anthracite, in Nut and Chestnut sizes. To arrive this week: Old Mine Sidney & Minuda, which will be sold very low from the vessel. Office and Coal Sheds: CAMPBELL STREET.

JAMES TIBBITS. Frederickton, Sept. 17, 1885.

NEW MILLINERY! I am now showing an excellent line of MILLINERY GOODS IN ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES. FLOWERS, FEATHERS, and RIBBONS In the new tinsel effects. I will be receiving New Goods WEEKLY throughout the entire season, and cannot fail to meet the wants of all who favor me with their custom. Prices Moderate. MISS SEERY. Frederickton, Sept. 12, 1885.