

folds of the Rob Roy shawl rise and fall in r gular pulsations. Sometimes it seemed to him that nothing stirred save the shadows novel by the flickering of the wind-blown forms. flame. He had been told not to speak to her, but

He had been told not to speak to her, but the inclination to disobey that injunction was every instant intensifying. Yot, if she w-ro sleep, it would be cruel to disturb her; and he was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness

he was a maness he has a maness He took out his Tennyson and cut the leaves, puzzing out a few lines here and there by the uncertain lamplight. This helped him to while away a quarter of an lour. Ho looked at his watch, God be prise if fifteen minutes more and the train was due at Mildale. What bliss to deliver that near construct the hearing of her that poor creature into the keeping of her ir:end --to have done with that muffled

figure and that unseen face forever! The train was fast approaching the Junc-tion; seven minutes more alone remained of the sour, and this night mail was famed for Just at the last that feeling of morbid

Just at the last that feeling of morbid curicity which had been tormenting the curate for the greater part of the journey became an irresistible impulse. He changed his seat to that directly opposite his silent com anion. Here he could see the form of the delicate fea ures under the blue veil! How cruelly illness had sharpened that out-line. The girl's unglowed hand hung list-lessly over the morocco-covered arm which d.viled her seat from the next. Such a palled hand, so nerveless in its attitude! Something, he knew not what, prompted Mr. Caulid-id to touch those pale fingers. He bent over and laid his hand lightly upon them.

Great God, what an icy hand! He had felt his touch of death on many a sad oc-casion in the path of duty, but this was colder than death itself. A cry of horror hurst from his lips. He snatched aside the gauz veil, and saw a face purpled by the

at 21 veri, and saw a tace purplet by the awful shadow of death. "Multicale Junction! Change here for Broughcombe—" and a string of names that dwindled into silence far away along the platform. George Caulfield sprung out of the rail-

George Caulfield sprung out of the rail-way carriage like a man distraught. He seized upon the nearest guard. "For God's sake, tell me what to do?" he cried. "There is a lady in that carriage dead or dying. Indeed, I fear she is ac-tually dead. She was placed in my charge by a stranger at Grandchester. She is te be met by friends here. It will be an awful shock for them-near relatives, perhapa. How am I to find them? How am I to break the sad news to them?"

the sad news to them?" He was pale to the lips, cold drops of sweat were on his brow. All the pent-up excitament of the last hour burst from him now with uncontrollable force. The guard was as calm as a man of iron. "Feach the station master here, will you?" he wid the a masting porter. "Sad thing

riage. George Caulfield glanced with a shuilder at that mufiled figure in the farthest

"You'd better send for the police," ex-claimed the doctor, reappearing at the door of the carriage. "This is a bad case." "How do you mean?" inquired the station



du'y to detain you. Better not talk too freely, sir. Any statement you now make may be used against you later on." The curate looked at him in surprise. "Do you mean to say that I am your pris-orner-that you want to lock me up?" "all, yes, sir. Very suspicious case, you see. "mg lady poisoned - friends not forthc...mg. No doubt you'll be able to to plain matters to-morrow; but for to-night you_must consider yourself in custody."

yourself under my treatment. Merritt—If I did, I'm afraid I'd soon turn them up.—The Epoch.

That's the Time. When the maiden dons a muslin gown, And the dog has a muzzle on too, "Tis then we sigh to get out of town And down by the ocean blue. —Boston Courier.





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