The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a da on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the sli it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper with out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 10, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Yearly or season advertisements are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The MIRAMICHI ADVANCE having the large circulation it has throughout the Counties of East Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers Superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
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We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, ATACHE POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS
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Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special—One Lot of all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value
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SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid
Special attention given to the preservation and Regulating of the natural teeth
Also Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect
Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No 58.
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WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
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Barrel Heading,
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THOS. W. FLETT,
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WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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A Beautiful Line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
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May 18, 1896.

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ALL WHO ARE DESIRING CLOTHES WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
W. L. T. Weldon's
Tailoring Establishment,
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We Give you the Very Best Value for Your Money.
Our Ulsters and Overcoats of Beavers, Meltons, Frizes and Serges, are acknowledged the best, and are made up on ranging from $12 to $23.
Our Scotch and English Tweed suitings are of the very latest style and Patterns, and best any thing in the market.
Canadian Tweed Suits from $12 to $18. A good line of Fancy Vestings and Pantings. Cutting Fitting and making Ladies' Garments a Specialty also Sponging and Shrinking Dress Goods.
Our Ready made Ulsters and Overcoats will simply astonish you. A good Ulster for $4.00 and our $8.00 Ulsters are regular $12 Goods. Call at once and get fitted up for X'mas

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
.. .. IS AT THE .. ..
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We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Emulsions, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES, PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR

CARD.
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Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public Etc
CHATHAM, N. B.

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS
R. FLANAGAN,
ST JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley deceased, are Plaintiffs and William Mutchmore is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William Mutchmore by reference to the grant will more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Renous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Weir, in Blackville Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes east twelve chains and fifty links and thence south eighty four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and being same as lot number one in the said Weir settlement, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor

Dated the 8th day of January, A.D. 1898

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloth of the best
British, and Canadian Makes
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
Winter Arrangement!
ONE TRIP A WEEK
....FOR....
BOSTON.
COMMENCING Dec. 23rd the Steamship "St. Croix" will leave St. John every THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning will leave Boston MONDAY, at 8 a.m., Portland, 5 p.m.
Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations, and Baggage Checked through.
Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip.
For Rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent.
C. E. LAMB, Agent
St. John, N. B.

FLOUR AND FEED
DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Duncan Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
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CRACKED FEED,
HAY AND OATS,
E. A. STRANG.

BUSINESS
Is Now Rushing!
COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed Form for Winter and Spring Business. Send your orders to
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
—FOR YOUR—
LETTER HEADS,
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All kinds of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

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There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte E. Roberts Grady, are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Brunswick settlement, east, place running by the magnet, both sixteen degrees west sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy two degrees, west fifteen links to a stake, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees, west fifteen links to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and being same as lot number one in the said McKenzie settlement, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the 8th day of January, A.D. 1898.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity

X'MAS OF 1897
finds us with our usual large assortment of Holiday goods.
IN LEATHER GOODS
We have such articles as gents' Travelling Cases, Cuff and Collar Cases, Writing Tablets, Albums, Military Brushes in cases, Ladies' Wallets and Card Cases, Manicure Sets, etc.
IN CELLULOID AND WHITE METAL
We have Brush and Comb Cases, Manicure Sets, Shaving Cases, Necktie Cases, Jewel Cases, Photo Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Smokers' Sets, etc.
IN CHINA GOODS
We have such articles as Rose Bowls, Toilet Bottles, Fancy Trays, Chocolate Pitchers, as well as many other useful and ornamental pieces.
OUR PERFUMES
are beyond the ordinary, consisting of French, English and American goods and being put up in fancy bottles and boxes make very handsome X'mas Gifts.
Perfume Atomizers, Elegant Panel Pictures and Smokers' Supplies assist in completing our fine assortment.
Favor us with a call before going elsewhere as we are in a position to supply your wants.
HICKEY'S
DRUG STORE.
Next to R. A. Murdoch's, Chatham, N. B

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of

John McDonald & Co.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 15th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.

Chatham, June 17th, 1897.

While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.

JOHN McDONALD

MARK YOU!
We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPHS
—OR—
TINTYPES
COME AND SEE US AT
Mersereau's Photo Rooms
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MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE
AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

On Her Wedding Morn.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER XIV. — "BLIGHTED, RUINED, MARRED MY LIFE."

All went happily until July, and then came a terrible shock. Gerald Asheton died suddenly of old-standing heart disease, and Huldah was left heiress and sole mistress of his immense fortune. It was a strange position. She was then only eighteen, and was the sole heiress of a millionaire. Silverwell was hers, the villa at Ryde was hers, and the Belgravian mansion; hers also were the plate, the furniture, the accumulation of money in the funds, and the jewels brought from India. There never had been so wealthy an heiress. She had been the rage before; she became doubly the rage now. Miss Asheton, of Silverwell, was known all over England. The amount of money that she gave away in charity, the sums that she expended in good works, the benevolence and munificence that distinguished her were, it was believed, without parallel.

Owing to the death of Gerald Asheton, the wedding was, of course, postponed—it was arranged to take place in the following April, but the lovers meanwhile met continually. Huldah spent the autumn at Ryde, where the Countess of Evrington reigned queen. Lord Wynton was visiting his sister, so that he and Miss Asheton met not only every day, but spent the greater part of each day together. Christmas they both spent with the countess.

Huldah had expressed a wish about her marriage, to which the countess had objected and Lord Wynton acceded. She dreaded being married in London, where the pomp and magnificence would have wearied her. She dreaded the very thought of it. She clung to Lord Wynton's hand, and he could refuse her nothing.

"Let me be married in quietness and peace," she said; "the ceremony is for us, not for a crowd of idle lookerson. There can be no prettier church than the one at Silverton—let us be married there, Clive. I do not want a great house full of company—only your sister—no one else."

And it was well that he acceded to her request.

The preparations all went on; the magnificent trousseau was prepared; Lyndmere Park was made ready for the reception of the bride, and the wedding day was to be the 10th of April. Lord Wynton was to spend the night at the Asheton Arms, the largest hotel in Silverton, and to meet his beautiful young bride in church. Huldah had her wish. There was no large party of guests; no one was invited to Silverwell except Lord Wynton's sister and her husband.

The 10th of April dawned. It was a fair spring day. The green buds were springing on the hedges and trees; there was a faint odor of violets in the air; the crocuses were peeping above the ground; the voice of the lark was heard in the fresh green meadows.

Huldah Asheton rose early; she was too happy to sleep. The sky might well look so fair, the sun shine so brightly, it was her wedding-day. She went out for a few minutes to take a last look for a time at her fair domain of Silverwell, and then she withdrew to her apartments to dress. It was charateristic of her that on this, her wedding-day, she should ask her faithful old nurse and servant to dress her. No doubt her smart Parisian maid would have done it better, but Huldah wanted the love, the blessings, the warmth of affection that none but an old friend could give.

She—the proud beauty, "The Queen of the Season," Gerald Asheton's heiress—clasped her arms round her nurse's neck.

"I have no mother," she said, laying her beautiful face on the nurse's shoulder, "to kiss me and bless me. Wish me godspeed in my new life, Lewis."

And Jane Lewis blessed her with loving words, foretelling such happiness for her as made the girl's heart beat and her face glow.

"Now come, Lewis," she said, "and see all my wedding-attire; it lies ready in my dressing-room."

Lewis followed her. The wedding-dress, the wedding-veil, the wreath of orange-blossoms the white gloves, the white satin shoes, the white fan with the jeweled handle, the bracelet of magnificent pearls, all lay ready, just as for years afterward they lay in the closed-up room of the River House.

"You shall dress me, Lewis," said the beautiful bride; "no other hands but yours, because yours have been the kindest hands in the world to me."

She wore a wrapper of white silk, and just as she was unfastening the band of it, saying, "See how the sun smiles on my wedding morn," a knock came at the door.

Susannne, the Parisian maid, came in.

"There is a lady in the hall, Miss Asheton, who insists upon seeing you."

"A lady? I cannot see any one. Say that I am particularly engaged. I have spent so much time out of doors, Lewis, that I shall be late."

Another rap came.

"Lady Evrington begs me to say the carriages are ready."

"I shall not be long," said the young heiress. "Susanne, tell the lady I can not see her; whatever message she has must be sent by you."

Susanne went away, but returned in a few minutes.

"The lady insists upon seeing you, miss; she bade me give you this."

Huldah took a note from the girl's hand and read:—

"If you wish to spare yourself untold shame, anguish, and remorse, see me at once. If you refuse to do so, I shall follow you to the church. When you have seen me, you will understand that today's ceremony would be a wretched farce."

Huldah Asheton looked up at the servant who had brought the note.

"The person who wrote this must be mad," she said.

"I do not think so, miss; she looks sane enough."

"What kind of person is she?"

"Tall, elegantly dressed, and pretty looking, miss. She heard somthing about the carriages being ready, and she laughed. 'You had better wait until I have seen your mistress,' she said, to one of the footmen."

A sudden presentiment of evil came to the young heiress.

"I will see her, Susanne," she said; "bring her here."

"Into your dressing-room?" questioned the maid, wonderingly.

"Yes; I have no time to go anywhere else."

Susanne went away quickly. Miss Asheton read the letter again. What could it mean—dear heaven, what could it mean? Her beautiful face grew pale.

"Is it bad news, my dear?" asked the old nurse.

"I do not know," replied Huldah.

Before she had time for another word the door opened, and a tall, elegantly dressed woman entered. Her veil was thrown back, showing a pretty but somewhat insipid face, and a quantity of fair hair. The visitor was elegant rather than graceful. With a mocking smile she looked round the magnificent dressing-room.

"I am sorry to intrude, Miss Asheton, but my business is imperative—it admits of no delay. I hear you are to marry Lord Wynton to-day."

"I do not see that the matter concerns you," was the haughty reply.

"Pardon me, I am the best judge of that."

Suddenly her eyes fell on the gorgeous wedding-dress, the bridal wreath, the silvery veil. A lurid light came into them, scornful, mocking, triumphant smile curled her lip. She looked at that moment more like a fiend than a woman.

"I see your wedding-dress is all ready—the veil and the wreath, and the bridal bouquet, sent by such loving hands. The minister stands ready robed at the altar, the ringers are ready to ring the wedding bells, the carriages stand at the door, the servants all wear white favors, the bridegroom is counting the moments. But listen to me—oh! hour of triumph, for which I have waited and longed and prayed—there will be no wedding, there can be no wedding, for I am Lord Wynton's wife!"

Slowly the color faded from the beautiful face; a great look of horror came into the dark eyes; the pale lips trembled.

"I do not believe it," said Huldah Asheton.

"Yet it is true. Send for Lord Wynton—let him confront me. Ask him, and see if he can deny that I am his lawful wife."

Jane Lewis went quietly up to her mistress.

"If you will only give the order, miss," she said, in a clear voice, "the servants shall put this person outside the door."

"Read this first," requested the stranger.

She laid a paper before the young girl, whose dazed eyes saw that it was the marriage certificate, properly signed and attested, of Isabelle Dubois and Clive Wynton. The marriage had been solemnized at the church of St. Roch, in Paris.

"I can not accept this as evidence," said Huldah, presently. "And I will never believe what you say until I hear it from his own lips."

"Send for him," laughed the stranger, "and see what he will say."

Her confident tone made Jane Lewis tremble. Huldah Asheton drew her tall figure to its full height.

"I will send for him," she said—"I will take his denial from his own lips. He shall meet you here."

"Oh, my lady, my dear young mistress," cried Mrs. Lewis, "do not send for Lord Wynton! Let this woman be turned away!"

"Hush!" said the young girl, proudly. "Neither he nor I need fear the truth."

And then she rang the bell.

"Send Gregory to me, Susanne," she ordered, calmly. No trace, no sign did she allow to appear of what she felt. When Gregory entered, she said: "Drive as quickly as you can, Gregory, to the church at Silverton. You will find Lord Wynton there; tell him to come to me with all haste on a matter of the utmost importance."

The man withdrew, and in a few minutes was driving at full speed to Silverton. Lewis turned to her mistress.

"You will dress now, miss," she said. "This person can be shown into another room."

"Miss Asheton I strongly advise you," interposed the stranger, "not to put on your wedding-dress. You will most certainly have to take it off again—and that will be a humiliation. I am, indeed, Lord Lynton's lawful wife. He will not attempt to deny it."

Huldah Asheton made no answer—she never looked at the stranger. Taking up a book, she turned to the nurse, and said:—

"I will wait here, Lewis, until Lord Wynton comes."

Never once did her eyes stray from the book she held, either to the white, shining wedding costume or to the stranger. The latter appeared somewhat disconcerted by Huldah's calm, lofty manner.

"I will remain here, too," she said. "As I have to confront my husband, I will remain on the spot."

Miss Asheton made no reply; she did not even seem to have heard the words. What was passing in her heart heaven only knew.

Half an hour passed, and the stranger looked up with a weary sigh.

"He is long in coming," she said.

Miss Asheton did not notice her remark.

An hour elapsed. Lady Evrington had been twice to the door of the room, and each time Jane Lewis had seen her and told her the same unsatisfactory tale:—

"Miss Asheton desires to see Lord Wynton before the ceremony, so she has sent for him."

"I am quite sure, Lewis, there is something wrong," said the young countess, "and you are keeping it from me."

Presently Susanne opened the door.

"Lord Wynton wishes to see you, miss."

The next moment he stood on the threshold of the door.

"Huldah," he cried, "what is it, my darling?"

And then came a terrible pause. An awful pallor overspread his face. The stranger looked up at him.

"Good-morning, Lord Wynton. You did not expect to see me here."

An expression of horror passed over his face; his white lips opened, then closed, and the sound died away on them.

"You!" he gasped. "You! I thought—I believed you were—"

She interrupted him. The glittering smile had died from her face; in its place appeared a malignant frown.

"Never mind what you thought. This is my revenge. I have waited for it! I have schemed for it! Now it is mine!"

In her vindictive fury she had drawn nearer to him; her words were hissed in his ear. Miss Asheton stood calm and erect. If the bitterness of death was in her heart, she made no sign.

"This is my revenge—I told you I should have it!" exclaimed the stranger. "I have waited until the very morning of your wedding-day. Look at the bride who should have been yours! Look at her wedding dress! There is the bouquet you sent her! The minister waits in his robes for the bride who will never be wed; the ringers will sound no peal; there will be no gold wedding-ring on the finger of that white hand. Oh, glorious triumph! Oh, sweet revenge!"

"You are a fiend!" he cried.

"You called me an angel once."

And then Huldah Asheton, looking more winning, more regal than she had ever looked, drew near.

"Lord Wynton," she said in a calm, clear voice. "I refuse absolutely to believe one word of what this woman says. I proclaim, and would proclaim to the whole world, my unbounded faith in you. You hear what this person says. I wish to ask you a simple question—your word will be sufficient for me. Is she your wife?"

With a low moan he buried his face in his hands.

"Heaven have pity on me!" he cried.

"Only one word," said Huldah, gently; "deny it, and in the face of the testimony of the whole world I will believe you. Is this woman your wife?"

"Speak," supplemented the stranger; "remember the church in which we were married, the friend who was your witness, the hotel where we had our wedding-breakfast, the villa in Florence that we called home. Now answer the question."

"Clive," said the solemn, clear voice of Huldah Asheton, "answer me—is this woman your wife?"

"Heaven help me, she is!" he replied.

And then over them fell a solemn silence.

Miss Asheton was the first to break it—the miserable man, bowed down with despair, and the stranger, radiant in her triumph, were mute. She turned her pale, beautiful face to Lady Wynton.

"You desired this revenge," she said, with proud calmness. "You have schemed and planned for it, and now you have had it. Go!" She waved her hand with an imperious gesture toward the door. "Go," she repeated; "your presence only pollutes my house!"

"I will go quickly enough," said Lady Wynton, and, turning to her husband, she added: "You must acknowledge, Lord Wynton, that I have had a full revenge. I might have warned you months ago, when I first heard of your approaching marriage, but I would not. I resolved to wait until your wedding-morn. I have no ill-will toward you Miss Asheton," she said, addressing the heiress, "my revenge was all for him. You are rich and beautiful; you will soon forget him and be happy with some one else. But he will never be happy again—never, while he lives. I am rather sorry for you, Miss Asheton. I am willing to shake hands and be friends."

She laughed as one who wins a great victory. Miss Asheton took no notice; he simply pointed to the door, and repeated: "Go."

"Huldah," cried Lord Wynton, "in truth I believed—"

"Hush!" she said. "When your wife is ready I will speak to you, not until then."

"I will go, then," announced Lady Wynton. "I am sorry to have interrupted such a charming ceremony, but justice must be done. Lord Wynton, my lawyer will have something to say to yours. Beware when you try to conquer a woman again. I have saved you from bigamy. Good-morning."

She stepped out of the room, leaving blank, unutterable despair behind her.

"Huldah," cried Lord Wynton, raising his white face to hers, "will you believe me that I—"

She held up her hand. Sudden passion seemed to take the place of her dull despair.

"Do not speak!" she commanded. "Answer me my questions. Was all that woman said true? Did you marry her at the church of St. Roch in Paris?"

"I did. Heaven spare me—I did!"

"Did you love her at the time? Did you take her to Florence for your wedding tour? Is it all true or not? Speak!"

"It is all true, Huldah—all most wretchedly true."

"And knowing that, you have dared—dared, I repeat—to insult me with what you call love! Do you know that you have blighted, ruined, marred my life? That you have laid it bare and waste?"

"I swear to you, Huldah," he began again, but she would not listen.

"Lord Wynton, you have trampled my womanly pride under your feet, and my heart, my love, and my life with it! You need not speak; I will hear no excuses. I will listen to no more false words. I would have staked my life on your truth. My faith in you was illimitable. You have deceived me, and I will never forgive you—nay, more," she continued, with rising anger and passion "I curse you, because you have blighted my heart and ruined my life."

"Huldah," he sobbed, "have pity on me!"

"Just so much as you have had on me—no more. I pray heaven to deal with you as hardly, cruelly, unjustly and mercilessly as you have dealt with me! I pray that your heart may be tortured as mine is—that you may die in life as I die!"

She raised her right hand to heaven.

"I swear from this day to look no more on the face of man or woman! I have my kind, and will live alone until my death. Now leave me—you who have insulted—you who have shamed me!"

He stretched out his hand to her with a cry of bitter agony. She turned contemptuously away.

"Lewis," she said, "follow me; but first pack up that dress and everything belonging to it; bring them with you, that, if ever I am tempted to pity or forgive, to like or to love, to trust or to believe, the sight of them may harden my heart and remind me of what I suffered on my wedding-morn."

"Huldah," he cried once more, "hear me—only one word—hear me!"

But, with stately step that never faltered, her proud head unbent, she quitted the room.

"Heaven help me!" groaned Lord Wynton. "I am indeed undone!"

"Huldah," cried the astonished voice of Lady Evrington, "where are you going? What has happened?"

The proud, white face was raised calmly to hers.

"Ask your brother what has happened, Lady Evrington. I can only tell you that in this world I will never look upon his face again."

"You have quarreled—and on your wedding-morn! Oh, Huldah, what will the world say?"

Continued on 5th Page.

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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
14th December, 1897.