LOVE FINDS A WAY.

Her father's surrender was sudden, but complete. "Then so is mine," he said almost violently, lifting her sweet face near enough to kiss her on both cheeks. "So it is settled. We will have our garden party over at Broxton Hall, and I will stop there this evening as I drive home from Rosecliff to give orders about having the house opened and properly aired. A good deal of weed chopping will be needed."

"Oh. I forgot court was in session! You truant papa! You ought to have been in Rosecliff half an hour ago. I am going to send Reuben over with the ponies for Miss Mally. I am dying talk with her all about the affair.' And she dismissed him with a shower of kisses and the injunction: "Don't be late in getting back, papa. There is so much to see about."

The day held more than its full quo ta of trials for the iron nerved man who never yielded a point to anything living but the soft dimpled child who held his very heartstrings in her careless grasp.

Night had fallen before he mounted his horse and turned its head homeward. Seven lonely miles stretched between him and Mandeville. He gladly would have foregone the stop at Broxton Hall on his way home, but he had nised Olivia, and that was enough. When he reached the outer gate to the gloomy old mansion, he dismounted and, flinging his bridle rein over the horse rack, made his way on foot up the crumbling brick walk, slimy now from the dense shading of the untrimmed cedars.

There would be much to do in order to make Ollie's birthday fete a success. but it should be done. The cedars must be trimmed up tomorrow and the brick walls all scraped clean.

Reaching the house, he made a circuit around it. In a remote corner of the large back yard he knew he should find the care taker and his wife. He would give them general directions for opening the house, sunning the rooms and clipping the cedars. That must do for tonight, just by way of keeping his promise to Olivia.

He was tired, harassed, unhappy; but, whatever befell, the shadows that sometimes crowded thick and fast about his own resolute head should not infold her. To make Olivia happy was the law of his life, the mainspring of his every action, his one earthly de-

The care taker and his wife had sed their cottage for the night and vere preparing to retire when his ock startled them. He heard them aw the bolt with reluctant caution to

hat! Not abed thus early, Si-

just abed, sir, but since the been gone Jess and me are s willin as not to lock up early t things out. It be awful lone-

d gloomsome here now. Mr. and unless things brighten Mr. Tom gets through school-tif Jess and me can hold on

Mr. Matthews told Simon joing to break the gloom

den party on his daugh-and Simon espoused his roxton Hall used to be by house.
bring back the old

ve his orders about clipping the cedars, led away, he heard otly bolt the door wooden shutters the little cottage out a dark, square He returned as the circuit of the nt, by the side on's study was e glauced uprs, then startering. A faint ight have been

> not among the Broxton study. To be useless. d his own

dark green

shone

front of nted the low front door With a ne of the to the ve

Dizzy Spells and Headache

Shake with Nervousness-A Terrible Case-A Remarkable Cure.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Piercaton, Que., writes:-"For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy, swimming fee'ing would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me.

I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treat-

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes pale. weak, nervous men, women, and chil-dren strong, healthy, and happy. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

randa floor. It yielded readily. So did the sash. He slipped his shoes from his feet and sped with swift noiselessness across the hall. The study was at the rear of the house. It connected with the room in the parler suit by the doors glazed with dead ground glass. Through the dim glass of these doors the pale phosphorescent gleam came steadily. He would catch the thief red handed. His hands were planted firmly on the silver doorknobs. He sent the sliding doors gliding noiseless'ly in their grooves with a resolute touch. Then he staggered and held fast by the lintel to keep himself from falling.

Bending over the dead man's study table was a tall, shadowy form in white. The sound of scattering loose paper fell on his ears with a ghostly rustle. He saw a restless har d three times distinctly. In a sighing whisper he heard the words, "Lost, lost!" all this in a second of time. The night wind swept through the open front window. The pale light was suddenly extinguished. The house lay in utter darkness. A faint, slow paovement, like the rustle of garments, came nearer to the terror palsied man, passed by him, died away entirely.

How long he staid there he never could have told, nor how he ever groped his way back to the sport where he had left his shoes and from there to his

Once in the saddie, with the cold night air fanning his cheeks, his courage came back and with it a flood of self contempt.

"Bah! Am I in my docage? he cried angrily. "Tomorrow I will investigate this ghostly trickery and run the trickster to earth.'

But he slept very little that night, mor did he run that ghostly "trickster" to earth on the morrow nor the next day nor any day thereafter.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARING FOR THE FETE. Mandeville confessedly never saw its like, never expected to see its like again. There were those in that conservative village who flatly maintained that such magnificence was entirely out of place. They were sure history never recorded a greater ado made over the

coronation of royalty or the installation of presidents. After all, Mandeville was only Mandeville, and she in whose honor the world had just been turned upside down was nobody but little Ollie Matthews, who had grown up among them with no particular claim to universal homage, a nice enough girl, pretty, amiable, social, and all that, but

"such doings over her coming of age was just nothing short of nonsensical." Mandeville possessed, among its antiquities, those who remembered the very day when Horace Matthews first put foot in Mandeville, the only son of a poor widow music teacher whom Rufus Broxton's father befriended as he always befriended the needy ones of the earth. The antiquities shook their hoary heads and groaned inscrutably,

"And look at him now!" Such a "coming out party" had never been dreamed of in the wildest fancies of the most imaginative Mandevillian. "Coming out party" had sense and sound of its own. It meant what it sounded like. "Fete champetre" was a combination of the alien and the incomprehensible. One language was more than sufficient for all of Mandeville's philological necessities. It

frowned down all others. But there was no disposition to frown down the glittering fact that from funereal gloom to dazzling hilarity the old Broxton place had passed without the saving grace of an entr'acte-such a painting of fences, and trimming of long neglected shrubbery, and stringing of lanterns, and planting of pallid statuary that rather made some of the oldest ladies blink with amazement, and grouping of tubbed exotics, and waxing of floors for giddy feet, and cartloads of crockery and glass, and a band of music in blue breeches with

red stripes down their legs, and-and-Mandeville was absolutely breathless with excitement. There were those who said it was a good thing for the town, because it "jobs" to so

I was cured of Bro and Asthma

mar tillers. Miss Greenfield, whose aressmaking had been found good enough for Mrs. Colonel Broxton and for this very Miss Matthews' mother, didn't see where the good of the town was being consulted when nobody this side of New York could make a good enough dress for the coming out heiress. That was what they called her, "the heiress," and Lawyer Matthews' reckless expenditure of money of the

ture and conjecture. Miss Malvina had been retained as general superintendent of the whole magnificent business. She was to act as Miss Matthews' chaperon on the occasion. She had been privileged to select the very sample the gown had been made from, all of which invested her with an importance she could never

coming fete warranted any amount of

wildness in the matter of nomencla.

otherwise have achieved. The Spillman cottage became the most popular resort in the neighbor-The few who had been bidden hood. and the many who only expected to enjoy the fete through the medium of their ears all found urgent call to the cottage.

"Mother" Spillman's cottage was virtually on the Broxton grounds. It had originally been built for the porter's lodge to Broxton Hall by a wealthy Englishman, who, having invested largely in some tile factories on this side, fancied he should like to live in close proximity to them.

It was a fancy that died in its early infancy, and the lodge, with all that appertained thereto, passed into the ownership of the late Colonel Broxton's father, a stockholder in the same company. The Englishman returned to the country where porters and porters' lodges were a genteel necessity, and the little lodge was closed up.

When the Rev. Isham Spillman was called to preach and to teach in the neighborhood of Mandeville, the porter's lodge had been donated by Tom's grandfather for a parsonage. When the Rev. Isham died, full of years and honor, it was decided that his venerable widow should live on in the pretty cottage and call it hers.

The womankind of the Broxton famfly and of the Spillman had always been the best of friends, and now that there was no womankind left in the Broxton family Miss Malvina and her mother felt a hovering sort of interest in the lonely boy representative of what had once been the most important family in the county. It was natural that Miss Malvina should have a hand in things connected with Broxton Hall

Mrs. Spillman held that nothing short of Tom's own marriage would have warranted such "a turning upside down of things," adding indignantly, "I suppose all Mrs. Broxton's silver and china will be used just like it was their own."

Miss Malvina sounded a placating note. "Oh, that's all right, mother. Ollie wrote to Tom that she wanted to have her birthday celebration on his grounds, and he wrote back he would be only too glad to have her chase the shadows out of the old house, to use everything as freely as if it was her

"Trust them for doing that; but, as for her chasing the shadows out, that's more'n she can do, Malvina-more'n anybody can do. They are gathering thicker and blacker and heavier, and the storm will burst over that poor boy's head without one friendly voice to give him warning."

"Dear me, mother, how you do worry over Tom! He's all right. His father trusted Mr. Matthews if you don't. Give him warning of what?"

her daily duties within reach of her mother's ear trumpet as was practicable. It saved time and steps. Just then she was hurriedly buttoning up her stoutest pair of boots. They would be waiting for her up at the Hall. There was no end of things still to be

The stand for the band was to be decorated, and Jess would be wanting to know how many turkeys were to be dressed, and all that cut glass was to he washed. Glancing up from her low stool, she saw something that made her stare curiously-marks of damp yellow clay on the soles of her mother's ample Oxford ties, which were crossed conspicuously on the hassock in front of the chair. She fired an indignant protest through the old lady's ear trumpet.

"Mother, you have been walking about out of doors without your rubbers."

"Rubbers! Out of doors! Walking about! Who says so? Who saw me? What are you talking about, Malvina

Her voice was so shrill and her manner so excited that Miss Malvina looked at her in growing alarm. "Mother

is certainly turning queer." Aloud she said soothingly: "Well. you've got a right to prowl around if you feel like it, mummer. I only don't like you to go out without overshoes. Good old ladies are getting scarce, and I want to keep mine a great many years to come.'

"Oh, I'm all right, child! What made you think I had been out of the house?" "Clay on the soles of your shoes, and your white flandel wrapper is all

bedraggled about the hem, mother." A look of intense cunning came into the faded eyes. The old woman chuckled audibly.

"Well, you are one for finding a body out. I thought I heard somebody at the chicken coop last night, Malvina." "You heard, mother?"

"Oh. I'm not as deaf as you thin

"I just thought I would step over, Miss Malvina, and ask you if I might run up Johnny's breeches on your machine. Mine's got the very old mischief in it, and the child'll die outright or go plum crazy if he don't have a pair of new breeches to wear to the coming out party."

"Is your Johnny invited to the party?" asked "Mother" Spillman, with a slight infusion of sarcastic incredulity in her voice. "Not that he ain't good enough.

Mrs. Deb laughed frankly. "After a fashion, he's invited. Miss Ollie told him if he would fix up real nice he might pass lemonade around among the folks. He is in her Sunday school class, you know. She is a real sweet young lady. My, but what an affair it is going to be! They say Miss Ollie's dress is going to outshine any-

thing Miss Jeanne Westover's fetched

over from Paris." "I'd be rather glad," said Malvina inconsequently, "to have you sit with mother while I'm gone." Then, with lowered tones: "She's been so restless lately. I don't know what she'll be up to when she's alone. I have put the machine in the back room so that I can sew when mother's asleep. Some-

times I think she hears the buzz."

"I'll watch her. Thanks for the machine. I guess you'll be on hand before I have to get back home to see about Deb's dinner."

"Oh, yes, long before then." And Johnny's mother passed into the shed room, closing the door between.

"I'm going now, mother. I won't stay any longer than I'm obliged to," said Malvina. She bent a few mo ments later and kissed the withered forehead. She omitted to announce Mrs. Lyons' occupancy of the shed room. Nothing irritated the old woman more than to be put under surveillance, and after that recent outburst discretion was advisable. To Mrs. Lyons Malvina spoke a final word of cau-

"She can't hear the machine in here nor see it neither unless she was to come across the room and look into shed room for something. She ain't likely to do that. Sometimes her eyes do her a good turn. It might vex her if she thought you were watching

"All right," said Mrs. Lyons, dropping into a husky whisper. "I'll be as still as a mouse.

Left to herself, as she imagined. "Mother" Spillman developed an activity that made Mrs. Lyons forget all about her Johnny's breeches as she sat with her hand on the wheel and her eyes stretched wide with astonishment. Presently she stole from the machine and glued her eyes to a crevice in the

Rising from her chair, the old woman began feebly shaking its cushions about with quick, impatient motions. Getting down on her knees, with outspread hands she felt over the entire surface of the chair. Evidently keen appointment was the only result. Whatever she was looking for she did not find. With a sigh of discouragement she finally rose to her feet, a tall, gaunt, masculine figure, and stood with folded hands gazing down upon the racant chair, muttering audibly:

"Lost, lost, lost! And it is my fault. comebody has stolen it. Poor Tom. poor laddie, I'm the only friend you've got left! I'll find it, Tom, trust me. I promised your mother I'd be a friend you, and I will be. I'll find it, Tom. I'll never give over till I do."

A fluttering sigh, and the tall form head drooped upon the headrest, Miss Malvina performed as many of and "Mother" Spillman was soon lapped in sudden slumber, so profound and so prolonged that Miss Malvina had been home half an hour before she was aware of it.

Mrs. Lyons considered it her duty to report the strange episode of the cushion beating and the dreamy monologue to Miss Malvina, who looked anxious and perplexed.

"Mother has been acting so queer lately that I think I'll have the doctor up to see her after all this excitement is over."

"I surely would if she was my mother," said Mrs. Lyons, "and the sooner the better," having ministered which dubious comfort she folded Johnny's completed breeches in a tight little bundle and trotted briskly home to see about Deb's dinner.

Miss Malvina was glad to think the excitement would all be over in two days from that time. She was neglecting her mother and leaving her too much time to breed in. Then she tried on her new gown again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

B.B.B.Cures Ringworm.

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"I consulted three doctors but derived little or no benefit from their treatment.

"I then commenced to use Burdock Blood Bitters. "Besides taking it int

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C. GATES, SON & CO.. Middleton, N. S;

Dear Sirs,—Please pardon my delay in inswering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your lavigorating Syrup, which I readily did, and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave me such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used I was completely cured. I have not been completely cured. I have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly, (Rev.) F. M. Young, Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. 18. Sold everywhere at 50c a Bottle.

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I have opened a first-class restaurant in the Borne House, rext door to J. Dalton's store, where

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always on hand. Orders for ice cream for picnics and parties supplied at short notice.

ALLAN RUSSELL Newcastle, May 30.-3m.

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The subscriber having purchased the Plating Plant of P. H. Eaton which he could not attend to on account of too much work on watches begs leave to announce to the inhabitants of Miramichi that with the aid of a competitant workman he will be able to do plating in all its branches. Old knives, forks and spoons replated in Royal White Metal as good as new.

Call and see Samples at Kethro's

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