EVENTS

duff red towers of . Uldbridge . Were



No more was said; but when the At that instant the hounds gave time came for shutting up tongue. "They've found: they're away," cried every one. Wintoo's horse, wildly excited, tried to bolt, house, Mrs. L'Estrange sent to ask if Roberts had beard of any accident at the hunt. Roberts reported that and strove by every device that young Mr. Gardner had been thrown, could enter into the heart of a horse to unseat his rider. rearing and had broken his collar-bone, and that as he (Roberts) had been leavstraight up, buck-jumping, lashing ing Oldbridge that evening, where he out with his heels, in vain. A hand had gone to fetch oats, he had met of iron controlled him, and the firm Mr. grip of the knees was not to be shakriding back. all covered with mud At last he darted off in the dirand "tired like." ection his rider chose, like a bolt "I am really quite relieved," said from a catapult. During this strug-Mrs. L'Estrange. "I was rather ungie Mrs. L'Estrange covered her eyes, but Nora could not remove easy.' Nora did not reply and the rest of

hers. She turned deadly white, for the evening was spent in making at one moment it seemed as if the horse would have fallen back, then their plans for a visit to London, and writing to an ex-cook and houseshe knew how little all her self-con keeper, who had taken a lodgingtrol had done to uproot Mark Winhouse in one of the streets on the ton from her heart. How splendidly Tyburnian side of Hyde Park, and to he sat. She had not observed before whom all Evesleigh folk applied when they needed temporary quarwhat a fine figure he had. Would he come back safe after a run on ters in the great city. such a vicious brute? The next morning broke bright and trisp after a night of rain, and after

"L really thought Mr. Winton would have been killed," said the their midday meal, Mrs. L'Estrange eldest of the rector's daughters. drove away in the pony-carriage, with her little girl, to do various er-"How wonderfully he rides! My brother says he is a great 'shekary rands in the town. Nora. relieved In fact, he cares for nothing else but You were frightened, too, by the absence of Winton, whose presport. You were Miss L'Estrange?' sence was of late always a restraint, put on thick boots, and set forth to

"I have not been used to horses for years," stammered Nora."

visit the blind woman whom she had "You ought to ride now. I re-member you managing your little rather neglected of late. She accus-ed herself of selfishness, and many

Coming." Mrs. L'Estrange preferred returning with her little daughter, but Nora was glad to divert her invite ing under the weight of an unrequited attachment. No, in a month or two she would have thrown off this dead, aching, steady pain in her heart, and he able to smile at it. With this brave determination she started on her walk to the blind woreturned with a report of the run. I suppose Mrs. Ruthven has heard man's cottage, seeing as she went, in spite of all her resolutions, the picture of Winton contending with his horse, as it was stamped on her men-tal retina the day before. Walking across the bridge which hye. "Nothing whatever. She seems to despair of recovering them." "It was a frightful business alto-gether!" exclaimed Mary Damer, the connected her own little domain with Evesleigh, she turned sharply into the path leading to the moorland higher up, and nearly ran against the lord of the manor coming in an opposite direction. "This is luck!" cried Marsden. "In well." Nora did remember. another moment you would have passed, and I should have mly found Mrs. L'Estrange." George says there were queer re-"Not Mrs. L'Estrange either," said Nora, returning bis cordial greeting. "She us gone into Oldbridge for Mrs. Ruthven was-well, not too parthe afternoon." "Then, if you will allow me, 1'll "I only know she is particularly be your escort." Oh! yes, do come," returned Nora, heartily glad of his company. "When did you arrive, and where did you come from?" "I wish." said Miss Damer, "that I came last night, that is to say, afternoon, and I came from Paris. "Mrs. Ruthven, when she wrote did not seem to know what had be-"Do tell me, Miss L'Estrange,"

there was an indefinable something visible; the sight of them perhaps in Marsden's tone which she neither promoted the abrupt liked nor understood. "I fear not. . I thought I might

have tracked them to the den of an old. Dutch receiver of stolen goods, and went myself to Amsterdam, to see what I could do-all in vain. Don't talk of them; you don't know what an infernal blow that unfortunate business has been to me. That guest should have been robbed almost under my eyes! It's a sort of blot on me and my house." "That is quite a morbid idea. How

Nora, to change the subject, for

could any reasonable being blame you? I am sure Mrs. Ruthven-" "Mrs. Ruthven has behaved very well, but she is desperately cut up, and I do not wonder at it," inter-

rupted Marsden. "She is very nice, and so pretty-attractive-looking, rather." Marsden glanced sharply at her be-

the

Winton and the rector's son,

fore he answered. "Yes, she is a piquant little devil, but she ought not to be so heavy with her paint-brush about the lips; that sort of art may be overdone. "Squire!" in a shocked tone, "how can you be such a traitor? I thought you were fond of Mrs. Ruthven-that you were her best friend." "So I am, but I am not, therefore blind. All the world (except you) can see she paints-her lips."

"I did not, and it is not nice or loval of you to tell me.' "I am rebuked. You are an awful piece of perfection. Nora." "Do not be sarcastic. I know my

own shortcomings well enough; but I am not false to my friends. I shall not confine my weakness to you." "Do you fancy I would betray rou? You little understand me. you? You little understand me. Why, you are my own-" he hesitated-"my own kinswoman."

Nora shook her head, and they

walked on silently for a few moments. Then she said: /* 'Helen and I are thinking of going up to town for a couple It is rather melancholy months. and uncomfortable to be so far from every one in the winter. Helen has been so nervous ever since that rop-

bery. "You are quite right-it is an ex-cellent idea," cried Marsden, with hearty approbatian. "Where do you think of staying-at the Langham?" "The Langham!" laughing. "Why,

'What has become of Winton? Is he here still?' 'No: he is gone to Devonshire, I think. "Ha! and how has he been prosper-

ing? 'Prospering? How? In what "With your step-mother. I expect

ed to hear that their engagement had been announced when I came back. Why has he let the grass grow under his feet?"

Nora was too amazed to reply at once: but memory swiftly unrolled her picture of the past few months, and showed a hundred important nothings which corroborated Marsden's startling assertion.

"I suppose I am very stupid," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak, "but I never suspected this. Helen, too, is so frank, she would surely have told me,"

"I am not so sure of that! Pray, what do you think kept a man like Winton in such a dull hole as Oldbridge, and brought him day after day to Brookdale? Yourself, eh? A very natural supposition! You are

sufficiently magnetic, sweet cousin." "Indeed-indeed," began Nora eag-erly, but Marsden went on smiling,

and shaking his finger at her: "It is soothing to so imperfect a

fellow as myself to find out a little weakness—a tinge of vanity in such an admirable 'human' as you are! I don't doubt that Winton, like many the railway company have already another, would have fallen to your spear; but, you see, he was Mrs. L'-Estrange's lover in by-gone ages when they were boy and girl, and af- along the proposed railway are ter-I know all about it. I fancy sheltered by the Shickshock Mount-Winton when he first came home ains and the climate is much less from India, was not too anxious to take Helen Landell back with him. I her, a sad-eyed. timid creature, under the thumb-I should say thumb-screw-of old Miss Web-

ster. She was a soft, taking little thing then, she is a very charming woman now, and Winton is well off. It would be a comfortable settle-ment for her and her little girl, for they are, I think, quite dependent on

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is your breath bad? Bad breath is one of the early symp



Bronchial Tubes. Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSE-NESS, etc., quicker than any remedy known. If you have that irritating Cough that keeps you awake at night, a dose of the Syrup will stop it at once.

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I have used DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP for every cold I have had for the past eight years, with wonderful success. I never see a friend with a cough or cold but that I recommend it-

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the Gaspe Peninsula realize that it has not been spoiled by too many railways, although the forests are rich and the land good. Offers to been received from Great Britain and the continent. The plateaus severe than on either coast. The engineers report that no large bridges are necessary and that no

heavy difficulties are met with. As the promoters plan to put on a line of steamers between Gaspe and Great Britain the road will be a first class one, while the grades will go nowhere beyond one per cent. Ten miles from Gaspe island have already been located, and construction will commence during the coming summer.

Mr. Menier, the Antiscosti-king, is also a warm champion of the

Thursday, April 7 1904

Kempt Road

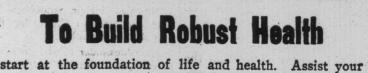
James Connacher of Kempt Road has returned home, he has We are having fine weather now, been in the employ of K. Shives as uite a change from the cold and clerk at Booling Brook sheds frosty weather we have had, we E. Whallen and W. Thompson of Campbellton paid Kempt Road a The month of spring is here, we fiving visit on Thursday last. will be looking to see spots of the Mr. and Mrs. T. Dixon of Bormother earth through its fleecy deaux were visiting friends at Gowanbray on Wednesday last. The roads are in fine condition

We are sorry to note the illness the young people taking advantage of Mr. Comely.

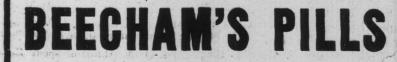
of the moonlight nights. James Alexander is busy haul-Quite a number of our young ing wood from his farm in Kempt people drove to Mr. Harper's in Road. River du Loup where a pleasant Mrs. B. McBeath and Mrs. H. evening was spent, dancing being McLennan of Campbellton paid a the chief amusement. Supper was flying visit to Kempt Road on served after which all skipped. Wednesday last.

Mr. Blakie of Kempt Road hill John Calder returned home was hauling hay from the marsh at the lumber woods on Wednesdey . Cross Point last week. Quite a number of people from | the hill are busy hauling ties.

Mr. John Allison of Mission Point paid Kempt Road a visit on Thursday.



organs to do their work properly. Food and drink cannot nourish if your liver is not working right. Dyspepsia and Indigestion follow if your digestive organs are out of order. Constipation cannot exist if your bowels are free. A short course of Beecham's Pills will soon put you right and an occasional one will keep you so.



will do more to build up robust health and maintain it than any other medicine. They have done this, and arc continually doing it for thousands all over the world. If you start now and take BEECHAM'S PILLS occasionally you will certainly benefit to a remarkable degree.

thoughts by accepting the invita-tion, and was one of the most animated of the party. She could not, however, be persuaded to stay till the eldest son of the house, an officer on leave from his regiment in India,

nothing of her jewels?" said Mrs. Gardiner, as Nora was saying good-

rector's second daughter. "Do you remember a Captain Shirley who was at the ball. You danced with him several times. He danced very

ports about him in India. He was in the same regiment as Mr. or Ma-jor Ruthven. People said, too, that ticular."

nice," returned Nora. "Do not be-lieve half the ill-natured things you

Mr. Marsden had not been frightened away by the worry of this unlucky robbery. How nice it would be to have Evesleigh open once more."

"Do tell me, Miss L'Estrange," cried the younger sister, "is the squire engaged to Mrs. Ruthven?" "Indeed I de not know; but I am sure she would make a very pleasant mistress for the manor house. Now, I must not stay, it will be dusk be-fore I get back." "I think you are quite heartless, not to stay and hear if poor Mr. Winton came alive out of the hunt; and he is such a great friend of yours."

yours.' "Oh! he can take care of himself," said Nora, and with a few more words she escaped, her heart beating with annoyance at the tone of Miss Damer's last remark. She would certainly persuade Helen to come up to town next week, or as soon as possible, and then would take singpossible, and then would take sing-ing lessons, and amuse herself, and forget the folly and weakness into which she had fallen. "How ill-nate ured people are," she thought, "and ready to spread ill-natured stories:" She did not believe that Captain Shirley over did anything disgraceful, though she had not been favorably impressed by him, and was dis-posed, in an instinctive and unreasoning way, to dislike and distrust

Large drops of rain made her hur ry on to gain shelter before the threatened storm burst; but as she crossed the carriage drive of Evesleigh Manor, on her homeward way, she noticed fresh traces of wheels and horses' feet. The steward had no doubt been up at the house. She caught a glimpse of it before she passed through the gate leading into the wood opposite her own home. How mournful it looked with its closed shutters, and the one thin thread of smoke rising from its wide stack of chimneys! ... She was quite glad to be safe at home, in her own comfortable bedroom, changing her dress for her in-door gar-ments. She had grown stupidly neryous of late. One folly brings on another, she thought.

In the drawing-room Bea was dressing her doll, while her mother read aloud some of Grimm's fairy Itales.

'How late you are, Nora; did you get wet?" "No; at least very little."

"Had George Damen come back? How did the hunt go off? I should of be glad to know if Mark Winton is

"I did not wait. I think the fox must have headed for Anchester downs. Do let me have acup of tea! "And I suppose there is no chance I feel en tired " [

come of you." Marsden turned, and walked beside her. "Oh! yes, to be sure. I went away

to a place near Fontainebleau, see an old chum of mine, De Meud who has been very ill, and so a letter or two of hers miscarried; but I saw her the day before yesterday in town. She is in a fidget to com-plete the purchase of a damp villa at Twickenham, which she could not do without me; but I have settled ev-

erything to her satisfaction." "And are you going to stay here?" "No-yes," replied Marsden, with a quick sigh, and he looked earnest-ly into her eyes, a curious, wistful, strained expression in his own. am a rolling stone, you see, Nora-I presume your high mightiness will permit me to use your baptismal ap-pellation-and I am rather at a loss what to do with myself. I shall be hard up for another year or two; but then the property will be pretty clean

-then I will settle in the halls of my fathers, and live cleanly and like a gentleman." "I hope you will, squire," said

Nora, kindly and seriously. "What! Do you think I have been such a scamp?" asked Marsden,

laughing. "You know I did not mean that," she returned, the color rising in her

check. "I hope you will live at Evesleigh," "And be your neighbor? Thank

you, sweet cousin." "Yes, it would be very nice to have you at the manor house. It looks ghostly when shut up." "Your kindness is killing. Do you

understand why?" 'No; there is something not quite like yourself about you to-day. You are looking white and thin. Have you been ill, Clifford?" "You darling. How graciously you have granted my prayer, and brought out the name I wast you to call me, with just the sweetest little

hesitation in the world." He laughed as he spoke, carrying off the arder of his words with a mocking air.

"Nonsease!" returned Nora, a lit-tle piqued. "I did not hestitate at all. You seem to forget I am not a child." "I am deeply conscious you are a woman; a-" He pulled himself up short, and added: "A most serious

cousin.

young woman."

the Langham would swallow up all our money in ten days. No, no; we think of going to Mrs. May, if she can take us in. Do you remember Mrs. May?"

"Well, yes, I seem to have heard the name. "She was cook at Evesleigh when you were a boy, I believe. Oh! years

ago." "Exactly; before I grew old and decrepit.

"She has a house near Hyde Park, and we shall take rooms there.' "You'll be awfully uncomfortable, you'll get nothing to eat but scorched mutton and watery rice-pudding, and you'll never move without car-rying off a knitted chair-cover on \$1.00; sample size 25r.

your back, or hung to a button. "You are quite wrong! We stayed a week there, on our way back from Germany, and it was very comfort-able. I do not think there is a knitted antimacassar, if that is what you mean, in the house." Talking lightly, with occasional silence on Marsden's part, they reached the blind woman's cottage. "How long shall you stay here?" "I do not know, but you need not trouble about me." "If I choose to trouble, you can not prevent me. I am going to look for one of the gamekeepers about a mile further on, and I shall wait for you outside, when I return."

'Oh, no! pray do not mind, I-" "Do I bore you?" very gravely. "How can you say so, Clifford?" "Would you rather not walk with me?"

"Nonsense! "Very well, I will wait for you, and if you give me the slip, deep will be my wrath." "I have no such intention," and

she vanished into the cottage. Marsden walked on in deep thought, his brows knit, his handsome face firmly set, all the smiling softness of his ordinary aspect gone and replaced by a stern haggard, look, that made him seem years old-

When Nora had read the better part of a newspaper to her old pro-tegee, and discussed some of its contents, she perceived the odor of tobacco waited through the open win-dow, and guessing that the squire was waiting, she bade the blind woman good-bye and went to join him. "Will you tail me," he said, throwing away his cigar, when they had gone a few paces, "what is the pleasure of going into a stuffy cot-tage, to read to a stupid old wo-man, who would probably prefer

being left to sleep?" "It is not a very great pleasure certainly, but I assure you I like reading to old Betsy, she is very

What a bad character!" cried Scott's Emulsion really feeds

quite angry." Strong an Whatever the cause of weakthe strength.

a turn in the path, from which the

of catarrh which should te road and has promised a steamer check dat once and not slowed to run into consumption. The surest home to Gaspe Basin in ten hours. cure is tragrant heating Catarrhozone which cutes catarrh by renaving its

Mr. Carpenter declares that the Company's first intentions were to cause. No case is too chronic,-even start at the I. C. R., but when the the most stullb rn vield in a short time to the balsanic vap r of Catarrhozone. It makes cures that last, for once Grand Trunk Pacific was announced they determined to make the concured by Catarrhozone you stay cured. nection with the new transcontinent-Catarrh z ne is pleasant, convenient and safe to use, relieves almost instantal railway and make a strong bid for a winter port. He is sure that ly and is guaranteed to care every type they can take an ocean steamer out of catarrh, pronchitis and asthma. Use of Gaspe nine months in the year, on'y Catarrh zone. complete cutfit and with a fast train to Montreal there will be no end to the possibil-1.ocal Legislatine ities of such a line.

Another Railway to cross Then he states that the petroleum trust, which have already spent the Intercolonial. \$3,000,000 drilling for oil within

Montreal, March. 31-The reali- twenty miles of Gaspe have decided zation of another short line to the to sink wells all along the railway Canadian / seaboard may be quite every five or six miles as soon, as near at hand if the hopes of the the line is finished. They have a Atlantic Quebec & Western Rail- well producing a barrel of oil a day. way Company are justified. C. B. K As this was the same well's output Carpenter of London, G. B., the six years ago, they cannot but think that it is the drain of a large body promoter of the above mentioned

of oil yet to be discovered. undertaking, was here recently and told what he expected to do as soon How to ward off an attack of as some necessary matters are ar-

ranged with the Ouebec . govern-"For years when spring time came ment. This railway starts from Edmun-ston, N. B., and crosses the Inter-sure to have an attack of rheumatism

colonial at Lake Matapedia some and every attack was more severe than the preceeding one," says Josie Mc-Donald, of Man, Logan County, West fifty miles west of Campbellton, running through the interior of Va., "I tried everything with no relief Bonaventure and Gaspe Counties to Gaspe Basin, a total distance of 250 Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the miles. The distance from Edmundston to the l. C. R. is 90 miles and before the first bottle was used I felt

from thence to Gaspe 160 miles, all of which has been subsidized by the Dominion government to the extent of \$6400 per mile, while a good of a return I soon drive it away with land grant is expected this session. one or two applications of this lini-ment. For sale by A. McG McDonald

from the Quebec Legislature. All those who have travelled over



some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same

reading to old Betsy, she is very shrewd, and, though I don't profess to be an angulative ought to help each other sometimes. It is not much to do for a poor soull, think how lonely she must be. We should be rather worthless, if we did only what we like." "Hum! That has been the only rule I have ever followed." "I do not believe you." People would not like you so well, if you cared for nothing but sell; you must cared for nothing but self; you must small and weak to gailaroos to have some heart." 'I begin to fear I have," said and some and weakness and the difficulty. Marsden, as if to himself. "I assure case, way out of the difficulty. you," he went on "It is impossible Child weakness, aften means to me to do what I do not like, and Statvation; not because of lack

to me to do what I do not into any Starvation, not because the food ing at what I desire, ay! and get of food, but because the food ting it, too, by some means or joth does not feed any eff sainti

Nora. "If any one else spoke of you" and gives the child growing

"Yes, of course! you are my kinst ness and failure to grow-And you are a very pearl of a it and set the matter right.

They were silent till they reached a turn in the path, from which the Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto, Ontaria soc. and \$1.00; all druggists.



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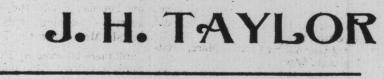
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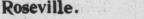
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We want every man who owns a horse to examine our Callars. Give us a Call



It takes the Lead.

E. SULLIVAN



Mr. George LeTouzel accompan-ied by Mr. N. Simondrove to Indian Cove Saturday morning and returned in the evening after a very pleasant trip.

Rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson left here Monday morning for Shigawake to spend a short time at home FINISH We are in hopes to see them back STYLE WEAR

Mr. F. Patterson accompanied by Miss Hall of Peninsula was the We won't charge you anything guest of Miss de St Croix, Monday evening.

Mrs. N. Guignion was seen ou Saturday calling on friends. Mr. N. Raley is now recovering after a severe attack of illness. Mr Ernest Robinson left here Thursday morning for his home in

Shigawake. The Rev Mr. and Mrs. Dutton passed by Tuesday enroute to Fontenelle.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and Scott's Emulsion seems to find croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my con fidence in this remedy -- Mrs. J. A Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale J. E. MILLER & SON by A. McG. McDonald.



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