

(Continued from first page)
tion of talk when the party broke up...

How is Lillian? They all asked of the innocent young woman who, with a thimble on her finger and a needle and thread in her mouth, opened the door to them.

She has been sleeping beautifully, my dear, ever since you left. That is exactly what the doctor wished, said Mrs. Lancross.

Have you been to her room? asked Edgar. No, sir; the doctor gave particular orders she was to be kept quiet, and I wasn't to disturb her.

But you have been with her all the while, haven't you? Oh, yes, sir, of course I have. I have been sewing, mending, and making fast-room over you went away.

Having given this satisfactory account of herself, the young person shot a side glance at the two men, and then sitting without in the rain, and then closed the door.

With the advent of the children the quiet home was suddenly filled with noise. It was like a stampede of frisky bullocks.

The boys had champagne in their heads; the girls were wild with excitement, being talked to and wearing new clothes.

There is not much chance of Lillian's sleeping now, observed Mrs. Lancross. Well, she has had three hours' sleep—surely that's enough, returned Mrs. Challacombe with suppressed snatches.

Do go and see how she is? pleaded Edgar, laying his hand on her shoulder. Mrs. Lancross and Mrs. Challacombe went at once.

You would have done better to have asked me to go to her, remarked Mrs. Lancross. An hour and a half, and that woman is nothing to her. If it were not her own house, I would not have allowed myself to be set aside in that manner.

My dear Mrs. Lancross, began Edgar. But she stopped for Mrs. Challacombe's handsome shrewish face quivered, and her hard eyes full of fear.

Lillian is not in her room, and I have found this on her table. She held a slip of paper fluttering between her slaking fingers.

Mechanically Edgar took it, and read silently a few words. The dead have risen against our union, Edgar. I can never be your wife.

Looking in upon me from among the crowd by the chancel window, I saw Jocelyn Tourist. Whether he be dead or living I know not.

Lillian had written this, remembered Edgar, before she lay down to sleep. Edgar sat by the bedside and read his head upon his hands; he did not utter a word—for he was stunned.

With consternation on their faces the two women looked at each other; then Edgar's unresisting grasp and read it. Can she be really gone? she said with white lips.

Her room was vacant. Call up the servants and question her, while I go to her room and see what she has taken with her. That will show us how far she has gone.

I will not show the servant's question about Lillian, said Edgar in a hoarse voice. Will you expose her to gossip?

But, my dear Edgar, that wicked girl must have helped her—she could not have gone away by herself. How do you think we can keep her from talking? This story will be all over the town in an hour or two.

I care not, returned the forsaken lover. It matters little, I suppose. Mrs. Lancross came back again from her search with a scared countenance.

Miscellaneous.

Beautiful Women.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS OF THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE.

(Interview with Toronto World reporter, Oct. 22nd.)

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has been often interviewed by the ubiquitous reporter, and has been ever willing to give her opinions on all subjects.

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MILLER BROTHERS, VEGETINE ALL SPEAK IN ITS FAVOR. CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. I., or MIDDLETON, Annapolis Co., N. S. Importers of Sewing Machines.

Vegetine. It Has No Equal. Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc. Preparing by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass., and Toronto, Ont.

Vegetine. THE BEST I HAVE USED. Dear Sir—I have used your VEGETINE, and have derived great benefit therefrom. As an invalid, I have been unable to do much during the past twenty years.

Vegetine. GOOD FOR THE AGED. WILL YOU READ THIS? Dear Sir—In answer to your good results of your VEGETINE, my wife's father, now eighty-five years old, was attacked by dyspepsia in the worst form.

Vegetine. THREE TRIPS A WEEK. Steamer "Empress" for Digby and Annapolis. Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Vegetine. 35 PER CENT! A 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture. The Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that he is prepared to receive the public generally that he is prepared to receive the public generally.

Vegetine. HE DOES NOT INTEND Still further Reduction. As he hopes his sales will increase under the New Tariff, he has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY.

Vegetine. JOHN B. REED. BRUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. Solely known for many years as 101 Grenville Street, Halifax, N. S.

of love, and they do look perfectly liquid and translucent. I never saw any color painting give such a texture of the eyes; and she has got the exact level. The Princess hopes to present this picture of myself to the old painter colorist in London, of which she is a member.

—Three Irish poets have been murdered during the present century—the Earl of Norbury and Lord Byron, and Lord Byron's son, Lord Byron's son, Lord Byron's son.

—The value of property in Winnipeg appears to be increasing, judging by the following, which we find in the Times:—Mr. Calder has sold the property known as the North-West House on Main Street, to John McDonald.

—A girl just returned to Hamilton from a Boston High School said, upon seeing a fire engine at work: 'Who would have dreamed such a very diminutive looking apparatus would hold so much water!'

—A CORNER DUEL.—We received from a correspondent the following somewhat incoherent account of a duel which was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other, we are half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but we shall leave the decision to our readers.

—A RUMMED GARDEN.—A New Hampshire man planted a lot of bomb-shells in his garden to protect it from melon-thieves while he was away.

—A MEXICAN.—At the second battle of Bull Run, a Michigan regiment, in making a change of position, came upon a Confederate soldier sitting astride of a Federal horse.

—A BRAVE DOG DIES WITH HIS CHARGE.—A few days ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously.

—THE WHEAT CROP OF FRANCE.—Russia, being the chief wheat exporting country of Europe, is usually considered the greatest wheat grower.

—A CAPEFUL MAN.—A crossed-eyed old fellow, with his chin and throat muffed in a luxuriant crop of hair, got off a Maine Central train in Auburn, Me., a few days ago.

—A SPIRITED LIGHT.—A hit colored bookie was passing a Maine Central train in Auburn, Me., a few days ago. He deliberately fished a chunk of chalk from his breeches pocket and marked a good sized white cross on one of the cars.

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Joker's Corner.

—A lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said, 'You honor is right, and I am proud as your honor generally is.'

—A young lady returning from a yacht race was very much started at a street car by a swell. Her escort becoming tired of the fellow's rudeness, handed him an opera glass, saying that it would probably assist him in the investigation of the young lady's features.

—The girl had left on the topmost stair.—And what to him was love or hope? For what to him was love or hope? And his feet flew out like wild, fierce things.

—And he struck every step with a stick, as if he were a scolding cat. And the girl bowed with the scrubbing things, Laughed like a fiend to see him come.

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DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, SAINT JOHN, N. B. MEN'S CLOTHES of all kinds, CLEANSED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway. Summer Arrangement. Time Table. THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1890.

Connolly's Bookstore. BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing Monuments & Gravestones of ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy! FURNITURE! Lowest Market Prices!

T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE. JOHN Z. BENT, July 17th, 1878.