Continued from 1st l'age. "I shall die easier, child, when my turn comes," she said, "if I have left you in the charge of a good man." Would she ever have a chance of doing better? It did not seem probable. The inhabitants of Ashburnham were quiet, prosaic people, they admired her bright beauty, but they were not of the kind who, "looking in a fair face, forgot the whole world." The young squires and farmers, with most laudable intentions, always to the control of the farmers, with most laudable intentions, always, to use their own expressions, "married amoney," they admired pretty faces, but they required something more. The men who looked up to her with keenest admiration were not men whose position had any attackions for her. She thought long and seriously over the matter. These were many old maids in Ashburnham, and to Ismay, so bright and beautiful, so full of vitality, their lot seemed almost unendurable. She might seem her life there, and never

It was a prosaic way of looking at the It was a prosaic way of looking at the matter. She repeated the question to herself—should she ever do better?—Not there, in that quiet little nown; it was not probable. So one bright summer morning ismay became Pauli Waldron's wife, and he took her home to his pretty

CHAPTER III.

Paul Waldron had won the girl he loved; for a few weeks he was perfectly happy, and then clouds, light as the breath of the summer wind came over

wondered his wife was not the same.

tiful. He was so content with it that he wondered his wife was not the same. She was always asking about the great world, longing to be in the midst of it, and he could not understand her.

"I have no desire for life, Ismay, outside my own home. Why are you ever wishing for change?"

He was too earnest even to understand her lighter nature; her wonderful beauty had so completely charmed him that he could not see her deficiencies of character. Her discontent troubled him; it seemed to him a want of love—and yet she must, she did love him.

They had been married a year when their little child was born, and Paul thought ismay would grow more content then She loved the child very dearly, but not with the passionate devotion some mothers give to their children. She was not a heroine; she would never have been a martyr; but she was wondrously lovely, gifted with marvelous grace, and Paul Waldron loved her.

Ismay Waldron was far from fauitless. She was vain of her own loveliness.

She longed with the whole strength

She was vain of her own loveliness.

She longed with the whole strength of her soul for wealth. She envied those who were rich and powerful. She was worldly in her way, ambitious, and always craving for one thing—riches. Yet she was amiable and gentle, with a sweet caressing manner that was both irresistible and charming.

She was vain of her beauty. She would look at her face in the mirror and say to herself:

"Mrs Schofield is not half so fair, yet she is the wife of a rich squire, and vears jewels and satin. They tell me some of the greatest ladies in the land are plain of face. Yet beauty is a power. It won Paul's love for me—what would it not win for me if I went into the world where men pay such homograf to

The little cottage that Paul had taken such pains to make beautiful and pleasant seemed so insignificant in her eyes. She disliked the daily duties that should have been so welcome to her.
"I do wish; Paul, that I had a servant
to do this for me," she would say.
And then Paul, against his better

judgment, found a servant to relieve her of the greater part of her work. Perhaps that was one of the most unfortunate things he could have done. No one can be really unhappy or discontented who is constantly employed. Ismay had ample time now for her dreams and fancies. Yet, despite all, she loved Paul, and she valued his love. She appreciated his entire devotion. "If I were to ask him

Their child grew and throve. The beautiful summer came round; the world was all fair and bright, the flowers were in bloom and the birds singing gaily in the trees. There were times when the young man forgot the light shadow in his home, forgot that his beautiful wife was vain and discontented, forgot everything except the heaven of beauty around him, and the heaven that shone in her face; and then he wondered at his own happiness, and was lost when he tried to thank heaven for it.

thank heaven for it. One night he came home, looking so nusually pleased that Ismay asked him unusually pleased that assemble the cause.

"I have been working out one of my special."

I have been working out one of my special to the sp

"I have said nothing to you, Ismay, but here is the result of some weeks" diligent application."

He showed her the model of a steam engine into which he had introduced an engine into which he had introduced an improvement so great that, if adopted, it would lead to important results. She took up the model carelessly, as though

"I will show you the improvement—I will explain it, Ismay."
She looked at him with a pretty expression of fright.
"Nay, do not explain, Paul. I am not

always shrank from such careless words.
"Everything that interests me should interest you, Ismay," he observed, half sorrowfully; but she did not even hear

the words.

"And from this may spring a fortune!" she said, musingly. "Ah, Paul, Paul, make haste! Time is flying. We growolder every day, and youth is the season for enjoyment. Make haste, work hard."

He looked earnestly at her. Why do you so long for wealth, Is-

may!" he asked.

"Because of the pleasure and luxury it will bring," she replied, promptly, yet with a smile that disarmed all anger.

"Can I not make you believe, sweet, how many things there are to be preferred to mere money—health, for instance? Of what use would all the wealth in the world be if you were ill?"

"I understand all that," she interrupted, impatiently.

"Again, money could not buy such love as mine, sweet—so true, so tender! Nor could money buy anything one-all so precious as that little darling playing

"I understand all that," she repeated.
"Suppose you had to choose between
me and wealth, Ismay—which would you

prefer?"
"What idle words!" she exclaimed, half-laughingly.
"But you do not answer them, sweet. Which io you prefer?' She looked up at him with a half-

startled glance.
"How could such a state of things be?"
she asked. "How could wealth and you "That could never be, of course." he

They had wandered down to the brookside and sat watching the sunset. By Ismay's side grew a large bush of southern wood, and as they talked she crushed the leaves in her hands. To the last day of his life Paul Waldron associated all his sorrows, joys, love and pains with the perfume of southern wood.
"You have not answered me," he per-

"I cannot," she said laughing; "I have not your faculty for supposing eases. I have not the gift of putting myself in other people's places, and trying to imagine what I should do."

"But, Ismay, the question is so plain, you cannot, puzzle long over it. If you had to choose between money and me, which would you prefer?" "Such a thing can never be," she replied; "why try to make me solve a problem that life will never offer to me? I have read somewhere that people never have the one thing they want—I shall never have a forthine."

have the one taing they want and never have a fortune."

"Is a fortune your highest ambition?"
he asked, impatiently.
"It is the ambition of most men," she replied. "They toil for it all day, they dream of it all night, they give up peace.

and love for it, they sacrifice honor

and love for it, they sawrifice honor, truth, and principle to obtain it; some of them are willing even to sell thair souls in order to win it If I do long for a fortune, I am only like the rest."

He looked terribly disappointed.

"There is nothing in the world you would prefer to me?" he questioned.

And then she detected his anxiety, and laughed again.

"You want pretty compliments, Paul. Suppose that I refuse to give them. Is there anything on earth that wives prefer to their own husbands?"

The eyes raised to his were beautiful in their love and tenderness; he could not look at that most fair face and think the heart beneath it anything but pure. He bent down and kissed it.

"Do you, think I doubted you, my darling. I would as soon doubt the mercy of heaven. It is not that, but when a man's heart lies; in the hollow of a woman's hand—when his life lies at her feet—when every hope of his existence is centered in her—is it strange that he should try—at times to measure her love for him?" that he should try at times to measure her love for him?'

her love for him?"

The passion of his words—the love in his face—the unutterable tenderness of his manner—touched her deeply. She flung away the bruised and broken sprays of southernwood, and clasped her hands around his neck.

"No one can ever love me as you do, Paul," she said.

And he was hanny with unutterable.

And he was happy with unutterable content. Life held much that was sad and much that was pleasant for him, but he never forgot that evening by the brook side.

CHAPTER IV. Another month passed; the beauty of

Another month passed; the beauty of the summer deepened, the corn was growing ripe in the fields, the crimson roses contrasted with the cool, white lilies, the fruit hung rich and meilow on the trees, while Ismay Waldron still looked with longing eyes towards the world which she wished to enter. She still gave every thought to the one master passion of her nature. In vain the flowers bloomed, and her pretty child stretched out his little hands to her. She was always thinking, always dreaming of that possible future wherein Paul might grow rich, and every desire of he heart be gratified.

She had ceased to wonder about her mother; all her romantic visions that she had once woven faded into obscurity; her life seemed planned and arranged; nothing could alter it. She was Paul Waldron's wife, and she loved him. She wished for no greater love than his; but if Paul could give her wealth, if he could surround her with the luxury she loved—ah, then all would be well!

Once—and Ismay never forgot it—she went to the Manor House; there was a grand fete to be given to the tenantry, and Paul for the occasion had bought his beautiful wife a dress of white muslin with bright ribbons. When she had put it on, with a flower in her hair, she looked so lovely that he was startled at her beauty. She read his admiration in his eyes.

"You will done will be said, "that dress makes same little difference. A Paul.

"How mas but three years old. The only childish memory I have is, strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — with strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair — wit

looked so lovely that he was startled at her beauty. She read his admiration in his eyes.

"You will own." she said, "that dress makes some little difference. Ah Paul, if I had but jewels and rich dresses, such as ladies wear!"

"You would not look more beautiful, Ismay. Now you gladden my heart, then you would gladden other eyes, and I should not be so happy, love."

Ismay never forgot that day. She looked round the magnificent rooms—on the pictures, the statues, the superbhangings, the furniture, the rare flowers—and her whole heart sohed with longing. She looked on the faces of the ladies—some of them country leaders of fashion—and she saw none that could be compared with her own. She watched the heart she was the day the ladies—some of them country leaders of fashion—and she saw none that could be compared with her own. She watched

In the midst of her excitement and pleasure she could not refrain from noticing one thing—amongst all the growd of men there was not one who crowd of men there was not one who surpassed in appearance her husband, Paul. It was the first time she had mixed in society, or had seen what is commonly called the world. She had imagined all those who bore noble name would carry the impress of those names on face and figure. Here were lords, baronets, and squires, but she saw amongst them no face more noble 'that. Paul's, no figure more manly; she heard no voice with so true a ring, she saw no smile so luminous and frank. "He is one of Nature's noblemen," said the young wife to herself, and her

said the young wife to herself, and her heart grew warm as she looked at him She had thought that amongst people so greatly above him in position he would perhaps show some mauvaise honte but on his frank, noble face there was

"There's somewhat in this world amiss Shall be unriddled by-and-by," said Ismay to herself, as she watched him. "If it were not so, Paul would occupy one of the grand places these men cannot fill so worthily as he." She saw gentlemen of position talking to him, seemingly deeply interested in his conversation. She noticed another thing—his love was like a watchful presence round her; he never forgot her; he seemed to be always thinking of her comfort, of what she would like, an again the young wife said to herself:—

again the young wife said to herself:—
"No one could ever love me as Pau does."
There came over her a vague kind c1 There came over her a vague kind of wonder as to what she would do without his love. She might as well be without food to eat, fresh air to breathe. Like without Paul's love! She smiled to herself at the idea, and he, watching he from a distance, came to ask her why she smiled. She looked with frank, sweet eyes into his face.

"I was thinking what the world would be like to me without you," she replied.

be like to me without you," she replied,
"and I cannot realize it."
"Heaven grant that you never may
sweet! I shall never know what the
world is without you, for I could no live if I lost you

The time came when they both remem cered those words.
So the struggle went on in her mind the passionate longing, the eager wishes, the thirst for pleasure, the craving for wealth, doing battle always with the love of husband and child and the spiri.

She had longed for fortune, and it was coming to her; she longed for power and position, it was to be hers; but she was unconscious of it, and saidy to herself at times that her life would be spent in One morning she sat in the garder making a faint pretence at work, bu the needle had fallen, and the whit hands lay listless and still. She sa

under the shade of a large elm-tree, and the sunbeams falling through gree, leaves were like a halo around he heightening her marvellous beauty. Shows engrossed in her day dream of the golden future, when the little maid-serventees. wished to see her.
She rose hastily, a crimson flush or her fair face. A gentleman to see her Who could it be?
Before she had time to ask the questions of the see her who could be the see her who see her w

Before she had time to ask the question, she saw a gentleman enterin, through the garden gate. He advance toward her and bowed.

"Have I the pleasure of addressin Mrs. Waldron?" he asked. He was sidifferente from the people she had passed the life amongst that she blushed an hesitated. She could not help noticinate the stranger was watching her. that the stranger was watching her intently, and that his eyes lingered on he face with an interest that was not cursofty; he was studying every feature and when she spuke he listened eagerly t

every word.

"I must apologize," he said, "for in truding, but the garden-gate was open and I saw you here. Time is very precious with me. I thought you would pardon me if I followed the maid." She looked at him as though she woul fain ask him who he was; but at the moment the stranger's gaze fell on the lovely little boy who was playing on the grass. Suddenly a change came over hit face; he made a hurried step, and therestood still. stood still.

"Is that your child—your son—Mr: Waldron?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," she replied; "that is my baby boy."

'I am very fond of children," said the stranger; "will you let me nurse him?"
He took the child in his arms, and looked just as intently in his face.

"He is a noble boy," he said, "a princely child. What is his name, Mrs. Waldron?" she forgot the irregularity of the interview in her delight at the gentleman's admiration.

"His name is Lionel," she replied;

"The handsome young organist though-

the interview in ner using the state of the

"Your name must be a peculiar one if you could give it to a boy," he said; and if Mrs. Waldron had looked more intently at him, she would have seen that the subject was one of great moment to him. "My name is Ismay," she said, and at the word a strange flash of delight came over the visitor's face; and then Mrs. Waldron seemed to remember that she had not yet heard the reason of his visit. "Do you wish to see my husband?" she asked. "No," he replied, slowly. "My object in waiting upon you is to ask your permission to make a sketch of this charming little cottage."

Ismay looked up in delight.

"A ploture of my home," she said. "I think there can be no objection. Are was a statement of the said of the said of the said. "I think there can be no objection. Are was a said of the said of the said of the said of the said. "I think there can be no objection. Are was a said of the said of the said. "I think there can be no objection. Are was it love, or was it an amiltious desire to raise himself for above his statement.

ing little cottage."

Ismay looked up in delight.
"A picture of my home," she said.
"I think there can be no objection. Are you an artist?"

The visitor smiled a strange, peculiar smile.

"Not by profession; but I am fond of

Then slowly, and with great art, he drew her into conversation. He told her that he had heard her history and sympathled with her. He asked her if she remembered anything of her life before she came to Ashburnham.

"I could not nossibly remember" she

pathled with her. He asked her if she remembered anything of her life before she came to Ashburnham.

"I could not possibly remember," she replied—"I was but three years old. The only childish memory I have is, strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair—with which I used to play; her face comes dimly before me at times. I remember nothing more."

"You were three years old," he said; "Now do you know that?"

"I have heard Mrs. Hope say so," she answered. "When will you begin the sketch?"

Here it suddenly struck Ismay that perhaps Paul would not be plased if he thow how long this seranger had been so badly trained, was so young, so wild in the flush of girlish spirits, that she thought little of the consequences. The sensation that must follow amused her. She enjoyed thinking of the fright, the search, and the emotion of her stately father when he should hear that she was married.

"It will be stealing a march upon papa," she said, with a gay ringing laugh that should have smote her companion like a sharp sword. "He was so particular that I should not make my debut until I was nincteen; what will he say when he hears that I am married?" There was no excuse to be made for her save that she was charmed with her lover's handsome face, with his musical voice, his elequent words, his passionate pleading and prayers. She was charmed to be the heroine of a quasi-romance; it would be so amusing to appear in London as Mrs. Cameron, instead of Miss Carlswood. The whole matter scemed to her simply a delightful adventure; she never dreamed but that her father, after perhaps reproaching her in a stately fashion, would again receive her with a sale would be so amusing to appear in London as Mrs. Cameron, instead of Miss Carlswood. The whole matter scemed to be the steatch."

or nerself.
"How much thought I am giving to a stranger!" she said. "It must be because I so seldom see one."

ladius—some of them country leaders of fashion—and she saw none that could be compared with her own. She watched the hundred evidences of wealth and her very soul seemed on fire with the eagerness of her wishes.

"Why is there naught for me?" she said to herself. "Why should others have money, luxury and splendor, while I, who am fairer than they, must pass may life in a lonely cottage, counting each shilling as I spend it?"

She saw the glances of admiration cast upon her; she heard one ask and her vanity was flattered. If, so plainly attired, she could produce this marked sensation, what would she not do when magnificently dressed?

Trom every tributary stream, so he made bestowed upon him tributary to his pride.

People in speaking of him said he was just and generous but very proud. This pride was not shown in patronage of his request, but in the most rigid observances of class distinctions. He never pardoned any disregard of those distinctions; he was punctilious in the extreme; he gave to all persons the honor due to them and he expected the same in return; he added to her gard to their genius, and reverenced their names.

Still it seemed strange that a girl, reared in the very atmosphere of pride, and insisted on being so addressed himself. He considered the Carlswoods of her life; but such was the case when, one farly namng the leading spirits of the country, they had few equals, no superiors.

"Had the Carlswoods been Kings, they would have known how to reign," he was wont to say.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Carlswoods were an old family "The Carlswoods were an old family when William the Norman took posses sion of our fair Saxon land; but study their records, and you will see that no Carlswood was ever dishonored. There has never been a fortune-honored. There has never been a fortune-hunter, or traitor, or renegade amongst us; and—thank heaven!—no Carlswood ever made a low marriage."

marriage."

There were some who said that pride of such a kind must have a fall—that it could not remain so arrogant; but the stately head had not yet been bent in numility or sorrow-there was no stoor numility or sorrow—there was no stooping of the erect figure, no softening of the haughty face.

Lord Carlswood married the daughter of the Duchess of Middleham, a gentle, high-bred, elegant woman. They had four children—three sons and one daughter. The father's face would glow with pride as he locked round on the young.

ter. The father's face would glow with pride as he looked round on the young "There is no fear of the old me dying out yet," he would say.
He loved his wife, he was proud of his sons; but the great delight of his heart—the very light and brightness of

his sons; but the great delight of his heart—the very light and brightness of his home—was his daughter Katrine, a beautiful, gay, high-spirited girl, who had all the Carlswood spirit, with its attendant pride. Her father literally worshipped her. He watched her beauty as it developed day by day; he pleased himself by imagining what her future would be. What position could be too exalted for his daughter?

When Katrine reached her tenth year, Lady Carlswood died. Her husband did not marry again. "The Carlswoods never marry twice," he said, grandly; and he was true to the traditions of his race.

It was not a matter of great moment to the boys. Little of their time was spent at Bralyn; they went to Eton, and thence to Oxford; they were left principally in the charge of tutors. Lord Carlswood was careful to impress upon them the nobility of their race and the obligation they were under to keep the glury of their name unsullied and their honor unstained; he left the rest to their teachers.

But for Katrine Carlswood her mother's

But for Katrine Carlswood her mother's death was a far more serious matter. Her father was unwilling to send her to school; he did not wish her out of his sight. He had governesses and masters for her; he did his best for her, but it was lamentably done. He drew up a code of rules and regulations which was to be rigidly adhered to; he made no allowance for girlish galety or exuberance of spirits; and the result was that Katrine grew to look upon home as a prison. She loved her father because she had suffi-cient intelligence to appreciate his higher qualities, but she considered him to be loved her father because she had sufficient intelligence to appreciate his higher qualities, but she considered him to be something like a goaler, and glored in evading his rules. The method of his training was bad; yet he would never receive advice on the subject. Experienced matrons would tell him that change and relaxation were needful for the girl; he would draw himself up proudly and say, "The ladies of the house of Carlswood are not to be treated after the fashion of ordinary school-girls," When the catastrophe came, no one was surprised.

Tose like so many ghosts all the hopes he had centered in that beautiful daughter; he remembered her as a lovely high spirited girl. He thought of the dead mother who had loved her so the dearly, and a deep bitter sigh came from the depths of his overcharged heart. His daughter—his daughter!

Never more was be to hear the gay young voice—never more to watch the beautiful face; she was worse, ten thousand times worse, than dead. Dead, he could have loved her sould have spoken of her; but she was dishonored and dis-

surprised.

Lord Carlswood had decided that his daughter should make her debut when she had reached her nineteenth year; she had reached her nineteenth year; antil then she was to study hard, and perfect herself in all needful accomplishments by the help of masters. He frowned contemptuously when his friends told him that it was unfair to treat a girl of eighteen like a child. None knew how in the after years he repented of not having followed that advice.

There was a church at Lynn, and before her death Lady Carlswood had presented the rector with a very fine organ: sented the rector with a very fine organ moreover she had asked her husband to moreover she had asked her husband to set aside a certain sum to pay for an organist, which he had cheerfully con-

sented to do. The first organist employed was an elderly man, who had a wife and family to support. A more remunerative engagement presented itself, and he threw up his post. He was succeeded by a young and very handsome man— Thornton Cameron, a musician of no mean skill.

Lord Carlswood never saw him; he considered that his interest in the matter

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ended when the yearly stipend was paid.
He was in London when Katrine wrote
to ask if he would allow her to learn the
organ—to take some lessons from the
organist at St. Luke's—Mr. Cameron.
"He is considered very clever," she
wrote: "and it would be a great pleasure
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perhaps reproaching her in a stately fashion, would again receive her with

open arms.

"No Carlswood ever made a low marriage"—she had heard that expression

often enough, but it never entered ha

mind that hers was what would be calle

ished in manner as, the gentlemen who had visited Bralyn. There was nothing about him that could be called vulgar, much less low and Katrine, although clever beyond her years, did not know much of the world.

She would here considered beyond

She would have considered hersel

making a low marriage if she had promised to run away with a footman or a groom; but an artist was to her a gentleman. How could a man who created

such grand harmonies, who gave his whole time and attention to the cultiva-tion of the purest taste—how could such a man be low? She considered him a

genius, and genius, she said to herself, levels all ranks. She had read somewhere

of a king who stooped to pick up the brush of a painter. Was a painter better than a musician? she asked horself. Certainly not. If, then, a king could

wrote, thinking only of the novelty

ignoring the terrible consequences that might follow—telling him that she had found that the happiness or her life de-pended entirely on her love, and that, before he had read her letter, she would

be Thornton Cameron's wife.

He read the words with a frown, and

took an oath never while he lived to look upon her face again—an oath which he

kept unbroken. He might have taken a dozen differen

He might have taken a dozen different methods of punishing the man who had robbed him of his daughter; he adopted none of them. He contented himself with casting her off forever. She was no longer a Carlswood; his love for her had changed into bitterest hate. She had broken the long spell—he could never say again that, no Carlswood had ever contracted a low marriage; he could never boast that the name was unsullied. She had stained it by running away with a low-born stranger; nothing could restore its lustre, nothing could give back its lost glory. His anger was something terrible—terrible in its depth, its

thing terrible—terrible in its depth, its silence, its intensity. To himself he said

silence, its intensity. To himself he said that if she were lying at his feet dying of hunger he would not give her bread. He made no loud complaints; he never mentioned her name. If any one attempted to condole with him, he held up his hand with a stately gesture that enforced silence. His soorn, his anger, his terrible indignation, lay too deep for words. He went at once to Bralyn, where all the household were prepared to defend themselves; but he did not condescend to ask any questions. His game keepers wished to tell him of rambles in the woods, of stolen meetings in the grounds; the haughty nobleman refused to hear a syllable. He dismissed the governess with a sardonic compliment; he gave orders that everything which had ever belonged to the unfortunate Katrine should be removed from the

ate Katrine should be removed from the house; he refused to say where they were to be taken or anything about them, and they were ultimately deposited in the gate-keeper's lodge.

Despite his pride, his sternness, his terrible contempt and scorn, there was something pitiful in the proud man's silent, solitary despair. He took down the record of his children's births; he read over the name of his boys; and then read over the name of his boys; and then

a great mist of tears seemed to hide the word "Katrine" from him-burning tears, all the more painful because since his wife's death he had shed none. He

sat alone in his library, and before him rose like so many ghosts all the hopes he

graced, she was unworthy of 'regret—she who had brought the first stain upon the name of Carlswood—she who had stooped to deceive him.

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ate Katrine should be removed from the

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