ball. Belle was looking charming; drested in white brocade, with the costly necklace of pearls that Stanmore had given her before her marriage as her only ornament. Her bouquet was also of pure white flowers and to was her ostrich teather fan. There was a little murmur of admiration as she entered the reception room leaning on Stanmore's arm; he was so tall and stately, and she so fair. Lady Stanmore, of course, accompanied them, blazing with diamonds some of which were the tamly jewels, but Belle had insisted on her wearing these, and Lady Stanmore had been nothing loth. She had, in fact, grudged these diamonds pussing into Belle's possession, almost more than anything else, and she now consoled hereel by thinking that no one could possible know they were not her own.

Belle laughed a low, sweet, ringing laugh.

'You must, on the contrary, dance with every one clee,' the answered. 'I will dance with you once again, that is all.'

'Ah, that is too cruel. Let me at least have the first waltz after supper in addition to the two before?'

Again Belle laugh d, and this time her laugh rached the ears of the man leaning against the wall who was watching her so intently.

Again Belle laugh of, and this time her laugh reached the ears of the man leaning against the wall who was watching her so intently.

'Do not let us waste our time now,' continued voung Marchmont. 'Shall we commence?'

Belle slightly turned her head to comply with his request, and as she did so she gave a sudden start, and the flush on her check paled.

'Not yet,' the said, taintly, and young Marchmont looked at her anxiously.

They were standing immediately in front of the foldier-like looking man leaning against the wall, and Belle's eyes had fallen on his face as she turned her head. Again the looked at him, and a thrill of fear passed through her heart. Was it a dream or a vision, such as she had seen dimly on her wedding-morn? This question passed veguely through her mind, but not for long. The man whose face she krow, whose lace the never could forget, seeing that she had recognised him, now advanced slowly towards her. It was Hugh Gilbert, pale and altered, but the strong resolute expression, the grey eyes, were unmistakably his.

You are surprised to see me? he said.

You are surprised to see me? he said.

Ably his.

'You are surprised to see me?' he said, addressing Belle, without holding out his hand.

Belle made a great effort, and a low faltering 'Yes' escaped her quivering lips.

'I am home on sick leave,' continued Gilbert; 'I have had fever, and I am staying for a few days here with my friend Marchmont;' and he looked at the young beir.

heir.

'You look better already, Gilbert,' said young Marchmont; 'I did not know you knew him, Lady Stammore?'

Again Belle answered 'Yes;' and the two who had loved each other so deeply, who had been parted so strangely, stood ookin at each other silently, alke unable to understed how anything could have to understand how anything could have come between the absorbing passion of

come between the absorbing passion of their hearts.

It was Belle who first roused herself; who first remembered. There flashed across her brain a memory fraught with pain; a memory that stung and roused her pride.

pride.

'And your wife?' she asked, and her woice had lost its usual sweetness of tone.
'Is she hre?'
'My wife?' repeated Gilbert in the ut-most surprise. 'I have no wife; what do

most surprise. 'I have no wife; what do you mean?'
'No wife?' faintly echoed Belle, her eyes still fixed on his face.
'No, of course he has no wife, Lady Staumore' said young Marchmont, with a light laugh. 'What an idea, fancy old Gilbert married!'

light laugh. 'What an idea, fancy old Gilbert married!'

'Then I have been deceived,' murmured Belle, faintly, with quivering lips.

Young Marchmont looked from one to the other. He was quick-witted, and he asw that between these two lay some heart secret unfitted for other ears.

'I must go and seek my next partner, Lady Stamore,' he said, hastily. 'Gilbert here will take care of you,' 'and he hurried away.

Without speaking, Hugh Gilbert held out his arm to Belle, and she silently took it. They passed together among the crowd, and he kd her through the conservatory at the end of the ballroom to the lighted grounds below. They were both greatly agria'ed, and Gilbert felt Belle's hand trembling on his arm. Then, when they were comparatively alone, he turned and coked in her face.

heve that such a thirg could be, though I knew you were P'
'Not until they told me you were married to MissVane,' answered Belle, in a broken and trembling voice. "Then—then I did not care what I did—I—"
'We have been shamefully deceived,' continued Gilbert' sternly, as Belle's voice failed her. 'Come down here, and tell me how it was.'

(To be continued.)

She had, in fact, grad'grd these diamonas passing into Belle's possession, almost more than anything else, and she now consoled heretel by thinking that no one could possible know they were not her own.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont received the family party effusively and young Marchmont at core hurried up to Belle.

"Will you honour me by dancing the first dance with me, Lady Stammore?" he said, his good-looking young face flushing with pleasure and pride, as Belle smiled and he placed his hand on her arm. They passed down the rom together, the reception room leading to the ball-room and as they did so many eyes followed them. Amongst those who looked after them was a dark, pale, soldier-like looking man, who was leaning against one of the walls, partly hemmed in by the crowd. He smiled a little bittry as Belle and her or mpanion passed him, but made no other sign, and was totally unnoticed by Belle. A minute or so later the band commenced a wallz and the bell-room rapidly filled. The man who had looked at Belle so earnessly followed with this rist. Again he leaned against one of the richly decorated walls, signal his eyes caught the slim girlish figure in white, and rested on the charming lace, and this time te sighed.

Belle danced very gracefully, and she hal a good partner. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes shome with the exercise, and both Starmore and Lady Stammore, who had also gone into the ballroom, looked at hal a good partner, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shome with the exercise, and both Starmore and Lady Stammore, who had also gone into the ballroom and the stamp of t 'I wish," said the small boy lately, "that I lived in Neddie's house." Neddie's

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith did not live happily together. He was a pretty fair average husband, and got along pretty well with her, when she let him. She did

Bunt Almond Caramels.

Blanch almonds, then shred them and place them in the oven to take a dark brown color. Have the irons arranged on the marble; spread the burnt almonds evenly on the marble; pour cn them a boiling made same as for vanilla caramels. Arrange the bars to give a sheet a little under halt an inch in thi kness. When cold enough mark ard cut up the same as for ordinary caramels. If you prefer to put the almonds in the boiling, do so just before removing it from the fire.—Good Housekeeping.

Letters Come.



Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cure. CURES pepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Headache, still another

of Biliousness, and yet others of Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: t During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brampton, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ail-ment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health.

That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a

A CRUMPLED ROSE LEAF

The well-known bay at Algiers was most delightfully s'ill. The sun glinted down on the white hil's of a yacht lying a mile or two out, making the brasswork glitter and the pretty little breaktast table, set under the awning, look most cool and inviting. It was charmingly arranged a deux, and everything, from the delicate eggehell china to the little rat tailed spoons, was of the daintiest description. Everything around looked as though a spell lay over it all, and the sbip were about to sail into an enchanted city—the brilliant blue of the Mediterranean, and the cloudless southern sky, with the white roofs and orange groves of Algiers in the distance, making up a picture worthy of a fairy-story! At least, so thought the min and woman who were leaning against the rail watching a tiny boat which was slowly making its way out of them. The woman held a big scarlet sunshade over her, to shelter her fair curly head and sweet mobile face from the sun.

'Fancy Harry,' she was laughing, just a

fair curly head and sweet mobile face from
the sun.

'Fancy Harry,' she was laughing, just a
month to day since we were married!
What a charming rememberance! and
what a lovely idea of yours to have all
those flowers brought over to decorate the
ship with for to-night! 'The sun beat down
on the little white hands holding the parasol, and made the brilliant rings upon them
glitter again. 'We'll begin at once, as
soon as he comes,' she went on. 'I think
that a festoon of big yellow flowers would
look splendid over the saloon door.'

'Oh, no,' answered her husband, laughing; 'we won't begin at once, we'll have
breaktast first, and a look at the pepers;
in fact, don't you think it will be too hot
for us to do anything, little woman? I
meant to let Williams do it all, and we
could sit in our deckchairs and d'rect him
you know!'

'You lear oid thing!' she cried. 'I do

for us to do anything, little woman? I meant to let Williams do it all, and we could sit in our deckchairs and direct him you know!"

"You lazy oid thing!" she cried. 'I do believe you get worse and worse every day, and the idea of wanting to look at papers when you're on your horeymoon! I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I'm sure you were as eager as I was for the letters this morning," he laughed; "It would serve you right it there were none, keeping me waiting all this time for my breakfast, too," and he cast a longing and smiling look towards the little table under the awaing.

"Don, to yet, Harry," she said; "he's just coming now," and even as she epoke the boat drew up at the yach't side. It was, indeed, a goodly cargo that she carried, baskets of oranges, bannas and purple grapes, whilst the other end of the boat a mass of brilliant blossoms, and on the seat beside the tall swarthy African lay a precious little packet of letters and newspapers.

"Oh," gasped Molly, who was an arlist in a small way; "Oh, what a glorious mass of c.lor, what lovely flowers!"

Meanwhile, the men carried the baskets on board, and Mr. Astley, with his letter, walked over to the table and sat down in a low deck-chair.

"Now, sweetheart," he said, "you'll give me a cup of tea, won't you? Here are two letters for you, do come and sit down!"

But Molly was kneeling beside the flowers, burying her face first in one basket, then in another; and had to b coaxed away and comfortably installed in her Chinois wicker chair by Harry Limeli before she would set:le down to breakfast and her letters. Such a pretty picture as she made!—her white dress and scarler parasol standing out against the deep blue of the sea, and be hind her hele large basket of flowers and fruits.

They were both engrossed in their posts; she, reading her first letters from home.

before she would setle down to breakfast and her letters. Such a pretty picture as she made!—her white dress and carlet graned standing out against the deep blue of the sas, and behind her the large basket of flowers and fruits.

They were both egreed in their posts:

They were both egreed

'I'll sit on the deck till the doctor comes, Harry,' she laughed. 'Please don't worry, I don't believe it was anything but a common adder.'

But when the boat brought the doctor, in about an hour, he looked very grave, 'I cannot say anything for some time yet,' he said, after examining the sting. 'I'l don't like the entire absence of pain. Can you not describe to me what the snake or adder looked like?'

But poor Harry had flung it away without looking, and was in such a state that he could absolutely remember nothing. Gradually poor Molly got worse, the swelling increased, and a terrible numbness, which crept slowly right over the body, set in. The doctor stayed on, but more for the sake of Mr. Astley, who was beside himself with grief, than for Molly, who lay quite still and quiet in a kind of stupor from which nothing could rouse her. About six in the evening she awoke, and faintly asked for her husband.

'Daar love," she said, putling her arm round his neck. 'Try not to take it too hardly, it I—" but Harry left her and rushed on deck.

'Good God, Wilson," he cried, to the doctor, 'can't you do anything? Let's have some one else, let's—" his eye fell on the native who had brought over the flewers in the morning, standing talking to Williams, and, in his frenzy, he turned on him.

'You black scoundrel," he said, going

him.
"You black scoundrel," he said, going

Williams, and, in his frenzy, he turned on him.

"Ycu black scoundrel," he said, going up to him, "do you know your carelesaness has killed my wife? If she dees, I'll have you thrown into the sea!"

"Master Harry," said the staid Williams, who has been with his master since he was a boy, "don't hurt the man; he's a native, and these natives are sometimes very clever with medizines; perhaps he can do something for my mistress!"

"God bless you for thinking of it, Williams, 'he said, in a broken voice; 'you tall him; you can understand his jurgon,' and he went down again to Molly.

Williams explained as well as he could what had happend; and the man, with a glimmer of understanding, thought he could see what kind of a snake it was from the wound it had inflicted. He was accordingly shown into Mrs. Astley's cabin and after looking at the punctures, at once hurried away, saying he would bring something, but he was afraid, he confided to Williams, that it was too late.

Most of us can call to memory some time in our lives, some special hour, when every moment seems a year, and though a suppressed excitement fills us, yet we seem unnaturally quiet, waiting—wak know not whether for life or death, for happiness or misery to fall our lot.

If Harry Astley had been asked which was the supreme hour of his life he would without hesitation have raid this one—when he sat beside his wife's bed in dumb agony awaiting the return of the man, wondering if he would be in time, for poor Molly teemed to be losing strength with every breath, and wondering, too, if he would do any good when he did come!

At last, after what scemed to the wornout man a prefect eternty of waiting, the entive returned. His method seemed to Harry alarmingly simple for such an extreme case, as it merely consisted in putting a few drops of a particular juice in to the three junctures the adder had made but to his delighted astonishment, as well as the doctors, in half an hour Molly was sleeping quietly, and the swelling was greatly decreased, while Mahomed

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

STOVE POLISH

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Bril-Odorless, and Dursble. Each package ns six ounces; when moistened will several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3.000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS

urencetown, May 31, to the wife of J. Harry King, a daughter. Taunton, England, May 19, to the wife of Rev. H. McNeil twin, sons. McNeil twin, sons.

Valley Station, May 27, to the wife of Melville.

Johnson, a daughter.

Middleboro, Mass. May 16, to the wife of J, M

Deane of N. S., a son.

Leitches Creek, C. B., May 26, to the wise of

Willie Bail, a daughter.

Nicar gua, Central America, May 3, to the wife o J hn S. McDonald of N. S., a daughter. MARRIED.

Palmer Settlement, Jane 3, by Rev. Joseph A. Cabill, Charles W. Ra mer to Alice J. Camp bell. Montreal, June 3, by Rov. Dr. Kerr, S. D. Crawford of St. John to Minnie L. Wilson of Springfield N. B. almon River by Rev. A. B. McLeod, H. A. Hattle to Jania Allen.

Truro, June 3, by W. F. P rker George E. Spencer to Laura A. Morris. Cocagne May 12, by Rev. E. Ramsay, James Johnson to Sarah Dysart. Pictou, June 2, by Rev. R. McArthur, George A. Jordan to Annie King. Ialifax, June 3, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Hugh F. Flick to Bertha Loweds. s sick to nettha Loweds.

Bathurst, June 2, by Rev. Thomas W. Street, David
J. Miller to Jennie Hinton.

Halifax, June 2, by Rev. Mr. Wright, Willis E.

Hebb to Francis Johnston.

Slackville, June 4, by Rev. T. G. Johnson, Daniel A. Wales to James Dancan. Sackville, June 3. by Bancan.
Sackville, June 3. by Rev. S. Howard, Frank J.
Wilson to Elizabeth Casey.
New Glasgow, June 3. by Rev. Father McDonald,
A. McDonald to Mary Ryan. Carleton, June 7, by Rev. J. B. McDonald, Thomas Wilson to Maggie Ferguson. Upper Sactville, June 3, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Fliney to Grace Estabrooks. Yarmouth June 8

Yarmouth, June 3, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Edward A Smith to Helena M. Moore, Boston, may 1, by Rev. P. M. McDonald, Katle Morrison to Thomas E. Curry. Shelburne, June 4, by Rev. Dr. White, Rev. A. R. P. Williams to Jessie Jamieson. Hallfax. June 4, by Rev. A. C. Borded, William H. Taylor to Elizabeth Mercer.

Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Dyson Hagne, Walter R. Ward R. N., 'o Irene S. Payzant. Ohio, N. S., May 23, by Rev. C. W. Sables, Calvin S. Bower to Martha Alice Snow. Lornvale, May 23, by Rev. J. A. McKer zie, Rupert M. Creciman to Lelia Campbell. Chipman, N. B., June 4, by Rev. D. McD Clarke David Allen to Annie J. Laskey.

David Allel to Annie J. Laskey.

Boston, June 4, by Rev. Father Walah, Thomas
Grace to Belle Grace all of Halifax.

Halifax, June 1, by Kev. Richard Smith, George
William Clarke to Mand Brown. Green Harbor, June 1, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, Robert B. Stuart to Inic A. Stuart.

Green Harbor, May 26, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, James Thorburn to Mildred Stuart. Woodstock, June 2, by Archdeacon Neales, Col. F. H. J. Dibblee to Ella S. A. Connell. Bear Point, N. S., May 26, by Elder Mr. Halliday, Freeman Allen to Rosie Nickerson. Milton, June 2, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Rober Williams to Margaret L. Woodburn.

Cardwell, N. B., June 2: by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, James McKnight to Lettis Bustard. Boston, by Rev. P. M. McDona'd, Katie E. Mor-rison to Thomas E. Carry both of Windsor St. Margarets Bay, June 2, by Rev. M. W. W. Brown, Howard Pulsifer to Jessie Hubley. Granville Ferry, May 27, by Rev. L. Daniel, Vernon H. Amberman to Amoret D. Waugh. Somerville Mass, by Rev J. Kenneth, Ernest Dun can Leatherby to Maggie L. Weston of N. S.

DIED.

Windsor, June 3, Joseph McNeil, 52.
Kingsdon, May 18, Gardner Tufts, 84.
Wolfville, May 23, Mrs Tremaine, 80.
Hampton, June 6, Louise Vaughan, 21.
Pictou, May 2, Maisolm McCallum, 69.
Coal Creek, May 18, Samuel Brown, 61.
St John, June 7, James Armstrong, 64.
Tuskei, May 31, George A. Hatfield, 44.
Malagash Point, May 29, Mrs. Rouse, 28.
Great Village, May 29, Aifree Gould, 55.
Clementsvale. March 26, Peter Berry. 82.
Annsdale, N. S. May 39, John Sunson, 88
Sandy Cove, May 28, Holmes Saunders, 63.
Moncton, June 5 Edward Daly, of St. John.
West Head, C. I. June 1, Wm. Nickerson, 53.
Pictou Landing, June 2, James McFerson, 16.
Lower Newcaster, June 3, Alcxander Russell, 77.
Bay du Vin River, May 31, Ronald McDonald, 79.
Halifax, May 22, Emiline, widow of Jacob Locke
63.
Richmond, June 7. George A. Hughes of Frederic

East Wallace, May 5, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Smith, 79.

Brighton, May 26, Rebecca, widow of Stephen Beverly, Mass., May 31, Alice, wife of John Cun ningham. Lunenburg, May 29, Jennie, wife of Thomas De-Gruchy, 24. Antigonish, May 21, Christie, daughter of Angus Campbell. 8. hag Harbor, May 29, Martha, wife of David B.
Nickerson, 79.

ound Bay, May 28, Mrs. Colley McKenzie and her infant child. ficik, England, May 8, Maria, widow of T. Pep-per and mother of Rev. W. R. Pepper of And-over, N. B., 76. ag Harbor, May 26, Elizabeth, widow of El-nathan Smith, 86 iton, May 30, Clayton, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hayes, 3.

tmouth, June 3. John J. son of Joseph and Susan Groves, 14. Waliace Bay, May 14, by drowning, Valoros, sor of Bobert McNeil, 21.

Tru-o, May 17, Mage is Jane, daughter of Mitheward Susan Wilson, 17. ax, June 2, William Edward, son of Wm. and Mary Curiey, 7 months.

Pugwash, May 21, after a lingering illness, Hattie wife of Capt. J. O. Read, 27. Everett Mass, May 23, Harold Creighton, son of H. H. McKenzie of Nfid. 22. ondale, May 29, Hannah G., youngest daughte of Robie and Grace Sandford, 26. Carleton, June 8, Mary T., youngest daughter of Ellen and the late Daniel McKan.

Weston, June 2, Parker A. Kinsman, 27.
Torquay, England, Abbot Lawrence, son
late Hon. Francis Longworth of P. E. I.

Intercolonial Railway.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHK :

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ress from Halifax, Pictou and Camp
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STEAMER CLIFTON.

MES 3

The Sei Day I Conte vative The day in Specula tuency tainty to Confi of the

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