### LILIAN,

## THE HEIRESS.

"It is better to be good than beautiful," says Lady Chetwoode, who abbors ugly women "you know what Carew says:
"But a smooth and steadfast mind, thearts with equal fore sombined, Rindle never drying fires:
"Where these are not, I despise Lovel's cheeks as lasser even."
Where these are not, I despise Lovel's cheeks as lasser even. "Well done, Madee," say Cyril. "You are coming out. I had no idea you were so gifted. Your delivery is perfect."
"And what are you all talking about?" coatinues Lady Chetwoode: "I think Belle Damascene very sweet to look at. In spite of her red hair, and a good many freckles, and—and—a rather short nose, her expression is very lovable; when she smiles I always feel inclined to kiss her. She is like her mother, who is one of the best women I know."

"If you encourage my mother she will end by telling you Lady Belle is a beauty and a reigning tosst," says Guy, sotto see.

Lady Chetwoode laughs, and Lilian says:
"What is everyone wearing now,"
"What is everyone wearing now,"
"And what carew says:
"Let urns angrily away; while Cyril, half mad with indignation and unacknowledged fear, follows this final piece of advice, and almost unconsciously leaving the house, takes the wonted direction, and hardly draws breath until the trim hedges and pretry ustic gates of the Cottage are in view.

The day is showery, threatening since day, and now the rain is falling thickly, though he heeds it not at all.

As with laggard steps he draws still nearer the abode of her he loves yet does not wholly trust, the sound of voices smites upon his ear. He is standing upon the very spot—somewhat elevated that overlooks the arbor where so long ago Miss Beauchamp stood and learned his acquaintance with Mrs. Arlington, litere now he too stays his steps, and gazes spell-bound upon what he sees

with me. Will you not listen, Cyril? It is very painful to me to speak; but how can I see my brother so—so shamefully taken in, without uttering a word of warning?"

"If you were less tragic and a little more explicit, it might help matters," replies Cyril, with a sneer and a short, tuppleasant laugh. "Do speak plainly. "I will, then," desperately, "since you desire it. There is more between Trant and Mrs. Arlington than we know of. I do not speak without knowledge. From some woman, and of his having taker, a house for her in some remote spot. No names were mentioned, mind; but, from what I have under the same story—of his infatuation for some woman, and of his having taker, a house for her in some remote spot. No names were mentioned, mind; but, from what I have under the same story—of his infatuation for some woman, and of his having taker, a house for her in some remote spot. No names were mentioned, mind; but, from what I have unwillingly jistened to, it is impossible not to connect these evil whispers that are alloat with him and her. Why does he come so often to the neighborhood and yet never dare to present himself at Chetwoode?"

"And you believe Trant capable of so

"Unfortunately I must." "You are speaking of your friend," with a bitter sneer, "and you can coldly accuse him of committing so blackguard

ly an action?"
"If all I have heard be true (and I have no reason to doubt it), he is no longer any friend of mine," says Guy, haughtily. "I shall settle with him later on when I have

almost drives me mad to think he should have dared to bring down here, so close to my mother, his—".

(When a pair of this female the state of the great remedy pair). have dared to bring down here, so close to my mother, his—". "What?" cries Cyril, fiercely, thursting his brother from him with passionate violence. "What is it you would say? Take care, Guy, take care, you have gone too far already. From whom, pray, have you learned your infamous story?"

"I beg your pardon," Guy says, gently, extreme regret visible in his countenance. "I should not have spoken so, from one alone, but from several, I heard what I now tell you—though I must again under the circumstances. It was not remind you that no names were mentioned; still, I could not help drawing my

"They lied!" returns Cyril, passionately, losing his head, "you may tell them so for me. And you"—half choking—"you he too when you repeat such vile slan-

"It is useless to argue with you," Guy says, coldly, the blood mounting hotly to his forehead at Cyril's insulting words, while his expression grows stern and impenetrable: "I waste time. Yet this last word I will say: Go.down to the Cot-

Archie?"
"There is nobody to wear anything. For the rest, they had all on some soft, shiny stuff like the dress you were the handsome, he has a fine and very handsome, he has a fine and very large and a figure outlet un-In the arbor, with his back turned to

shiny stuff like the dress you were the night before last."

"What an accurate memory you have!" says Florence, letting her eyes rest on Guy's for a moment, though addressing Chesney.

"Satin," translates Lilian, unmoved "And their bonnets" "Ch, yes I they all wore bonnets or hats, I don't know which," vaguely.

"Naturally, mantillas are not yet in yogue. You are better than Le Follet," A film settles upon Cyril's eyes, a dull regue.

"Naturally; mantillas are not yet in vogue. You are better than 'Le Follet,' Archie; your answers are so satisfactory. Did you meet any one we know?"

"Hardly any one. By the bye"—turning curiously to Sir Guy—"was Trant here to-day?"

"No," surprised: "why do you ask?"

"Trant's.

A film settles upon Cyril's eyes, a dull faitness overpowers him, involuntarily he places one hand upon the trunk of a near elm to steady himself; yet through the semi-darkness, the strange, unreal feeling that possesses him, the voices still reach him cruelly distinct.

"Hardly any one. By the bye"—turning curiously to Sir Guy—"was Tranthere to-day?"

"No," surprised: "why do you ask?"

"Because I met him at Truston this morning. He got out of the train by which I went on—it seems he has been staying with the Bulstrodes—and I fancied he was coming on here, but had not time to question him, as I barely caught the train; another minute's delay and I should have been late."

Archibald rambles on about his near escape of being late for the train, while his last words sink deep into the minute of Guy and Cyril. The former grows singularly silent; a depressed expression gains upon his face. Cyril, on the contrart, becomes feverishly gay, and with his mad observations makes merry Lilian laugh heartily.

But when luncheon is over and they all disperse, a gloom falls upon him; his teatures contract, doubt and a terrible suspicion, augmented by slandgrous tales that forever seem to be poured into his ears, make have of the naturally kind expression that characterizes his face, and with a stifled sigh turns and walks towards the billard-room.

Guy follows him. As Cyril enters, the doorway, he enters too, and closing the door softly, lays his hand upon his shoulder:

"You heard, Cyril" he says, with exceeding gentleness.

"Heard what?" turning somewhat awaysely upon him.

"My dear fellow"—affectionate enters of the evening and the night, "Knowing you loved me, I should have been late."

A very frenzy of despair and disappointment rages within him: to have so powed—to be so foully betrayed! Her tears, the doorway, he enters too, and closing the door softly, lays his hand upon his shoulder:

"You heard, Cyril" he says, with exceeding gentleness.

"Heard what?" turning somewhat awaysely upon him.

"My dear fellow"—affectionate enters of the evening and the night, "Knowing you loved me," the words, ring in his tone.

"My dear fellow"—affectionate enters the content of the fact when pressed by him (Cyril) upon the subject. All the world knew what he, poor fool, had with me. Will you not listen "My dear fellow"—affectionate entreaty in his tone—"do not be offended with me. Will you not listen, Cyril? It is very painful to me to speak; but how —of her fiirtation, as no doubt she mild—of her fiirtation, as no doubt she mild—

"And you believe Trant capable of so far abusing the rights of friendship as to ask you—you—to supply the house in the remote t-pot?"

(Unfortunated) that harmonises exquisitely with the dejection of her whole manner. Her attitude is sad and drooping, her air de, pressed; there are tears, and an anxious, expectant look in her gray eyes.

[ To be Continued.]

RED SPLINT CHAIRS

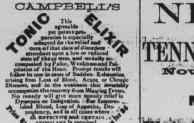
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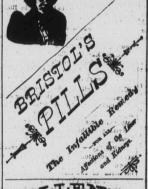
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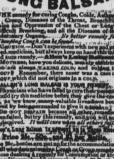


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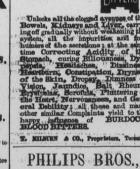
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-: JEAVE FREDERICTON 6 20 A. M.—Express for t. John.

8 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houl ton, Woodsteck, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.

3 20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junet and points East. ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON : 0 20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St.

5 50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Wood stock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls land all points North. ---: LEAVE GIBSON :-6 50 A. M.-For Woodsteck and points North 

H. D. McLEOD,
Supt. Southern Division,
General Pass. and Ticker Agent.
St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1885. Northern & Western Railway.

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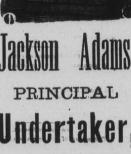
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