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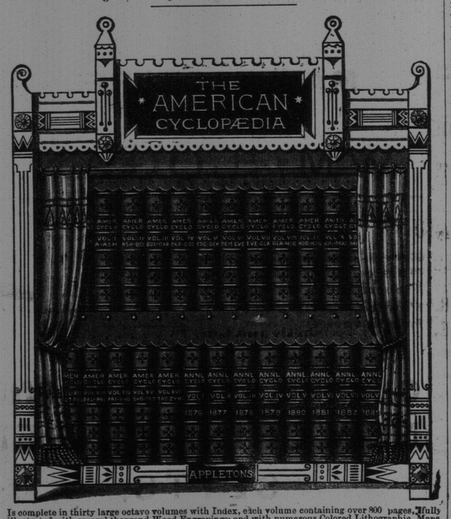

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A BLUE SERGE SUIT

By ROBERT SHINDLER.

[CONTINUED.]

I thought I had better come forward here, and I looked as fierce as I could, and sternly asked him if he knew where the man was who had taken my clothes. Instead of answering he burst into a roar of laughter, in which all his friends joined.

"Took your clothes," he gasped; "come now, that's a good 'un, that is."

I believe to this day he thinks that there was what he would call a "plant."

With a half hour's interval for refreshments I did nothing till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There was no end of blue serge suits. Every third person seemed to be wearing one. But some of the wearers were too tall, a few were too short, some were too fat, and so on. At last I saw a man whose clothes I was sure I could wear if I tried. He was walking very fast down the parade, and with my tight boots it wasn't pleasant to try to follow him. When I came up with him he was sitting on a bench. I said very mildly, "Excuse me, sir, but did you take a bathe in the sea this morning?"

"Yes, I did," he replied; "what of it?"

"I only asked," I continued, "because"— But here a young lady came up and touched him on the shoulder.

"I am awfully sorry to be so late, Bertie," she said.

He got up and went away without waiting to hear what I was saying. At first I thought I ought to follow him, for I felt sure I could recognize my own suit. But I didn't like to, either; and then it struck me that, if he had been the man, he would have noticed that I was dressed in blue, too. He would have been quite as anxious as I was to get into his own clothes. Then the word "Bertie." I pulled out the telegram; it was addressed to "C. Lambert," and here an idea came to my relief. The telegram said, "Will come by 5 p. m. train." I would go the station and wait for the train. Mr. Lambert would be there to keep his appointment, and so I would find him. I was quite proud of this idea, and it was followed by another. "Clara" was, of course, the young lady whose portrait was in the locket I was wearing. I would look out for her, and she, of course, would be looking out for him, and just as they were over the first ecstasies of meeting I would step up gently and say: "My clothes, sir, if, you please." I spent the quarter of an hour I had to wait at the station in looking at "Clara's" portrait, so as to be sure I should know her when she came. But she didn't come—at least I didn't see her. I waited in the station till everybody had gone away who had come in by the 5 p. m. train. I saw no one who resembled at all the young lady of the locket. Just as I was going away a man spoke to me.

"You were expecting some one by this train, sir," he said.

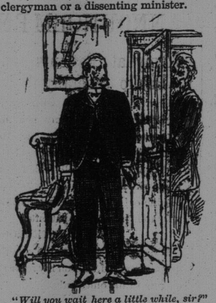
"Well, yes, I said; "that is, I"——

"Will you follow me, sir?" he said, with a mysterious air. I hesitated a moment. It was evident he was going to take me to the Clara of the telegram; ought I to go? I thought that this at any rate would bring me into some connection with Mr. Lambert, whoever he was, and so lead to getting back my clothes and my aunt's ear rings.

"Lead on," I said. The situation seemed to be getting quite romantic. Here was I, a steady, respectable man of 37, going to keep an appointment with a young and beautiful girl. The only thing was, what would she say when she found that I was the wrong man? She would probably be very much frightened, and I would then say dramatically, "Madam, your secret is safe with me, but oh! restore me my blue serge suit," which would be quite like a page from an old romance.

My guide led me to a house not far from the station. The housemaid who let us in looked at me, I thought, with unusual interest. I quite understood that. We were shown into the front first floor parlor, and here my conductor left me.

"Will you wait here a little while, sir?" he said, as he went away. I sat down, rather wondering what was going to happen. Would she come in suddenly and throw her arms round my neck, and then find out that I was the wrong man? I resolved I wouldn't let her make the mistake; then after a little reflection I thought I would not trouble myself about it. It would not matter much if she did take me for her lover for a moment or two. I heard the rustle of a lady's dress, but no one came in. At last the door opened. I waited, but did not feel any arms thrown round my neck, so I turned round. I saw a stout, elderly gentleman, evidently a clergyman or a dissenting minister.



"Will you wait here a little while, sir?"

"Sir," I began, for I thought I had better finish off at once.

"Do not address your remarks to me," he replied solemnly; "I am not Mr. Gregory."

Again the door opened; a lady entered.

"Madam," I said, "I don't know"——

"Sir," she replied, "my brother, Mr. Gregory, will be in directly. You will be good enough to address yourself to him."

"If I might advise this misguided man," said the clergyman, "I would beg him to remember that all is known. No subterfuges can avail him."

"My brother is not a man to be trifled with," said the lady.

Before I could reply anything, a tall, stout man came into the room. He was very red and very hot.

"I have locked the front door," he said, "and fastened all the windows and bolted the door at the top of the stair. He can't escape anyhow. And now, sir," he added, suddenly turning to me, "we'll see."

He dashed out of the room and returned almost immediately with a large riding whip.

"You see this," he said. "And you see me." And he lifted the whip menacingly. But the lady intervened.

"Roger," she said, "don't forget to temper your justice with mercy; remember he had a mother, and for his mother's sake"——

I thought, however, it was high time to speak for myself. I began, "My dear sir, you are under a mistake: the fact is, this morning I took a bathing machine"——

"Don't call me your dear sir," he thundered out before I could finish; "and don't talk to me of bathing machines; answer my questions simply—yes or no, or"— And he shook the riding whip in a very significant manner.

"Let me question him," said the clergyman. "Remember to answer directly, sir, without prevarication; it will not avail you. You came down from town last night?"

"Yes, I did," I said, "I regret to say. I had much better have stopped there. You are all under a mistake, evidently. In the bathing machine"——

"Don't talk to us of bathing machines," roared the old gentleman; "answer the questions put to you."

"And you were at the station at 5 o'clock to-night, I think," continued the clergyman; "you will hardly deny that?"

"No," I said; "I was there, but I went there"——

"Never mind what you went there for," roared Mr. Gregory again; "we know all about that."

"Too well, alas!" said the lady. "Poor Clara, unhappy, misguided child!"

"You're wrong," I said; "I never saw the young lady in my life." Here Mr. Gregory interrupted me with a shout, and his sister murmured faintly something about a locket.

"Open the locket you have on your chain," roared the irascible old gentleman; "will you deny that that is my niece's portrait?"

"I know nothing about your niece," I said, for I retained all my presence of mind. "I hope the young lady is all right. Permit me to explain. In the bathing machine"——

But the words "bathing machine" exasperated the old gentleman dreadfully. He said he hadn't come there to talk of bathing machines, and he couldn't hear them mentioned in such a connection.

"I'm not wearing my own clothes," I began again.

"Is the man mad?" he burst out. "What do I care about your clothes? What"— Then he seemed to check himself a little.

"Let us come to the point. There is one question I will ask; be careful to answer it truthfully. I shall test the truth of your statement. I pass over the deliberate untruth you uttered just now. When you came down here, did you come prepared to marry my niece—to marry her, I say?"

"Come down here to marry your niece?" I replied. "I did nothing of the sort—why, I have a wife and two children."

The lady rose here, and said she couldn't stop any longer in the same room with such a disgrace to his species. Not even for my mother's sake ought I to be protected any longer. Mr. Gregory grasped the riding whip, and the clergyman said he would rather not be present at the scene that was about to take place. He hoped Mr. Gregory would not be too violent, that was all.

Mr. Gregory waited till they had left the room and then walked slowly towards me, his face purple with rage. I don't know what, would have taken place, but just at this moment there came a furious peal at the street door bell. It had rung twice before, but Mr. Gregory had given orders that the door was not to be opened. Now the housemaid came up to know what she was to do. Mr. Gregory looked out of the window.

"You must go to the door," he said, "but tell the young man, whoever he is, that I am engaged, very particularly engaged; he might call again in half an hour. I dare say I shall have finished by then." And he looked darkly at me. The housemaid went away.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Gregory, "perhaps you will answer one question I have to ask, and no subterfuges—no reference to bathing machines." And he brandished the riding whip ominously.

I don't believe I should have got out a word of explanation in time if I had not been again saved by somebody coming into the room. It was a young lady, evidently the "Clara" of the locket. She had been crying a good deal, and her eyes were much swollen, but I could see that she was very pretty, and her manner was quite calm and collected. She spoke to Mr. Gregory.

"What is this, uncle?" she said. "They tell me that Charlie is in the house." Again there came a furious peal at the bell.

"Confound that girl! why doesn't she open the door?" interposed Mr. Gregory.

"You have the key in your pocket," replied his sister, who now with the clergyman returned to the room.

"Come away from here, Clara, I insist," she went on; "this is no place for you. He has confessed his villainy."

"He is a married man with four children," said the clergyman solemnly.

"Two children," corrected the lady.

"And who is a married man with four children?" said the young lady calmly.

"Unhappy girl," murmured the other. "I shudder to think of what might have happened."

"Down on your knees and confess your villainy, villain," roared the old gentleman. But the young lady burst out laughing.

"You don't think," she said, "that you've got Charlie Lambert there. Why, Charlie is as different as possible—Charlie is good looking. You can't think I'm in love with that man. Why, he has red hair and"——

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said I, interposing, "but I think I'll withdraw. I have had quite enough of this. I've been insulted all round. If you won't hear me, at least let me go away."

Here the door opened and a young man rushed into the room.

"Clara!" he said. There was no need to ask who he was.

"You'll remember," I said after a time, "that that is my coat you are wearing. Don't crumple it too much."

The three others looked on astonished, but Clara Gregory quite coolly introduces Mr. Charles Lambert to all of them.

"And who," said the elder lady, "who is this man with the wife and two children, and what is he doing here?"

Now I felt it was my turn to have an innings, and I explained the whole affair. The old gentleman gave a sort of howl when I mentioned the bathing machine; otherwise I was listened to.

Then I and Mr. Lambert adjourned to a bedroom to change our clothes. He wasn't very amiable at first, remarking that anybody might have told the difference between the two suits, his being made by Poole, and mine being, he said, a very inferior article. However, he told me about the business which had brought him to Eastcliff. He had been engaged to his Clara for nearly a year. Clara was an orphan, and her uncle and aunt were her nearest relatives. They had recently returned to England from Australia, and taken upon themselves the care of their niece. The uncle was for some reason very suspicious of him—had refused to see him, had refused to recognize the engagement or to let Clara correspond with him. They had not much difficulty in evading his commands as to correspondence, and they had arranged a plan of flight. But this had become known to Mr. Gregory; he had come to Eastcliff himself, bringing his niece by an earlier train than the one appointed. A telegram from Clara's maid had informed him later on in the day of the change of movement, and so he had not gone to the station.

When we got back to the other room a general reconciliation took place. They apologized to me for having called me a villain, and so on, and said they were pleased to make my acquaintance. They laughed when I told them what had happened to the wedding ring.

When I got back to the hotel I found the license there, sent back with a very facetious note from Hopkins, wishing me happiness in my second matrimonial venture, and so on. I won't give the letter; Hopkins isn't really so funny as he thinks he is.

The next day Mr. Lambert called on me. He said that Uncle Gregory had given his consent, and he would trouble me for the special license. And would I come to the wedding, which was to be a very quiet one? I went, and wore my blue serge suit—the right one, though, this time. And in the evening my wife came down and I told her all about it. And she says that next summer I must wear dittos, and that she was never in favor of my having a blue serge suit.

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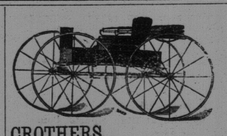

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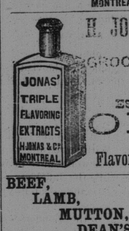

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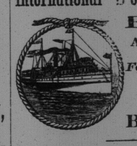

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And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:

376. Court Brothers, victuallers, Main street, north end.
373. Furness Line warehouse, Water street.
372. Schofield & Co., Ltd. ship brokers, Prince Wm. street.
208. Shephard, W. A. & Co, Employment exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street.

A. W. McMACKIN, Local Manager.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after **MONDAY, 10th June, 1889,** the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fa. Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx, Pictou, Mulgrave.	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect Sept. 16th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Boston.

8.45 a. m—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west; St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p. m—(Except Saturday night)—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; St. Stepen, Houlton, Woodstock. Fredericton Isle &c.

Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m.; 3.35 p. m., Parlor Car attached; 7.50 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday.

Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.55 a. m. 7.10 p. m.;

WOODSTOCK 7.50, 10.30 a. m., 8.20 p. m.;

HOULTON 7.40, 10.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;

ST. STEPHEN 9.00, 11.40 a. m, 3.15 10.20 p. m;

ST. ANDREWS 6.45 a. m.

FREDERICTON 6.00, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.;

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 8.30 a. m., 2.10, 7.10, 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

7.55 a.m—For Fairville, and points west.

4.40 p.m—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.45 a. m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

5.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

Eastern Standard Time.

ON and after MONDAY, June 24, Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.00 a. m., and Carleton at 7.30 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 a. m.; St. Stephen 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.00 a.m., St. George 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.30 p. m.; St. John at 12.40 p. m.

Freight up to 500 or 600 lbs—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 9 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. John, N. B., June 17, 1888.

sun, tel.

Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

ON and after MONDAY, June 10th, trains will run as follows:

No. 1.			No. 2.		
Lv.	Buctouche	7 30	Lv.	Moncton	16 45
	Little River	7 48		Lewisville	16 49
	St. Anthony	8 04		Humphreys	16 53
	Coesiange	8 20		Irishtown	17 15
	Notre Dame	8 22		Cape Breton	17 25
	McDougall's	8 38		Scotch Sett	17 33
	Scotch Sett	8 50		McDougall's	17 45
	Cape Breton	8 58		Notre Dame	18 01
	Irishtown	9 08		Coesiange	18 03
	Humphreys	9 30		St. Anthony	18 19
	Lewisville	9 34		Little River	18 35
Ar.	Moncton	9 38	Ar.	Buctouche	18 53

Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.

C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

Moncton, June 9, 1889.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

EXHIBITION

—AT—

TORONTO,

Sept. 9th to 21st.

Return tickets will be issued Sept. 9th to 13th good to return until Sept. 23th at

$20.50,

—AND—

On Sept. 14th and 16th, good to return until Sept. 24th at

$16.50.

For tickets and all information apply to

H. CHUBB & CO.,
City Agents,
Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

CONFUSION

of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for business, are the symptomatic indications of **Nervous Debility,** and these symptoms are usually accompanied by **Seminal Weakness** and **Impotency.** The necessary consequences are **Consumption** and **Death.** "Lane's Specific **Remedy,**" an invaluable preparation, is the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sent at one **Dollar per Package,** or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge.

THE LANE MEDICINE CO.,

MONTREAL, QUE.

☞ Young Men should read Dr. Lane's Essay, "Nervous Diseases," mailed free to any address.

N. W. BRENAN,

UNDERTAKER.

Warerooms in brick building No. 555, foot of Main Street, Portland.

BRANCH,

88 Charlotte Street.

St. John, N. B.

Telephones 222 Portland, 222c City.