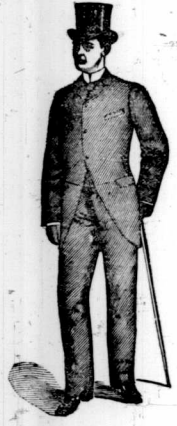


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Well, husband, dear, "The New Williams is worth twice its weight in gold, Lightest tread and far ahead of all machines that sold. Well, then, for you, my darling wife, The "New Williams" I will buy. And happy thoughts that are wrought, And dealer who the "New Williams" sell. And dainty recommendation, In every test, it serves the best; It's life-time has no end."

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We claim the earth is round, and we know it's true. We also claim that Huxley's Yellow Oil cures sprains, bruises, burns, colds, croup, sore throat, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all painful and inflammatory diseases, and we know this is true. Yellow Oil is a true family remedy for lameness or soreness in man or beast. —Maple Syrup at Snooks.

THE MILL MYSTERY.

"This time he uttered a hollow 'No,' then as if he felt himself too weak to submit to this questioning, he pushed back his chair, and, hurriedly rising, said: 'It is a very shocking affair, Agnes. Mr. Barrows was found in a vat in the cellar of the old mill. He drowned himself. No one knows his motive.'"

"Drowned himself? Did she speak or I? I saw her lips move, and I heard the words uttered as I thought in her voice; but it was to me he directed his look, and to me he seemed to reply."

"Yes; how else account for the circumstances? Is he a man to have enemies?—or is that a place a man would be likely to seek for pleasure?"

"But—the trembling little woman at my side began. 'I say it is a suicide,' he broke in, impatiently, giving his sister one look, and then setting his eyes back again upon my face. 'No other explanation fits the case, and no other explanation will ever be given. Why he should have committed such a deed, he went on in a changed voice, and after a momentary pause, 'it would be impossible for me, and perhaps for any other man, to say; but that is all I mean to assert. The rest I leave for wiser heads than mine.' And turning from me with an indescribable look that to my reason, if not to my heart, seemed to belie his words, he offered his arm to his bewildered sister and quietly led her towards the door."

"The breath of relief I gave as the portiere closed behind them was, however, premature, for scarcely had he seen her on her way upstairs that he came back, and taking his stand directly before me, said: 'You and I do not agree on this question; I see it in your eyes. Now what explanation do you give of Mr. Barrows' death?' The suddenness of the question brought the blood to my cheeks, while the necessity of answering drove it as quickly away. He saw I was agitated, and a slight tremble—it could not be called a smile—disturbed the contour of his lips. The sight of it gave me courage. I let my own curl as I replied: 'You do me too much honor to ask my opinion. But since you wish to know what I think, I consider it only just to say that it would be easier for me to believe that you believe that Mr. Barrows had a secret enemy, or that his death was owing to some peculiar and perhaps unexplainable accident, than that he should seek it himself, having, as he did, every reason for living.'"

"He was very happy, then?" murmured my companion, looking for an instant away, as if he could not bear the intensity of my gaze. "He loved deeply a noble woman; they were to have been married in a month; does that look like happiness?" I asked. The roving eye came back, fixed itself upon me, and turned dangerously dark and deep. "It looks like it," he emphasized, and a strange smile passed over his lips, the undertone of which was all that was plain to me. "And yet I persisted, determined not to yield an iota of my convictions to the prejudice of this man. 'The woman who knew that she was to be so soon as she was dying; and I am forced to trust in her judgment, whatever the opinion of others may be.'"

"But happy men—" he began. "Sometimes meet with accidents," I completed. "And your credulity is sufficient to allow you to consider Mr. Barrows' death as the result of accidents?" "Lightly as the question was put, I felt that nothing but a deep suspiety had prompted it, else why that earnest gaze from which my own could not falter, or that white line showing about the lip, as though I vainly tried to recollect inwardly, though I scarcely knew why, I forced myself to answer with the calmness of an inquirer: 'My credulity is not sufficient for me to commit myself to that belief. If investigation should show that Mr. Barrows had an enemy—'

"Mr. Barrows had no enemy?" flashed from Mr. Pollard's lips. "I can explain," with instant composure, "that that was so to a man to awaken jealousy or antagonism; that, according to all accounts, he had the loving and not the cursing, of each man in the company. 'Yes,' I assayed. 'He never came to his death through the instrumentality of another person,' he said, with a stern intimation. 'He fell into the vat intentionally or unintentionally, but no man put him there. Do you believe me, Miss Sterling?' 'Did I believe him? Was he upon trial, then, and was he willing I should see he understood it? No, no, that could not be; yet why asservere so emphatically a fact of which no man could be sure unless he had been present at the scene of death, or at least known more of the circumstances attending it than was compatible with the persistence which all men professed to have of them. Did he not see that such words were calculated to awaken suspicion, and that it would be harder, after such a question, to believe he spoke from simple conviction, than from a desire to lead captive the will of a woman whose intentions, his friendly conscience told him, were to be feared? Rising, as an intimation that the conversation was fast becoming insupportable to me, I confronted him with my proud, set look. 'You must excuse me,' said I, 'if I do not linger to discuss a matter whose consequences just now are more important to us than the fact itself. While your mother lies insensibly in a room, I will therefore allow her to return to her. 'In a moment,' he replied. 'There are one or two questions it would please me to have you answer first. And his manner took on a charm that rubbed his words of all premonitions, and made it difficult, if not impossible for me to move. 'You have spoken of Miss Reynolds,' he resumed; 'has told me that she declared upon her dying bed that the relations between Mr. Barrows and herself were very happy. Were you with her then? Did you know her well?'"

"She was my room-mate," I returned. "It was a blow. I saw it, though not a muscle of his face quivered. He had not expected to hear that I was upon terms of intimacy with her. 'I loved her,' I went on, with a sense of cruel pleasure that must have sprung from the inward necessity I felt to struggle with this strong nature. 'The proof that she no longer met him in the fact that she has made no heir to all her little savings. We were friends,' I added, seeing he was not yet under sufficient control to speak. 'I see,' he now said, moving involuntarily between me and the door. 'And your friends you mean confidantes, I presume?'"

"Perhaps," I answered coolly, dropping my eyes. "His voice took a deeper tone; it was steel meeting steel, he saw. 'And she told you Mr. Barrows was happy?' 'That has been already discussed,' said I. 'Miss Sterling—I think I never heard such music in a human voice. You think me inquisitive, presuming, ungentlemanly, persistent, perhaps. But I have a great wish to know the truth about this matter, if only to secure myself from forming false impressions, and wrongly influencing others by them. Bear with me, and if you feel you can trust me, let me hear, I pray, what reason you have for declaring so emphatically that Mr. Barrows did not commit suicide?'"

"My reasons, Mr. Pollard? Have I not already given them to you? Is it necessary for me to repeat them?" "No," he earnestly rejoined, charming me, whether I would or not, by the subtle homage he infused into his look, "if you will assure me that you have no others—that the ones you have given form the sole foundation for your conclusions. Will you?" he entreated; and while his eyes demanded the truth, his lip took a curve which it would have been better for me not to have seen if I wished to preserve unimpaired my position as grand inquirer. "I was compelled, or so it seemed to me, to answer without reserve. I therefore returned a quiet affirmative, adding only in qualification of the avowal, 'What other reason were necessary?'"

"None, none," was the quick reply, "for you to believe as you do. A woman bold as she is, who has a right to be proud of her claim to our respect when she attaches such significance to the matter as to make it the argument of a perfect happiness. I do not think he spoke in sarcasm, though to most minds might appear so. I think he spoke in relief, a joyous relief, that was less acceptable to me at that moment than the suspicion would have been. I therefore did not blink, but rather grew pale, as before did I acknowledged his words, and took my first step towards the doorway. 'I have wondered you,' he murmured, softly, following me. 'You do not know me well enough,' I answered, turning with a sense of victory in the midst of my partial defeat. 'It is a misfortune that can be remedied.'"

"Your brother waits for us," I suggested, and, lifting the portiere out of his hand, I passed through, steady as a dart, but quaking, oh, how fearfully quaking within! For this interview had not confirmed me in my belief that something dark and unknown connected the life of this household with that which had suddenly gone out in the air at the mill, but had deepened rather, and effaced the fatal charm which, contrary to every instinct of my nature, held me in a bondage that more than all things else must make any investigation into this mystery a danger and a pain from which any woman might well recoil, even though she bore in her heart memories of a past like mine. CHAPTER VI.

My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight; I think that bare not speak. —MACRETT. That day was a marked one in my life. It was not, indeed, the longest I have ever known, but it was by far the driest, and, if I may use the word in this connection, the most unfastidiously. Indeed, I cannot think of it to this day without a shudder; its effect being such that I never again sleep, at that night a vision of some underground tomb, where each moment was emphasized with horror, led the dead lying before me might either be beneath, or the other of the wakened of her brother, and wake the continual presence of one or both of the brothers at my side did not tend to alleviate the dread which the silence, the constant suspense, the cold gloom of the ever dimly-lighted chamber were calculated to arouse; for the atmosphere of unalloyed grief and gloom was upon them too, and, saving the quick, short sigh that escaped from their lips now and then, neither of them spoke nor relaxed for an instant from that strain of painful attention which had for its focus their mother's stony face. Mrs. Harrington, who, in her youthful freshness and dimpled beauty, might have retained the universal sympathies of the scene, was not in the room all day; but whether this was on account of her inability to confront sickness and trouble, or whether it was the result of the wishes of her brother, I have never been able to decide; probably the latter, for, though she was a woman of a frivolous mind, she had a due sense of the propriety, and she never knew how to violate them except upon the chance of some will more powerful than her own. At last, as the day waned, and what light there was gradually vanished from the shabby room, "Glad you are going," said she, and, rising from his place, approached his brother, dropped a word in his ear, and quietly left the room. The relief I felt was instantaneous. It was like having one nail of an oppressive nightmare released from my breast. Dwight, on the contrary, who had sat like a statue ever since the room began to darken, showed no signs of being untroubled by this change, and, convinced that any movement but a more cheerful order of things must come from me, I rose, and, without consulting him, passed over the threshold before he presumed

wishes, dropped the curtains and lighted the lamp. The instant I had done so I saw why he was so silent and immovable. Overcome by fatigue, and possibly by a long strain of suppressed emotion, he had fallen asleep, and, ignorant of the fact that Guy had left the room, slumbered as peacefully as if no break had occurred, and the mysterious watch they had hitherto so uninterceptedly maintained over their mother and me. The peacefulness of his sleeping face made a deep impression upon me. Though I knew that with his waking the old look would come back, it was an indescribable pleasure to me to see him, if but for an instant, free from that shadowy something which dropped a veil of mistrust between us. It seemed to show me that evil was not innate in this man, and explained, if it did not justify, the weakness which had made me more anxious to what was doubtful in his appearance and character than I was before to that of his equally courteous but less attractive brother. The probabilities were not, however, even if womanly delicacy had not forbidden me too often and too long that way, the sense of the unfair advantage I was possibly taking of his weakness made the possibility of encountering his waking eyes a matter of some apprehension. I knew that honor demanded I should rouse him, that he would not let me for letting him sleep after his brother had been so long awake, and that from too much heart—was in such a need of rest—or from too little conscience—I was in such a sore need of knowledge—I let him slumber on, and never made so much as a move after my first startled discovery of his condition. And so five minutes, ten minutes, went by, and, imperceptibly to myself, the softening influence which his sleeping countenance exerted upon me deepened and strengthened till I began to ask if I had not given too much scope to my imagination since I had been in this house, and foolishly, in my eagerness to expiate my impressions and events that in my calmer moments would show themselves to possess no special significance. The probability was that I had, and once allowing myself to admit the idea, it is astonishing how rapidly it gained possession of my judgment, altering the whole tenor of my thoughts, and if not exactly transforming the situation into one of cheerful confidence and ease, at least robbing it of that sepulchral character which had hitherto made it so nearly unbearable to me. The new spirit of hope, seemed to partake of the new spirit of the room, and the shadowy light of that dimly seen corners the possible abode of supernatural visits. Even the clock ticked less languidly, and that expressionless face on the pillow—

"Great God! it is looking at me! With two wide open, stony eyes it is staring into my very soul like a spirit that is awake, awakening there a horror infinitely deeper than any I had felt before, though I knew it was the signal of returning life to the sufferer, and that I ought to rouse myself and welcome it with gladness and relief, instead of sitting there like a statue of fear in the presence of an impending fate. But do what I would, say to myself what I would, I could not get rid of that stony face upon me, and not till I saw the stony lips move and the face take a look of life in the effort made to speak, did I first see the wall that I had made and to my breast. Even then I dared not utter a word, but my voice to warn the sleeper behind me that the moment so long waited for had come. A power behind myself seemed to old me to speak, and I said, 'The reaction from hope and trust to a now really terrible fear had been too sudden and overwhelming. But by the time I had reached the room to which I had been directed, I had regained in a measure my self-control. Guy Pollock at least had not seen that I could be affected by any thing which could happen in this house. Yet when, in answer to my summons, he joined me in the hall, I found it difficult to preserve the air of respectful sympathy I had assumed, so searching was his look, and so direct the question with which he met his brother's message. 'My mother saves, you say; you will be kind enough to tell me what her words were?'"

"Yes," returned I, starting to prevaricate in a struggle at least to meet should be an honest one. "The answer, I have said, said that she would haunt them if ever they divulged what took place between them and Mr. Barrows at the mill." "Ah! it is a terrible thing," he said, and I saw that he was indeed a man of great courage, for he was not only brave, but he was also a man of great sympathy. "I might have said a more vivid apprehension still, had I known what was passing in his mind as he traced the hall back to the sick chamber. But the instinct which had warned me so much, did not warn me of that, and it was with no other feeling than one of surprise that I noted the extreme deference with which he opened his mother's name, and so palpably against me, that moment of natural agitation and suspense for me to pass over the threshold before he presumed

(To be continued.)

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NEW STEAMER FOR P.E. ISLAND.
LAUNCH OF THE S. S. NORTHUMBRIA.
Messrs Wigham Richardson & Co. have launched their fine built twin screw steamer for their Neptune Yacht, Low Walker, on Thursday, March 12. The steamer has been built for the Charlotown, Navigation Company, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, and is intended to run in their passenger service, for which she will be very completely fitted and finished in a first-class style. She is of steel construction, and is fitted with two sets of triple expansion engines, which are also being built by Messrs Wigham Richardson & Co., and which will enable the vessel to attain a speed of fifteen knots per hour. The construction of the hull, outfit, engines, and boilers is proceeding under the supervision of Mr. Robert Anderson of Renfrew, who was present at the launch. As the vessel left the ways she was named the Northumbria, the ceremony being superintended by Miss Hunter, Newcastle Daily Journal.

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Have just opened a fine stock of **Fishing Tackle**
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THE ELECTIONS.
The best advice which we can obtain to the hour of going to press, are to the effect that all three of the local contests run yesterday have been won by the government. Hantz has invariably been a close county in local politics, especially of late, and whenever Brother Bulmer and others commenced their peculiar trade of "baiting" the Liberal party, the result was that they were defeated by a majority of about 30 votes. In Cape Breton County where the Dominion Conservative candidates won a few weeks ago by over six hundred of a majority the great local candidate won yesterday by a majority of about two hundred.

ECONOMY.
The winter, so-called for frozen in during the night, failed for Noel as soon as the bay was clear of ice, also the "Seattle" with furniture for Weymouth, and with lumber for Boston. Mr. James Miller has been confined to his house for the last few days with a severe attack of rheumatism. We have two portable saw mills in operation here now, cutting the logs that were yarded here last winter for this purpose. The timber for the further extension of the wharf is now all out, piled on the up- a close by the wharf. The communion was administered in the Presbyterian church here on Sabbath the 9th. Charles Weasbeche and William Marsh, past members, each lost a horse a short time since.

TRURO CLUB DIRECTORY.
Messrs Wigham Richardson & Co. have launched their fine built twin screw steamer for their Neptune Yacht, Low Walker, on Thursday, March 12. The steamer has been built for the Charlotown, Navigation Company, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, and is intended to run in their passenger service, for which she will be very completely fitted and finished in a first-class style. She is of steel construction, and is fitted with two sets of triple expansion engines, which are also being built by Messrs Wigham Richardson & Co., and which will enable the vessel to attain a speed of fifteen knots per hour. The construction of the hull, outfit, engines, and boilers is proceeding under the supervision of Mr. Robert Anderson of Renfrew, who was present at the launch. As the vessel left the ways she was named the Northumbria, the ceremony being superintended by Miss Hunter, Newcastle Daily Journal.

Post Office Truro.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 8 30 p. m. Money order office open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. 6-7 a. m. Mails are made up as follows: For Halifax and Western Counties, send daily at 4 30 p. m. For Pictou and West Newburg, daily, at 9 30 p. m. For United States and Mail Clerks going South daily at 10 30 a. m. For United States, St. John, Amherst, of intermediate stations, daily, at 8 30 a. m. For Old Harbor, daily, at 10 a. m. For Onslow and Crozer Mills, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 30 a. m. For Lunenburg and West Branch, River, John, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 11 30 a. m. Registered mail matter for Halifax to be sent only on Halifax and Montreal. Cables at 12 30, and by Halifax and Amherst, 7 30 p. m. every Wednesday. Hours of service—11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 2 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting, Friday, 7 30 p. m. Teachers Meeting of Cape Breton, every Wednesday evening at 7 30 o'clock. Strangers are welcome.

Barrett Church.—Rev. J. E. Goscher, Pastor.—Home of Service—Prayer-meeting at 10 a. m.—Public Worship, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School, 2 p. m. Young Converts meeting every alternate Tuesday, 9 p. m. Congregational Prayer-meeting, Tuesday, 7 30 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting, Friday, 7 30 p. m. Teachers Meeting of Cape Breton, every Wednesday evening, Prayer-meeting, Strangers are welcome.

Methodist Church.—Pastor, Rev. Wm. Allen, 10 Bond Street and H. M. Torr, B. S. Pleasant St. Services, Sunday, Prayer Meeting at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 30 p. m. The Salvation of the Lord's Supper administered the first Sunday of each month. Children's Meeting, Tuesday, 7 30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 30 p. m. Church Meeting, Wednesday, 7 30 p. m. Epworth League, Friday, 7 30 p. m. Teachers Meeting of Cape Breton, every Wednesday evening, at 7 30 p. m. First Thirtieth of each month.

Wesleyan Church.—Pastor, Rev. Wm. Allen, 10 Bond Street and H. M. Torr, B. S. Pleasant St. Services, Sunday, Prayer Meeting at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 30 p. m. The Salvation of the Lord's Supper administered the first Sunday of each month. Children's Meeting, Tuesday, 7 30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 30 p. m. Church Meeting, Wednesday, 7 30 p. m. Epworth League, Friday, 7 30 p. m. Teachers Meeting of Cape Breton, every Wednesday evening, at 7 30 p. m. First Thirtieth of each month.

Episcopal Church.—Pastor, Rev. Wm. Allen, 10 Bond Street and H. M. Torr, B. S. Pleasant St. Services, Sunday, Prayer Meeting at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 30 p. m. The Salvation of the Lord's Supper administered the first Sunday of each month. Children's Meeting, Tuesday, 7 30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 30 p. m. Church Meeting, Wednesday, 7 30 p. m. Epworth League, Friday, 7 30 p. m. Teachers Meeting of Cape Breton, every Wednesday evening, at 7 30 p. m. First Thirtieth of each month.