

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N.B., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906

## THE CIRCULAR STUDY.

By Anna Katherine Green.

## EVA.

(Continued.)

Dear Felix:

Congratulations: visits from my neighbors; all the glad we could wish or a true lover hate. The ring you sent fits as if made for her. I am called in all directions by a thousand duties. I am on exhibition and every one's curiosity must be satisfied.

In haste,

THOMAS.

ENTRY XII.

I shall never understand Felix. He has not left the town, but is staying here in hiding, watching me no doubt, to see if the signs of weakness in me, the doubtless suspects in me have a significance deep enough to overthrow his planned revenge. I know this, because I have seen him more than once during the last week, when he thought himself completely invisible. I have caught sight of him in Mr. Poindeux's grounds when Eva and I stood talking together in the window. I even saw him once in church, in a dark corner, his eye upon us, sitting together in Mr. Poindeux's pew. He seemed to me that day. The suspense he is under is wearing upon him. It is my duty to cut it short by proclaiming my infidelity to my oath and my determination to marry the girl who has made me forget it!

LETTER XIII.

Dear Felix:

Eva is not pleased with the arrangements which have been made for our wedding. John Poindeux likes show; she does not. Which will carry the day?

Yours aff.,

THOMAS.

ENTRY XIII.

She loves me. Oh, ecstasy of life! Eva Poindeux loves me. I forced it from her lips today. With my arms around her and her head on my shoulder, I urged her to confession, and it came. Now let Felix do what he will! What is old John Poindeux to me? Her father. What are Amos Cadwalader's hatred and the mortal wrong that called so loudly for revenge? Dead issues, long buried sorrows, which Eva may remember, but which men are bound to forget. Life, life with her! That is the future toward which I will take, the only vengeance Evelyn can demand if she is the angel we believe her. I will write to Felix tomorrow.

LETTER XIV.

Dear Felix:

A compromise has been effected. The wedding will be a quiet one, but not to attend it. As you cannot wish to attend it, I will not mention the place or hour of my marriage, only say that on September 25th at 4 p. m. you may expect my wife and myself at your house.

Aff.,

THOMAS.

ENTRY XIV.

I have not written Felix. I had not the courage.

ENTRY XV.

I have had a dream. I thought I saw the meeting of my father with the white shade of Evelyn in the unimaginable recesses of that world to which both have gone. Strange horrors, stranger glories met at their separate paths crossed, and while the two forms had greeted and parted, a line of light followed the footsteps of the one and a trail of gloom those of the other. As their ways divided, I heard my father cry:

"There is no spot on your garments, Evelyn. Can it be that the wrongs of earth are forgotten here? That mortal remembrance what the angels forget, and that our revenge is late for one so blessed?"

I did not hear the answer, for I woke, but the echo of those words has rung in my ears all day. "Is our revenge late for one so blessed?"

ENTRY XVI.

I have summoned up courage. Felix has been here again, and the truth has at last been spoken between us. I had been pressing Eva to name our wedding day, and we were all standing—there, in the glare of the drawing-room lights, when I heard a groan, too faint for others to catch, followed by a light fall from the window overlooking the garden. It was Felix. He had been watching us, had seen my love, heard me talk of marriage, and must now be in the grounds in open frenzy, or secret satisfaction. It was hard to tell which. Determined to know, determined to speak, I excused myself on some hurried plea, and searched the paths he knew as well as standing near an old dial, where he had more than once seen Eva and me together. He was very pale, deathly pale, it seemed to me, in the faint starlight shining upon that open place; but he greeted me as usual very quietly and with no surprise, almost, in fact, as if he knew I would recognize his presence and follow him.

"You are playing your role well," said he: "too well. What was that I heard about your marrying?"

"The time had come. I was determined to meet it with a man's courage. But I found it hard. Felix is no easy man to cross, even in small things, and this thing in his life, nay, more—his past, present, and future existence, I do not know who spoke first. There was some stammering, a few broken words; then I heard myself saying distinctly, and with a certain hard emphasis born of the restraint I put upon myself:

"I love her! I want to marry her. You must allow this. Then—"

I could not proceed. I felt the shock he had received almost as if it had been communicated to me by contact. Something that was not of the earth seemed to pass between us, and I remember raising my hand as if to shield my face. And then, whether it was the blowing aside of some branches which kept the moonlight from us, or because my eyesight was made clearer by my emotion, I caught one glimpse of his face and became conscious of a great suffering which at first seemed to

wrenching of my own heart, but in another moment impressed itself upon me as that of his, Felix's.

I stood appalled.

My weakness had uprooted the one hope of his life, or so I thought; and that he expressed this by silence made my heart yearn toward him for the first time since I recognized him as my brother. I tried to stammer some excuse. I was glad when the darkness fell again, for the sight of his bowed head and set features was insupportable to me. It seemed to make it easier for me to talk; for me to dilate upon the purity, the goodness which had robbed me of my heart in spite of myself. My heart! It seemed a strange word to pass between us two in reference to a Poindeux, but it was the only one capable of expressing the feeling I had for this young girl. At last, driven to frenzy by his continued silence, which had something strangely moving in it, I cried:

"You have never loved a woman, Felix. You do not know what the passion is when it seizes upon a man joined with the hollow pleasures of an irresponsible life. You cannot judge; therefore you cannot excuse. You are made of iron—"

"Felix!" It was the first word he had spoken since I had opened my heart to him. "You do not know what you are saying. Like all egotists, you think yourself alone in experience and suffering. Will you think so when I tell you that there was a time in my life when I did not sleep for weeks; when the earth, the air, yes, and the heavens were full of nothing but her name, her face, her voice? When to have held her in my arms, to have breathed into her one word of love, to have felt her cheek fall against mine in confidence, would have been to me the heaven which would have driven the devil from my soul forever? Thomas, will you believe I do not know the uttermost of all you are experiencing, when I here declare to you that there has been an hour in my life when, if I had felt she could have been brought to love me, I would have sacrificed Evelyn, my own soul, our father's hope, John Poindeux's punishment, and become the weak thing you are today, and gloried in it, I, Felix, the man of iron, who has never been known to falter? But, Thomas, I overcome the steel that crushed down that love, and I call upon you to do the same. You may marry her, but—"

What stopped him? His own heart or my own impetuosity? Both, perhaps, for at that moment I fell at his feet, and, seizing his hand, kissed it as I might a woman's. He seemed to grow cold and stiff under this embrace, which showed both the delirium I was laboring under and the relief I had gotten from his words. When he withdrew his hand, I felt that doom was about to be spoken, and I was not wrong. It came in these words:

"Thomas, I have yielded to your importunity and granted you the satisfaction which under the same circumstances I would have denied myself. But it has not made me less hard toward you; indeed, the steel which you say my heart is bound seems tightening about it, as if the momentary weakness in which I have indulged called for revenge. Thomas, go on your way; make the girl your wife—I had rather you would, since she is what she is—but after she has taken your name, after she believes herself secure in her honorable position and your love, then you are to remember our compact and your oath—back upon John Poindeux's curse she is to be thrown, shortly, curiously, without explanation or excuse, and if it costs you your life, you are to stand firm in this attitude, using but one weapon in the struggle which may open between you and her father, and that is, your name of Cadwalader. You will not need any other. Thomas, do you swear to this? Or must I put my own power against Eva Poindeux, and, by telling her your motive in courting her, make her hate you forever?"

"I will swear," I cried, overpowered by the alternative with which he threatened me. "Give me the blessing of calling her mine, and I will follow your wishes in all that concerns us thereafter."

"You will?" There was a sinister tone in this ejaculation that gave a shock to my momentary complacency. But we are so made that an anticipated evil affects us less than an immediate one; and remembering that I must yet elapse, during which he or John Poindeux or even myself might die, I said nothing, and he went lily on.

"I give you two months, alone and untrammelled. Then you are to bring your bride to my house, there to hear my final decision. There is to be no departure from this course. I shall expect you, Thomas; you and her. You can say that you are going to make her acquainted with your brother."

"I will be there," I murmured, feeling a greater oppression than when I took the oath at my father's deathbed. It will be there."

There was no answer. While I was repeating those four words, Felix vanished.

ENTRY XVII.

Today I wrote again to Felix. He is at home, must be, for I have neither seen nor felt his presence since that fateful night. What did I write? I don't remember. I seem to be living in a dream. Everything is confused about me but Eva's face, Eva's smile. They are blissfully clear. Sometimes I wish they were not. Were they confused amid these shadows, I might have stronger hope of keeping my words to Felix. Now, I shall never keep it. Eva once my wife, separation between us will become impossible.

ENTRY XVIII.

The wedding is postponed. John Poindeux is ill. Pray God, Felix hears nothing of this. He would come here; he would confront his enemy on his bed of sickness. He would denounce him, and Eva would be lost to me.

(To be Continued.)

## Attention, Men!

You'll Soon be Wanting a  
**New Suit,  
New Overcoat, or  
New Pants,**  
Or Something in the Clothing or  
Gents Furnishing Line.

Do not be deceived by the many "fake sales" that are being held, for many, from experience, have found out that the money spent at these sales has been, "money wasted." If you want good **Reliable Clothing**, and the best value for your money, remember there is only one place, viz:

## HENDERSON &amp; HUNT'S

Do you know the reason why we are selling more  
Clothing than any other house?

## BECAUSE WE HAVE THE BEST

**The Best Looking,  
The Best Fitting,  
The Best Wearing**

Overcoats and Suits that are to be seen around our City, are

## FROM OUR STORES,

and the reason of the increase in our business is that the satisfied customers come back again and bring their friends with them. Call and see the excellent values we offer in the following goods:—

**Fit Reform Tailor-made Overcoats at  
\$15, \$18 and \$20.**

**Men's Suits at \$8, \$10, \$12 & \$15.**

**Men's Pants at \$2, \$3, \$3.50 & \$4.**

## In Our Boys' Clothing Department

we are showing excellent values in

## Suits, Overcoats and Pants.

Come to us when in need of Clothing and you will be  
our customer for life.

HENDERSON & HUNT,  
40-42 KING STREET.

Branch Store, - - - - 553-555 Main Street, North End.

THE TAKING OVER  
OF NAVAL PROPERTIES

Conditions on Which Canada Is to Take  
Charge—Admiralty Has Big  
Scope

OTTAWA, Nov. 22.—The conditions on which Canada takes over the royal naval properties at Halifax are as follows: Canada undertakes the keep of the buildings, machinery, plant and yards. The dockyards and other properties turned over are to be open at any time to the inspection of the commander-in-chief of the North American and West Indian and special reserve squadrons. The yards are to be available for the repairs of His Majesty's ships at any time so far as the facilities permit. The places where coal is now ordinarily stored are to be kept free for the storage of such admiralty stores of coal as may be required. Admiralty ships are to have access at any time to wharves and facilities for coaling. The admiralty reserves power to take over the dockyards in case of war or any other emergency of which the admiralty authorities are to be the judges. They reserve the right to re-enter into permanent possession of the dockyards when they regard doing so in the interest of the navy.

The Dominion is to take full responsibility for the terms of occupation. The dockyards taken over have a value of more than three million dollars. The property extends along almost a mile of water front in Halifax harbor. There are about a dozen wharves, some of them of large size. There is the navy yard proper, a victualling yard, barracks, naval hospital and grounds, admiralty residence, recreation grounds. In all there are more than forty acres of ground.

There will be no naval officials retained, but the property will be placed under the custody of the maritime department agent at Halifax as a base for aids to navigation expeditions. Negotiations for the taking over of the Esquimaux yards are also in progress.

EXQUISITE ARRAY OF  
HAND-PAINTED CHINA

Exhibition Held Under Auspices of  
Women's Art Association, Highly  
Creditable to Artists

An array of beautiful china, exquisitely painted, is shown at the exhibition held by the Women's Art Association in the rooms on Union street. The room is prettily decorated, green being the prevailing color. The grouping of the exhibits and the lighting are so arranged as to present a very attractive picture.

A sale of novelties for Christmas gifts is also being conducted by the ladies, and tea is served from four to six o'clock. The exhibition closes on Saturday unless continued wet weather makes it desirable to continue it for another day.

There are eighteen exhibitors altogether. Among the many beautiful articles shown, the following are a few of the most prominent: Plush set in delicate sea weed and shell pattern, punch bowl done in lustre and gold, with grape decorations; two plaques with design of roses and lilacs, and a large geranium vase shown by Miss McGivern; jardiniere in roses on gilt stand, several specimens of severe blue with gold decorations; and vase, with design of violets by Mrs. G. Murray; bouquet set in conventional design of green and gold, by Mrs. Geo. Murray; chocolate pitcher, decorated with wild roses by Mrs. Fred. Tippet; two pieces exquisitely decorated in raised paste and gold by Mrs. Chas. Rootvick; pair of vases by Mrs. W. S. Carter; chocolate set by Mrs. Mrs. H. Roberts; vase by Miss Gladys Wainwright. Very attractive china was also shown by Miss Eversen, Miss Robinson, Mrs. F. McFadden, Mrs. DeB. Carritte and Miss Constance Smith. Mrs. Robert Emerson shows four exquisite miniatures painted by her while in Paris.

SPLENDID GIFT TO  
CANON RICHARDSON

Ladies Auxiliary of Trinity Church Gave  
Him a Gold Cross, Set With  
Amethysts

Rev. Canon Richardson arrived in the city yesterday afternoon from Fredericton and left on the six o'clock train last night for Montreal and Toronto. An interesting presentation was made yesterday at a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Trinity church, when the conjugal bishop elect was presented with a magnificent pectoral cross of gold.

The presentation was made by Mrs. J. Morris Robinson, who read the following: "Rev. Canon Richardson, coadjutor bishop elect—We, the senior members, the Girls' Guild and the junior members of the Women's Auxiliary, also other members of the congregation, have sincere pleasure in presenting you with this cross and chain as a token of our love and esteem and high appreciation of your work amongst us, and we pray that God's blessing will rest upon you and prosper you in the new field of labor you are about to enter, and if in any way this Trinity branch of the W. A. can assist you in your new sphere of work we will feel glad to be called upon."

"FANNY L. ROBINSON,  
President."

The Episcopal Cross is a splendid piece of work in gold. Over the cross are wrought grape vines while at the extremities are amethysts representing the grapes, four at each of the points, and twelve at the base. In the gold within which is engraved, "I. H. S." The cross bears the following inscription in the back: "John A. Richardson, St. Andrew's Day, 1906. Presented by the W. A. of Trinity Parish."

## RAILROADS.

CANADIAN  
PACIFIC

THE WESTERN EXPRESS  
Leaves Montreal daily 9.40 a.  
m. First and Second Class  
Coaches and Palace Sleepers  
through to Calgary

Express  
Tourist Sleepers Sunday,  
Monday and Thursday  
Montreal to Calgary.

Each way  
THE PACIFIC EXPRESS  
Leaves Montreal daily 9.40 p.  
m. First and Second Class  
Coaches and Palace Sleepers  
through to Vancouver.

From  
Tourist Sleepers Tuesday,  
Wednesday, Friday and  
Saturday Montreal to  
Vancouver.

Montreal  
These trains reach all points in Canadian North West and British Columbia.

Until further notice Parlor Car Service will be continued on day trains between St. John and Boston.

Call on W.H.C. MACKAY, St. John, N.B., or write W.B. HOWARD, Acting D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N.B.

INTERCOLONIAL  
RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, Oct. 14th,  
24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton .. 6.39  
No. 2—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Pt. du Chene and the Sydney .. 7.00

No. 35—Express for Port au Chene, Halifax and Pictou .. 12.25

No. 8—Express for St. John .. 12.10

No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also Pt. du Chene .. 12.00

No. 10—Express for Moncton, the Sydney and Halifax .. 12.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9—From Halifax, Pictou and the Sydney .. 6.39

No. 2—Express from Montreal, Quebec and Pt. du Chene .. 12.45

No. 35—Mixed from Moncton .. 12.39

No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton .. 12.49

No. 1—Express from Moncton .. 12.20

No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily) 4.00

All trains pass by Atlantic Standard Time, 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 3 King street, St. John, N.B. Telephone 271.

GEORGE CARVILLE, C. T. A.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY  
INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.

WINTER REDUCED RATES  
Effective to May 1,  
1907.

St. John to Portland  
and \$3.00.

St. John to Boston  
\$3.50.

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 13, steamers leave St. John Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 p. m. for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING

From Boston at 9 a. m. Mondays and Thursdays, via Portland, Eastport and Lubec.

All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

## RECENT DEATHS

SAMUEL J. ROBERTS.

The death took place at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon of Samuel J. Roberts, a former well-known resident of this city. The deceased was the eldest son of Dr. J. L. V. Roberts, and was for some years in business on Water street with his brother Fred. He later went to New York and has not visited St. John since 1893. Some months ago Mr. Roberts was stricken with paralysis, and has since been in poor health. Mrs. Roberts, who survives him, is a daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Hatheway and sister of Dr. Cawthra Hatheway, now at Berwick, N.S. Mr. Roberts leaves many relatives in this city.

THOMAS BRANSCOMBE.

Thomas Branscombe, of Cumberland Bay, dropped dead in his home on Sunday morning. The cause of death was heart trouble. Mr. Branscombe was a man of about 65 years of age and was widely known and respected. On Sunday he awoke in his usual health, but about 11 o'clock he fell to the floor while talking to members of his family. Death was practically instantaneous. He is survived by a wife and several children.

EDWARD CHASE.

Edward Chase, one of the oldest residents of Wolfville, died Tuesday of heart failure, aged 72 years, at the residence of his son, Thomas, at Hantsport. Rev. John Chase, in his time a prominent member of the Baptist denomination, was the father of the deceased. His brothers were Sawyer, William, Charles and Isaac, and his sisters the late Mrs. Prof. Wells, of Toronto; the late Mrs. A. W. Sawyer and Miss Charlotte Chase.

MISS GUNTER.

WHITE'S COVE, Nov. 22.—The death took place at the home of her parents here on Monday evening, the 19th inst., of Miss Dannie A. Gunter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gunter. The deceased was 37 years of age and for the last two years was a sufferer with consumption. Although her death was expected it came as a heavy blow to her parents and brother. This young lady taught school in this county a number of years and was well and favorably known. A host of friends mourn her demise, as she was a most exemplary person. Besides her parents one brother, A. L. Gunter, living at home, feels keenly her bereavement. The late Miss Gunter was a member of the United Baptist church. Hon. L. P. Farris is a cousin. The remains were interred in the family lot at Upper Jemess this afternoon. Rev. A. W. Currie, officiating.