

1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

The leading Family Paper of the Maritime Provinces.

The Second Volume of the THE SATURDAY GAZETTE will be commenced on Saturday, May 5. It has been the aim of the publisher of THE GAZETTE to steadily improve the paper and enlarge its field of usefulness. That our efforts have been attended with a fair measure of success is abundantly proved by the constantly increasing circulation of The Gazette which is now widely read, not only in Saint John City, but in every part of the Province.

SOME OF THE FEATURES

SECOND VOLUME :

HISTORY.

From time to time we will publish short articles on early History of the Province, with particular reference to the early History of Saint John and vicinity.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Every issue will contain at least two special articles dealing with some subject of timely interest. The contributors to this department will be selected with a view of obtaining those possessing the best qualifications for the work.

FOR WOMEN.

We will devote a considerable space each week to the discussion of topics of special interest to the gentler sex.

SERIAL STORIES.

Each number will contain an instalment of a Serial Story by an author of reputation.

COMPLETE STORIES.

Arrangements have been effected by which an interesting complete story is assured for each issue.

SPORTING.

We will furnish our readers with a weekly budget of the latest news of the different field sports.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Every week from this date we will furnish our readers with a complete condensed report of the news of the week from all points.

IN GENERAL.

Besides the features above outlined the publishers of The Gazette are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of The Gazette so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community. Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in The Gazette has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely increased outlay, and we expect large additions to our circulation in consequence.

mustache, fine, frank face and sunny brown hair. There was an air of pride and haughtiness about his mouth and eyebrows, somewhat belied by the look in his merry blue eyes. His manner proclaimed to all the world, "I am an Englishman!"

"But his clothes are lovely," whispered Brownie, further.

The lady beside him had also a conscious air of being a superior being. She was middle-aged and quick and jerky in her movements. She glanced restlessly about her, talked in a rapid, much accentuating way, and in a shrill, high keyed voice. She talked much and rather loudly, and used numberless oaths, and indeed.

"The lady gave a sudden displeased look. She beckoned to a waiter and pointed to a window in a far corner. A man was smoking a cigar in blissful peace there."

"Is smoking allowed in this room?" asked she, in her shrill, rapid, tones. She paralyzed the unhappy attendant with the glance of her eyes.

He was obliged to admit that smoking was not wholly forbidden.

"I can not have it," said the much accentuating lady. "Will you go to that gentleman and tell him I can not have him smoking here?"

Involuntarily the merry British blue eyes of the table and the merry American eyes at the other table met in a half smile.

Shirley and Brownie came home. Shirley found there a letter from their friend, the English gentleman of three years before. It read:

"MY DEAR MISS CARSTONE—May I commend to the tender mercies of yourself and your sister my son, Robert Edgerly? He is now in the United States and wishes, of course, to see Linwood and certain ladies whom his old father remembers more vividly and esteems more highly than any other he met in America."

"You will find Robert not a bad sort of young man, except that he fancies he is very wise. I trust to the Linwood ladies to cure him of that. He will probably present himself in person soon."

"Yours, very sincerely, "JONAS EDGERLY."

Which he did.

The reader has already perceived that he was the young man with the merry blue eyes, whom the sisters had seen at Chesterton. He was a youth of sincere, strong nature, with the most graceful, winning ways, when he chose, also when he chose, the reverse of agreeable.

He had an intense pride of family, of race and nation. In this respect indeed he out-Englished even his countrymen.

Like his father, Robert Edgerly was interested in what he saw at Linwood, though not perhaps in precisely the same matters. Unlike his father, however, he lingered on in Linwood for weeks. Then he went away and came back. In truth Brownie fascinated him more than he was willing to admit to himself.

He was not popular in Linwood, however, as Mr. Wainwright had been before him.

The villagers resented his haughty, reserved ways. He made it an extremely rare thing that in his opinion the "ring classes" could not be any possible or gentle folk. He did not make any pains to make a show of this opinion. It just bubbled out of itself. Shirley did not like it.

"These young working people need to be taught that if a man is really a gentleman he will be to a gentleman whether his hands are white or brown. Look at the girls in Linwood church on a Sunday. See if, from their dress, their speech or their manner, you can tell which young woman works for a living and which does not."

"Ah, I don't say," replied young Edgerly, languidly, "I suppose you'll be telling me next that American gentlemen black their own boots. I've heard that since I've been in this country," continued the youth.

"Well, they do—when they can't help it," answered Brownie. "My brothers black their shoes; so do I, mine, if I can't get out of it. But I'm free to say that I wouldn't live in a country where I had to black my own shoes."

"You might do worse," said Brownie.

He looked into her eyes.

"Do you think so?" he said, in a low voice. Brownie flushed faintly, but did not answer.

holding himself a little apart from the rest, of being absent minded and slightly bored. This air succeeded to a charm. It is to be recommended to young men and maidens seeking to make an impression.

At an autumn picnic in the woods he seemed more than usually indifferent. He headed shyly against trees with his feet crossed, his head thrown back, his eyes gazing widely off into the nowhere. It made not a bad picture, the tall figure there against the trees, in the midst of the blazing gold and crimson woodlands.

"Thinking on your sins?" asked Brownie. "You ought to be."

"No," says he, "I'm thinking on other people's sins."

"Whom, may I ask?"

"I have no sine to be forgiven. At any rate, if I have, I will bring you a sin offering which will atone for all the crimes I ever did or ever shall commit, past or future. I bring you a cut of southern fried chicken and a Yankee doughnut."

"I fear the Greeks bringing gifts," said the young man, rather stupidly.

"But I'm not at all dangerous," answered Brownie, quite as stupidly.

"There you are mistaken. You are the most dangerous person I know. And wickedest of ever shall commit, past or future. I bring you a cut of southern fried chicken and a Yankee doughnut."

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never seen whether a lady is comfortable or not?"

Robert looked from his book.

"Is it young Martin, may I ask?"

"Oh, then, there is something you are interested in?"

"Because if it's young Martin, he's a person whose charming devotion is no credit to my lady. Seriously, I shouldn't like to have him hanging about you, Brownie."

"Oh, thank you. But I think I can tell who's proper to hang about me. I'm old enough, too, goodness knows."

"Really, is it Martin you mean?"

"Really, I won't tell you."

"Whom, may I ask?"

"By the blessed broomstick, no!"

He was getting a little vexed. Brownie watched the knitting brows and exhaled. He meditated a moment. "But I insist on knowing."

"Oh, you do. How very unfortunate."

"If you don't tell me this," he said, "I shall think you would be capable of keeping things from me in earnest."

Brownie flushed a smile at him from her down-brown eyes, her white teeth and scarlet lips.

"Trust me all, or trust me not at all, as you murmur."

"Perhaps," he said, "you'd like it to be not at all."

"Because," he continued, "it can be managed well enough. No Byron and his wife from California in two weeks. They'll be over there in ten days. They are my best friends. I belong to their party properly, but I've been waiting my time here. They've complained before that I deserted them. Now they're waiting for me for the last time to join them."

"I ought to have gone to them long ago. If I do so now, you won't object, I suppose?"

It was the more ragged and of a cob web for them to quarrel about, yet they quarrelled.

"Very well, then, since it makes no difference to you, I've made up my mind to go."

"Oh, by all means."

"Then I must start at once. I shall bid you good-bye tonight."

"So we shall not have the honor of seeing you at Christmas, I suppose?"

He answered slowly and quite seriously: "I—have other views."

Brownie turned white. But it was only a moment. Then the little reprobate balanced herself on one foot, gave him a saucy glance out of the side of her eye, and whisked herself unobserved.

"Good-bye, Brownie."

truly ways to change her thought. She filled in the evenings with gay company and kept the girl out in the sunshine by day. She invited guests for her here and there.

So the summer wore on into the fall, quite a year since Robert had rushed off in a huff. It was indeed a year to a day. That very day Shirley sent Brownie to old Mrs. Frenchy's cottage across the woodlands.

Brownie had a great fancy for jewels and bright bits of color about her. It was a long inheritance from red blooded ancestry. You sometimes, again, she was bracketed like an Indian princess and necklaced to match. With all these, too, such a vivid, flashing, quick moving creature was Brownie, she did not look overdone.

This afternoon it suited her fancy to rig herself out in beauteous splendor. Besides rings, bracelets and neck pins, she wore the pretty watch and chain Shirley had given her at her eighteenth birthday. She had on a crimson dress. What with her bright dress, the shining bits of gold and stone about her, and the sunshine glancing on and off her as she moved along the woodland path, she looked like a red bird flashing among the trees.

"Be sure and get back before dark," said Shirley.

The path led near the very tree under which Robert had stood that day a year ago, in the blazing glory of the falling leaves. Could she help lingering under the tree and sighing as she thought of the sweet might have been? Could she help, indeed, wandering on beyond the hill to the exact spot where the lost lover had placed his mother's ring upon her finger and asked her to wear it always? The ring was there still. The turquoise trifle itself thrilled with an electric wave of recollection till she felt his pressure on her finger. Could have cried as she thought of it. Too bad, too bad it was!

A wild man started up before her. He was hungry, he was mad with rage against the world. He was wicked. He was fit for deeds of terror. There was a Lucifer like grace and comeliness about him, too, as he flung himself across the way with his swinging arms and gleaming eyes.

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