



## CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER

SACKVILLE, N. B. JULY 10, 1890.

## The Next Grit Leader.

With rumors of an early general election comes the question as to who will be selected as leader of the Liberal party. It is generally supposed that Mr. Laurier, who has stood at the helm for the past few years, will step down and out. The course of his party during the period in which he assumed the responsibility of leader, is marked by nothing of exceptional brilliancy, as the result of his statesmanship, and the universal opinion is that leading a forlorn hope or championing a lost cause is certainly not one of his paramount virtues. He has proved himself to be possessed of unusual oratorical ability, and capable of controlling votes in sections where an Englishman would have little influence, but has also shown himself sensitive to clerical influence, and fosters the interests of his church rather than that of the state. In Parliament he has instituted no very important moves, and acted more as a figure than a material help to the reform party.

Hon. Edward Blake, it is believed, will again take an active part in politics and if his health permits, will probably be invited to lead the opposition. His retirement was generally regretted by his party, but his health was too severely impaired by overwork for him to remain longer. He has intimated that he is not desirous of the position and asks the favor for Mr. Laurier. Sir Richard Cartwright's name has been suggested, but the party does not appear to estimate his ability so highly as he does himself; but if the party is given power, he will, doubtless, be given the position of financial officer of the administration, as his commercial experience will be of some value. A very idyllic proposition comes from the Winnipeg, who propose to import Mr. Erasmus Wilson from New York to act as opposition leader. This is a step towards respectability; it being well known that Mr. Wilson's opinions are on this subject, and what his platform would contain should be the appointed leader. Very wisely, Erasmus says he can be of more service to the party by remaining in New York, than if he were at its head in Canada. His friends say that being outside has a better opportunity of observing the condition and needs of this country than a resident. At any rate, he has announced his intention of taking a trip from Windsor, Ontario, to Montreal, and delivering a series of lectures for six days, when the proper time comes; but for the present will content himself with the position of Envoy Extraordinary of the Canadian dissenters at New York. Should he deliver his threatened lectures it is very doubtful whether his party's chances will be impaired or strengthened thereby.

## A Pleasant Occupation.

Ever since the Conservative Administration came into power, some twelve years ago, our worthy contemporaries on the opposition have assumed themselves, by proscribing the early fall of that unstable and treacherous government, to be the saviors of the country. They have at various times set the duty, and made ready for a grand political funeral. Soon after the first session of Parliament, after the change, it was predicted that the country was going to the dogs, under the new policy, and that before another election could follow, there would be scarcely enough people left in the country to make a quorum. Now they are busily preparing the government's sepulchre, and have on several occasions given the conservatives a severe theoretical defeat. During these years a fiscal policy has been inaugurated, which has kept Canada for the Canadians, which was by no means satisfactory to the great producers, and the trans-continental railway line, which has secured to the Dominion an independent road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and opened up a vast tract of country to settlers has been equally disgusting to them. Doubtless the Government is devotedly grateful to the grits, for fixing the date of the obsequies at the somewhat distant year of 1892. It will give Canada an opportunity to appreciate her condition of commercial independence, and instead of being a slave to the United States in trade and industry, will find that these two years and also many more in building up a self-maintaining country true to its flag and itself.

## N. S. Governorship.

Two names only have been mentioned in connection with the Governorship of Nova Scotia, those of Hon. Senator Dickey, of Cumberland, and Mr. B. Daley, Esq., of M. P., of Halifax. There is probably no better authority in Canada on the legal side of constitutional questions, than Senator Dickey. He possesses a cool, judicial mind to an eminent degree, which has been of very great service to the country in Parliament, where his opinions are received with a great respect. It would have been a fitting closing to his political career to have appointed him governor, where he would have been an undoubted success. We presume however, that neither he nor his friends sought the distinction for him. Mr. Daley, who represented Halifax a few years ago, has been appointed, Mr. Daley, is a son of the late Sir Dominick Daley, one of the Colonial governors appointed by the Imperial government. Mr. Daley is still a young man, affable and popular, and a lawyer by profession. He is a brother-in-law of T. A. Kenny, Esq., M. P., for Halifax. Though Mr. Daley made no special mark in Parliament, he is recognized as a social favorite, and his appointment will be popular in Halifax.

## The Albert Election Petition.

The Albert election has been postponed until November, upon the grounds that, while the general provision of the Act is that service of the particulars three days before the day of trial is sufficient, there is a special provision in the English rules, that when the seat is claimed for a defeated candidate, the particulars should be served six days before the day of trial. In this case Mr. Turner's seat was claimed for Mr. Osman in the body of the petition, and the particulars were served but five days before the day of trial. Our act expressly incorporates the English rules, and makes them part of the statute, and the Judge being of the opinion that the particulars were not in time, stopped the proceedings and referred the whole matter to a full bench of the Supreme court.

THAT TROUPE of wandering Fakirs known as Robbin's Circus did some fine artistic work on their recent tour. They bivouacked at Windsor Junction over Sunday, where they conducted a good show of their various points and oases, and exhibited their next day as an importation from the country of the grand Llama, at ten cents a head. It is not complimentary to the intelligence of our people that this alleged circus should have been allowed to travel from place to place, everywhere gathering a hoard and everywhere letting loose on the people a lot of pickpockets, and three card monte men. It is not creditable that a portion of the press not only tolerated, but puffed them and aided in the nefarious business. It seems as if any common Yankee swindler with a catch-penny show can come into the country and purchase for a few dollars all the newspaper endorsements he wants.

The official Abstract and Record of the Dominion gives the following statistical information concerning the relative growth and strength of the principal denominations of the Dominion. It will be seen that the members of the Roman Catholic faith are more numerous in every province, with the exception of Ontario and Manitoba, and that in the latter provinces they outnumber the other aggregates.

The certain will shortly drop over the closing acts of Sir Fred Middleton, commander-in-chief of the military forces of Canada, and all that will remain of the brave general will be the remembrance of his inordinate love for the noble fur-bearing animals of the North West. He has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted, and soon he will shake forever the dust of the Dominion from his feet, and return to the mother country. In mind, he appears to suffer considerably. He claims he has not had satisfactory recognition of his worth, and that the Canadian newspapers are too relentless and that he is sick of them. He has suffered a severe penalty, and leaves his honorable position and the country he swore to protect, a disgraced man.

EARL CARLETON has just passed away, in his 59th year. He became a peer in 1849, and from 1857 to 1859 was under-secretary for the colonies. During Lord Dufferin's second administration, he was a prominent member, and in 1866-7 was secretary of state for the colonies, during which time he played an active part in the passage of the act of federation of the provinces. Shortly afterwards he resigned out of his dislike to the democratic tendencies of Lord Dufferin upon the British North American Act. His son, Lord Porchester, will succeed him in the title.

The framers of the McKinley bill are listening to a vigorous howl from the people of Oswego, Syracuse, Watertown, Rochester and other parts near the Canadian border where barley is used extensively. In Syracuse about three millions of dollars are invested in breweries, and the increase on duty will be charged two cents per ton for the duty they must have Canadian barley, cost what it will, and if the duty is high the beer will have to increase in price also. The transportation companies, railway and steam boat, and labor organizations all object to the tariff.

## Port of Sackville.

The Collector of Customs has furnished us with a statement of duties collected the past year. They are as follows: Customs.....\$8905.46  
Export duty.....33.00  
Warehouse fees.....40.00  
Petroleum inspection.....133.29  
Sick Marine's Fund.....403.74  
Fines, etc.....25.00  
Total.....\$9560.40  
Duty in 1888.....\$5,620.80  
Duty in 1887.....\$4,302.77  
Increase over 1888.....\$1,318.03  
Increase over 1887.....\$5,250.63  
It will be seen that the duties have more than doubled in three years, and speaks well for the growth of Sackville.

The owners of the boats, Messrs. W. H. Quinn, McLachlan & Wilson, Robert Carson and Hillyard Brothers in St. John, have entered into an arrangement by which all vessels going on the blocks. The rates, which are to take effect at once, are: Vessels up to 100 tons, \$2 per day; 100 tons and over, \$3 per day; 200 tons and over, \$4 per day; 300 tons and over, \$5 per day; 400 tons and over, \$6 per day; 500 tons and over, \$7 per day; 600 tons and over, \$8 per day; 700 tons and over, \$9 per day; 800 tons and over, \$10 per day; 900 tons and over, \$11 per day; 1000 tons and over, \$12 per day. For steamers special rates will be made.

## Opening of the Bayfield Methodist Church.

The new Methodist church at Bayfield, which has been under construction during the past winter, was formally opened for service on Sunday last. The day was delightful, and the large attendance spoke volumes for the interest which the people take in the new structure. In the morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. Douglas Chapman preached, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Stebbins preached, and in the evening, Rev. Dr. Stewart conducted the meeting.

The building is a very tastefully built one of Gothic architecture, size 50 by 31 feet, with an all 24 by 20 and 20 by 20 feet, by an imposing tower. The windows have colored glass in the upper angles, and the outside is painted a suitable shade. The inside is finished in ash, with platform chairs in walnut. There are about 40 pews, and the seating capacity of the church will be about 250. A fine organ has been placed in by H. A. Hillcoat, of Amherst, which rendered efficient service under the skill of Mr. R. Gray. A noteworthy feature of the service was the excellent rendition of the music by the choir, their rendition of the anthem "The Earth is the Lord's" being very fine.

## Death of Joe Howe's Widow.

The widow of the late Hon. Joseph Howe died in Halifax on Sunday, aged 84. She retained her faculties to the time of her death. For several years she had enjoyed a pension of \$500 yearly from the government of Nova Scotia. The deceased lady who was a daughter of Captain John McNab (N.S. Fencibles) was born in Newfoundland in 1807, and a few years later removed with her parents to Nova Scotia, and resided at McNab's Island until her marriage in 1829. For 45 years she was a faithful and devoted wife, taking a deep interest in her husband's plans and sharing his victories and defeats during a stormy and political life. She was possessed of a vigorous mind and much good sense, and was greatly esteemed by her husband's associates as well as by a large circle of friends. Though confined to the house for the past few years she was interested in all that went on, and till within a few days of her death could remember distinctly all the political and social changes of the last sixty or seventy years. She was the mother of a large family, of whom only two or three survive.

## The Confederate Cruiser Virginia.

The Amherst Press remarked in a recent issue that H. M. S. Canada, which recently anchored off Wood Point, was the first war vessel that ever visited Amherst harbor. Our contemporary is slightly astray. If it will turn to its files of the New York Herald for the year 1863, it will see an account of the Cruiser Virginia, which was built at Port Huron and equipped with Thomas Cowles, C. S. A., as commander, and Capt. Jack Miles, C. S. A., as first officer. Such an important event as this one should not be so hurriedly passed over.

## Dorchester.

Mr. Percy B. Chandler has returned from Burlington, Vt., after a very successful course at the medical college there. The Harry Lindley Theatrical Company gave performances in Robb's Hall here Monday and Tuesday evenings. They are by all odds the best purely theatrical troupe that has visited Dorchester for some time, and succeeded in producing on the stage the best stage effects that have ever been seen here, notably, the shipwreck scene in the "Catawbas." They go to Sackville on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, after which they will return for two or three more performances.

The following is the statement of the Dorchester branch of the Government Savings Bank for the year ending June 30th, 1890: Deposited during the year, \$21,193.00; withdrawals, \$29,527.07; to the credit of depositors July 1, 1890, \$104,295.75. On Sunday night last a store at Sussex was burglarized and suspicious characters seen lurking about the place were suspected as being the guilty parties. Constable Sheek and a Mr. Laughey started on the search and came upon the suspects. The constable attempted to arrest them, but they were armed with revolvers and shot Mr. Sheek in the abdomen, inflicting a wound from which he is not likely to recover. The assassins made their escape and are still at large. Search parties are scouring the vicinity.

A good story of a woman's fieldness comes from Boularderie, C. B. It is said that a lady who is running a farm was in a quandary this spring whether to put a certain field under oats or barley. Finally she decided on barley and had about one acre sowed, when she changed her mind and sowed her children to "pick up all that barley" because she had decided to put oats in the field and put the barley somewhere else. This incident is related for fact, but whether the children succeeded in picking up all the barley is not told.—*Sackville Reporter*.

The last issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* is an illustration of the force of example. The previous number was devoted to Victoria, B. C. Of course, long before its appearance, the fact that it was well known in the North-West, and now, as a result, evidence that it was followed suit—the present number being almost entirely devoted to the driving western party. Eastern Canadians would hardly perhaps expect that so much could be said about a young man; but a glance at the pages of the *Dominion Illustrated* will convince the most incredulous that Alberta and its fair metropolis comprise many features of rare interest in progress, resources, population and general scenery, and that even the best informed will find in this rich number the means of adding considerably to their knowledge. The illustrations (which are excellent) and the accompanying letter press are of historical value and are well worthy of preservation. Address: *Dominion Illustrated*, 73 St. James St., Montreal.

## Maritime Matters.

Sixteen sailors have deserted from H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, recently. Herman Liebman was drowned while swimming at Windsor, N. S., on the 3rd inst. Contractor Leary has signed the construction of a dry dock and elevators at St. John. Thos. Toley, a boy eight years old, fell into the pond at St. John on Friday last and was drowned. Lieut. Gov. McLellan leaves his estate, which is valued at about \$100,000, equally to his widow and children. While H. M. S. Canada was in St. John, a measurement was taken of the fall, under the suspension bridge. A depth of 172 feet was found. A lime burner engaged in scowling a load of lime through the falls at St. John, was knocked overboard into the whirlpool and was drowned.

The Montreal local freight jumped the track at Plummeuse, near Sussex, on Sunday, and for several hours. No one was injured. Mr. William Stockton, of Sussex, father of A. A. and R. O. Stockton, St. John, and Mrs. Chas. Pickard, of Sackville, died last night, aged 77. The temperance people in Truro are making it lively for Scott Act offenders. Several convictions are pending and heavy fines have been collected. Mr. and Mrs. John Chetwyn, of Halifax, were divorced in Boston recently. John amused himself by pulling his wife's hair and she very naturally objected. Puggists Nagle and Power, of St. John, have been fined \$100 for the part they played in the recent fight at Vancouver. This is the lightest penalty the law allows them.

A bear made a raid upon the stock of Roderick McDonald, Moline River, Kent Co., and in the absence of the men, the woman of the place killed forth and with axes drove Bruin off. An intelligent porter of the Queen Hotel, Halifax, hoisted the American flag the other day, but upside down. Some American tourists objected, and the flag was rectified. A terrible accident occurred at Southport, P. E. I., on Dominion day when Eva Gray, seven years old, was accidentally shot and killed by a boy who was firing at a mark near the dwelling of her father.

Francis Scottney, of Halifax, has disappeared and his body has been found floating in the water. He was a heavy drinker and was reported to be in the habit of committing suicide, and no one would find his body. He leaves an estate valued at \$14,000. A large grey wolf surprised the citizens of Moncton the other day by trotting into the town, and up the railway track toward St. Stephen. No one appeared anxious to interfere with his departure, and he was reported plentiful in the vicinity. Mr. Stairs, who lives opposite the Piquet, in Southport, N. B., left four cows in his yard Monday evening. There was a heavy thunder shower during the night, and in the morning one cow was found dead and another dying.

The Dominion Government have decided to import some carrier pigeons to be used in the communication to the island of the mainland of Nova Scotia. The island is a dangerous place for mariners and even if they reach the shore after being wrecked, they are in danger of being killed by the natives. They will be kept on the island, and when necessary will be liberated with a message attached. A French Canadian named Des Rosiers was found murdered at Sackville last week. He was a man of about one hundred years, when some one crushed him in his skull with a stone. His head was frightfully mangled. His son-in-law who was the first to give the alarm has been arrested as the guilty party.

The National Song, "My Own Canadian Home," has been set to music by Morley MacLaughlin of St. John, and chosen by the military to be sung at the great meeting of riflemen on Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., to be played by the band of the London Scottish Regiment. This piece will be played shortly by all military bands throughout the Dominion, and so become familiar to the ears of all.

A few days ago a fourteen year old son of John Powers, of Upper Stewiacke, N. S., captured a young mink, took it home and kept it as a pet. The mink had been deprived of her own family. Mrs. Tabbie, with true motherly instincts, at once adopted the young animal, and she and her husband, who are apparently as happy a pair as can be seen in the peaceful and beautiful valley of the Stewiacke.—*Truro Sun*.

John Costley, a well-known citizen of Halifax, died Wednesday, 2nd inst., aged seventy three years. He was at one time principal of Picton Academy, registrar of births, deaths and marriages in Nova Scotia, and was deputy clerk of the Chamber of Commerce. He was a social secretary during the Holmes-Thompson government. The deceased was for many years an editorial writer on the Halifax press, and the first editor of the *Halifax Herald*. On Sunday night last a store at Sussex was burglarized and suspicious characters seen lurking about the place were suspected as being the guilty parties. Constable Sheek and a Mr. Laughey started on the search and came upon the suspects. The constable attempted to arrest them, but they were armed with revolvers and shot Mr. Sheek in the abdomen, inflicting a wound from which he is not likely to recover. The assassins made their escape and are still at large. Search parties are scouring the vicinity.

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## Industrial and Commercial.

A company has been organized in Verulam for the manufacture of sugar and other products from mill. The American Gas Investment Co. has been incorporated in New Jersey, with a capital of \$50,000,000. The *Monday Times* says the work on the Bala Verto ship canal is progressing favorably, but doesn't say when it will be finished. One hundred boys and girls of Woodland, Cal., whose ages range from 12 to 19 years, have formed a co-operative fruit-canning and drying union. Mexico is now producing good coffee in large quantities. In 1883, it exported but \$1,200,000 worth; but last year the output reached \$400,000,000. The Amherst boot and shoe company, of Amherst, N. S., is making improvements in its premises, and adding new machinery to turn out finer lines of goods.

Argentine Republic is suffering from an attack of an over boom, and thousands of laborers are getting out of the country; there are more men than there is work. The Dominion Express Company has completed arrangements with the Atlantic steamship lines and will establish an express service in the future with the Republic. M. A. Ferguson, a heavy lumber operator on Salmon River, has disappeared, leaving several creditors and a large amount of debt. His liabilities are about \$30,000. The famous, or rather infamous, Sugar Trust of the United States has exploded, and its victims are in sadness. The business men are demanding a legal prosecution of the promoters. A company has been formed to construct a harbor at Broadpoint, on the Bristol Channel, for American liners. The business men are demanding a legal prosecution of the promoters. The Consumer's Cargate company consisting of John F. and George Stairs, of Halifax, has been organized with a capital of \$100,000. It is understood they have control of the corgate works in the maritime provinces.

H. M. S. Amphion has just been turned out of the Esquimaux dry dock where she has been for the past six months undergoing the greatest piece of carpentry ever attempted on the Pacific coast. Everything worked well on her trial trip. The council of St. John, by a vote of 13 to 12, have accepted Mr. J. D. Lusk's plan to build a deep water wharves and an elevator at Carleton, guaranteeing him \$5,000 a year for twenty years to do the work. The city clerk helped from the Dominion Government.

The clockmakers of New York announce that they have made up their minds to starve and be idle rather than to stand and work fourteen hours per day. They say that the struggle has to be made sooner or later, and they do not mean to give in until fair wages are obtained. There are ten thousand of these workers. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin had the corner stone of the new dry dock at Kingston on the 19th inst. The ministers were greeted on their arrival by the civic reception committee, and escorted to the Hotel Frontenac, where several addresses were suggested to them. They were banqueted in the evening.

It is stated by the *Augusta Journal* that there are thirty-five kinds of granite in the state of Maine, each of which possesses distinctive characteristics readily recognized by workmen acquainted with monumental and building stones. There are all shades of what is termed white granite, the most beautiful of which is the Hallowell, and the red granite of the Red Beach, and the black granite of Addison County.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Foster have left Ottawa for New Jersey, where they will spend a few weeks before coming to New Brunswick.

Sarah Barnhardt took an over dose of chloral recently and it was only by the persistent efforts of her physicians that she recovered. The new constitution of Brazil has been promulgated. It is similar to that of the United States in many respects. The new constitution is six years old. For several years the of the stage between Osgood and Park Road, Minn., has been a plucky girl named Jessie. She has been in the theatre three trips a week, winter and summer.

The German Chancellor, Von Caprivi, states that he is not a colonial enthusiast; "after the agreement with England," he said, "I shall be very much interested in the East. East Africa shall be something."

Some of the Upper Canadian papers are urging the recall of Mr. Blake to the leadership of the opposition. The leadership of Mr. Laurier is objected to on the ground that in his consideration, his state is placed secondary to his church. The statement is made that Secretary Blaine has declared the McKinley high tariff bill the most dangerous, if not the most infamous measure that was ever conceived by any party. The men who vote for this bill, he says will wreck the Republican party.

Cardinal Manning's library is his working and living room. It is said. Here he almost always has a fire. The place is choke-full of books, not only in shelves around the wall, but in cases in the middle of the room, leaving just a little gallery in which to take a walk. The cardinal knows the place of every book. LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the *Living Age* for June 25th and July 5th contain *Greater Britain*, *Germany*, *the Imperial Forest of Africa* and a *Glance at Contemporary Europe*, *Portugally*, *The Law in 1847 and the Law in 1890*, *Lord Clarendon*, and *Brought Back from Elysium*, *Contemporary Great Britain*, *Nationality in Denmark*, *Cornwall*, *Characteristics of Russian Literature*, and the *Romanance of History*. William Lithgow, *Temple Bar*. Across the Cordilleras, from *London to Buenos Ayres*, *Germany*, *On the Character of Nero*, *Macmillan*; *A Norfolk Wedding*, *Leisure Hours*. The horses of the *Empire*, and *Kaffir Hunter*. *Time*, *Court Functions*, *Nureyev*; *Notes of a Pilgrimage*, *Spectator*; with instalments of "Maria" and "The Benefit of Clery"; and poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price \$3.00 is low; while for 10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 numbers or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

K. D. C. Will cure you.

## Advertisements.

**Flour & Meal.**  
NOW IN STORE.  
1 Car of "5 Roses,"  
1 "White Eagle,"  
1 "Gold Coin,"  
1 "Ekin Dri" Corn Meal.  
NOW ON RAIL TO ARRIVE  
1 Car "Five Roses,"  
1 "Gold Coin,"  
Also full stock of sugar bought before the advance.  
J. L. BLACK.

**CROCKERY - WARE.**  
We have now in store the largest and most attractive stock of  
**CROCKERY & GLASS WARE**  
in town comprising:  
China Tea sets, Stone Tea sets, Glass Tea sets, Toilet sets, Cups, Saucers, Plates, Pitchers, Vegetable dishes, Butter dishes, Preserve dishes, Stone Butter crocks, Stone Milk ladles, Bean crocks, Preserve jars, and numerous other articles.  
J. L. BLACK.

**Woven Wire Mattresses.**  
Just Received  
Large stock Spring Beds, Wire Mattresses and Floor Mattresses. From \$2.50 up.  
J. L. BLACK.

**Fertilizer!**  
10 TONS SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO to arrive per schooner "Iona," June 5.  
J. L. BLACK.

**CARRIAGE STOCK!**  
Our Carriage Stock this season is complete in every line.  
Best Quality Goods at Bottom Prices!  
**Road Carts!**  
Flat doz. ARMSTRONG ROAD CARTS. The lightest and most durable article of its kind in the market. Prices Low. Interested buyers should inspect.  
J. L. BLACK.

**ESPECIAL ATTRACTION.**  
1 Carded Parlor Suits and Bedroom Suits.  
Beautiful material and design at prices to induce purchasers.  
J. L. BLACK.

**Summer Suits.**  
Men's, Youths' and Boys'.  
Large Stock, Full Variety.  
Material and Style.  
J. L. BLACK.

**OIL CARPETS.**  
New Stock now in 3.4, 4.4, 5.4, 6.4, 8.4 widths. Several novelties in hand-some patterns.  
J. L. BLACK.  
April 15

**Personal and Political.**  
Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Foster have left Ottawa for New Jersey, where they will spend a few weeks before coming to New Brunswick.

**A store must have advantages to win trade, ours has many. There are some things we want you to expect of us. They are—Courteous and intelligent attention from salesmen, Comfort and convenience in shopping. One of the largest and best assorted stocks in town. The lowest prices. Cash and one price to all. We are having a great run on our Dress Goods, Prints, Sun Shades, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Gingham, Grey Cottons, etc. Don't forget the place at the "CASH DRY GOODS STORE."**

**J. V. BOURQUE.**  
No. 69 Victoria St., AMHERST.  
June 5th, 1890.

**MEAT MARKET.**  
The Subscriber has opened a MEAT MARKET in the HENRY ALLISON BLOCK Opposite Music Hall, and is prepared to supply the Sackville public with

**Meats of all KINDS!**  
Fresh Fish  
WILL ALSO BE SUPPLIED.  
All Orders Will be Delivered by the Subscriber.  
O. A. MILTON & Co.  
Cash Paid for Fat Cattle.  
Sackville, Jan 5th, 1890.

## New Advertisements.

**A STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL**  
Tea Meeting  
Fancy Sale.  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
LADIES BAPTIST SEWING CIRCLE  
WILL BE HELD IN  
CHIGNECTO HALL.  
ON—  
Wednesday, 16th July  
Int. Tea on the Tables from 6 to 8 o'clock p.m.  
Refreshments served during the Evening.  
Strawberries and Cream a Specialty.  
Ice Cream and Cherries.  
A Sale of Useful and Fancy Articles will take place during the afternoon.  
Proceeds in aid of the Baptist Meeting House.  
Admission to Hall, 10c; Tickets for Tea 25c.  
THE COMMITTEE.  
Sackville, July 10.

**CORN MEAL.**  
250 Barrels  
Landing Ex Schr. IONA.  
M. WOOD & SONS.  
Sackville, July 10. 31

**Intercolonial Railway.**  
Grand Military Display and Sham Fight, by the troops in camp at Moncton on THURSDAY, JULY 10th.

EXCURSION Return tickets will be issued from all stations between Amherst, New Brunswick, and St. John, N. B., for the purpose of viewing the Sham Fight, on Thursday, 10th of July, at single first class fare, good for return same or following day.  
J. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., July 10th, 1890.

**HARDWARE**  
For Builders!  
100 Kegs Steel Nails,  
2 Tons Dry Paper,  
1 " Tarred Paper,  
2 " White Lead "Brand-name,"  
1 " Colored Paints,  
1000 lbs. Mix & Fats,  
600 " Zinc  
400 " Steel Wire Nails, from 1 to 2  
100 Boxes Glass from \$2.00 to \$3.50,  
5 Bbls Raw and Bottled Linseed Oil,  
1 " Turpentine,  
10 Gross Sash Bolts,  
1 " Window Fastenings,  
1 " Laths,  
Varnishes, Johnson's Colors "in Water," Locks, Knobs, Hinges, Latches, Screws, etc. Ask for prices.  
J. E. HICKEY.

**For Carpenters.**  
Planer, Saws, Chisels, Gouges, Squares, Rules, Levels, Bit Braces, Augurs, Augur Bits, Axes, Hammers, Trowels, Levels, Files, etc., all at bottom prices.  
J. E. HICKEY.

**HAYING TOOLS.**  
6 doz. Steel Scythes, Warranted,  
3 " Synthetic Smiths,  
8 " Hay Forks, Bent and straight handles,  
10 doz Hay Handles, bent and straight handles, 10 doz Hay Rakes 2 and 3 Bow, 12 doz Synthetic Stones, 4 doz Garbage Hoes, 10 doz Steel Shovels, 1 doz Olive Oil, 2 Bbls Machine Oil, Wrenches, Tin Oilers, Grass Hooks, Sickles, and all kinds of Shelf Hardware, at bottom prices.  
J. E. HICKEY.  
Main St. Sackville July 10.

**Grass To Let.**  
The Cutting of Grass and Making Hay on my Dixon Island, Kings and West Marsh lots. Persons wishing to contract for the above work will please apply at once to  
CHARLES FAWCETT,  
Sackville, N. B., July 10th, 21

**Teacher Wanted.**  
A SECOND OR THIRD CLASS SCHOOL TEACHER to begin Teaching August 1, 1890, in District No 17, parish of Sackville, female preferred.  
By order of the Trustees,  
H. R. SIMPSON, Secy.  
Anderson, July 2, 21.

**Groceries.**  
Just Received and in Stock  
A COMPLETE LINE OF  
Groceries  
AND—  
Provisions.  
Tea, Coffee and Spices, Butter and Lard,  
FLOUR  
of the Choicest Brands. Oats and Corn Meal, Cracked and Heavy Feed.  
ED. READ.  
Sackville N.B., July 3.

**JAMES CURRIE,**  
AMHERST, Nova Scotia.  
General Agent for the  
"NEW WILLIAMS" SEWING MACHINES.  
Also Planes and Organs.  
Machine Needles, Oil, and Parts, always on hand.  
June 26 1y

**Port Elgin Woolen Co.**  
Custom Carding.  
HAVING made arrangements with the Co. to allow us to place a set of Custom Cards in this factory, we will be ready to do Custom Carding on the 20th of THIS MONTH.  
We have a large stock of Cloth on hand which we will exchange for Wool as formerly.  
Port Elgin, June 16, 1890.

**Building Lots For Sale!**  
THE subscriber offers for sale a number of desirable Building Lots on Union Street, near the site of the new Baptist Church, and within a few minutes walk of Railway Station, Store and Academy. Terms reasonable. Good title given. Apply to  
R. E. HARRINGTON,  
Sackville, July 2nd, 1890, 2y.

## New Advertisements.

**Furniture & Mattresses**  
In Store.  
A Full Line of Bedroom, Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen  
**Furniture**  
Rattan and Fancy Chairs, Spring Floor Mattresses, Pillows, Crises and Cradles, Lace and Art Curtains and Curtain Poles, Sewing Machines, all new, for sale low.  
GEO. E. FORD.

**Fish.**  
We are receiving weekly on Tuesdays and Fridays Fresh and smoked Shad, Finnan Haddies, Fresh Haddock or Cod.  
GEO. E. FORD.

**Geo. E. Ford**  
Is offering the Daily Cart, all sizes, Forks, Wringers, M-Gut Stoves, Hanging Lamps, Ladies and Children's Gossamers, Ready-Made Clothing, very cheap.

**REDUCED PRICES!**  
GREAT BARGAINS!  
I will offer the following Goods at prices that will please all. MUST BE SOLD.  
**DRESS CHAMBRYS,**  
In Boxes and by Yard with Hamburgs to match 6 colors, White Hamburgs and Insertions.  
**BLACK AND COLORED PASSEMENTRIES, BRAID AND GIMP DRESS TRIMMINGS,**  
Elegant Fringes, Braided Sets in Black and Colors.  
Mant



## RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,  
Manufacturers and Builders.



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material.  
Jan 27 Send for Estimates.

## Boots and Shoes!

FALL AND WINTER!

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail)  
MOFFAT'S BLOCK.

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes

Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,  
Walking Boots, in Buffalo and Lace,  
Felt Boots and Shoes,  
Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt  
Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,  
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.

Also a Fine Assortment of  
GENTS' ENGLISH BOOTS,  
Including the Celebrated "K" WATERPROOF BOOT. Every Pair Warranted. Do not fail to see these Goods

Custom Work a Specialty.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

## Straw Hats

By recent steamer from London and rail from New York we have received an

Immense Assortment

—OF—

Ladies Straw Hats  
IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE SHAPE  
FROM  
25 Cents and Upwards.

We are confident we are showing the  
Greatest Variety of any Millinery  
House in the Lower Province.

Our assortment of FLOWERS cannot be equalled.

NEW RIBBONS, LACES,  
ORNAMENTS and MILLINERY  
NOVELTIES.

We pay the express charges on all orders.

H. G. MARR,  
MILLINER.  
Main Street, - MONCTON.  
April 17.

BETTER THAN EVER.

MRS. C. W. MAIN'S

STOCK OF  
MILLINERY  
Is going to be finer than ever this season. New Goods arriving daily. The best and most complete

STOCK OF FEATHERS

In the Country, and our Whole Stock most complete in every particular. A Complete Line of

Art Needle Work Materials

Call and inspect our Goods, and be satisfied that we mean what we say.

Orders for Trimmed Work promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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NEW MILLINERY.

Having just returned from the millinery openings with all the latest novelties in

Laces, Flowers, Feathers,  
Hats and Bonnets

in great variety. We are now prepared to execute all orders and guarantee satisfaction.

We have also an immense stock of

Ladies and Childrens Underwear,  
Pinafores, Aprons, C. r. sets,  
Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

Call and examine our stock, we shall consider it a pleasure to show our goods.

MRS. M. B. HUBERTS,  
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Office over Griffin's Store, Victoria St. Entrance door next Long Hotel. Residence: 23 Station St., Amherst.

DR. McQUEEN

Graduate Med. Coll. Phila. 1882. Member, Royal Coll. Surgeons Eng. 1885. Late clinical assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and London Throat and Ear Hospital.

227 Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat a specialty March 6-6m.

## THE STORY OF ALICE LYNTON.

CHAPTER I.

"No, Koziah, it is not the least we talking about it. She must come here. There's no help for it."

"Then what's the good of grumblin' at it?" demanded Koziah, with a barely repressed air of fury and indignation.

"No good," I admitted with a sigh, as I glanced round my dainty little drawing room, and thought how recklessly the expected visitor would probably treat all my pet bits of furniture, my rare china, my numerous knick-knacks that it had taken me nearly forty years to collect.

"Then I won't do it," declared my elderly handmaiden, with a terrible snort, that filled me with fear and added to my perplexities, for I stood rather in awe of my grim-looking servant, and, as she had lived with me for twenty years or more, and knew my ways thoroughly, I was afraid of losing her and having to supply her place with a youthful piece of impertinence, in pink cotton and lilac ribbons, who would turn the house topsy-turvy and send me into a fever with her light ways.

"No," she went on, fixing me with her little black eyes, "if master Jack's wife's got to come here there ain't no help for it, why let her come, and don't you bother your head about it. What can be cured, must be endured, you know."

The fact was, my nephew—my only nephew, and the apple of my eye—had written, some weeks before, to ask me to receive his wife, whose health he said had suffered from the rigors of the Canadian winters, into my house until his regiment, which was expecting orders daily, should arrive in England and he be able to give her a home of her own.

Of course, I wrote back at once and said yes. I had never refused Jack anything in his life, and I was not going to begin now, when he was in such a fidget about his dear Alice's health. Nevertheless, I had not been well pleased at the prospect of receiving a fashionable young woman into my house, who would probably laugh at my ways and ridicule my old-fashioned habits. For an old maid I was of fifty. I am not going to deny it.

Indeed, why should I?

Still, though no one could ask me to exchange my state of single blessedness for one of double misery, and though I therefore had no chick or child of my own, I had brought up my only sister's boy, Jack Lynton, and loved him as well as though he was my own, which is saying a good deal, yet I knew no one could have been more to me than dear Jack. When he grew up, I gave him his choice of profession and he chose the army. He had plenty of money, so I made no objection and it was all very well while the regiment remained in England, but when it was ordered to Canada, I thought my heart must break. However, it did not. Hearts are made of stern stuff nowadays, and it takes a marvellous lot to damage them. I continued to live and thrive and even sustained the shock of his announcement of his approaching marriage, six months later, with a certain amount of equanimity. Of course, he asked my consent to it, and equally of course, I gave it; for where would have been the use of withholding it? He was of age and his own master in every way, and he could do as he liked, and he did. He married this French Canadian, and declared himself the happiest man in the world.

I was mildly jealous, and almost hated the mere thought of her. I had had the monopoly of darning his socks and putting buttons on his shirts all his life, and I ardently desired to retain it. No grudging girl could have knit him such socks as I manufactured for him, or turn out such faultless shirts, for I never let such don one unless manufactured by my hands, and I sent a parcel out to him regularly twice a year, which he duly acknowledged with grateful thanks.

He sent me half a dozen different photos of his wife. He was evidently proud of her, and she was pretty, undeniably and uncommonly pretty. Only gazing at her fair, pictured face with eyes sharpened by love, I thought it a trifle insignificant-looking, and that the heavy-lidded, luscious eyes could hide more than they revealed.

Still, she was a lady, though almost utterly penniless, this Alice du Pre, and I thanked Heaven that he had not made one of those terrible messianisms that young men perpetrate with such utter disregard for the feelings of others, and which have done more to ruin marriages than any other cause.

Wishes of their friends, and I considered myself bound to receive her in my house, give her a home and play the part of a mother to her, until her husband arrived to look after her, and take the rather unwelcome responsibility of her care upon himself.

I sat there arranging my daffodils and violets, and trying to make the sprays of hyacinth look as little pious as possible.

She was evidently, from the style of her dress, one of those women who keep in the front rank of the fashions and always have the last new thing, whereas, I consider it better and more economical for a woman to get a good dress once in three years and make it do with the help of two or three very day ones. Moreover, I liked her forty winks after dinner undisturbed, and was fond of a game of cribbage with neighbor, Lawyer Smiles, three or four times a week, like a cut out of a plain joint, detested meat dishes and kickshaws, and adored Fido, my little King Charles spaniel, who was, I must confess, rather fond of fat, and I knew it was difficult to tell which was his head and which his tail, for he looked like an animated ball of long hair.

Now, the coming of Alice Lynton might upset all my ways and habits, and when one is fifty, one objects strongly to being disturbed. The greater part of those fifty years, I had spent alone, and certain things occurred at certain hours in my mansion with clocklike regularity. I felt it would be a grievous thing if new habits and new ways were introduced.

However, I need not have troubled myself.

When my niece-in-law appeared, she fell into all my ways with lamb like docility—a docility that astonished me, for she hardly looked like one of the black sort. There was a lurking gleam in the splendid brown eyes, a haughty curl about the faultless mouth, a distillation about the nostrils that told of a fiery temper. She was more beautiful than her photograph had led me to suppose. Her skin was just the most lovely I had ever seen. It was like the petal of a white flower, pure and exquisitely delicate, without a tinge of color, save in the lips—they were a brilliant vermilion. Her hair was of a dull gold color, several shades lighter than her brows, while her lashes were intensely black and made the gossamer like eyes look darker and deeper. I did not wonder at Jack's infatuation after seeing her. It was a dangerously alluring face—one that a man could hardly look on and not love.

She did not seem to me to be quite happy. I thought at first that she was anxious about her health; but after she had been with me for some weeks, I came to the conclusion that she had a secret, and was suffering in consequence. I tried to win her confidence, but she was so guarded, and so shy, self-tormenting nature could not readily turn to a stranger for help in its sore need. She stood alone and fought her terrible battle against self and unholly longings. Afterwards I knew, and understood, and felt some pity in the midst of all my condemnation. Then it was a mystery to me, an enigma I could not solve. As the days wore on and it grew near the time of Jack's return, she grew more restless and queer, and from one or two things, I gathered, with a sense of indignation and pain, that she dreaded his coming.

Why?

That was what I asked myself twenty times a day. Why should she dread the coming of the husband she had married apparently for love? True, Jack had eight hundred a year, but then he was such a handsome fellow, I could not believe any woman would marry him for his money. He was just one of those men that women go mad about—who held a mysterious, irresistible charm for the other sex.

She must love him. Therefore, why did she dread him? I tried to get to the bottom of it. I busied myself in preparing his room and knitting a dozen new pairs of socks for him, leaving his wife to her own devices. She had many friends. Now and then one or two called. Her most frequent visitors were a Major Denzil and his wife. I knew the Major, and he was a good deal in his skill, for my garden stretched to the river side and more than once, to my astonishment, I saw him leisurely pulling her to the landing place. I say astonishment, because on each and every one of these visits, I had fancied she was lying down in her room asleep, and I began to wish Jack would come, for I felt quite unequal to the responsibility I had accepted and was anxious to resign it. For what could I do? Though I disliked the Denzils, I could not forbid her intimacy with them, and my kind only smiled at with cool impertinence.

CHAPTER II.

"What's the news?" she asked, languidly one sultry August morning, as she sat toying with her cup, her eyes, though fixed on the letter the postman had just brought me, and which she knew was from Jack, for she glanced eagerly at the writing as Koziah handed it to me. "When does he return?"

"Very soon," I replied, loyally.

"When?" she reiterated, in monotonous tones.

"He doesn't say which day he will arrive, so that he may not disappoint us; but it will be very soon," I replied, glancing at her and I was amazed to see that she was fearfully pale, and that in the large eyes was a haunted, agonized expression—one which I had seen in the eyes of no one else.

"What's the matter?" I asked, concernedly. "Don't you feel well?"

"The old pain here," she replied, laying her hand on her heart, while she tried to force her pale lips to smile.

"You must see Curzon again," I remarked.

"He does me no good."

"Jack will take you to a specialist."

"Jack," she repeated in a dazed kind of way, as though not understanding.

"Yes. If he comes to-night I will advise him to take you to-morrow or next day."

"If he comes to-night?" she repeated again, as though agitated. "Do you think he will come to-night, Aunt Jane?"

"He may," I replied, staring at her in astonishment, for she was shivering as if agitated. "I shall be glad, Alice, if he does come." I went on, gravely, "for I am anxious about you in more ways than one."

"Anxious about me?" she echoed, raising her large, unutterably sad eyes to mine.

"What of them?" she asked, all signs of languor vanishing from her tone and manner.

"I don't like them, child."

"Indeed? why not?"

Her voice was cold, her eyes glittering like stars as she fixed them on me.

"I—I—can hardly tell," I stammered, feeling much embarrassed under that steady gaze.

"I should think not," she rejoined, icily, a red streak mounting to each pale cheek and burning there furiously.

"Only," I went on, taking courage as I thought of Jack, "they seem to me worldly and—and—fast, and not altogether desirable companions for you."

"They are not more worldly than nine-tenths of the people one meets in society every day," she said hastily, taking up the cudgels in their defence at once.

"Possibly not," I admitted reluctantly.

"Society and I parted company long ago."

"Yes; that is just it. You know nothing of the present state of the fashionable world. Because people are merry and lighthearted now and seek all the amusement they can get, instead of looking sanctimonious and stinging people as in your young days, you say they are bad."

"My dear!" I exclaimed, quickly. "I did not say that. They were bad."

"You insinuated it. You said they were fast, and undesirable companions for me," she retorted, fixing her shining, miserable looking eyes again on me.

"I certainly don't approve of Mrs. Denzil," I said, summoning all my courage and speaking very firmly, "as a constant companion for you. She is a mass of affectation, and artificial to the last degree, both inwardly and outwardly. I am certain she is insincere, and her hair and complexion, are 'got up' to such an extent that she has all the appearance of a fourth rate actress."

"And the major," she asked, in a low hoarse tone, "what do you think of him?"

"I don't know," I replied, with decision, having a curious feeling that there was a great deal at stake, and that I ought to speak strongly.

"A man of strong passion and unbridled desires. One who would let nothing stand in the way of their gratification, and would fling aside the object of them when satiated with as little compunction as most men would an old glove."

"Ah!" she murmured, faintly, clasping her hands with her usual familiar gesture over her heart.

"I don't know of longer, too, must be very rudimentary," I continued, cuttingly, urged on by some irresistible power to speak in a way totally foreign to my usual tame-tabby cat style.

"To permit of his paying another man's wife such close and pointed attention, as he has paid you during the last few months; and I think, if you really loved Jack, you would not allow another man to speak to you and bear you about as you do Major Denzil."

"If I really loved Jack," she repeated in a dazed fashion.

"Yes," nodding my head sagely. "If you did, you wouldn't, you know, I wonder his wife allows it. She must be a very extraordinary sort of a person, to look on so calmly while he cooly makes love to you."

"His wife?" she repeated again, as if barely comprehending.

"I said so, and now Alice, I think you had better go and lie down and keep quiet, you look dreadful ill. I won't do to meet Jack with that ghastly face, if he should come this evening."

"Do you think he will come this evening?" she queried in a strange monotonous voice.

"I can't tell you for certain. He may not come here for three or four days. But there is one thing I must ask you, and that is that you will not go to the Denzils or hold any intercourse with them until he comes."

"I am going there to-night after dinner," she rejoined, with a modest lowering of the heavy white lids.

"I beg you will not do so," I said quickly.

"I must. I have promised."

"Can you not break your promise?"

"No! I cannot break it," and as she spoke our eyes met, and something of my misery, made me shiver, as though a cold blast had blown upon me.

"You could if you wished," I told her, sharply.

"No," she said, drearily. "There are some things we cannot do even when we wish to. Fate or our evil genius is too strong for us. But I promise you one thing, Aunt Jane, with a wan, ghostly smile, 'I will not go to the Rosaries after tonight.'"

"Then I suppose I must be content with that," I said, reluctantly, as she turned and left the room.

I rang the bell for Koziah to clear the breakfast things and then tried to interest myself in my usual daily duties. But there was no denying it, my heart was in a flutter, and I felt uneasy and anxious about Alice.

I did not see her at luncheon. She had it sent up to her room, and she did not appear again until 6 o'clock, when we had dinner. She looked very pale and her eyes were heavy and dark rimmed, and the rich black dress she wore added to her sombre appearance and ghastliness of face. I thought it a strange gown for her to put on, for the night was intensely hot and sultry, and I knew she had several pretty white ones. However, I wisely refrained from making any remark and she volunteered no information, so we sat opposite each other in moody silence, trifling with our dinner and making pretence of eating, for it was evident neither of us had any appetite.

She rose abruptly when it was over and left the room without saying a word. I heard her go up stairs and she had been quite two hours—hours—hours. If, therefore, Alice died a little before eight, who was the figure I had seen glide down the stairs and stand at the drawing room door, as the clock struck that hour?

Poor Jack was quite broken hearted and inconsolable, and long before his leave was up, rejoined his regiment, it having volunteered for active service against the Zulus, declaring that the only thing to save him from madness was hard fighting.

Concluded in next issue.

she paused for a moment by the door, and turned her head. Her face was startlingly, horribly pale and its pallor was intensified by the black lace mantilla thrown over her hair and twisted around her throat.

"So you are going?" I said quietly.

"When will you be back? Remember, Jack may come to-night. You ought to be here to meet him."

She made a slight movement with her head, and then turning, walked away, through the hall with the same noiseless tread as she had descended the stairs with. I watch her glide over the lawn and disappear in the shadows beyond without a word more of protest.

What was the good? She was willful and determined. She would do just as she pleased, and I could not stop her. I had said as much as I dared in the morning. Only I began to wish fervently Jack would arrive and take this responsibility off my unwilling hands.

As though in response to my silent prayers, there was the sound of wheels about 9 o'clock and Jack descended from a fly, and rushed in, and began embracing me ardently.

"Where is Alice?" he asked, eagerly, looking round, after the hugging was over.

"She has gone to the Denzils." She did not think you would come to-night," I explained.

"Oh the Denzils. Let me see—who are they?"

"Canadian folk, she told me, from Montreal. Rather a pretty little woman, and a tall mustached man the Major Denzil, Ah, yes! I remember, brother and sister! You might have knocked me down with a feather! Why had they been introduced to me as husband and wife?"

"Where are they living?" he went on, noticing my agitation and astonishment.

"At the Rosaries." I managed to reply, with tolerable steadiness.

"Then we will walk across and fetch her. It is such a little way."

"Yes!" I responded mechanically, picking up a light shawl and throwing it over my shoulders.

I followed him.

The Rosaries was the next house to mine, and our gardens were separated by a copse or grove. When we emerged from this, to my intense astonishment, we came face to face with Major Denzil smoking a huge cigar, and even in my anxiety and distress of mind I noticed he was not, as usual in evening dress but wore a grey travelling suit something similar to Jack's.

"This is my nephew, Captain Lynton," I explained coldly. "We have come to fetch my niece."

"Yes, in Canada," chimed in Jack, in his cheery tones, quite ready to shake hands, but Denzil did not offer his.

"Yes," he agreed, then turning to me, he said, "Mrs. Lynton has not been here to-night, Miss Torrens, though we did expect to have the pleasure of seeing her."

"Not here!" I gasped, aghast.

"Then where did she go an hour back when I saw her pass the drawing room door and come in this direction?"

"That I cannot tell you," he replied quietly, meeting my eyes unflinchingly. "What day have we seen nothing of her tonight?"

"Jack!" I muttered, in a trembling whisper, as I clutched his arm, "she has been ill and out of sorts all day today. I wanted her to promise not to go out. Where can she be?" and instinctively my horrified eyes glanced toward the river.

Jack turned pale, and suggested a search through the copse and garden, in which Denzil joined. But though every place was searched no trace of her was found.

"Try the house," suggested the Major, in husky tones.

Accordingly we went up the path-way into the hall, and Jack called "Alice, Alice!" loudly. Still there was no answer. With quaking heart and shaking limbs, I led the way up to her room. The door stood wide open, the window was thrown up, and through it streamed the bright moon rays, making it nearly as light as day, and showing a dark clad figure sitting at the writing table, its head resting on its outstretched arms.

"Alice, Alice, my dearest," cried Jack springing to her side and taking her to his arms. "How you have startled us!"

The next moment he gave loud cry. "She is dead!"

There was another cry choked and strangled at its birth, yet terrible all the same, and I knew it was the Major who gave utterance to it as he stood in the doorway as immovable as carved in stone, never making the slightest attempt to go nearer and look at the ghastly burden in Jack's arms.

From his stony, agonized face my eyes travelled to the writing table, and on it I saw a letter. In a moment it flashed across me that she had been writing to Jack, a confession of something which would be discredit to her memory and now could do him no good, and, quick as a thought, I transferred it to my pocket. Then, in all haste I got Koziah to summon the doctor, and did what I could to restore animation to Alice's frame and console Jack.

In both these attempts, I was unsuccessful, and when the doctor came, she was dead, and had been quite two hours—hours—hours. If, therefore, Alice died a little before eight, who was the figure I had seen glide down the stairs and stand at the drawing room door, as the clock struck that hour?

Poor Jack was quite broken hearted and inconsolable, and long before his leave was up, rejoined his regiment, it having volunteered for active service against the Zulus, declaring that the only thing to save him from madness was hard fighting.

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