

The Miramichi Advocate,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,
VOL. XIII.—No. 3.

Our Country, with its United Interests.
Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, November 12, 1879.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,
WHOLE No. 627.

WAVERLY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
This House has lately been refurnished, and very comfortable for the most to ensure the comfort of travellers.
LIVERY STABLES, with good outfit, on the premises.
ALEX. STEWART,
Late of Waverly House, St. John's, Proprietor.
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in first class style, is in close proximity to the C. & P. Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.
Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in every style at short notice.
JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR.
Newcastle, Oct. 8, 1877.

CANADA HOUSE,
CHATHAM, N. B.

WM. JOHNSTON, - Proprietor.
CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.
Good Stabling on the Premises.
May 12th, 1878. 14 1/2

ROYAL HOTEL,
KING SQUARE.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and have thoroughly renovated the same, making it as the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Province.
Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and superior accommodations.
Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.
St. John, Nov. 7, 1877.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
RIVER DU LOUP.

JOSEPH A. FOUNTAIN, PROPRIETOR.
THIS HOUSE is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Railway Station, and is well calculated to meet the requirements of travellers, as neither public or private cars are required to be changed at short notice. Pleasantest work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
October 24, 1877. 31-1/2

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.
WATER ST., CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWLER,
Importer of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLETOPS, &c.
A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.
GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order. CAPS and SILLERS for windows supplied at short notice. Finest work done in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
January 24, 1878.

S. N. KNOWLES,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.
66 KING STREET,
(South Side). SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.
SAMPLE TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
May 5, 1879. 17.

RUBBER BELTING.
EXTRA Stretched and Patent Smooth L. Surface Rubber Belting in Stock—various widths in 3, 4, 5 and 6 Pies.
"Hott" "Cold" "Patent" Stretched and Riveted Tanned Leather Belting (double and single).
SAWS: SAWMILL "Diston" Mill, Circular, Rotary, Cross Cut, Hand and Jig saws, MACH NEEDLES, Lard, Olive, Seal, and Virgin and Cylinder Oils, MILL SUPPLIES, Laces, Leather, Flies, Emery wheels, Belt Pulleys, Rivets, Saw Swages, &c., &c.
ESTEE, ALLAN & CO.,
(Successors to Z. G. Gable).
Prince Wm. St., St. John. May 21

A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No youth to explain here. You can devote all your time on your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$50000 free. Don't hesitate at hard times, write to us, we have a chance. Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. July 28-1877.

Leather & Shoe Findings.
THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also S. B. Fisher & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and "Lace" & "Saw" Boots, Trunks, Laces, &c., &c. Engaged to make up to order, and to take to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHURCHILL.
No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.
April 29, 1879. 30

A BARGAIN.
FOR SALE, about 70 lbs. Small Pica English manufacture, with 12 lbs. 25 lbs. extra quads, 10 lbs. extra figures and leaders; in excellent order having been very little used. Is offered at 50 Cents per lb. CASH. Apply at once to
W. & J. ANSLAW,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI.
Aug. 19.

Law and Collection Offices

ADAMS & LAWLOR,
Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c., Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.
CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.
OFFICES:
NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST.
M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWLOR.
July 15th, 1878.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy,
NOTARY PUBLIC & C.

LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.
OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
July 17, 1878.

WILLIAM A. PARK,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.
Castle Street, - - - NEWCASTLE.
May 1, 1877. 2

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CHATHAM, - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
May 12, 1877. 13

JOHN McALISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
&c., &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.
July 10, 1877.

WILLET & QUICLEY,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.,
Princes St., Rich's Building, (up stairs).
ST. JOHN, N. B.
John Willet,
Rich's Bldg., L. L. B. C. L.,
Commissioner for Massachusetts.
May 5, 1879. 7-6m

DR. H. A. FISH
Has commenced Practice in NEWCASTLE, and can be consulted at his Office.
Residence of James Fish, Esq.
OFFICE HOURS—10 to 12,
2 " 5,
7 " 10.
June 16, 1879. 18

HERBERT T. DAWSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—In Mr. John Dalton's House;
RESIDENCE.
At Mr. Wm. Greenley's, opposite Office.
Newcastle, March 26, 1877. 28

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE:
At Mrs. HALEY'S, next door
to the Post Office, Newcastle.
RESIDENCE:
At MR. THOMAS MALTBY'S.
Newcastle, March 26, 1879. April 16-17

H. V. WILLISTON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE
That formerly occupied by Dr.
Balcom,
BATHURST, N. B.
RESIDENCE AT MRS. NAPIER'S, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
Sept. 9, 1879. 11

WANTED.
A SHOP and OFFICE BOY—one willing to make himself generally useful.
Apply to
DR. FREEMAN.
Newcastle, 26

PETER LOGGIE,
Wood Moulding & Planing
MILL,
Near the Ferry Landing,
CHATHAM.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FINISHING
for House or Ship Work, manufactured to order.

Venetian Blinds, Doors and Sashes.
Pine and Walnut Mouldings.
Jig Sawing and Planing, a Specialty.
Estimates and Specifications furnished on application.
Orders attended to with despatch.
P. LOGGIE.

A. D. SHIRREFF,
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION
MERCHANT,
Chatham, N. B.
August 29, 1878. 30-1/2

Life, Fire & Marine Insurance
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
Chatham, N. B.
August 29, 1878. 30-1/2

Carriage Repairing.
The Subscriber has erected a shop on the property lately owned by Dr. J. S. Reed, and is prepared to attend to the Making and Repairing of
**CARRIAGES, HEAVY FARM
AND LUMBER WAGGONS, &c.**
Prompt attention given to all orders.
Good work guaranteed.
ANGUS McLEAN.
Newcastle, July 23, 1878.

Lamps, Oils, &c.
CHANDLERS,
BRACKET,
TABLE and HAND LAMPS.
Chimneys, Wicks, &c.,
AMERICAN & CANADIAN OILS.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
J. R. CAMERON,
"KINIS & GARDNER BROS.,
"Prince William Street,"
St. John, May 7, 1878

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Freeman,
will attend to DENTISTRY in his various Branches, as his other engagements will permit.
Having procured every appliance and the most recent improvements in all his operations and gives special attention to the insertion of
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
Either on Rubber or a new and improved Base called Celluloid.
Being a resident in the County his patients will find no difficulty in having every guarantee made good.
Newcastle, April 18, 1878. 19f.

WILLIAM WYSE,
GENERAL DEALER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.
Liberal Advances made on Consignments.
NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.
AUCTION SALES, and all Business in connection with the same, attended to promptly.
July 15, 1879. 46

DAVIDSON'S SYRINGES.
Hydromedical syringes.
Metal syringes.
Nipple Syringes.
Throat Atomizers.
Nursing Bottles.
India Rubber Tubing.
Perfume Atomizers.
For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street.
CUSTOM TAILORING.
T. M. STEWART,
(OF SCOTLAND.)
Late Cutter for W. S. Morris, Esq. wishes to announce to the people of Newcastle and surrounding Districts, that he has commenced business over Jan. W. Davidson's store, where with all the modern ideas in cutting, and the latest New York fashions, he is prepared to make up Clothes equal to any made abroad.
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
Newcastle, 22nd April, 1878.

PATENTS
obtained for new inventions, or for improvements in old ones. Caveats, Trade Marks and all patent business promptly attended to.
INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REFUSED TO BE PATENTED, we can secure patents in less time than those who are remote from Washington and who must depend upon the mails in all transactions with the Patent Office.
When Inventors send model sketches we make a search in the Patent Office and advise as to its patentability free of charge. Correspondence confidential, prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS OBTAINED.
We refer to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. KEY, Rev. F. D. Power, to officials in the U. S. Patent Office, and especially to our clients in every State of the Union and in Canada. For special references, terms, advice, &c., Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

VEGETINE.
Will cure Rheumatism.
MR. ALBERT CROOKER, the well-known draught and apothecary, of Springfield, Mass., always advises every one troubled with Rheumatism to try VEGETINE.

Read His Statement:
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 12, 1878.
MR. H. R. STEVENS—
Dear Sir—Fifteen years ago last fall I was taken sick with rheumatism, was unable to move until the next April. From that time until three years ago I suffered every thing with rheumatism. Sometimes there would be weeks at a time that I could not step one step; these attacks were quite often. I suffered everything that a man could. Over three years ago last spring I commenced taking VEGETINE, and followed it up until I had taken seven bottles; have had no rheumatism since that time. I always advise every one that is troubled with rheumatism to try VEGETINE, and not suffer for years as I have done. This statement is gratuitous as far as Mr. Stevens is concerned.
Yours, etc.,
ALBERT CROOKER.

Firm of A. Crooker & Co., Druggists and Apothecaries.
VEGETINE
Has Entirely Cured Me.
BOSTON, Oct. 1870.
MR. H. R. STEVENS—
Dear Sir—My daughter, after having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, was left in a feeble state of health. Being advised by a friend she tried the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles was fully restored to health. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended it to others with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is pleasant to take and I can cheerfully recommend it.
JAMES MOISE, 34 Athens street.

Rheumatism is a Disease of the Blood.
The blood in this disease, is found to contain an excess of uric acid. VEGETINE acts by converting the blood from this diseased condition to healthy circulation. VEGETINE regulates the bowels which is very important in this complaint. One bottle of VEGETINE will give relief, but to effect a permanent cure it must be taken regularly, and may take several bottles, especially in cases of long standing. VEGETINE is sold by all druggists. Try it, and you will find it the same as that of thousands before you, who say, "I never found so much relief as from the use of VEGETINE, and its compounds, which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

"VEGETINE," says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Harsh of its most powerful effects, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is composed of vegetable and mineral, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a party, meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay her expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a powerful, which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed a woman universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes take exception said to be contemptuous on every side, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.
He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Widesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the very poorest. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his blighted and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a sturdy old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, and he was, as the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety.

For George preferred the society of women and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.
One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a party, meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay her expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a powerful, which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed a woman universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes take exception said to be contemptuous on every side, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.
He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Widesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the very poorest. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his blighted and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a sturdy old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, and he was, as the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety.

For George preferred the society of women and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.
One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a party, meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay her expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a powerful, which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed a woman universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes take exception said to be contemptuous on every side, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.
He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Widesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the very poorest. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his blighted and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a sturdy old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, and he was, as the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety.

For George preferred the society of women and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.
One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a party, meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay her expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a powerful, which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed a woman universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes take exception said to be contemptuous on every side, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.
He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Widesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the very poorest. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his blighted and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a sturdy old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, and he was, as the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety.

For George preferred the society of women and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.
One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a party, meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay her expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a powerful, which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

