









The hair was a strange color; it was between a dark brown and a deep, decided red. But it was massy, rich, and wonderfully lustrous.

The eyes were black as jet, bright, and lit up by strange, unreadable fires. They were the rather voluptuous mouth, and decided chin, were the marked features of her face.

This magnificent, haughty-bowed girl was Leonora Frons, the millionaire's daughter. She resembled her father only in one respect, so far as physical appearance was concerned, and that was in the richness of her face.

As she stood now in the light of the flashing chandelier, with heaving bosom, and flashing eyes, she made what might be called a terribly beautiful picture.

"So-so!" he hissed, in a voice that sounded with a singular discordance, coming from such lovely lips. "So-so!" He has secrets, and he has been hiding them from me! I have long suspected as much, and have long been watching him.

At last I have compassed my purpose and found out! Yes! and her voice was softer, and her eyes were more pleading than before. More than that, she had found out more than I expected, had heard more than I would wish to, for my own peace of mind.

This was true enough; Leonora Frons had been in her father's study early that evening, for what purpose the reader can easily infer. While there she had been startled by the unexpected approach of her father, and before he entered, had hastily secreted herself in a private room before referred to. She had heard everything that had transpired in the study that night.

So-so! resumed the proud girl after a pause. "So-so!" even a greater rascal than all, along I had counted him! His own confessions establish that fact. More than that, he had been in the past the strange old woman whom he called Elsie Harebell! Was she his victim—or was she his fully seduced wife? I shudder—yes, I, the bold, almost fearless Leonora Frons—shudder at such a thought!

Truly—and she shuddered with many a man's love. This old Elsie was certainly one—in some or other sense of the word—a man of many loves, indeed. But there was something more—something which I did not even dream of.

Walking her voluptuous skirts so that they fell in a steady trail, she slowly strode up and down the stairs, several moments without uttering a word.

"Father owns a large amount of real estate," she said matter-of-factly. "That is all news for me. Of all men, I would Edward Gray have least hold upon us. I am his promised wife. True enough, but he is far from being my style. Farley Wilthorne, daredevil, rollicksome fellow though he is, is far more to my taste. And Farley is big enough, and is all the time expecting money. Let him get it; then good-by to the grave, reserved Edward Gray. But until Farley's expectations bring a good thing, why I'll hold on to Gray. Good diplomacy, that. But."

She picked up Edward Gray's hasty note to her father, and read it through. Her clouded brow grew blacker every moment.

"Some more rascality of father's, which the keen-eyed Edward Gray has detected. But now that other letter, I must find it—must know its contents; and I'll find it if I have to break—ha—ha—ha!"

A moment, and she drew open the table drawer. There lay Edward Gray's first letter, which old Philip Frons thought he had secured safe from the eyes of his eyes. Leonora clutched it; she was seeking it, and nothing else. Greedily she opened, and strained her eyes upon the written lines she read every word.

True—alas, too true! And for such an amount! Sixteen thousand dollars and interest! Ay, and the note has been renewed for the space of three years! In Henry's name, why has not father paid this money, as he is more than able to do?

Holding the letter up she read it aloud. It was as follows:

"Mr. Frons, I called to see you in regard to your note, which matures, with accrued interest for three years, to-morrow. Finding you out, I took the liberty of putting you in this in your study. Pardon me if I express the hope that you will promptly meet your obligations. True enough, I do not absolutely need the money, but I wish to invest it in a direction which will pay a larger interest than what you are paying—or, rather, what you *ought* to pay for it."

"Respectfully yours, 'Elsie Harebell.'"

Leonora Frons slowly re-folded the letter. The sheet quivered in her trembling fingers, but the look that shone in her black eyes was one of fixed resolve.

"Father must not meet that note to-morrow!" she muttered. "That note is such an amount—must not leave our hands as long as I have any hold upon Edward Gray. I must consult my father, and he must take my advice. But how can I tell him I gained my knowledge of his misdeeds? Never mind! I'll trust my woman's wit for that!"

Laughing in a low, satisfied tone, she was about to replace the letter in its hiding place, but she paused suddenly, and drew back a pace.

There was something else in the drawer, which, in her haste in searching for the letter, she had not seen.

The reader knows that it was old "Elsie Harebell's" property.

With unsteady hand Leonora took it up and gazed at it.

It was a long, thin-bladed, high polished knife, with a richly carved handle. Upon the handle was a narrow silver plate, and cut into the plate were letters. Leonora fastened her eyes upon the plate and read this:

"PHILIP TO ELISE, 1813."

"Good Heaven! Air—air! I am suffocating!" gasped the girl, as she tottered to the window and flung up the shutters. The cold wind whistled in and flared the lights, but its reviving breath fanned the heated cheeks of Leonora, and brought back calm and quiet again.

A moment later, and leaving the sash still up, she hurried from the room, and thence up stairs to her sumptuous chamber, like one possessed of a demon.

George Hart lingered for more than an hour, late though it was, in the humble house of old Richard Harebell.

The young man, Tom, son of the old millman, and who had been sleeping on the pallet, was not awake. He had been aroused some time back, when poor Lotta, pursued by the ruffianly Basil Frons, had burst into the room. But, though her eyes flashed and her muscles grew hard, he had had no opportunity to take part in what had followed.

To be continued.

## FROM EVERYWHERE.

Notes, News, Facts, Fancies, Fun, The Harvest of the Editorial Net.

According to calculations made by American underwriters, the losses by fire this year, in the United States and Canada, are estimated at \$110,000,000.

Ever since the arrest of Captain Dudley and the mate of the wrecked yacht Mignonette, and the voluntary statement of the former regarding the killing and eating of the boy Parker, to sustain life, there has been a good deal of discussion in legal circles as to whether the act constituted murder.

When the case came on for trial, the jury, by direction of the judge, brought in a verdict simply "in accordance with the facts."

The case was heard by the full Bench of the Court of Appeal, and Lord Chief Justice Colridge said that all his learned brothers agreed with him that the act of the captain and mate of the Mignonette amounted to murder.

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To be continued.

## THE C. P. R.

What an Eye-Witness Tells About the Work in the Mountains.

A Road which Cannot Possibly do a Freight Business.

Mr. George Kitchen has returned with his party from British Columbia, where he has been engaged in the work of constructing the Canada Pacific Railway, having quite a large contingent of the men among the mountains. The contract was not quite completed when Mr. Kitchen left, but his men remained to finish it. From Mr. Graham of Prince William, one of the members of the party who spent the summer in the mountains, the following interesting particulars have been gleaned.

The operations of Mr. Kitchen's party have been among the mountains, and a large force of men is now at work there under other contractors, the work being pushed rapidly, in the hope of

Completing the Road by August next. "What do you think of the road?" Mr. Graham was asked.

"It is a very poor road indeed, if I start by its road. Much of it is built on sliding hillsides, where the soil is a gravelly earth, and I don't believe it will stand when the first test comes."

"How about the grades?" "Some of them are very steep, one particularly, coming from the first crossing of the Columbia to the summit, is coming east, where there is a rise of from 40 to 50 feet in a hundred. When I came down it was in charge of our luggage, and it was put in a box car, and did not take up much space. There were all together seven box cars in the train, with nothing but our luggage and myself, besides the train hands. You may say the cars were empty, but two locomotives being a heavy person, it has been very difficult to manage her. It matters little what her antecedents were, when she was brought to the Alps House, she has been a very good person, with the other inmates. She has lost no strength for want of proper nourishment since coming to the institution. She has always been a very good person, with the other inmates. She has lost no strength for want of proper nourishment since coming to the institution.

Two locomotives can only hold back three loaded cars of freight going down this grade."

Mr. Graham was then told that the friends of the company claim this to be only a temporary road, but he said, "It is part of the through line. There is another line I have higher up the mountain, which I have built, but it is not a through line, the lower line is that for which the company are drawing the subsidy."

"It is true that there is any difficulty about it."

"Well, it is this way; the July pay came in September, the September pay in the last of October. If men want to leave before the pay comes, they must be found in the city, which he can get discounted at the end of the week. I understand that Mr. Kitchen has not had all his pay yet; but I suppose he will get it."

"Who does the discounting of the time checks?" "It is generally thought that it is done with the Company's own money."

"How do you like the country?" Mr. Graham was asked.

"Well, it is hardly fair to ask a New Brunswicker such a question, for there is nothing in the Northwest as good as we have at home."

I tried to take a common sense view of it, though, and while there is a lot of good land on the prairie, I realize that the work of buying a farm, building on it and getting started in the Northwest was enough for a man on the prairie. I realize that the work of buying a farm, building on it and getting started in the Northwest was enough for a man on the prairie.

There are a good many prospectors at work and they all claim to be doing well, but you don't see much evidence of it. I do not know what the business of the road is going to be if the mining does not come to something."

"Is there much difficulty in getting provisions through the mountains?" "Not any difficulty, but it costs a great deal of money to do it. They are quite sure to trouble this winter when the snow begins to come and ice to form on the track."

"Summing the whole matter, what do you think of the railway?" "I don't think much of it. I don't believe the Company will ever run it, and I am confident that it will cost more to maintain the track after it is built than it did to build it."

Deaths.

At Bear Island, Queensbury, York Co., on the 25th Nov., Mrs. Isabel Hagerman, aged 55 years, died.

Christmas.

G. W. SCHLEYER'S Novelty Store, OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS CARDS in Plush, Plush and Ivory, Hand Painted, Pearl Crosses, Hand Painted, Fringed, Plain and Frosted Cards, Hand Painted on Satin, Colored Photograph Cards.

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## WOOD GOODS.

An Industry which might be Advantageously Started.

How Times may be Made Better and Money Brought into the Country.

Every body will admit without argument that this might be made better. Frederickton than they are. They might be worse, for happily it can be justly claimed that the standing of our business men is generally good, and that the country is generally well supplied with goods. But there are now, there will be few failures of any note. But we have said times might be better than they are and yet not be converted into articles for which there is demand in other parts of the world. The larger the scale on which we do this the better it will be for the business of the city. Our industry which might well be established here is

The Manufacture of Wooden Ware.

There are certain lines of goods for which there is always a demand, such as packing boxes, large and small, fish barrels, tubs, pails, churns, step-ladders, broom, broom handles, clothes pins, towel and clothes hangers, wooden blinds, towel rollers, and so on. The variety is almost endless, the demand also unlimited. In England and in the continent of Europe there is a sale for thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of such goods as these, which are now imported in enormous quantities from the United States. Take the single article of boxes. One London house alone is said to consume a year in a year could be made by the power employed in any factory in Frederickton, and the bridge by the action of the ice ever since the stopping of the ferry boats. Even if the time for the completion of the bridge is not up, I trust it will be so far advanced that a temporary roadway will enable our farmers and others to cross from either side. My hope is that it will be christened "Harebell's Bridge" in earnest, so that what is intended as a term of reproach will be turned into one of everlasting praise.

Christmas Goods.

A Great Problem.

A Large Trade Might be Done.

There are numbers of things which are in everyday use in building which could be manufactured and sent to this country. For example, door frames, such frames, and casings for both; ash bars, pane for greenhouses and conservatories; single moulds, 1 inch to 2 inches skirting, bays, plinths, handrails, balusters, panel mouldings, and so on. All kinds, narrow boarding for casings, wood blocks for block flooring, white oak flooring, garden frames; cupboard and framing shelving, ash cells, etc. It would be much better for several manufacturers to combine and get a good representative than to appoint unknown men; for building work he must have a connection among architects and builders, and he must be prepared to up-hill work at first, and the work he seeks to introduce might be in two qualities of timber but both equally well. I have seen the same thing recently, a large company has been formed to extend the work of a man in Yorkshire, who has been making doors, cashes, etc., and there are several such works now in operation in England, and they seem to pay well. To regard to white copers, etc., a large warehouse has been opened in this town for the sale of such goods. I have seen the same thing recently, a large company has been formed to extend the work of a man in Yorkshire, who has been making doors, cashes, etc., and there are several such works now in operation in England, and they seem to pay well.

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## "BLAIR'S BRIDGE."

A Correspondence from his Mind about it. To the Editor of THE GLAZIER.

Sir:—Once in a while we hear something said about "Blair's Bridge," intended, as a term of derision. I am quite satisfied that the country in the vicinity of Frederickton will feel called upon, without regard to politics, to bless the day that gave to Frederickton a spirit to originate and carry through this work, which the present season of the year shows us to be of such great importance.

If "Blair's Bridge" were completed, who can for a moment doubt, the great benefit it would be to trade; instead of being cut off for some weeks from the opposite shore, our country and business people would be able to pass along a highway, uninterrupted, instead of our trade being suspended for weeks at a time (fall and spring) we should have nothing to complain of on the score of non-interference. It was just so before the railroad was built. On the closing of navigation for weeks at a time the people of Frederickton were kept under an embargo between here and St. John, or until the hard frosts and snows of winter rendered the travelling upon the Nepees road unsafe. It was the same in the spring when the frost was coming out of the ground and left the roads almost impassable. For years and years we have been encouraged to believe that the river St. John would be spanned by a bridge; but it always ended in talk. At length a gentleman came to the front and talks to, but he acts also, determines to have no more nonsense, but to proceed with the work, and says that he should encourage his effort have been lost in denouncing his work, and trying to impress upon the people that it was an interference with Dominion rights and treaty engagements—determined it possible to obtain a charter for the bridge, and to have it during his present in the government never doing anything else the people of York must hold him in grateful remembrance for all time for the spirited work he has undertaken, the great necessity for which at the present time is more apparent than ever. I earnestly trust that we shall be able to see the bridge in time next year, and thus save thousands of dollars to the business men of Frederickton, which they are now losing owing to the last state of the ice ever since the stopping of the ferry boats. Even if the time for the completion of the bridge is not up, I trust it will be so far advanced that a temporary roadway will enable our farmers and others to cross from either side. My hope is that it will be christened "Blair's Bridge" in earnest, so that what is intended as a term of reproach will be turned into one of everlasting praise.

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## 20th Annual Sale!

DEVER BROS. Holiday Sale.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS FOR THE MONTHS OF DECEMBER & JANUARY.

Dress Goods.

CHRISTMAS.

Black Silks, Velveteens, Mantle Brocades, and Ottoman Cords.

ULSTER CLOTHS.

Silk Handkerchiefs, CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS in half doz. Fancy Boxes.



