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Commencing June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book.

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To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900.

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Commencing June 5th, there will be a combination first-class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4.10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

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RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

(Continued.)

Mr. Burke rose as quickly as his rheumatism would allow, and, pulling a lock of his white hair, began an abject and long-winded apology for having again disobeyed his master's orders, rambling off into an entreaty not to be turned out of his cottage even this time. The young servant-man from the Towers rose and stood back upon the hearth, his expression a ludicrous struggle between fear and defiance; but the other member of the trio did not rise at all. He had been sitting with his back to the door when Royden entered, and, after one swift glance around, he had maintained his position, and kept his face turned in the opposite direction. In this attitude the short, pinched figure of Mr. Bickerton Slimp betrayed nothing of his sense of humiliation and defeat, or of the malevolent designs which warred temptuously within his limited person; and his narrow, colorless face was void of all expression.

Mr. Keith gave not one glance across at his own servant, and only silenced the old man with a gesture. He stationed himself at the small round table, and looked down upon the lawyer's clerk. A long, steady gaze it was, and though Mr. Slimp made most praiseworthy efforts to appear unconscious of it, there was an unmistakable evidence of its causing him an unpleasant sensation.

"This is not a public bar. Are you here illegally, or are you here as a friend?" Several answers and several alternatives rushed through the mind of Bickerton Slimp when this question was asked, but he knew that, in order to keep up the role he had assumed with these men, there was but one answer he could give, if he gave any; so he gave none.

"As you do not answer, I presume my footman to be a personal friend of yours."

"I met him to-night by chance," returned Mr. Slimp, with affected ease. "Did you? Chance has before taken you into my stable-yard, I believe, though it is considered rather difficult of access to strangers. You must have such a very strong attachment to your friend that I am induced to remove all impediments to your constant intercourse. I would not be ungenerous enough to separate two such close allies. As Mr. Slimp values your society," he added, turning his eyes upon the young man, who stood as far back as he could in the small kitchen, "he is welcome to it; and as you have been willing to place yourself at his disposal, do so entirely; for a divided service is a treacherous service always. Go with your friend, for I will have trusty men about me and not snobs. Now," he added, addressing the lawyer's clerk with easy scorn, "you can pursue your inquiries and cement your friendship undeterred by fear—to which feeling, I believe, you are not quite a stranger. But you had better not trouble yourself to seek another friend in my household. A personal castigation, however exciting, will hardly repay you the fatigues of the journey which lies between here and your headquarters in Kinbury."

A retort, laden with threats, reached Royden's ear as he turned from the cottage, but fell most harmlessly. He re-entered the Towers by the western door, through which he had gone out, and when he walked up-stairs again in his evening dress, and amidst the warmth and lamp-light, there was no trace visible of his anger and disdain. On entering the room where he had first heard of Mr. Slimp's espionage, he saw the elder lady sitting unemployed before the fire, just as he had left her; but the younger one was walking restlessly to and fro between the

den, she started forward, her thin, white hands clasped eagerly. "Oh, Roy, I have been so frightened," she cried; "so frightened, and yet I did not know why."

"Nor do I," he answered, lightly, while with great gentleness he unlocked her strained fingers. "There was no need of fear; and, beyond that, you promised me to be brave."

"And you?" she questioned, below her breath.

"I have discovered that one of the servants has a weakness for straying in the darkness. Is that anything to cause fear, Alice? Now play to me."

"I wish," she said, wistfully, as she turned to the piano, "I had not worried you, and given you this alarm for nothing."

"Worry and alarm? I have had neither, dear. Now play."

She went gladly, for she well knew that it was the only means by which she ever could really soothe or sympathize with him. The elder lady, sitting opposite Royden at the fire, saw his eyes close, and thought he was asleep. She whispered this to Alice.

"You have soothed him to sleep, dear; I am glad, for he seemed tired and harassed to-night."

But Alice knew he was not sleeping, and she only nodded gently and played on.

"My dear," whispered Miss Henderson, at last, lifting one of the thin hands from the key-board, "you must go to rest, or you will be ill to-morrow after this fear and excitement. Stay; shall I ring for tea? That will rouse Mr. Keith."

Royden opened his eyes and lifted his head from its lazy position in his clasped palms. "Were you tired, Alice?"

"No, I am not tired of playing to you," she said. "I never am, because you like it. I only wish I could do better. Somehow my fingers are so weak—like my health and my spirit, Roy."

"Weak, are they?"—she was standing near him now upon the rug, and as he spoke he took up her left hand—"it is not nearly so thin as it has been—I am very thankful for that—but I want to see it as it used to be; I want to see the ring as tight as I remember it at first."

With a sudden irresistible impulse, she drew her hand from his, and pressed her lips upon the plain gold ring, which turned so easily upon the third finger. And while she held it so, she burst into uncontrolled and piteous weeping.

CHAPTER XXI.

The long December night was drawing to its close. A covering of untrodden snow lent its white, hushed silence to the scene. But that hush of death, which is the deepest hush of all, descended slowly, too, upon its silent wings.

In one hour more the dawn would break above the snow; in one hour more the pulse of life would throb again throughout the land. But for this waiting soul a fairer dawn would break, and the fevered pulse would cease its throbbing.

"Honor" whispered the dying voice, "you have been very good; always patient, watchful, kind; and for all return I can only pray that God will bless you, dear, in His own way—in His own way—which is best."

Mrs. Payte stood at the bed-side of her companion, firm and upright. There was no abandonment in her grief; there was no appearance of the grief; but Honor knew it was held back with iron will; and the girl, purposely leaving the old friends together at times, knew, when she returned at their call, and found the restless old lady bustling about as was her wont, that it had not been so in her absence.

"Edna"—the falling voice faltered in its last appeal, and the nerveless hands relaxed in their last clasp—"you have been wise; I see it all plainly now, though I thought it wrong. I have been a great trouble to you, Edna; but you have been very good. I knew you best. Honor, she was always kind and good to me; and now you will comfort her, you will love her?"

By closed, and her tears were falling fast—"the end?"

"For us the end," Honor answered, turning and taking on her breast the drawn and rigid face of the woman who lost her one companion, and looking into it the while with the steadfast bravery of faith; "for her the beginning of the bright and painless life."

"Don't touch me as if you loved me! I have been hard and exacting, rough and impatient. Leave me with her."

Through that hour's thought beside the bed no sound broke the silence—no cry for pardon passed the stiff, dry lips; Mrs. Payte's regret, after all, seemed to hold no remorse for her own rashness. It might almost have been that that long backward thought brought no remembrance of injury to the dead.

The hour had barely passed, when Honor, entering softly, took the old lady by the hand and led down into the warm sitting-room, where, though the blinds were drawn, the morning light fell clear; where a bright fire sent its cheery glow and pleasant hum to meet them, and where, on the breakfast table, lay one fresh, sweet rose, carrying its matchless lesson of the Resurrection of life.

(To be continued.)

Blood Disorders

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

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