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His mother follow him in a few months, and Ethel alone remained to comfort the poor old father, whose later life had been so full of work, so hard and cheerless.

If Ethel's heart ached no one knew it. If her woman's tenderness craved a husband's love or the sweet caresses that might have kept her young and buoyant no one suspected it.

Four years had gone by. One balmy evening Ethel sat in the shady arbor, sewing diligently. Her father dozed in an armchair at an open window, while a thrush, swinging on a bow above Ethel's brown head, burst out into a gush of song that filled the still air with melody.

Ethel looked up. Her old lover, bronzed and bearded, stood before her. She had heard footsteps, certainly, but supposed it to be only one of the men. Down fell her work as she rose up, full of bewildered agitation.

"Are you quite well?" he asked. She put her hand into his, answering she knew not what. Mr. May sat down beside her. He told her how well he was prospering; that Canada would have to be his home for years, perhaps for life. He inquired into all her home change and trials, the substance of them he knew, but not the details.

"You have changed much, Ethel." "Ah, I suppose so. Time and sorrow changes us all," she added sadly.

"Will you be my wife, now, Ethel?" She only replied by a fit of trembling. Oh, if she might be! But there was no hope.

He had come all that way to ask the question, he said, not choosing to trust a letter; speech was more eloquent than written words, more persuasive. He had waited for her all these years; but his patience was exhausted now.

"And you surely will not say nay to me again?" he urged. "You surely cannot be so cruel, Ethel!"

She shook her head pitifully and pointed to her sleeping father.

"I am all that is left to him, Henry. While he lives I must be at hand to comfort him."

"He may live for years; he is only sixty-five, or so."

"True; he may live for years. His health is good now."

"Would he come with us do you think?" "It would be impossible. To take him from the home of his lifetime would kill him. He will never leave it; he must live and die in it."

"Have you learned to care for any other man?" Mr. May asked, in a modified tone.

"I shall never care for anyone but you. I shall never marry. You are denied to me, but no one else will ever win regard for me or call me wife."

"Do you understand, Ethel, that this is the last time that I shall be able to put the question to you?"

"Yes—I suppose it is. Of course it is; it is very good of you to come again."

He spoke a little further then. Canada was the country of his adoption; at least it would be for years to come; he had his house and home in it, but he must have a wife. Ethel gathered more by her own instinct than by his spoken words, that if she still declined to be that wife he would seek another.

Mr. Strong opened his eyes and put on his spectacles to see what tall, fine man was in the arbor talking to his daughter. Henry May went in to say a few words of greeting, and then returned to Ethel.

"It is to be, then, Ethel? There's no hope."

"It must be. Heaven help me!" "Fare you well, my best and dearest. Fare you well for ever."

A convulsive sob broke from her aching heart as he pressed the last kiss upon her lips.

Thus they parted, never, in all probability, to meet again this side of the Eternal City. It was one of the world's sacrifices. Never again—as Ethel thought, and as he thought; but curious to say, Mr. Strong himself came to the rescue.

Whether he had heard aught of what passed between them in the arbor, or whether his better nature rose up within him, Ethel never knew. She heard her name spoken hastily.

"Yes, father."

"Is Mr. May gone?" "He is gone, father. He is now passing out at the gate."

"Call him back. Say I would speak a word to him."

The departing steps soon returned. A curious look of hope, like a ray of light, shone on Henry May's face. Did instinct give rise to it? Mr. Strong, looking at him attentively, stretched out his hand to take that of the engineer.

"Will you tell me what you have been telling Ethel?"

And the tale was told. All his hopes, all his pleadings, and Ethel's grievous answer.

"Says it would kill me to go to Canada, does she?—thinks I could not die away from my own home? Well, I don't know. I have always had a wish to see Canada; a cousin of mine went out there in early life and made his fortune. I could not be separated from her, you know, Harry May; but I do not see why I should not live as long there as here."

The tears were in the old man's eyes, though he spoke in a quaint, joking tone. Ethel stood with clasped hands and parted lips, hardly daring to believe what she heard. Her lover caught her to him with a sob of emotion, and pressed the aged hands with gratitude so fervent that Mr. Strong cried out for quarter.

"You may get your wedding gown made, child. The sooner we start after that the better."

"Oh, father, father!"—with a burst of joyous tears—"how shall we ever thank you?"

"By taking loving care of him," whispered Henry May.

So, after all, this was not to be one of the world's sacrifices. But, alas! many such take place daily!

M. NAPOLEON GARANT

CURED OF DYSPESPIA.

A Severe Case Cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after other Treatment had Failed.

GENTLEMEN,—After being treated by three doctors for Dyspepsia I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters. By the time I had taken two bottles of the B. B. B. I was completely cured and have since been strong and well. When I was suffering from dyspepsia I was so weak and thin I could hardly walk, but I now weigh over 160 pounds and feel as well as ever I did in my life.

NEPOLEON GARANT, Merchant, Caplin River, Que.

A Bogus Agent.

The firm of T. Milburn & Co., manufacturers of proprietary medicines, have for some time past been in receipt of letters from correspondents in and about Orangeville and Meadowvale, stating that a man had been operating in those districts, representing himself as their agent, and has been peddling medicines from house to house offering them as the medicines—Burdock Blood Bitters, etc.—put up by this reliable firm.

A Globe reporter having been put in possession of these statements, called at the office of Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., on Colborne street, and shown a number of communications from merchants in the localities indicated, all of which confirmed the information at first received and as given above.

Not only had his firm been in receipt of communications, Mr. Milburn said, but some of his customers from Peel County had called at the office in Toronto and informed him that this bogus agent had sold stuff at several houses which had necessitated the calling in of the doctor to treat the members of the families who had used his compounds.

In closing the interview, Mr. Milburn, the head of the firm, said: "We have no such agent, nor do we sell our medicines through peddlers or agents other than druggists and general merchants, and on this account we are desirous that farmers and other buying our remedies should understand that any persons peddling from house to house cannot represent us. They should, therefore, be on their guard against bogus medicines being foisted on them for those of our manufacture. I may say that we are willing to defray any expenses incident to the detection and conviction of this man, or of anyone falsely representing himself as our agent."—Toronto Globe.

Failure and Success.

It is often all the little things that constitute the wide difference between success and failure. Some men, earnest in purpose, capable in many ways, seem unable to discern the import of minor, nevertheless important elements, and neglect in consequence to grasp the opportunities that if accepted would carry them on to victory. In the same way people are imposed upon by mercenary druggists, who, to gain an additional profit, practise the dishonest method of substitution. Calling for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, they accept some worthless flesh-eating substitute, only to be disappointed or suffer injury. Putnam's Corn Cure is the only reliable one.

In bonanza days, drinking or even having the odor of liquor about him was enough to ensure the dismissal of a mine station tender, engineer, or other employe in a responsible position.

One day 'Uncle John Mackay,' as the miners called him, was riding down in the great three-decker cage with some friends, when he began to sniff the air suspiciously. "I smell w-whisky," he said at last, with his well known stammer. "There," exclaimed the station-tender to one of his miner companions, "I told that barber not to put so much bay rum on my hair."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SHILOH'S CURE. THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lambe Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER. Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer" "SAVED MY LIFE." I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

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LUMBER!

I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of

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Dimension Lumber on to order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce. THOMAS ATKINSON Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

FOR SALE!

FARM IN GALLOWAY, RICHIBUCTO PARISH.

I offer for sale lots 72 and 73 in Galloway settlement, formerly occupied by one Henry McGahey. There is a dwelling house, and several acres cleared and under cultivation. The lots include some of the best hay land in the district. Terms to suit purchaser.

J. D. PHINNEY.

Richibucto, Sept. 17th, 1894.

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WILLIS H. ROGERS,



WHOLESALE COMMISSION FISH DEALER. 106 FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

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That valuable farm at Bass River, Kent Co., known as the Robert Brown farm, is offered for sale or rent.

The farm contains about 186 acres of the best land in the County, over 100 acres of which are cleared and under a high state of cultivation.

There is a large first-class, two-story dwelling house, two large barns, one stage house, grainery and stable combined, and other out buildings. It is situated in the most thriving and popular part of Kent County, within two minutes walk of the post-office, where a daily mail is received, and quite close to the superior school and within half a mile of Mr. E. Walker's lumber and grist mills.

For further information and particulars address the undersigned at Faircourt Station. JAMES BROWN.

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