THE RECTOR'S SECRET

LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

CHAPTER XXII .- Continued.

As may be naturally supposed, the dispatch caused the greatest excitement to Walter.

He at once returned with it to his mother's house, and abruptly announced to her his intention to return to New York with the first steamer which sailed the very next day.

To his mother's question of surprise ho related all that had occurred between him and Blanche.

"And you love her still?" asked Lady Buford, when he had concluded.

"I worship, I adore her," excitedly replied Walter. "I have tried to see forgetfulness of her by putting the broad expanse of the ocean between us. But in vain. Absence from her has only made my heart grow fonder. I could not survive, were she to be no more."

"Which is not very complimentary to me," laughed his mother. "Where are all your fine protestations of filial love, poured out in this very room not half an hour ago? Suppose I exert my rights as a mother, and refuse to let you separate yourself from me?"

"You intend to do so," cried Walter, aghast.

"Undoubtedly," replied the countess, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"But Blanche is desperate; she is going to kill herself."

"And my despair at the thought of parting from you, so soon after having found you, goes for nothing. Oh, you young men! What is a mother and her anxieties compared to a love-sick young girl? Now that I have kept you on the tender-hook of suspense long enough," she added, with the first really happy laugh she had indulged in for years, "! give you my gracious consent to go to New York, on condition that you will take me with you."

"My dear, darling mother," cried Walter, impulsively embracing her, "you overwhelm me with happiness. But will you really accompany me to America? Your leaving will be so abrupt. It will excite comment, especially on account of your known sentiment against our poor country."

"I am too happy to care for any comments. Now that I have found my son, I care not what the world may say about me. I long to revisit my native land. Besides, I want to see who this girl is who has entranced your heart. I can understand her position perfectly well. She has been putting on airs when she rej-cted you, and is now heartily sorry for it. Perhaps she won't have any objectiors to your marrying her when she comes to know that your mother is a countess."

"But suppose, mother," said Walter, after a thoughtful pause, "suppose youyou should meet my father."

"I would treat him with freezing contempt," she replied. "He is now nothing more to me than a stranger. Whatever feelings of revenge I may have had against him are dead and gone. I live henceforth only for you and Ethel. But why think about that man? Heaven alone knows whether he is alive or dead. I do not anticipate meeting him. Rather do I look forward to an introduction to and personal acquaintance with your foster father. To him I owe a deep debt of gratitude, and It will be worth the trip across the ocean to be able to express my heartfelt thanks to him for all that he has done for you."

"Then it is settled. We leave London for New York to-morrow." "It is settled."

'Do we travel alone, or will Ethel accompany us?"

"That depends on Harold, I should say," replied the countess, with a smile. "If he makes one of the party, all the inducement in the world would, probably, be insufficient to keep her back in Europe."

to them."

"Then all of us will go. What a hap- child's."

py family we will be, to be sure." enough explained to Harold the motive of his sudden departure. It was not so easy to tell why the countess was going without betraying the secret of their relationship, and this, of course, Walter could not and would not do. He put it down as a mere whim; and Harold, fear- fingers. ful of even a temporary separation from Ethel, fairly jumped at the offer to make one of the party.

Ethel, after declaring that she could not to save her life get ready in time, set to work so vigorously and with so utter a disregard of all the proprieties which demanded that a nobleman's daughter, and more especially one who was to be a bride,

BY J. R. ABARBANELL.

in a furore of excitement by the announcement, which appeared in the Times, that the still beautiful though somewhat eccentric Lady Buford and her lovely daughter, the Hon. Miss Ethel De Vere, had sailed for New York on the Arizona, which left Liverpool the day before. The somewhat superfluous intimation was added, that the motive which led to the sudden departure was not entirely unconnected with the presence on board of the same ship of two prominent American gentlemen.

London hemmed and hawed, expressively winked with its left eye, indulged in any number of "I told you sos," and finally settled down to the opinion that if Lady Buford really hated America and the Americans, as she had so often declared, this was, to say the least, a remarkable way of showing it.

Meanwhile the Arizona, favored by wind and tide, made one of the fastest trips even for that swift-winged Mercury of the Atlantic, and arrived in port almost twenty-four hours before she was

The sea had been very smooth, and as our party escaped all sea sickness the voyage over was a very enjoyable one.

Walter had cabled back his intention of coming home and was, therefore, somewhat disappointed at not finding anyone to welcome him on the pier. As it was rather late at night, and as his party bad to be provided for anyhow, he determined to go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel with them, and visit the rectory in the morn-

The ubiquitous reporter was on hand as usual, and the morning journals duly chronicled the fact that Lady Buford and daughter. Mr. Walter Wainwright and Mr. Harold Henshawe had arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The rector read it as he glanced over his paper at breakfast.

"Walter is here," he cried, springing to his feet. "I didn't think the ship would arrive until to-day,"

"I'm so glad for Blanche's sake," exclaimed Mabel, clapping her hands.

"Give me my bat and coat," said the rector. "I must go to the hotel at once. The poor bey will be disappointed that I did not meet him at the dock."

"May I go along with you, father?] shall be so happy to see dear Walter

"No, no. You run up and tell Frank Le's come. Then rush around to Blanche's house and bring her here. I'll be back with Walter in less than an hour.

Without waiting to finish his breakfast the good man put on his hat and coat. grasped his cane and left the house. On reaching the hotel he was informed

by the clerk that Walter had just left. "Left," disappointedly exclaimed the rector. "Do you know where he has

"No, but perhaps Lady Buford can tell. He was speaking to her in the parlor just before he went away. You will probably

find her there yet." "Somewhat wondering who this Lady Buford was, the rector followed the hallboy into the parlor. It was deserted save by a tall, richly-dressed lady, who was standing at the wind w gazing at the busy scene in the street below.

At the sound the rector made on enter ing she turned and faced him.

The color simultaneously faded from the cheek of each.

"Mabel, alive!' he stammered, starting back as though he had seen a ghost. "George Curtis here!" she exclaimed. Then she scornfully added: "Does this

CHAPTER XXIII.

earth still harbor such a villain as you?"

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Mabel, alive," repeated the rector, steadying himself against the center table. "They told me that you were dead; they "I will speak to Harold about it. No followed your footsteps in the snow until refused their office, and halfway across the doubt he will embrace this opportunity | -until they ended at the pier on the room he dropped into a chair. to visit his parents and introduce his bride | North River. You had taken your life, they said, your's and your child's-our

"They did not find the bodies, did dawned in his mind. He took the glass And so it was arranged. Walter easily they?" she asked, in accents of supreme of water to his mother and, kneeling

"They told me that they had been swept | a few drops and it greatly revived her. out with the tide into the sea, never more

He covered his face with his hands and the tears trickled out from between his

Lady Buford gazed at him, standing crushed and humbled and weeping before her. Yet there was no pity in her heart. He had wronged her too deeply for her ever to forgive him.

"It is no credit to you," she bitterly declared, "that I was not swept out into the sea by the waves into which I plunged, maddened by my wrongs. That I found should de absolutely nothing, that her a man of honor, a nobleman in nature as nunk- and baggage were packed the first. | well as in rank, who saved my life from Two days later all London was thrown a watery grave, made me his wife, loved Pills.

and respected me until death deprived me of him, is a mercy for which I have to thank Heaven, not you, who basely married me under an assumed name, then cowardly abandoned me at his father's behest, and vilely permitted that father to find, I know not what flaw in the ceremony, to brand me and my offspring with shame. Forgive you? Never!"

"Ah, if you could only know the agony of that time," he piteously continued, "the remorse I have suffered since then. Reared by a stern parent to regard him with terror rather than love, it was through fear of him not through any intention of wronging you, that I married you under a false name. As to what oc curred afterward I was his victim as well as you. On learning of your supposed death I spurned his wealth, which was the cause of all our woe. In a rage he bequeathed it to a charity and then died, carried off by a stroke of apoplexy. The profession I had chosen I abandoned to devote my penitent heart to the service of God. I married again; I thought I was a C. P. R. train from Edmundston to Arowidower. My wife knew your sad story, stook Jct., of seven freight cars, two pasas I told her all. She joined in my desire to name our child Matel after you. She | the second span of the Grand Falls bridge reverenced your memory, as I did, to the over the St. John River this morning. day of her death."

Curtis," she said, after a thoughtful pause. | commercial traveller named Hiram Smith Chance has, for the moment, brought us; al Passenger Agent McKenna of the C. P. together again, but our lives are cast in R. had his shoulder broken and was indifferent spheres. There is the door; ternally injured. J. O'Neill, engineer, leave the room. Go out into utter obliv- was seriously injured. A number of pasion and forgetfulness,"

bowed head, as he turned toward the door. the consolation of your forgiveness,"

"It is enough that I am willing to forget. river The water is 15 feet deep. The One consolation I will give you, though, engine and freight cars were piled up in perhaps, you are not entitled even to that. | the river, passenger coaches standing on Know that our child lives-"

burst of sudden, unexpected joy. "He with the engine, but in some way managed

who has reared him as a son. It was not swept into the current of the falls half a for me, his mother, to destroy his innocent | mile below the bridge. Wrecking trains young life with mine. You may share have been sent to the scene of the accidthe debt of gratitude I owe to the man ent. who has made our child an honorable and honored member of society, but I would not advise you to make yourself known to your son, for he shares with me the contempt in which I hold you."

"I will never attempt to discover his identity," mournfully replied the rector. "It will be hard, but-"

Here the door was abruptly opened and Walter appeared on the threshold of the

He had been half way to the rectory when he remembered that he had forgotten, in his room in the hotel, some presents he had brought along for Mabel. He hurried back to the hotel to get them; the Coney Island Creek trestle at an early and passing through the corridor the clerk | hour this morning by a Brooklyn Rapid informed him that a gentleman-from his | Transit trolley car. The Rapid Transit appearance a clergyman-had called to see | company recently increased its rate of him, and was then in the parlor with Lady | fare to Coney island from five to ten

Not doubting but that it was his foster father, he rushed into the parlor and im- their escort, refused to pay the extra five pulsively threw himself into the rector's

astonishment.

could come to words. "Have you ex- saved himself but the women were caught pressed your gratitude to my more than in the car's fender and dragged nearly father? Have you told him how your 200 feet. They were dead when the car heart swelled with joy and thankfulness | stopped. to him, when you found that I was your son and owed him all that I am?"

each other in blank amazement.

"What is this?" exclaimed Walter, surprised at their demeanor. "Why do you look so curiously at each other? Has not Lady Buford told you that she is my mother? Do you not know, mother, that this gentleman is Rector Wainwright. whom you were so anxious to see, to whom you were ready to go down on your knees and pray for Heaven's blessing on his venerable head?"

Lady Buford sank on the sofa entirely

"A glass of water," she gasped, "I-I am fainting "

The rector tried to fetch it for her from the water cooler in the corner, but his legs

Walter looked at the two beings, each one so dear to him, in a state of utter perplexity. As yet no suspicion of the truth down, presented it to her lips. She drank

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Hungor is the Best Sauce,"

Yet some people are never hungry Whatever they eat has to be "forced down." There is, of course, something wrong with these people. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time they are given an appetite and then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite failing, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good.

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" Hit the Nail

On the Head.'

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Sick Headache-"I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of salt rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

BAD C. P. R. WRECK.

CARIBOU, Me., June 20 .- The through senger, and one baggage car, broke through The whole train went into the river. "Let the dead past bury its dead, George | Conductor Henderson was hurt and a "We are no longer anything to each other. of St. John was injured seriously. Genersengers were slightly injured. The train "I humbly obey," he murmured, with was heavily loaded with passengers from the graduation exercises at Vanburen "It is your right, it is my punishment. College. It is believed that Engineer But, oh, Mabel," he added, in tremulous | Smith will die and there is little hope that tones, "if I could only bear away with me | Henderson will recover. It is thought several others are seriously injured. The "I cannot forgive," she coldly replied. bridge is 75 feet above the bed of the end upon the wreck. The engineer and "Lives," interrupted the rector, with a fireman went to the bottom of the river to extricate themselves and cling to the "Yes; thanks to a worthy gentleman | wreckage until picked up before they were

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

TWO WOMEN KILLED.

NEW YORK, June 22 .- Mrs. Lenebsky, and Mrs. Michelena Anderson both Sweder and residents of Brooklyn, were killed on

The two women and Emil J. Swanson, cents to reach the island and were put off a car at a point about a mile and a half Lady Buford was fairly petrified with from their destination. They started to walk and were on the trestle when a car "Mother," cried Walter, as soon as he overtook them. Swanson jumped and

Police Captain Hardy, of the Coney Island station has ordered the arrest of The rector and the countess stared at the conductor, who put them off the car on which they had been riding and of the motorman on the car that struck them.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

At a meeting of St. Martin's church in Montreal last night a resolution adopting free seats carried and Rev. G. Osborne Troop withdrew his resignation as rector.



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