

THE RECTOR'S SECRET.

OR

LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY J. R. ABARBANELL.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Excellent. Now, take my advice. To-day is Tuesday. Pack up your things and be ready to start on a trip to Europe with Saturday's steamer. The hurried preparations will in themselves serve to distract your mind; then a quick jump through the capitals abroad, and we will have you back, when the leaves begin to fall, blooming with health and vigor, and with your brain clear to begin your projected search. It is a splendid cure of heart sickness." He might have added that he had tried the remedy himself.

"I will do as you say," briskly replied the young man. "For the next four days my watchword shall be, 'On to Europe!'"

The steamer that left the port the following Saturday bore our hero from our shores. He stood on the deck, straining his eyes to catch a last glimpse of the rector and Mabel, who stood on the dock waving their handkerchiefs in a frantic attempt to appear gay, and to hide the tears which were welling from their eyes. He saw them, but he could not see poor Blanche sitting in her room, with the paper containing the announcement of his departure in her lap, and weeping at the thought that their hearts were forever sundered.

CHAPTER VII.

HAROLD HENSHAW.

Four weeks have elapsed since Walter Wainwright bade farewell to our American shores.

He had duly reached England, made a flying trip through London, and was now in Paris.

He carried his load of sorrow with him wherever he went, and soon acquired the sobriquet, among those who attended on him, of the melancholy American, though of course, he was unaware that this epithet had been bestowed upon him. Still, he was young and had never been abroad. The constant change of scenes and associations did much to arouse the natural buoyancy of youth. He was, indeed, weary at heart, but he no longer thought of suicide. The venerable clergyman's prescription was having a decided salutary effect.

Alone in the gay capital of the world! Who has not made the rounds of its effervescent festivities, heard all that was to be heard, seen all that, in the summer as well as in the winter time, forms such potent attractions to the stranger, and then felt his utter loneliness in the midst of that vast wilderness of life?

So Walter felt as passing along the boulevard where artists most do congregate, his eyes caught sight of a modest sign bearing the inscription, Harold Henshaw, Artist.

He remembered Harold when they were in college together. An indifferent scholar, but with a quick eye for the beautiful, and a cunning hand to transfer to canvass the airy nothings of a painter's fancy. His worthy parents, who had acquired their solid fortune in the butter and cheese line, grieved somewhat that their only son and heir should evince no other aptitude than to budaub good canvass which, as the mother declared, was worth at least half a dollar a yard. But his father, slapping his pocket so that the gold in it jingled, affirmed aloud, that if Harold wanted to be one of those "artist men," who did nothing for a living, and roamed around all creation to do it in, he had the money to set him up in that line of business. There should be a "fancy" gentleman in his family as well as in any other. He only hoped, by way of recompense for the outlay, that when Harold came home from his artistic travels, he would paint the house free of charge.

Accordingly, on his graduation, Harold bade farewell to his college friends, of whom Walter was his most intimate and best, and started out to study the masters of the Old World.

That was four years ago. Since then Walter had occasionally heard from him, as being in London, in Rome, in Florence; then he lost track of him. Their correspondence which, at first, had been quite frequent and regular, dropped off to nothing, as all such correspondence generally does. He could follow his career only by the notices here and there appearing in the papers, about the success the young American artist was achieving with his pictures, in this or that salon, and the bright future which awaited him.

All these recollections came back to Walter as he stood on the boulevard on the hot July evening, gazing at the sign which was affixed to the entrance of one of those mighty human beehives, which line the Parisian thoroughfare.

With pleasurable animation our hero rang the bell, and the door opening of itself, in that mysterious manner, which, at first, strikes the visitor to Paris with so much awe, he walked along the corridor and tapped at the door of the janitor's

lodge. The Cerberus, who guarded the incomings and outgoings of the great apartment house, popped out of the room in the person of a little old woman, with a very big bunch of keys at her girdle, and a volubility of tongue which can be compared in speed only to a locomotive under high pressure.

"Does monsieur come in search of apartments," she began, before Walter could open his mouth. "Ah! if monsieur had only come last week. The first floor, such a magnificent suite of rooms, and so grandly furnished! But it had been taken by the Marquis de Montje. A gentleman, comme il faut, so respectable, he had paid two quarters rent in advance!"

This with the concierge was the great badge of respectability.

"I do not want," began Walter, taking advantage of her pause of admiration to edge in a word, but she cut him off, abruptly, as she rattled on:

"So sorry, monsieur. If monsieur will be satisfied with two rooms on the fifth, very modest though cosy, for a week or so, she could promise the fourth, now occupied."

The janitor always spoke of herself in the third person.

"Occupied by whom," hazarded Walter, in the hope it was by his friend, and that in that way he could state the object of his visit.

"Such a fine young gentleman," replied the concierge, "so handsome and an artist. A compatriot of monsieur, if she was right in assuming that monsieur was a foreigner and an American. But," she continued, with a grotesque wag of her head, "she was afraid he would give up the apartments soon. He had an *affaire de coeur*. She had seen such melancholy cases before. She only hoped he would choose the Seine and not her apartments. It must be all the same to him from what place he took his departure from this world, and it would save the reputation of the house. No one had committed suicide there yet, and, as a gentleman of good taste, and an artist too, he ought not to set so bad an example."

"My good woman!" cried Walter, deeply agitated by this information, "is it possible you are speaking of my friend, Harold Henshaw?"

"Mais oui! Was monsieur his friend? She was enchanted to hear it. Monsieur would speak to him. Monsieur would tell him that there are as good fish in the water as were ever caught. Monsieur would put the foolishness out of his head, for otherwise he was such a sensible young man, and such a prompt payer. Monsieur could tell him that she, too, had had an *affaire de coeur* in her youth and would have drowned herself, only the Seine looked so very wet. *Allons!* She was alive yet, and the good God would let her live for many days yet. *C'est vrai*, she had no husband, and never had any, but they were all worthless fellows, and not to be compared with the position of concierge. She had told him all that herself but he did not mind her. Would monsieur see him?"

"That is the very purpose I came for," replied Walter, in great relief at being at last able to state the object of his visit.

"Shall I take up monsieur's card?"

"By no means. He does not even know that I am in Paris. If I am to be of any service to the poor fellow, my coming must be a surprise to him."

"Very well, monsieur."

It was already rather dark in the corridors, and the concierge lit the gas on each floor, as she plodded up the stairs followed by Walter.

The young man was speculating on the similarity of his friend's case with his own and on how true had been the rector's words that there other hearts which ache.

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and Walter was already conning over in his mind the sentences which his foster father had addressed to him, and determining to use them in persuading Harold from the fate on the brink of which he himself had stood.

"This is his *atelier*, monsieur," said the concierge, as she pantingly reached the fourth floor and pointed to one of the doors.

"Thanks, you may leave me now."

The janitress would liked to have remained to witness the interview, but she had no excuse for doing so. She descended the stairs consoling herself with the thought that she would find out what took place, anyhow, in the hundred and one ways of obtaining information which a Parisian concierge possesses.

The door was slightly ajar, and Walter pushed it open without knocking. The gas was not lit in the room, and in the faint twilight he beheld a young man in his shirt sleeves flourishing a long sword.

At first he thought that the concierge's fears were being realized before his eyes, but from the lunges which the young man made into vacancy, and his cries and

exclamations, he soon learned that he was fighting an imaginary duel with an invisible opponent.

"Harold!"

The fighter paused in his fiercest thrust, turned round, recognized the sound of the voice and the form in the semi-darkness, dropped his weapon, and fairly flew into his friend's embrace.

"Walter," he cried, "you here, in Paris! Ah, it was Heaven that sent you, Heaven, in answer to my prayers. I was wishing for a second. You appear. You shall be my second. You shall bear my challenge. You shall tell him that I am ready to fight at sunrise to-morrow."

"Then it is not a question of suicide, but of a duel?" asked Walter, smiling at the other's impetuosity.

"Ah, you have heard!" exclaimed Harold. "Yes, I have been contemplating suicide until this morning, when I learned that my rival is actually dwelling under this very roof. Shall I die and he live? Never!"

"But who is your rival?"

"The Marquis de Montje."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

"My dear Harold," said Walter, "I have been but a short time on French soil, yet I have already learned that a duel, in this country, is not as serious a thing as we are apt to regard it at home. Still, with my American notions, you ought to show me that it is positively unavoidable before I can consent to become your second. Suppose you strike a light and send for a little lunch and a bottle of wine. We will then discuss the matter calmly and reasonably, as common sense people should."

"Ah, my friend," exclaimed the artist, who during his sojourn in Europe had acquired some of the continental forms of expression which lent a peculiar piquancy to his speech. "You remind me that I am very lax in my hospitality. We shall have lunch and wine, and you shall tell me how you come to drop down from the clouds into Paris, and I will show you that I am the most miserable of beings."

Walter could not restrain a smile at this extravagant phrase. It is so different when one hears them to making use of them oneself.

Harold lit the gas, put away the sword, which was, after all, a mere artist's model, dull and rusty, and dating from the age of Louis Quatorze, ensconced himself in his artist's jacket and rang for the concierge.

When that worthy woman answered the summons, she was as gratified as surprised to receive an order for the nearest *café* to send up a *pâté de foie gras*, a *tête de veau en tortue au champignons*, two *deux-tasses*, and a couple of bottles of *Chateau D'Yquem*.

"She was enchanted," she said. "Monsieur the artist has not ordered such a repast in a week. It was much better than arsenic or prussic acid, or making a meal of oneself for the fishes in the Seine. Not that there were any fishes in the Seine, but it was *toute même chose*. Monsieur the friend was a conjurer, he had worked wonders. She would kiss monsieur's hand."

"Will you take the order, madame," asked Harold, breaking in on this flood of language. "Stay one moment," he added as the concierge was about to leave the room. "Is monsieur, the marquis, in his apartments?"

"Monsieur has just come in," she replied. "He stated that he did not wish to be disturbed, as he would be busy for several hours."

"Very well, that is all."

The janitress disappeared, and a few minutes later two waiters entered, bearing on a tray the lunch and wine.

While they were setting the table, Walter had an opportunity to look around the studio, and admire the various works of art, finished or unfinished, which were presented to his view. The room had all the artistic confusion of similar apartments, and does not require any elaborate description. The young man noticed a painting on an easel in the corner, but it was covered with a green baize. As Harold, who was expatiating on his productions, made no attempt to lift the cover, Walter imagined it was but a mere outline, as yet too crude to be worth a view.

When the table was set and the waiters dismissed with a *pour boire*, Walter would neither say a word nor permit Harold to talk, until they had eaten, and the young men, considering that both of them had blighted hearts, did ample justice to the delicacies spread before them.

The coffee being drunk and cigarette lighted, they toasted each other in a glass of wine, and then Walter said:

"I am here, Harold. Let that suffice you at present. Why I have crossed the Atlantic is not so pressing to relate now as your story, if you wish to take advantage of the marquis being at home."

"True enough," exclaimed the artist, "we must not let him go out before you have brought him my challenge. Well, you shall hear. There is no girl in the world as beautiful as the Hon. Miss Ethel De Vere, daughter of the Dowager Countess Lady Buford."

"You are making a rather broad assertion," said Walter, thinking of Blanche.

"I ought to know," ardently continued Harold, "as an artist and a man. As an artist, I painted her portrait as she was at seventeen; as a man, I fell in love with her during the sittings."

"Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

"Look here, my dear fellow. Isn't that taking an unwarrantable liberty with your subjects?"

"The liberty, if it were such, was returned. We parted at the last sitting with a mutual sigh. That was last winter," he added, with a profound sigh.

"When mother and daughter, I suppose, were here in Paris?"

"Yes."

"And they've not crossed the channel since?"

"Alas, no."

"And you?"

"I've been in London a dozen times, have seen her, have even exchanged a glance with her—but only from the distance. I have worshiped her, like the fire-worshiper adores the sun, as a being infinitely beyond my reach, and yet I have worshiped her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MRS. BERRY'S CASE.

Story of a Common Mistake in Every Day Life.

Thought one Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure her—A Trouble of Eight Years' Standing—in the end Twelve Boxes were Needed.

HALIFAX, N. S., Apr. 23.—The story of Mrs. Berry's case, despatched recently from Bear River, Digby County, is the story of a common mistake the world over. Many people seem to think that because they are not cured by D-d's Kidney Pills on the first dose, they are incurable. They give up so easily. It is no use expecting great results from half-hearted effort. Persevere and Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

It is a mistake to expect to get cured of an ailment like Chronic Kidney Disease in a hurry. Mrs. Berry, of Bear River, had kidney trouble for over eight years before she started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Then on a friend's advice she bought a box. After taking that first box she was not cured. She had had that disease for eight years. But she left off taking Dodd's Kidney Pills because the first box didn't cure her.

Three years after, having tried other medicines in vain, she was still not cured. She was in fact so much worse that she could not dress or undress unaided, and couldn't sleep more than five minutes at a time through the night. She determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills again. Three years' experience had taught her that she must persevere to succeed, so this time she bought five boxes. When they were used she got seven more. To-day she is as well as ever she was in her life. The lesson is that Dodd's Kidney Pills would have cured her the first time if she had persevered.

Dr. Claude Woods, a Brockville, Ont., boy who has been engaged for the past six and a half years in missionary work in India, has just arrived home on a furlough. He relates some pitiful tales of starvation and suffering caused by the plague and famine now devastating that country. He describes the plague as a fever with a swelling of the glands followed by death in three or four days.

Largest sales yet!

WHY?

Because the public know that

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

is the best and safest cough medicine in Canada or U. S.

Honest 25c. bottles.

Sold everywhere.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO.
424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

FREE **DAISY AIR RIFLE**

We give this splendid Rifle for selling only two dozen packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10 cents each. Each large package contains 60 most fragrant varieties. All colors. This Rifle is of the best make and latest model, well finished nickel plated, carefully sighted and tested before leaving the factory. It is just the thing for target practice or for shooting cats, rats, sparrows, etc. Return this advertisement with your address and we send seeds. Sell them, return money and we forward your Rifle all charges paid. The season for selling seeds is short so order at once. Our Sweet Pea package sell themselves. Premium Supply Co., Box 11, Toronto.

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

PEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS

44 & 46 DOCK STREET ST. JOHN N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8

IF INTENDING to build or repair, it will pay you to get our prices before buying elsewhere. We have now in store our usual spring stock of

White Lead, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Varnish, Shellac, Kalsomine, Ready Mixed Paints, all sizes of Nails, Spikes and Glass, Putty, Sheathing Paper, Zinc, Sheet Lead, in fact everything in the builders line can be found at our store and at prices as low as the lowest.

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

Timothy Seed, Alsike and Red Clover, Tare, Millet, Corn, Peas, and all Garden Flower Seeds.

2,500 Rolls WALL PAPER with Borders to match.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Men's and Boy's Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Hats and Caps, Ladies' Blouses, Dress Goods, Prints, Sateens, Furniture Covering, Ladies' and Men's Underwear, Men's and Boy's Fancy Shirts, Top Shirts, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles and Fixtures, Spring Blinds, Portiers.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS AND MATTINGS.

Flour, Corn and Oatmeal, Pork, Fish, Ham, Iron and Steel, Plows and Plow Castings.

J. & W. BRAIT, KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

All Kinds of Printing.

Good Work---Low Rates.

Address Labels, Books, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blanks all kinds, Bonds, Blotters, Bills of Fare, Business cards, Ball Invitations, Ball Programmes, atalogues, Circulars, Alendars, Checks, Certificates, Counter Bills, harters for Societies, Dodgers, Drafts, Druggist's Printing, Folders, Gang Saw Bills, Hangers, Hotel Registers, Invoices, Insurance Printing, Letter Heads, Labels, Magistrate's Blanks, Memorandums, Menu Cards, Note Heads, Notes of Hand, Orders, Posters, Programmes, Pamphlets, Price Lists, Receipts, Reports, Statements, Show Cards, Shipping Tags, Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.