

THE RECTOR'S SECRET.

OR

LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY J. R. ABARBANFLI.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

She was proud to be so for his sake, happy that her beauty had won for her his love.

He loved her; that she was sure of. She could not misinterpret his glances, his sighs. He would speak; perhaps this very evening he would utter the words which would thrill her soul. It was this which she had reason to expect; it was this which caused all the rosy blushes which her brother observed chasing each other over her cheeks.

Though a confirmed Sunday loungeur on Fifth avenue, Frank had chosen to remain at home this evening. He was much less bashful than Walter, and had considerably more experience in love affairs than his sister. He diagnosed the symptoms as a physician would those of a disease, and regarding it as a fever he came to the mental conclusion that the thermometer of love indicated the point of declaration.

The chilling presence of a third person he believed to be a good remedy to reduce the temperature, and hence he stretched himself out on the *litte-a-lit*, and carelessly puffed away at the cigarette he was smoking.

"Twenty-four," he languidly exclaimed. "Twenty-four what?" asked Blanche, turning from the mirror, after she had confined in an invisible net a stray crimp which would persist in escaping.

"Twenty-four blushes in five minutes. I've counted them."

"You horrid fellow," pouted Blanche, with a deeper blush than ever. "It's the heat."

"It's quite cool and comfortable here. The windows are open. I thought they were not entirely unconnected with the expected visit of a certain young man."

"And what if they were?" she somewhat defiantly asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied nonchalantly, whisking the ashes from the tip of his cigarette. "Don't mind me. I can stand all the spooning in the world, so long as I'm not obliged to take a hand in it myself. You know my sentiments on the marriage question. A gay bachelor's life is the life for me—until I can wed a hundred thousand dollars with a girl thrown into the bargain."

"Such sentiments do little credit to your heart."

"A poor man has no right to follow the dictates of his heart," retorted Frank, with a touch of earnestness.

"Or a poor girl either, I suppose."

"Humph! That's your affair, not mine," replied he, in his usual off-hand way. "We need not beat about the bush. You are over head and heels in love with Walter Wainwright, and you are just dying to hear what I think of him as a prospective father-in-law."

"It's no such thing," declared Blanche, turning her pretty face away from him.

"Oh, well," drawled Frank, as with exasperating coolness he struck a match and lit a new cigarette. "If you're not in love with him—"

"You're a mean brother, that's what you are," interrupted Blanche, ready to shed tears with vexation. "Must I confess to you that—that—"

"That you love him? No. It requires no confession. Neither need Walter take the penitential stool to me. He is as much in love with you as you are with him. My wishes need not be consulted in the matter, though I am free to state that, as far as I know, he is every inch a fine fellow. Of course you will resign your position as school-teacher if you marry him, and if he is willing to tempt fortune with a poor girl for a wife I have no objection to raise. He will have my sympathy and condolence. You may, at any day, perhaps this very evening, expect a declaration and an offer of his hand and heart, unless, indeed, there are, on his part, certain obstacles—"

"Obstacles!" interrupted Blanche, vividly.

It was a mere random shot. Frank knew not how soon he was to have imparted to him the obstacle, or supposed obstacle which actually existed.

"Don't get frightened," he coolly said. "I am only making a supposition, founded, indeed, on the fact that he has been keeping company with you for over two years, without declaring himself."

"He is, perhaps, a little bashful."

"That must be it, laughed Frank, rising to his feet. "Have we at last found the specimen more sought after than the philosopher's stone? How shall we label the *rara avis*? Behold the bashful young man!"

His cutting irony might have called forth some angry responses from his sister, had not the single servant which attended to their household affairs entered the room with the announcement that a boy wished to see Miss Barton very particularly.

The lad, whom Blanche recognized as

one of two brothers, pupils in her class, followed the servant into the parlor, in a very dejected and lachrymose condition.

"Please, Miss Barton," he sobbingly said, "Bob and me were playing in the street, and Bob he fell down an area, and the doctor says he's broke his leg. And, Miss Barton, would you please come to see him. Mother sends me to tell you, with her compliments. He's always asking after you."

Bob was Blanche's favorite pupil, and no sooner did she hear of the accident which had happened to him, than every other thought was driven out of her head, and she expressed her willingness to accompany the boy home at once.

Her brother was ready to escort her, but she declined, saying it was but a few blocks away, and adding:

"If Mr. Wainwright should come—"

"Which is very likely," he laughingly interrupted.

"Present my excuse to him, and tell him that I am afraid he cannot wait for my return, as I do not know when I will be back."

"In the meantime, I will give him your love."

"I dare you to do so. I'll cut off your allowance from my salary, if you do."

She had by this time put on her hat and lace shawl, and threateningly shook her gloved finger at him as she spoke.

"That humbles me at once, my fair treasurer," he replied, with mock humility.

She kissed him good-bye, and, with the boy, left the house to Frank's great relief.

"That lad's broken leg is a god-send," muttered the young man when he was alone. "It will, at any rate, prevent any explosion from taking place to-night. Heigho! I'm afraid there'll be a couple of broken hearts if I succeed in my scheme to separate them."

He fell into a brown study devising a plan to further his own selfish purpose, and he was not aroused from his abstraction until the servant announced Walter's visit and, at the same time, ushered that gentleman into the room.

Our hero, for such he is, was dressed all in black, and that color heightened the pallor of his face and brought into greater prominence his general agitation. He tried hard to control his feelings, but the weighty nature of the disclosure he had determined to make that evening, made the anxiety he felt as to its effect legible in every lineament of his countenance.

Frank was, at first, inclined to ascribe his emotion to a violent eruption of love, but a second glance assured him that there was something deeper, more important beneath the surface, and he determined to discover what that something was.

After dismissing the servant, he bade Walter take a seat and expressed his regrets at his sister's absence.

"She will be gone long?" asked Walter, anxiously.

"She may not be at home at all, to-night," replied Frank, detailing the cause why she had left the house.

Walter could scarcely repress a groan of disappointment.

When we have screwed up our courage to the sticking point it is fatal to have the time of action postponed. We feel our bravery all oozing out at our finger ends, and we fear that we will never be able to attack that to-morrow which we could demolish to-day.

So Walter felt, as, with a stammered apology, he rose from his seat to take his departure from the room.

Frank would not let him thus slip through his fingers.

"I am sorry my sister is not at home," he said, also rising. "Can I leave any word from you to her?"

For a moment Walter stood irresolute, then he answered:

"Yes, you are her brother. Why should you not be the medium of the communication of a fact which I would fain conceal, but which duty and honor prompt me to tell her."

Frank pricked up his ears. This was something with a vengeance.

"I assure you, my dear Walter," he said, "that I ask no confidence of you. If you have any secret—"

"I have," replied the young man, as the other paused without completing the sentence. "It is meet that Blanche should know it, and as some might regard it as of a delicate nature, it is, perhaps, better that it should be told her by you."

A secret of a delicate nature! Frank would have rubbed his hands with glee if he dared. He began to think that he saw his way clear to accomplish his scheme. He bade Walter resume his seat, and the two men sat down again.

We need not detail the conversation which lasted for nearly two hours. Walter poured out all the love in his heart for Blanche, and repeated the revelation which the rector had made to him.

"Is that all," inquired Frank, with a loud burst of laughter, when Walter had concluded. "Is that the bugbear which frightens you so much? Why, man, who in this free country of ours, uncursed by any stupid prejudices of rank or caste, who cares a continental who your father was, or your mother either, for that matter? As a man of the world, I extend my hand to you in right good fellowship."

Walter took his hand and shook it cordially.

"Thanks, many thanks, Frank," he exclaimed. "You lighten my heart. And your sister—"

"Ah, my sister," interrupted the precious scamp, suddenly looking very glum; "she's a woman, you know, and the creatures have such peculiar notions."

"You make me tremble again," said poor Walter, helplessly.

"And then she's a school ma'am," continued Frank, as if communing with himself. "And of all the straight-laced teachers in the world, she's about the worst. Prudish is no name for it. Her pride, I know, will be affected, but what's the odds, my dear fellow, if she loves you," he added, aloud, at the same time rising to his feet. "You know the old adage 'Love conquers all,' and if I'm any judge of a woman's heart, my sister loves you to distraction."

"You will tell it to her as delicately as possible?" asked Walter, rising. "You will be my champion, you will ask her hand in marriage for me, in my name?"

"This very night, my dear boy, in case she should come home. Now you say good-night, so that you be out of the way when she comes, and sleep easy with the assurance that to-morrow I will hail you as my brother-in-law that is to be."

"And I will love you as my brother," exclaimed Walter, impulsively clasping Frank to his heart.

Then he took his hat and bade him good-night.

Frank, eager to get him out of the way, escorted him down the stairs to the front door.

As Walter opened the door, Blanche was on the point of entering from without, she having just returned home. This unexpected meeting upset the self-possession of both of them.

Walter could only stammer some unintelligible words about "a secret" and "Frank will tell you," then, having impulsively raised her hand to his lips, he rushed away, leaving her lost in astonishment at his peculiar behavior.

CHAPTER V.

A SURGICAL OPERATION.

While Walter was relating his secret to Frank, the latter's busy brain was concocting another and widely different one, which he intended to tell his sister.

He was disappointed in our hero's story. He had expected to hear of some escapade—some folly, at least, such as too often clings to a young man's earlier years, and which Blanche's pride would be quick to resent. He knew his sister's character well enough to know that, however much she loved Walter, she would shrink from him with horror were he guilty of any action in the leastwise dishonorable; but he also knew that she was above the petty prejudice of visiting his parents' fault, if any there was, on his innocent brow.

His only satisfaction was that he was made the talebearer of a secret, and if, by substituting a feigned obstacle for the supposed real one, he could separate the pair, he had no conscientious scruples about doing so.

We do not wish him to be regarded as a deep-dyed villain. He was actuated, in his course of conduct, not through any ill-will toward Walter. On the contrary, he had a high respect for the young man's honor and talents. Only he was determined that his sister should marry a rich man, whose purse should be opened to him also. His frivolous life and giddy associations had not given him a high opinion of the stability of woman's love; and he naturally thought that Blanche's fancy for Walter would in time pass away, and her heart left free to fall in love with that more acceptable personage, a millionaire whom he already had in his mind's eye.

Walter's unexpected meeting with Blanche at the front door threatened to upset Frank's fine scheme, but his embarrassed manner, and the words he let drop, not only reassured the schemer, but lent an air of probability to all that he was about to say.

"How is the little sufferer?" he asked of his sister, as they returned to the parlor.

"The poor boy had his leg set while I was there," she replied, taking off her wraps. "He never would have submitted to the operation without my being present. I had to hold his hands. He stood it like a little hero; and the doctor says that he will be all right again in a month, thank Heaven."

"You are very courageous, my dear sister," said Frank, "there are few women who can witness a surgical operation of that kind."

"That is true. His mother was led out of the room in a fainting condition. I was myself a little surprised at my own bravery. Do you know, Frank, I'm afraid it is because the griefs of others do not, after all, affect us so much as our own."

"Does my little sister mean to insinuate," said Frank, in a peculiarly tender

"Deride Not Any Man's Infirmities."

Tell him, rather, how to get rid of them. Most infirmities come from bad blood and are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has scrofula, salt rheum, humors, catarrh, dyspepsia or rheumatism should at once begin taking this medicine that the infirmity may be removed.

Weakness—"I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to my boy whose blood was poor. He was very weak, could not keep warm, and suffered from pains in his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and well." Mrs. W. C. Stratton, Thomas St., Deseronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

voice, "that if sorrow came to her heart she would be less brave, that she would weakly sink under the load?"

"How strangely you talk, Frank," she cried, apprehensively. "How you look at me! Something has happened in my absence. Something connected with Walter. Yes, yes, his strange manner at the door. He said you would tell me. What is it, Frank, oh, what is it?"

"He told me that he loved you, he asked of me your hand in marriage."

For a moment Blanche's heart gave a great throb of joy, and a crimson flood suffused her cheeks which had become pale, but a glance into her brother's grave face assured her that he had some other information in his possession than this welcome intelligence.

She began to tremble again, and nervously clutched and unclutched her fingers.

"It is not that! It is not that!" she exclaimed. "You spoke of sorrow and you give me joy; you ask me to be brave, and you tell me that I am a bride, the bride of him whom I love better than my life."

"Do you love him better than your honor," inquired Frank, in low, earnest tones, "would you cast away all maidenly modesty, all pride, all sense of outraged dignity, everything which to a right-minded, right-thinking girl is far dearer than life itself, to become his wife?"

"You speak in riddles," she cried, wringing her hands in anguish. "If he loves me, what sacrifices have I to make in accepting his hand?"

"All that I have mentioned. Ah, Blanche, I little knew how near the truth I had spoken when I, this evening, expressed my fear that there was some obstacle to your union with Walter Wainwright."

"He has a secret then?"

"Yes."

"He revealed it to you to tell me?"

"He did so."

She struggled hard to be firm, she pressed her hands against her tumultuously beating bosom, she bit her quivering lip until it bled.

"I will be brave," she panted. "Give me a little time and then you will see; I will listen to it without a word. It may break my heart," she pitifully added, "but I will be firm, yes; I will be firm."

She took up her position at the center table, and rested her form with one hand against its marble cover, standing thus in the attitude of a victim ready to receive the impending blow.

Her brother pitied her, but did not falter in his purpose. He was about to extract her great love from her heart, even cut it out by a brutal operation. His surgical instruments were lies and slanders, and he knew how deeply they would wound and lacerate her. He felt for her in the pain he was about to inflict, but he hoped that she would survive it. He relied on her pride to heal her sufferings.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The steadily increasing demand for . . .

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

shows that those who have been using it have told their friends how it gives

Immediate Relief

to the most **Obstinate Coughs** and does not derange the digestion.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO.
484 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 65 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 will send you a rifle. 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 packages 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

Fall and Winter Goods.

- DRESS GOODS.**
- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Men's Overcoats, | Ladies' Jackets, |
| Men's and Boy's Ulsters, | Ladies' Underwear, |
| " " " Hats and Caps, | Sacque and Coat Cloth, |
| Shirts and Drawers, | Flannelette, |
| Top Shirts, | Flannels—all colors, |
| Men's and Boy's Sweaters, | Eiderdown Flannel, |
| Wool Blankets, | Chenille Portiers, |
| Flannelette Blankets, | Chenille Table Covers, |
| Horse Rugs, | Lumbermen's Socks, |
| Buffalo Lining, | Etaffe Jumpers and Pants, |
| Homespun, | Trimmings of all kinds, |
| Men's Suitings, | Cotton Flannel, |
| Overalls and Jumpers, | Ladies' Wrappers, |
- Ladies' Fur Trimmed Capes, Men's Fur Lined Coats, Men's Fur Caps, Men's Fur Coats, Ladies' Fur Collars, Ladies' Fur Muffs, Goat Robes, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes.
- A full stock of Groceries, Hardware, Iron and Steel, Herring, Shad, Codfish and Ling, Flour, Cornmeal and Oatmeal.

J. & W. BRAIT KIN (S) (N). KENT (O), 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, Catalogues, Circulars, Calendars, Checks, Certificates, Counter Bills, Charters 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.