

## NURSE AGATHA'S LOVE.

A group of three grown-up people and one little girl were seated at a side table during the luncheon hour of a fashionable hotel in the North of England. Judging from the merriment that proceeded from this particular table these four, though only acquaintances of a fortnight, seemed on a particularly friendly footing with each other. Now and then a fine-looking man, certainly past the prime of life, but still erect and soldierly in his carriage, and with the unmistakable bearing and manners of a gentleman. By his side sat a fair, slight young girl, with laughter-loving eyes, clear, fresh complexion, and a wealth of glorious, sunny hair surrounding the head like a halo. Next to her came a dainty little maiden of about seven, and opposite the trio sat a sedate-looking Scotch lawyer, quick and abrupt of speech, with a merry twinkle in the unusually bright eyes that showed he could be genial and merry enough when he chose.

"This year, next year, sometime, never. This year," commenced the child in her deliberate little fashion, as she ticked off the stones on her companion's plate.

"So you have finished at last, Yselt. Then we will go and see it mamma is better and would like to take her drive."

But Colonel Arbuthnot quittedly interfered.

"Oh, not just yet, Miss Escombe; do let us know what the fates have in store for you; please let Yselt go on with her fortune-telling."

But the girl answered, gravely enough: "Do you know, I never allow myself to think of love or marriage; such luxuries are for girls who have fathers, mothers, and a home already, and not for outsiders and wanderers like myself."

"But you are altogether so different," commenced both gentlemen, simultaneously.

A grave, negative shake of the head was all the answer the girl gave, as, taking the child by the hand, she quietly left the table.

The two gentlemen were immediately joined by a fine looking young fellow, a late comer to the hotel, whose acquaintance they made the previous evening at the billiard-table.

"Who is she?" he asked, glancing eagerly at the attractive figures.

"A Miss Escombe from London."

"And the child?"

"Her pupil."

"Then she is only a governess?"

With a slight, dry little cough, the lawyer answered: "Yes, only a governess. 'What a pity.' The quick ears of the lawyer caught the words, and he looked up quietly at his companion.

"The girl was right, you see, after all. Love and marriage are not for her. And yet, what a sweet face it is," he continued, half musingly. In his opinion the nicest girl in the place.

"And as good as she is beautiful, I am quite sure," answered the colonel as he rose to leave the table.

Ten years later, a fussy but kindly-eyed doctor stood in a room of the St. John's Home for Trained Nurses. He seemed hurried and anxious and gave a quick sigh of relief as the door opened and one of the nurses entered. She was dressed in the simple uniform of the home, her face was grave and tender, but the eyes had a look of wistfulness in them that was most painful to see.

"You sent for me, doctor, I believe."

"Yes, I have a particularly critical case on hand just now, and I want you to help me. We shall have a hard fight of it and I fear it can end but one way; however, we will do our best. When can you be ready?"

"In ten minutes at the longest."

"Good!" Every moment is of value now. Here's the address. Take a cab and drive round. I shall be there almost as soon as you are."

Nurse Agatha took the card on which was written:

"Colonel Arbuthnot,  
Westminster Palace Hotel,  
S. W."

The doctor turned to leave the room, but a fresh thought seemed to strike him at the door.

"You can be ready in ten minutes, you say. I think I will wait and we can drive round together." He looked at the nurse as he spoke, and noticed the almost morose and usual pallor of her face.

"I fear I ought not to have chosen you," he said, kindly. "The last case was an especially trying one, and you look quite worn-out already."

But she answered, eagerly enough: "It is only the heat, doctor. You forget I have had two days' entire rest. I shall be ready in a few minutes."

Three quarters of an hour later the doctor was leading the way into the sick man's chamber. The nurse followed slowly. There was a dull feeling of sickness at her heart, and she had a difficulty in keeping down a lump in her throat, that seemed perpetually trying to choke her. One glance at the restless suffering form on the bed, and she was herself again.

And then commenced a hand-to-hand fight, lasting through weary days and wearier nights, with the grim enemy that awaits us all. How pitiful and tender she was, and yet with what courage did she dispute the ground, step by step, inch by inch, yielding only to conquer. Alas! in turn only to be defeated again.

But at length the pain and the restlessness were over and he lay hour after hour, day after day, in a quiet state of exhaustion, seeming too weary to speak or to move.

The doctor came in late in the afternoon of an oppressively hot day and insisted upon the nurse going out for a little fresh air, saying he would watch by the side of his patient until her return. She would have protested, but he led her to the door saying quietly: "You look quite ill, and I cannot have you fail me now, as you will be wanted at the end."

The closing of the door behind her seemed to arouse the colonel. He looked around, and as his eyes met those of the doctor, he commenced speaking eagerly:

"My lawyer, Mr. Cameron, called to see me last night. I have left her (glancing to the chair where the nurse usually sat) fifty pounds a year. How kind and patient she has been! But this kind of life is much too hard for her. You must see that she takes a long rest when I am gone. I have also left money to the different hospitals."

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You can safely trust what time has indorsed for nearly a century.

There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

## Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

I, J. S. JOHNSON, Esq., My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this.

JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1897.

This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the month of Jan. 1850, first left at my store some of the same I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing sales.

JAMES KNOWLTON, Newburg, Maine.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

but the greater part of my property goes to a young lady whose acquaintance I made some few years ago. I do not know now where she is, but Cameron was with me when we met, and I want you to help him find her. Her name was—

He sank back exhausted, but soon after the eyes closed and the breathing became as regular and even as that of a little child.

When the nurse returned, the doctor would have left the room silently, but for the nurse, anxious look she gave him as they eyes met.

"Three or four hours at the most, I fancy. But there will be no more pain, thank God!"

A look of relief passed over her face, but she crossed the room and took her usual low seat at the window without a word.

"Three or four hours at the most." What did that mean to her? She tried to pray, but the words would not come. If she could only cry out or pace the room with hurried steps to relieve her. But no—she would not disturb the worn, languid form she loved so much, and the agony must be fought out and conquered silently.

A movement from the sick man made her look up; he seemed wide awake now, and was looking at her almost wistfully.

"Will you read something?" he asked, giving a glance at the Bible which lay at his side. "Only don't choose anything; read just where you open. Perhaps it will answer what I want to know so much."

She took up the book and commenced: "For in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage." The choking sensation was too much for her this time. She closed the book hurriedly, but he did not seem to notice that she had done so; he lay with closed eyes, repeating the words slowly and softly to himself. Presently he spoke again, and this time his voice was clear and distinct.

"Do you know, as you have sat there you have reminded me sometimes of a lady I met a few years ago—only there was always a color on her face. Her eyes were full of light and laughter, and her hair was the most beautiful I have ever seen."

He searched hurriedly under the pillow as he spoke, bringing out a letter which he held tenderly in his trembling fingers between his eyes and the light. "I was ill after we parted, and she must have heard of it somehow, for she wrote this letter telling me how sorry she was; but I never answered it. How could I? My only safety lay in silence. She was so young and so beautiful, and I was already far on the down-hill of life; but I loved her—God only knows how much!" He lay silent for a few minutes; then, raising himself eagerly, he turned to the nurse, holding out the letter as he spoke. "I know I can trust you. This is her letter. Will you place it in my hands when I am—dead?"

She arose to take it, and as she did so a glad happy cry escaped her, for she was holding a letter of her own. He looked up. Could this radiant, beautiful woman with the happy love-light shining in her eyes be the grave, pale nurse that stood there a moment before? Her cap, too, had fallen off, and the slanting rays of the western sun lit up her hair like a golden glory. The recognition was mutual now, although, for this world, the knowledge of their love for each other had come too late.

The last time I saw nurse Agatha she still wore the uniform of the Home of St. John's and the greater part of her income was spent in works of charity. Her face was a shade paler perhaps, but the wistful look had quite gone from the eyes, and a glad contented light reigned only in its stead. She knew she had been beloved, and could now patiently await the life that lies beyond, although in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

—Selected.

Canadian Territory.

A Cedar Hill, Victoria, B. C. Case That Has Caused Much Favorable Comment.

After a Lifetime of Agony from Rheumatism, a Lady is Cured by Paine's Celery Compound.

There is no other medicine in the world so prominent to-day as Paine's Celery Compound. The results it invariably gives to rheumatic sufferers are so astonishing and satisfying that it has justly been named the world's wonder-working medicine.

The desperate case of Mrs. Elizabeth King, Cedar Hill, Victoria, B. C., is one that is well known to hundreds in the city of Victoria and vicinity. For almost a lifetime Mrs. King endured the variable agonies of rheumatism, and failed to find a

cure by the aid of doctors and patent medicines.

A friend, knowing personally the value of Paine's Celery Compound and its power to overcome the worst cases of rheumatism, advised Mrs. King to give it a trial. The afflicted lady complied with her friend's request, and was delivered from her life of torture, and now, with her heart full of joy and thankfulness, makes a public statement for the benefit of the thousands that have not yet found a cure; she says:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism all my life, and about eight years ago I had a very severe attack, almost losing the use of my right arm. A friend recommended Paine's Celery Compound, and kindly gave me a bottle. I was so much benefited by that one bottle that I took three more, and was quite cured. Since then it has been almost my only medicine for all the ailments from which I have suffered, and all my family have found some benefit from it. I am sixty-five years of age. I live on a farm, get up early in the morning, and am equal to a good day's work."

His Wish.

A rich bride is better than a rich wedding. At least that was what Munger thought. As he gazed at the elaborate confection on the refreshment table and then thought of his portentious bride, he could not help wishing his cake was dot.

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Halifax, Nov. 17, to the wife of John Laffin, a son.

Middleton, Nov. 16, to the wife of P. E. Coe, a son.

Coxhead, Nov. 15, to the wife of Peter Lewis, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 11, to the wife of C. Jennings, a son.

Belmont N. S., to the wife of Robert Higgins, a son.

Dartmouth, Nov. 8, to the wife of John Forsyth, a son.

Acadia, Nov. 10, to the wife of Albert Lambert, a son.

Glifton, N. S., Aug. 2, to the wife E. E. Crowe, a son.

Mira C. B. Nov. 7 to the wife of Rev. Mr. Calder a son.

Aylesford, Nov. 16, to the wife of Isaac Selfridge, a son.

Shelburne, Oct. 28, to the wife of Augustus Guy, a son.

Plympton, Nov. 7, to the wife of James W. Warner, a son.

West Public, Nov. 10, to the wife of Louis P. LeBlanc, a daughter.

Southbridge, Mass., Nov. 3, to the wife of A. J. Champlin, a daughter.

Southbridge Mass., Nov. 8, to the wife of A. J. Champlin, a daughter.

West Public, Nov. 9, to the wife of Ephraim D'Entremont, a daughter.

Leonardville, Deer Island, Nov. 10, to the wife of James Grant Wilson, a son.

MARRIED.

Los Angeles Nov. 19, Edwin A. Easton of Truro to Alois Loomis.

Kentville Nov. 17, by Rev. R. Avery, Arthur Pineo to Ada M. Saltman.

Oak Bay Nov. 12, Rev. Isaac Hervie, George Goss to Isabella Mullen.

St. John, Nov. 18, by Rev. T. Casey, John D. Burns to Evelyn I. Enslow.

Everett, Mass., Nov. 8, Oscar Nowby to Edna McKay of Yarmouth, N. S.

Dartmouth, Nov. 12, by Rev. F. Wilkinson, Harry Shaw to Ida De Young.

Country Harbor, Nov. 11, by Rev. D. Edwards, O. F. Gay to Ellen Dickey.

Pugwash, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. M. Bent, James R. Cook to Caroline Dimock.

Pictou, Nov. 11, by Rev. G. S. Carson, William Grant to Anne M. Brown.

Moncton Nov. 3, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, John McKenzie to Jane J. Knox.

Moncton, Nov. 18, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, Daniel A. Sullivan to Bella Lockhart.

Truro, Nov. 10, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Henry Weatherly to Annie Sweet.

North Sydney, Nov. 12, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Charles Jackson to Sarah Morrison.

Tucker Wedge, Nov. 10, by Rev. Fr. Grey, Peter C. Doucet to Agatha Corneau.

Argyle, Nov. 13, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, George Goodwin to Gladys Newell.

Bridgewater Nov. 14, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Albert Hardy to Annie A. Zwickler.

Calais Nov. 12, by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Henry J. Mowatt to Mary McElbannon.

Truro Nov. 17, by Rev. Fr. Kenna, John E. Lovett to Blanche Hannaway.

Parrsboro Nov. 12, by Rev. H. K. McLean, F. E. B. Hewitt to Mary A. Barrett.

Chipman Nov. 18, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, John W. Munroe to Eva B. Stewart.

Bridgewater, Nov. 11, by Rev. A. H. C. Morse, Stephen Conrad to Eva Conrad.

Pictou, Nov. 10, by Rev. George S. Carson, Charles J. McIvor to Flora McCallum.

Mahone Bay, Nov. 8, by Rev. G. F. Day, Henry J. Knapp to Mrs. Laima Wain.

Port Hastings, Nov. 3, by Rev. John Calder, Daniel McDonald to Bella McKinnon.

Calais Me. Nov. 12, by Rev. C. J. McCully, Mark A. Lowry to Jessie Richardson.

South Oxbow, Nov. 5, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Diana Croft to Louisa Crosby.

Kingston, N. B., Nov. 18, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Evan J. Murray to Emma Ward.

Granville Ferry, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Henry Stiles to Maud Henshaw.

Yarmouth Nov. 3, by Rev. J. H. Foshy, Arthur Clark to Margaret E. Nicholas.

Havelock, N. B., Nov. 13, by Rev. Gideon Swim, James Chestnut to Clara L. Price.

Brenton, Nov. 16, by Rev. H. D. Townshend, Capt. Wentworth Kilham to Ida Crosby.

Clark's Harbor, Nov. 8, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Robert Love to Josephine Kennedy.

Greenhill N. S. Nov. 15, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Edwin D. Allan to Isabella Mason.

Bocabebe Nov. 15, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Simon son, A. L. Foster to Minnie Turner.

Reynardson, Nov. 3, by Rev. G. D. Turner, Douglas A. Gard to Lettie Andrews.

Bridgewater, Nov. 12, by Rev. W. J. Doody, Edward Smith to Louisa A. Donnellan.

Moncton Nov. 18, by Rev. John Prince, Rev. Stephen T. Lead to Louisa Pentman.

Brenton, N. S. Nov. 10, by Rev. H. D. Townshend, James McEwan to Margaret Devan.

Little Bras d'Or, Nov. 18, by Rev. D. Drummond, John B. McKenzie to Wilma Fraser.

St. Peter's, C. B., Nov. 10, by Rev. J. A. Greenlass, John Campbell to Carrie R. McLean.

Hastford, N. S. Nov. 18, by Rev. G. Munro, Charles E. Burdige to Ben Knight.

Jordan N. S. Nov. 10, by Rev. D. C. Munro, Clayton Seaboyer to May R. Walker.

Berry's Mills N. S. Nov. 15, by Rev. A. Perry, Clarence Charters to Maud Horsemann.

Bos. N. S. Nov. 11, by Rev. A. K. McLennan, Christine McPherson to John Phillips.

Argyle Sound, N. S. Nov. 10, by Rev. G. E. Sturges, Joseph L. Christie to Dorothy Goodwin.

Little Shemogue Oct. 24, by Rev. J. H. Brownell, Bismark Murray to Gertrude Straight.

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00  
Express for Halifax.....12.20  
Express for Sussex.....16.40  
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.10  
Suburban Express for Rothesay.....20.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30  
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.50  
Express from Halifax.....16.00  
Express from Pictou, Pictou and Rothesay.....18.30  
Suburban Express from Rothesay.....21.25