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Dotten.

GETHEMANE.

A summer land forsinging mirth. When souls are glad and hearts are light. And not a shadow urks in sight, We do not know it but there lies Somewhere, veiled under evening skies, stronger upon me. I lift my body dear one's arms. garden all must simetime sec.

Light sorrows sail like clouds afar, We laugh and say how strong we are. We hurry on-and hurrying go Close to the border land of woe That waits for you and waits for Forever waits Gethsemane

treams our loken desents

Behind the misty caps of years; Close to the great salt fount of tear The garden lies; strive as you ma You cannot miss it in your way.
All paths that have been or shall be Pass somewhere through Gethsenia All those who journey soon or late, Must pass within the garden's gate Must kneel alone in darkness there And battle with some fierce despair

God pity those who cannot say, 'Not mine, but thine;" who only prayer Let this cup pass," and cannot se Ma Wheeler, in Boston Transcrip

Literarn.

ETTA CAREW.

(Continued.)

"I have to thank Charlie "gr that," I laughingly remind him.

Thank God that he has been so good to you, my father answers and now it is descending gradually

The next morning I receive a letter from Dora-a letter full or penitence and contrition for & hat the has done. She-could-not bear to sie me so

happy with my lover while hers was far away. This is the excuse she makes for all the nights of anguish and! sorrow that I have lately undergone I read her letter slowly from beginning to end,

sigh deeply. My father 100 nd gazes anxiously at me his look and try to smile, b

the attempt "Well, Etta, what is it? your letter from?" "From Dora," I gasp

then rise, place the envelope hand, and with a convuls to leave the room.

that spot, expecting every moment to with fity and shame for the beautiful catch a glimpse of the green-hued girl whom I had almost worshipped water. the sight of the words the tell me of

forgiven Dora! her guilt. I must be alone with not ef, so hope to be in happiness in that un-I rush upstairs, seize my and and take an umbrella from the pass through the hall, and their out

into the open air. I cannot ever think of Charlie not power to put it aside.

My heart is bursting with indignation against the girl who has on my lips, darkness again comes played me this cruel trick. I think of the proverb, "The bitter

joke is the poison of friendship." On and on I go till I reach a little and nearer, ushered in by music, the sweetest to me in all the world? snug corner, far away among the big

Here I fling myself down, and face downwards I stretch out my hands towards the pale blue heavens and pray, with many sobs of heart-rending

anguish, that I may be enabled to and the music. forgive this poor erring creature who above: the faint soothing of the waves has worked me so much woe. At length I become calmer, and

can listen quietly to the splash of the waves as they break on the shore. of fingers clasping mine; the hair on my forehead is stirred by a hot eager A feeling of languor is creeping over me. What is it?

is it a dream, or am I awake? I try to arouse myself, but to no ourpose. I am conscious that I am lying out in the open air, with naught but sea and sky, rock and cliff, around me; I feel that I ought to be making my way home back to the lodgings where my father is, perhaps, wondering anxiously what is become of me.

the well-known and well-loved tones; and I nestle my head content edly against the firm shoulder sup He will be seeking me soon to try porting me. and comfort me in his kind gentle "You do not think her very ill?" manner, and also to exhort me to forgive as hope to be forgiven here- this with great anxiety. "'Oh, no, I am thankful to say

She is weak, and must have received I seem to hear his tones ringing in my ears; I see the kind pitying eyes some great shock which has quite moisten as he looks upon my face and unnerved her for the time being. "But we will get her home with reads my grief written too plainly Then another face comes into view, and extreme quiet will soon set her

a head crowned with golden-brown up again. "How shall we get her home?" hair; dark loving eyes are gazing f'In my arms! They are strong intently into mine as I raise them to his face; a smile of gentleness is on enough, and only too willing for such two good strong horses tois lips, and a tender voice murmurs: a light burden." s lips, and a tender of the cannot you, "My dear, dear on ful I am she is safe." "My dear, dear child! How thank-

I will go home at once and write o my cousin.

Who is it that is keeping me back?

I am she is sale.

I feel myself lifted of strong arms! and, a few minutes afterwards the firm tramp of a man's foot on the shingle tells me that the homeward earnest tone; What is it that is weighing me down? march has begun,

I have no words for an words from me that

over me and pervades by whole make one mighty effort to rise as frame. I give one deep signif perfect this thought grows stronger and from the hard brown rock, and totter The next thing I hear i our land- reward for all my past services."

to my feet, but my head feels light lady's voice as she come into our I see the sea, it is true, dist it seems lamb. waves sounds landlady of ours.

The splash ndistinctly in my ears; my head reels, and with a cry for help I fall enough or capable of the fort, as I little piece of flowered ribbon proved till the soft cool evening air, and the senseless to the earth. hear her whining tones: "Poor dear lamb! Sure who would search.

gone by since I sat with my father have thought of the rocks." at breakfast and opened Dora's letter, "We will not say luck, Mrs which I found lying by my plate. But it all happened this mornin This morning! Can it be so indeed? must give all thanks." feel as though I have had some

and giddy,

far, far away.

Where is Charlie?

Then I remember all

luring the last few days.

Now I see it all.

on the opposite side.

the exact hour.

to seek me?

and too weak for that.

Supposing I lie here all night!

The waves may come stealthily

creeping up and up, higher and high-

er, nearer and nearer, until I shall

Then a terrible thought seizes

seen world? Terrible thought!

I raise my hands once mo

Darkness! But oh, what

"Etta, my little one!"

It whispers in softest, sweetest

My eyes open; the blue sky

I lower my gaze at the warm touch

I see before me --- Ah, my God

"Thank God !" comes they answer

I scarcely dare trust my sen

If such be the case, how can I

It comes rushing upon me stronger

have fainted.

of memory floats Dora's letter.

I come out here for solitude

cover it is useless for the present.

"To be sure, sir, to be sure," neavy blow; my limbs are aching How is it I am here and alone? parts. "Now, Mrs. Miller." breaks in

Charlie, "will you be good to go and the consequent shock it had been see if your kettle is boiling, for this to me. Like a mighty flood, the waves of ollection come rushing back, bear- young lady must have a good cup of tea, and then we she ng with them all that has hannened her looking a little better, I But clearest on the swelling tide

My father follows her, to give his wronged us both. orders for the dinner (which, by the and unseen, have way, and I must and I am left alone h my dear

The sun was slowly ascending in He comes close to at the side of the couch on which they have laid me. I feel his lips on

touch of them revive I take out my watch, but I dise. I open my eyes and look up in The glass is smashed, and J has "Charlie, what is all about? I want to know." stopped. The hands point to half past "Hush, darling, are not quite That must have been the time when

trong enough yet.

my senses forsook me, and I fell with | you have had some "I am strong n a heavy crash down on the hard rock. I obstinately The jerk must have injured the sav, "and I want to it. It seems to I have been works; so I am still at a loss as to through some ter I feel I cannot rise. I am too stiff I am quite awake ow, dear; so you need not min ng me all." How long shall I have to lie hore?
Will Charlie and my father come You must know,

here to look for o'clock. I had be picp and chosen a nding to take y Grantly Point, it be er, nearer and nearer, until I shall feel them as they break over my feet.

There is an opening just where my "I found your fathe feet-lie, and I keep my eyes fixed on Miller could not tell was, but she thought my lodgings. I had no from them, so I imr I may die here-die before I have "I reached Lennox-s

down the steps. He seemed so face that he was in troube. "I asked him where you were, and

and stronger every moment. I have same question to me.

"We both became thoroughly wards heaven, and with a wild cry alarmed at hearing that neither of us knew anything of your whereabouts, and we wandered about the shore and even among the rocks, but could find light is this that is coming nearer no trace of you. "We must have passed your hid-

ing-place many times during our search, but it seemed such an unlikely place for any one that we never thought of looking there." With a joyful feeling at my heart, seem to go forth to meet the light

"What made you do so eventually?" asked in an excited tone. This is the clue I received to you

nest." and Charlie holds before my eyes a small piece of ribbon. I recognise it in a moment.

It is of a pale green shade, with wee pink flowers embroidered i

I also remember distinctly when and where I bought it, and also the and caused me much anxiety; so let first day I wore it. Charlie had so us put them out of the way for ever much admired it at the time that I Do you agree?" had since procured more of it, and it had become my general wear.

"How strange!" I murmur. "I shall never part with it-never, pocket. as long as I live," Charlie adds. "I was led by it to discover your retreat and I saw in a moment that you must have experienced a prolonge fainting-fit, produced by some sud-

den shock, which latter I have yet to learn-if no secret." "I have no secrets from you Charlie dear, and I hope never shall have any.

I will explain everything when you all speed and a little good nursing have finished your tale. How did come here ?" "Well, you see, you being such heavy young lady, it was necessary

to procure the assistance of at least "Now, Charlie, you are talking nonsense; and I do want to hear it all," I interrupt in such pathetic manner that Charlie instantl

may at this words died away on my rembling was strong enough and more than which had caused so much sorrow.

"And you carried me all the way?" of greeting and recognition, and enthe way, and up the staircase here, wards me. contentment and lie passe in my and then I placed you gently down on this couch; and now I claim my

So saying, he bends his face lower and walks away from my sight. sitting-roam to enquire for the poor still, till his lips meet mine. I am strong enough to return his kisses, She is a very pathetic oman, this but not strong enough to repress the tre has again upset me, so he turns emotion produced by the thought of away towards the shore, and then we I should laugh, were I 'strong all that might have been, had not that engage a small craft and row about such an invaluable assistant in the

How love have I wen lying here? have thought it? So went a true might a remain longer on my It soems as though years have a lucky thing, sir, that you should knees than usual, and I hope that, at That might a remain longer on my least for once, my prayers to Heaven have been earnest and devout ones Miller; it was Providence that guided for I felt-well, what I cannot put our footsteps thither, and to Him we into words.

The next morning found me much ecovered. Charlie came at an early answers. "I meant that, sir only hour to enquire for me, and my father we generally call it luck in these being out, he and I spent a long quiet

forenoon together. I told him all about Dora's letter but to let him do it for me.

I also told him how the thought of oming death had awakened in my preast that forgiveness which I had Mrs. Miller bustles off in great felt a few hours previously I could never accord to her who had so deeply

I's listened quietly and attentively which my grief might, undistrubed by, he has not thought of before), to all, and then said in his soft deephearted tones "Little one, I fe't like you, but

ince I have heard what you have to say, I can say with you that I freely orgive her everything. "When my hour comes I shall

loubtless feel happier for thus having but now I see she is quite heartless." acted, and we know what the golden rule says-I drew closer to him after that, and rewarded him with my best kiss.

nd-by, when my desk, and give myself up to the pose to read it to him. painful but sweet task of answering now all about Dora's letter. I read hers through and through again and again; and each time the

hard, and seemingly cruel conviction comes home to me that there is then I will. ring of levity about it. , though London for ever. We are here at try hard to make myself believe it is. Southampton till Wednesday, on

is no good.

with your handsome Charlie was too Claude, for that would be so awkward great for me, and I fell. I could not would it not? I hope you are still obtain my desire by fair means, so I looking as well as when hugh saw stooped to a mean trick. I acknow- you last. I sent him down to see ledge that. But doubtless Mr. Mont- how you were, for I could not leave started gomery has told you ere this what ill- England quite happy with the feeling nuch.'

tell by his humbler mood I indite a letter, which health. Pana and man

I ring for Mrs. Miller, and bid her have it posted at once.

I am sadly afraid that my pride Good-bye." may return and prevent the letter from being sent. I feel happier when I turn towards, the window, and watch the small servant on her way to the office with it. I stay to see her enter, then I turn away and begin to put

away my things. Later on in the evening. Charlie of my suspicions respecting Dora's letter, and beg him to recon-

sider it. But he puts it gently by, and gravely remarks:

"I would rather not, little one. .. agree to destroy these obnoxious yords. They have made you ill once differently."

"Most heartily," I reply Charlie takes the letter I hold out o him, and deposits it in his coat-

Then we go out for a stroll.

The band is playing on the pier o we wend our steps that way. The space round the musicia much crowded, and all the seats are filled. Charlie and I have to stand. The music sounds merry and enlivening, and I feel my spirits return

The air finished, the crowd round us begin to disperse, and in the conparasol falls from my hand. I turn to pick it up and come face

to face with a gentleman who is holding it, hat in hand, ready to restore I take it, and then raise my eyes t his face.

A crimson blush suffuses my face, in an as I discover in the polite stranger none other than Hugh Carrington. His face bears the same expression

have allowed to bear you home but as I once had smiled at, when regard-I strove once to speak but the myselfulittle one; and, thank God, I i g his photograph—the photograph

> "Yes, little woman every step of tirely ignore his hand stretched to his face as he lets the discarded hand fall to his side, and turns on his heel

> > Charlie has seen it all. He sees also how this small renegn gentle motion of the boat has in som degree calmed my perturbed mind.
> > On our way back to my latner a

having seen Hugh Carrington. My dear father does not seem well as usual, and it might vex him more than is good for him. A few mornings afterwards I re

ceive another letter from Dora. Papa notes the hand writing before I come down, and, when I do appear he warns me not to open it myself

But I laughingly tell him I feel stronger now. Besides, surely she could not send a disagreeable answer to my last letter, which was all kindness and forgiveness. Her letter consists of but a fer

I read them through, and then hand

it to my father. He reads it and then returns it to with a sad shake of the head. "I wish you had not shown m this letter; I was beginning to think perhaps it was only a girlish trick or her part, and that she had not intend ed such sad consequences to ensue

"I am afraid it is so, father," I an swer, and then the subject dropped. Charlie questions me as to whether I have had an answer to my letter. In the afternoon I seat myself at and I tell him of this one, and pro

> So we seat ourselves on our favouri rock and I begin. I skip the first few lines, as they re not of much importance.

The rest is startling and runs thus

Etta, you will be more which day we shall sail for India The following words are there in where Hugh has obtained an appoint black and white, and seem to stand ment. Poor fellow! He pleaded so out in a jaunty, flaunty sort of way : hard that I could not refuse him. I "The temptation to flirt a little only hope I shall not come across that perhaps you were dying of the trouble I brought upon you; but my I shut my eyes and try to collect mind is quite relieved on that score heved when my thoughts. They return; and in a after Hugh's account of your state of though it may be ridiculed by the re- sad state, I expect. I told them ciever, will always be a comfort to me nothing but that I was going away in the self-same breath he put the for it breathes forth the most entire on a visit. I must write them by the first mail. It seems so funny to sign myself Dora Carrington, but I

> think it looks so nice, don't you! There is dead silence when I finish This silence lasts for nearly five

minutes

"Etta, I am thankful-ah, how thankful—that I have been able to find one woman whom I can trust; one whom I am sure would never treat me as this cousin of yours would.' "Poor-poor Dora!" is all I can

"Yes, she is to be pitied. I suppose; out this last letter has roused all my former indignation against her. Hers have forgiven her, and I do not want will be a sad uncomfortable life, I to ruffle the surface again. So let us fear; and I expect the time will come when she will wish she had acted

"I shall write to aunt and tell her all that Dora says. There can be no harm in my doing so, and at least it will allay their anxiety."

"Yes, do so; but come, little one we have had enough sorrowful talk of late. Let us be merry for awhile. See, I have something I want you to settle with me."

"What is it, Charlie?" I ask in eager tones, for I am very childish at times, and the thought of any new pleasure is always pleasant to me. "Now don't get excited; I do not want to have the exertion-to say

nothing of the trouble-of carrying you across the shingle again to-night. "As if I were going to faint!" scornfully eply. "But tell me what it is?"

"Do you very much want to know?" "Yes, of course I do; and it is very unkind of you to tease me so.' Here I pretend to look very cross indeed; but it is a failure-for who Charlie?

Not I, certainly. (To be Continued.)

A look of annoyance comes over HAS THIS SPACE ENGAGED, BUT SO MANY ORDERS ARE CONSTANTLY GENING IN THAT HE HAS NOT HAD TIME TO

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