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VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE -

and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

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and with it comes the

QUESTION

Where will I get my Spring Suit and Spring Overcoat? Get them where you can get the

Best Value for your Money. ing refinements of cruelty; and after all I have done nothing worse than fight it with A. J. MORRISON'S,

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spoke— A-dreaming of hearts which are sundered

By an angry word or a thoughtless joke,
Or by misty something that none can know,
Only, henceforth two go ever apart,
Too far for the touching of heart with heart. And the one cries vainly, but all unheard,
For the other is stricken deaf and dumb,
And they both fare on, in the hope deferred
Of a meeting day that can scarcely come;
Of the other's heart, each has lost the key,
"And the river widens towards the sea."

tween, Yet our love is what it has ever been!" Then we strain our eyes to the ocean vast (What does it keep at its farther side?) Where the widest river is merged at last And the parted strands can no more di-

And, lo, comes the vanished friend to side,
"I am here—the same as I used to be—
The river will never more divide,
It has lost itself in Death's mighty sea:
We have left behind all the doubt and fret
—But love that was faithful is with us yet."
—Isabella Fyvic Mayo. Caroline, this was not the way! We could

Select Ziterature.

The Living of East Wispers.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III. On a misty warm morning, four days later, Mr. Hepburn (who had been taking the early Celebration) came home looking pathetically

pale and visionary. This, in Mrs. Henburn's phrase, was his apostolic mood; and his remoteness at such times depressed her indefi-nitely, making her feel isolated and vagrant, directions all their married life. She had waited to breakfast with him, and he sat down to the table with a sacrificial air, which made her think of John the Baptist and locusts and wild honey. The bacon and eggs struck her as being curiously incongruous, and instinctively she pushed the dry toast towards him. The children were gone to school, and an unwonted quiet reigned in

The talk was conventional for some while: Mr. Hepburn spoke mournfully of a young of Anglican propriety; then, somewhat ab-

ered East Wispers." "That is impossible now," Mrs. Hepburn said. "Quite impossible!" The words tugged at Mr. Hepburn's innocency, and brought him out of the clouds. "Why do you think so?" he asked. are at an end." This she said in a kind of

desperation. "I have effectually stopped his ambition in that quarter." "Caroline, you cannot have seen the high-"I have seen him," Mrs. Hepburn replied.

the town last week. Yes; I mentioned East Wispers, and explained to him briefly about ourselves. I gave him to understand that I was acting solely on my own initiative. He told me that the choice lay between you and Mr. Jardine. I was strongly moved to acquaint him with the authorship of the an-onymous letter in the Herald, but I refrained. There was no opportunity, and it stand how natural it was for me to wish to do the best for you? I hope I have been a He saw scarce anything in detail, yet was

"Yes, yes, Caroline; but it was unwise to speak to the bishop. You cannot believe, on reflection, that it was in commendable

had time to reflect." "And then," said Mr. Hepburn, "you eem to have done something besides. What is it you have done, Caroline?"

"I may as well tell you everything now, Wilfrid. You will be grieved, I dare say; but all this is a heavier burden on my mind than I imagined it would be. I could not sleep last night. Indeed, I held back for two days before I could find courage to do it. Yet I don't say I am ashamed; it was absolutely necessary to do something, for the world is against us,—the world in the Church, where it expresses itself in the most tortur-

its own weapons."
"Tell me, tell me," Mr. Hepburn pleaded. "Well, I called on Mr. Grant,—you know how devoted he is to you—and induced him how devoted he is to you—and induced him to obtain for me the manuscript of Mr. Jar- and drew his hand across his brow in a be- is tremendous, and in many cases dangerous dine's letter to his paper. I may not, perhaps, have been perfectly frank with him, and of course I feel sorry for that, and will were fixed again on the letters; he sighed heavily a maintain a present or his feet some day apologize to him; but I do not see that I need be sorry for anything else. He if Caroline's letter should be there!

Mr. Hepburn did not speak at once, He ily; his hand did not tremble at all as it seemed like a man to whom a thing has happened beyond his comprehension. His chest fell in, and he sat with his sacctic white hands on the arms of his chair, like a copy suddenly let it fall and stood gazing at it of death. "It was a crime, Caroline. You tike a man who felt that he was tampering tempted the young man to commit a theft." with the wrath of God. Then the bishop's voice came from the stair. Mr. Haphany's "He took what did not belong to him. hand touched the letter again; but was instantly withdrawn; his vital forces seemed

"You have put it to a dreadful use. I do | the table.

we may, it is a very, very serious breach of | (his hands on the rests of the chair) rose and

"Mr. Grant would not betray me." Something is sure to come of this. The bishop's sense of duty, his abhorrence of wrong-doing, may prevent him from keeping

"Wilfrid, you frighten me! You can't believe that I would sanction anything in the nature of a crime? Oh, I confess I may was for your sake and the children's, -and he would never bring my name into it!" "The papers were not his to give to you

"Thank you, my lord-"

"Yes, my lord."

you care to accept it."

"My lord-"

Mrs. Hepburn when you go home.'

SNATCHED FROM DEATH

dent of the Northwest.

Oures a Nova Scotia Resi-

dent of Catarrhal Deaf-

or to any one. He could not have come by one as he opened it. Mrs. Hepburn's was the third which he took up. He thrust in "He assured me they would not be want ed; that they would never be missed; I think I promised to let him have them back the paper-knife. again; it seemed possible, somehow. They were all crumpled and full of holes, and covheld forth his hands in a pitiful, imploring way. The bishop, pausing in the act of taking out Mr. Jardine's manuscript, looked at ered with black marks. I believe I told him he was not to run any risk on my account." "That does not make his conduct the less ulpable. Should the bishop take action in the matter-and I do not see how he can avoid doing so-young Grant, who has been

so good to me in many ways, will be profes

nally ruined, even if the law is not in-"Oh, Wilfrid, you make me feel utterly serable. I acted thoughtlessly, I admit; but I did not think it could be so serious as Oh, yes; oh, yes, yes, yes."
"My lord——" Mr. Hepbarn moved up

you make out." "When did you send the manuscript to the bishop?" "Only last night; I posted it myself, while you were at church." "His lordship would receive it this morning. He may be reading it, in amazement and pain, at this very moment. Caroline,

never have been happy at East Wispers had we gone there by such methods. Last night, said the bishop. you say; I must go to the bishop at once. did you enclose a note of your own?" ound humility. "And thank-thank God!" "No; I merely put the manuscript in an envelope and addressed it to the bishop at he added, raising his voice.

the Palace. I marked the envelope private, -at least, I think I did; I hardly knew what I was doing." Mr. Hepburn had risen. "Last night," he said. "I remember you seemed so anxious. Can you give me money to pay the fare? Oh, Caroline, we must hope for the best. Hitherto God has been very merciful

to us. Caroline, Caroline, we must not for-CHAPTER IV.

young, an atmosphere of the sun to-day and of the things of long ago; an old palace in an old garden, and in the garden this simple, contemplative gentleman, very miserable, very feeble, hopeless almost of prelatical forgiveness, yet tenderly resolute to make his appeal, whatever might come of it.

The cathedral bells rang; the cathedral spires rose high in the blue and white sky; a white-robed throng might be moving through the stately aisles, if one could them. The elusive subtle romance of the lady whose manner of going to the altar to communicate had deeply wounded his sense religious life, the imaginative throb of great tradition, the note of sanctity in environ ruptly abbreviating the ritual question, Mrs.

Hepburn remarked on a sudden, there had were for Mr. Hepburn's. Yet not to-day; ment; these are not for all minds, but they been no news from the bishop yet.

"I do not suppose I have been in his lordship's thoughts," Mr. Hepburn said, in his preoccupied simple way. "The vicar apprecoccupied simple way. "The vicar apprecoccupied simple way. "In a large will be ofin a normal mood he would have lingered

action of the heart can be action of the heart c "Then—oh, Caroline, it is not possible hat you can have betrayed Mr. Grant's condidence in me?"

"I spoke to the bishop when he was in

impressed deeply, as an epileptic prisoner (doubtful of the nature of his crime) might be in a Court of Assize. The minutes passed.

At last, his gaze resting on the bishop's table (the only table in the room), he perceived there a heap of letters.

The letters were apparently unopened, they would be waiting till the bishop should come. The curate knew how punctilious his sit on his head if he wants to. That is excome. The curate knew how punctilious his Diocesan was about his correspondence. Nevertheless for some moments absolutely no speculation regarding the significance Mr. Hepburn's mind. His was a slow mind naturally; slower still to act where the op-portunity of doubtful conduct was offered. On a sudden he raised his head in a startled nervous fashion, for it had occurred to him

They belong to the race track, and nowhere that, as the bishop had been in London since the previous day, probably he had not seen
Caroline's letter containing Mr. Jardine's be escorted to the door by the sexton.

manuscript.
Mr. Hepburn moved uneasily in his chair; Zimmerman was not to rush up hill. The strain on the heart of a rapid gait up grade wildered way. The servant had shut the

was kind enough to bring the manuscript to me. It was in Mr. Jardine's handwriting, the was shaken spiritually rather than bod-He may be sent to prison."

But, Wilfrid, the manuscript was of no slid back to his chair, leaving the letter on

The bishop entered, and Mr. Hepburn E. BENT,
J. B. GILES,
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1886.

C. H. R. CROCKER, Prop. - South Farmington.

E. BENT,
J. B. GILES,
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1886.

C. H. R. CROCKER, Prop. - South Farmington.

The bishop entered, and Mr. Hepburn kave had many troubles, and have borne them hand in hand. But regard this as we ple should use it.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

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manner, but the work has taken ten years and of course the whole requires periodics

ly half the Alps have been treated in this

To Meet the Demands. Some day we are to go forth in our spirition passes between him and the soul; and

good, pure and holy.

"Oh, it can't be so serious as that," the bishop said, opening another letter. "Af-Late experiments made at Kiel on tele ter all, it was not unnatural that Mrs. Hepphonic connection between war ships and burn should desire to say a good word for you, though the practice is hardly open to be encouraged. I have decided Mr. Hep-burn," the prelate added pleasantly, "to that lie near a buoy in Kiel harbor to be conoffer you the living of East Wispers, should | city, and also with each other. The central office of the ship telephone system is in the torpedo depot. From a small temporary wooden building run wires through the water "I am sure Mrs. Hepburn will be pleased." "I have perfect confidence in you," said thus made without trouble. If a vesse Oh, yes; oh, yes, yes, yes. And I hope you to it makes connection. The communication of the ship with the different port authorities and with purveyors of provisions, hitherto fraught with so great inconvenience and de-

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Let Her Alone Saves the Life of a Lady Resi-The art of letting alone should be acquired. Zion's Herald tells why: "My dear," the other day, said a lady to a His Wonderful Catarrhal Powder young relative, who was insisting that a delicate mother should not wear herself out by undertaking some work on which the mother's heart was set, "you tire her a When heart failure overtakes a person, unless the action of the heart can be immediately accelerated, the very worst results may follow. This is where we hear of so many cases of sudden death from heart disease. The elements that constitute Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart are such as to give selies in this personals immediately. great deal more by your opposition than she

men who ride use low handle bars and stoop It many times with men, the wound as soon over. Why? Simply from childish vanity. water, and put a few drops of muriatic acid

> mia, the largest and most powerful battle ship ever built for the Japanese navy, Mme. Kato, wife of a member of the Japanese Embassy, christened the vessel, if that word honored custom of Japan.
>
> This consists in freeing from cages dozens

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They think it makes them look like "scor

ceptional, and has nothing to do with stree

and road riding. Low handle bars are the

curse of the wheel. They are a menace t

public safety. They deform the body. They injure the health. If they were essential to bicycling the wheel itself should be abolished.

But they are no more necessary than any

else. A man who would go to church with

Another piece of good advice given by

hers." That is the height of their ambition.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy operate. Cure indigestion, headache. examined by Professor Langille of the Smith- discolors the finger nails and takes the colo sonian Institution, who says it illustrates out of anything it touches. principles that promise to be useful, and it is really a marvellous invention. A larger model is to be built at once.

BARRISTER.

SOLICITOR.

bowed reverentially.
"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Hepburn. You The servant placed a black bag on it, and left the study. Mr. Hepburn remained gay between two peaks, has been traversed gay between two peaks, has been traversed. "Be seated, Mr. Hepburn, be seated. I am sure you won't mind my going on with appalling length. Of late years vigorous at my letters. I wished to see you. I hope Mrs. Hepburn is quite well." The bishop began to open his letters, using a little ivory paper-knife. He read each wherein every peak and pass is dealt with in strict geographical succession and every volumes in which they have been des "My lord—"
Mr. Hepburn had advanced a step. He

"Yes, Mr. Hepburn! I think you are not "That letter, my lord, is from my wife." "Indeed," said the bishop. He smiled benignly. "I suppose it is about East W is." tual responsibility, and to meet the demands of our spiritual existance. The soul, buried pers. Mrs. Hepburn spo— Aha, I must not betray a lady's confidence. Oh, no; oh, no; no, no. You have a careful and solici- way getting ready—for such resurrection tous wife, Mr. Hepburn, an excellent wife.

Oh. ves. oh. ves. ves. ves. "See how the whole evangelical experience starts with such an intelligence. The soulto the table as he spoke. "Might I beg of your lordship,-my lord, as a peculiar kind. its garments. It must have some deliverer. ness to me personally—that you will not read my wife's letter?" going, in that spitual world for which it feels its unfitness, for which it must be fit. The bishop looked at the superscription. It cries out for Christ. Christ comes, and "It is really from Mrs. Hepburn?" he the mysterious work of pardon and reg then the soul, with a spiritual immortality "Then-certainly; here is the letter," now set clearly before it goes to work to Mr. Hepburn put it in his pocket. Thank you, my lord," he faltered in a proremaining sin, to win Christ perfectly, to be

tated and it is also of noteworthy and important use for signalling purposes.

At the launching in England of the Yash-

esqueness, at least, over the breaking of a bottle of wine over the bows. The Japanese

Painters' pickle for removing old paint is made as follows: Mix $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of stone potash, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds of soft soap and a half pound of washing soda together and stir into a gallon of water. The pickle should then tion of a Washington boy, sixteen years old, who is believed to have a remarkable talent it stand for several hours. The work must afterward be washed thoroughly with strong which flies, and which descends easily when the motive power is exhausted. It has been care must be taken in using this pickle, as it

—Cod Liver Oil has long been justly cele-brated as a lung healer. Alone it is difficult to take, but combined with the Hypophos-phites in Puttner's Emulsion, it is unequalled by any other medicine for weak lungs.