

Dust and Ashes. She practiced on him all her while Till in love's silken net she caught him...

What is the difference between an accident and a surprise? asked Mrs. Spry at breakfast. "All accidents are surprises, but not all surprises are accidents..."

For Sale and To Let. Farm to Let. For further particulars apply to GILBERT SEAMAN, Minot, N. S.

For Sale. The subscriber offers for sale the Cottage and Premises at Bonaventure, corner now owned and occupied by him.

Offers for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale Property Building Lots, fronting on Union and Academy Streets.

SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, THE NINETEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1885.

Valuable Property for Sale. THERE will be sold at Public Auction on the premises hereinafter described, situate in BARRIE VERTUE, in the County of Westmorland.

NOTICE OF SALE. To George McConnell and Mary Jane McConnell, his wife, and all other persons whom it may concern.

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TRUSTEES' NOTICE. DAVID ESTERBROOKS, of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, Farmer, having made an Assignment of all his Estate effects and Credits to us, the undersigned Trustees, for the benefit of his Creditors.

Free Stone Quarry and Plant at Rockland, N. B., For Sale by Auction. THE undersigned Licenses will offer for sale the above mentioned quarry, situate in the Parish of St. John, N. B., containing about 200 acres of land, with a large quantity of stone, and a full set of machinery, including a steam engine, boiler, and all necessary tools and implements.

Mortgagee's Sale. To John Nelson Allen and Evangeline Allen, his wife, and all others whom it may concern.

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FRESH ARRIVALS. Ex Australian, Sarmatian, Peruvian, Manhattan, Polynesian, Parisian, &c. 120 PACKAGES 120 Comprising a Varied Assortment in most Departments.

20 CASES 20 LINEN TABLES AND HOLLANDS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, TURKEY, HANDKERCHIEFS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, RIBBONS, LACES, &c.

GLOVES, LACES, LACE CURTAINS, COUNTERPANES, TOILET COVERS, PIQUETS, &c., &c.

A. EVERITT, Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse, 94 and 96 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. Ache they would not believe possible to those who suffer from this distressing complaint.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City. NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the subscriber offers for sale cheap for Cash or Produce, the following New Goods:

1 Crate Milk-Pans, Cream and Butter Cans, 1 and 2 Gal. Jugs; Good Assorted General Groceries; 2 Dozen Brooms, 2 Broom Pails; 3 Wash-Basins, 5 Boxes Soap; 6 Bags Toilet Soap; 200 lbs. Clover Seed; a choice assortment of Fresh Garden Seeds; 1 Bbl. Dried Apples; 20 Bbls. Liverpool Salt; 1 Bbl. Cider and White Wine Vinegar; 25 Bunches Cotton Warp; And other articles usually found in a Country Store.

WANTED—EGGS and Butter, for which Cash will be paid if required. GEO. A. READ, 221 UPPER SACKVILLE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. No Carbonate of Ammonia! Nothing Null for CONSUMPTION, Nothing Injurious to Health.

CERTIFICATES. I and my impurities PURE and BEST quality, and I am a reliable and trustworthy Analyst.

A. W. H. LINDSAY, M.B. Chemical Laboratory, 211, MAYNARD ST., Halifax, N. S., Feb. 1885.

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HESTER. CONCLUDED. Next morning, Sunday, she ceased herself as it were in armor of proof, and went off to Church. In her quiet corner, hidden from the congregation by the old carved pulpit, she was not pained by glances of either wonder or pity, nor by the sight of Lorette Tracy in her fashionable mourning, wiping away an occasional tear with a black-bordered handkerchief.

Dear Hester! the very person I most wanted to see! You were at Guestwycke yesterday. Do tell me how are the dear old people? You know, of course, with a keen glance at Hester's pale face—you know the tie that binds us together—you have heard that poor Captain Guest and I...

"I know you say you were engaged to him, if that is what you mean. Mrs. Tracy answered bluntly, trying to disengage her hand which the widow retained in her own.

"We kept our secret well, I think," Mrs. Tracy faltered gently, "but now I have thought it right to let his parents know all that passed between us, and how dear he was to me."

Hester, wrapped in her parody of proud reserve, bowed in grave indifference, and made as though she would pass on.

"I have begged for an interview directly they are able to bear it. Meaning it has been such a relief to know you were with them—you who knew my poor Talbot so well..."

Hester wrenched her hand away quite fiercely. "Excuse me, Mrs. Tracy—my father is waiting."

The torture was more than she could bear. Her hand, which she had held so firmly, trembled, and she turned away with a gasp.

"The girl had left the manor house with her old servant, and she had returned to her parents as soon as possible. It had been arranged between them that the rector should drive her over one morning early in the following week, and leave her to spend a long day with her old friends."

Hester for her part burned with a feverish impatience to find herself once more at Guestwycke. Perhaps amid the old scenes her faith in Talbot would revive and this horrible conviction which would press itself upon her would lose its hold.

Upon her arrival at Guestwycke, on Tuesday morning, she found the quiet household stirred into gentle commotion. A fire burned brightly in the grate, and the fresh-cut turf house flowers were disposed about the tables.

Guest came to meet her in a strange flutter of excitement though with the usual affectionate welcome.

"Now! little I guessed it when we last talked together! Mrs. Tracy comes to us this afternoon—the woman who has been your poor boy's wife!"

"The old lady's lips quivered, and she turned away with a gasp. Her hand, which she had held so firmly, trembled, and she turned away with a gasp."

"Dear Hester! you will not mind driving back in the scotchie this evening? Talbot's carriage must go for Mrs. Tracy; we must show her every honor for Talbot's sake; or, better still,—with a sudden happy inspiration—"won't you stay a few days and help us entertain her?"

"No, no; impossible!" Hester broke out, smitten with sharp and sudden pain.

"Mrs. Guest turned with a mild surprise in her bright old eyes. 'My dear! I would not press you against your will. You have many duties and engagements, I know.'"

Hester recovered herself with an effort. "Dear Mrs. Guest! I am always so busy, but some day when you are alone again. One visitor at a time will be enough for you."

"Ah! well! it seems all so strange! If Talbot had but trusted us with his secret! Did you never suspect it, Hester? You and my poor boy were always friends; in deed I once hoped..."

"passing her hand carelessly over the girl's auburn hair—"But it was not to be!"

"She writhed under the kind touch which almost broke down her composure. She could not speak a word."

"You know this lady, I think, my dear," Mrs. Guest went on. "What is she like? Pretty? Gentle? Well-mannered?"

"Oh! don't ask me!" poor Hester broke out in uncontrollable agony. Her overcharged heart seemed bursting with pain. Then it came in a stifled voice: "I know—so little about her."

"I am not fond of strangers," sighed Mrs. Guest.

"I wish you could have stayed, Hester! But of course she is very nice, and she is sure to like her dear Talbot's choice!" the mother consoled herself softly.

As Hester in the humble social reached the end of the drive that afternoon, the returning carriage was driven by her pulled up to make way for it, and its occupant, Mrs. Tracy, leaped forward with a bow and a smile. A smile of triumph, Hester thought bitterly. And this was the rival who had supplanted her, who was to take her place at Guestwycke as the child of the house!

It had been some comfort to her sore heart to think she could be of use to Talbot's dear ones—to cherish and care for them—to fill the place he had left empty—what else was left to her! Poor Hester covered her face, and in her loneliness and humiliation broke into a flood of tears. The blow had fallen so heavily, sweeping all at once not only the peaceful present, the hopeful future; but the past also—the past, with all its memories which had vanished in an hour.

A telegram was thrust into Hester's hand as she presently crossed the Rectory threshold; a summons from her eldest sister, Mrs. Ormsby. Hester always thought afterward it must have been her good angel's special provision that meads made his appearance in the Ormsby household just at this particular time. She obeyed the summons, and in the evening she flew to Talbot to her sister's help. Mrs. Ormsby had five little ones who all succumbed in turn, and kept Hester's hands full to another, smoothing the pillows and holding her hand, and carrying cooling drinks to parched lips, or answering appeals from fractious convalescents.

Janet was a motherly sort of body, with no conception of any world but her nursery, nor any idea that it was possible for Hester to have any interests beyond a brew of black-currant tea, or the spreading of a lined pocket. At times Hester scarcely thought so either. The cleaning of the windows, and the scrubbing of the kitchen, and the dim distance in case of the absorbing necessity for seeing that Jack did not come out, and that Myrtle was a good girl, and that the mother and aunt may a wakeful night of nursing, long after the rest of the household were safely consigned to sleep.

Perhaps it was no wonder that she relaxed and the care-taking grew less arduous, and Hester should droop and lose her bright color. Although Janet was so comfortably unobtrusive, she could not help noticing it. Of course it was the want of sleep and the warm rooms. Hester was always such a poor air. She must come with her to the seaside and recover tone. So a week later found them all wandering over the sands at Morthon, an outdoor corner of the world, under Hester's own hand.

Long before this, people had quite left of talking about the disaster in the Soudan. The news was some weeks old now, and so many things had happened since. Only the mother and aunt were moved through life with all the hope crushed out of her.

Could she only have known for certain that she had a right to weep! If but for one moment Talbot could come back from the realm of peace to tell her the truth—was he her's still or that other's? Hester felt she could have borne it better. A wild longing, which was almost a prayer, would come over her, as she wandered on the rugged shore washed by the wild Atlantic; and she would exclaim with surprise to see the familiar form of one who had been her lover—yes, one! who had been for that step forth from the shadow of those weird rocks, with the farewell smile still on his lips and the love-light in his eyes.

While they were still at Morthon, one morning—a morning which Hester Conway will never forget—the star and newspaper were carried up on the tray with the cup of tea which she took, invalid fashion, upstairs. Dorcas's letters were not wont to be exciting, and Hester opening it, read with rather languid interest, and she came to this strange paragraph:

"I send you a paper with an account of the rejoicings at Guestwycke on Talbot's return. All went on well (we were there, of course), and the poor old people's quiet happiness was a sight to see. Let it be a happy, romantic kind of story! The hero of the day asked particularly after you, and seemed rather annoyed at your absence. I did not dare to mention poor Lorette to him. Didn't you laugh at me?—I am sure you would not have turned up again the truth would actually never have been known to all! Mrs. Tracy was staying with her friends at Exeter when the news of Talbot's safety reached Guestwycke. Mr. Guest sent her a telegram at once, and the very next day Lorette wrote to her landlady here, throwing up her rooms and ordering all her belongings to be sent her at Exeter directly. It seems she does not intend to show her face in this neighborhood again. Of course, you won't be surprised to hear that Talbot's good father and mother have quite forgiven her, and paid the month's bills she left owing!"

Hester put her hand to her head in dazed bewilderment. Was she dreaming? Had Dorcas lost all her senses?—or was it possible—barely possible.

She took the letter, and without even waiting to cool up the auburn hair, which she had been brushing, rushed to her sister's room.

"Janet! I have heard from Dorcas. What does she mean? Was the report about her office, or apply to Charles Scott, teacher."

"My dear, there was no need to escape. Luckily for him he was safe at Kharthoum on sick leave all the time. Didn't I tell you? His mother sent you a message. Perhaps I forgot to deliver it. Ah! I remember now; it was the day Myrtle was so ill!"

"I heard nothing of it until this moment." Then—very low—with

down-bent head: "And Lorette Tracy, Janet, was that tale false too?"

Mrs. Ormsby laughed heartily. "Oh! Dorcas has been telling you the denouement of that story, has she? It seems her engagement was all a fabrication. Ingenious, wasn't it? She would never have been found out, either, if her supposed fiancée had not come to life opportunely. Mac did laugh when I told him about it. He always rather admired Mrs. Tracy. Now, Hester, help me to think. Had I better order lace make over for the chicks to day? Myrtle likes sago best, but Jack—"

Domestic details such as these, however, had no power to invade the dreamland where Hester was wandering this morning. She evaded the children, and as soon as she could, hurried away by herself to carry her joy where she had carried her sorrow; to the lonely shore.

The purple sea was sparkling and dancing under the bluest of Devon skies; white foam was throwing its jagged rocks, and leaping over the higher and higher toward the white pinnacles which crowned them. Nature with strange sympathy had shed a sunshine and brilliancy over all the beautiful bay. Hester, well wrapped, sat long and contentedly under the shelter of a great brown ironstone giant looking out on the sparkling waters, till a shadow fell upon the book lying so uselessly open on her lap.

It was Colonel Ormsby's daily habit to come and escort her home, and being still but feeble, for her spirits were weary, she had been glad of her kind brother-in-law's strong arm to help her up the cliff. But today a new courage braced her limbs. She looked up with a smile, one of her old smiles.

"I can do without an arm to-day, Mac," she was beginning, but the words died on her lips. The new-comer was even taller and broader than Mac, and he was bronzed by desert suns to the tint of an Arab chief.

"Mac has sent a deputy to-day, Hester," he said smilingly. She reeled on in trembling surprise, utterly unable even to gasp out a welcome. But perhaps the light in Hester's eyes spoke for her, for Talbot greeted herself down beside her and seized her hand.

"Oh, Hester! You at least might have known me better!" Then, as still she did not speak: "Hester! I—very fully—" "Hester! I—have not changed!"

"But I have," she whispered softly. "At in another moment her head lay on his shoulder (they were so safely out of sight), and this bold wooer, whom Lorette had claimed for her own, was holding her against his heart with a devoted world to test her truth from him."

Colonel Ormsby and his wife walking down the shore later, met the pair climbing the cliff together, a pretty impersonation of Love's Young Dream. Hester, who had found nothing but need support after all, leaned on Talbot's arm, while he, tall, bronzed and soldier-like, was looking down tenderly into her fair face half hidden by a wind-blown tangle of auburn curls. She had been telling shyly, with blush and breath, of the Via Dolorosa her feet had so lately trodden, and listening with pitiful tears in her sweet eyes to his tale of the dangers he had passed, and of the short, sharp, merciful illness which had been a blessing in disguise. Mrs. Ormsby looked at her husband significantly.

Hester's brother-in-law gave an expressive whistle, and began to hum under his breath: "Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life as a woman who has been through the mill of adversity and was ready with their good wishes."

But the warmest congratulations came from Guestwycke, where John Guest and his good wife soon had the joy of welcoming a daughter-in-law after their own heart. We may be sure that the flowers bloomed brightly, and the place wore its gayest aspect for this visitor who could take up her abode there for good and all.

"It is what we always wished, Hester," said Mrs. Guest, her bright eyes shining with happiness. "I never could take to that Mrs. Tracy, even before she turned out an impostor."

"Hush! my dear!" reproved her husband gently. "Hester knows how much we love her," taking his new daughter's hand in his, and patting it affectionately; "and I think that there need be no ill-feeling!"—The Argosy.

HACRYARDS YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purge. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

Spring Hill Mines Coal. PARTIES wishing to obtain their supplies of the above COAL can leave their orders at my office, or apply to Charles Scott, teacher.

T. A. H. MARON, Agent for Spring Hill Coal. Sackville, April 29, 1885.

MEN WANTED. 100 Men Wanted To work on the Havelock Branch Railway. Apply to J. A. WHEATON, Petticoat.

SAFE FOR SALE. A FIRST CLASS Medium Sized Second Hand SAFE in good order. Apply to CHAS. MILNER.

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