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WILLIAM STREET.

SOME TIME.

Last night, my darling, as you slept—
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept
And watched a space thereby;
Then, bending down, I kissed your brow—
For, oh! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time, when in a darkened place,
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall see a weary face
Calm in eternal sleep.

The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here tonight—
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

WORDS OF CHEER.

"Do you need a man to work about your place, sir?"

Judge Parker looked up from his law books and papers to the questioner, a stalwart man about thirty years of age, poor, but genteel in appearance, and respectful in manner and speech.

"Take a chair," said the judge, politely, motioning to one near him.

"No, thank you, sir; I prefer to stand, if you please. The door was open and I made bold to walk in. I knocked several times on the door frame, but you didn't hear me. I came in just to ask if you need a man to do any sort of work about your place. If you do not, I'll not take up any more of your time, as I see you're busy. But I hope you do, sir; I need work badly."

"You are a stranger in Flixley, are you not?" asked the judge leaning back in his chair.

"Partly so. I lived here years ago."

"Your name?"

"John."

"Your surname?"

"I would like you to call me just John, sir, if you please."

"Don't you know, my man, that withholding your name is not a recommendation, and very likely to make an unfavorable impression?"

"I know it, sir; but if you'll only try me I think you'll find that my faithfulness, and desire to do everything right will make up for the rest of my name."

Something about the man's bearing and appearance strongly impressed Judge Parker, inspiring a desire to know more of him, and he said:

"Well, I'll tell you candidly, that I like your appearance and manner, but when a man represents to give his name there's always something wrong."

"There is something wrong, sir; I'll be honest with you, there is something wrong with the name, but not with me—not now. I could easily give you a false name. Ain't that fact that I don't give one some sign of honesty, and won't you please look at that as a recommendation, sir?"

"It is an indication, certainly," responded the judge. "Now, it just happens that I do need a man about my country place here; need one badly. Summer is upon us, bringing a great deal of work to be done about the grounds. I have a man for the stable and horses, so the new hand would have to do the rough work, mowing the lawn, raking, weeding, sawing wood, keeping the grounds in good order, running errands, and so on. Would you be willing to do that?"

"Certainly, sir," John hopefully responded. "I'll be only too glad if you'll try me."

"But you're an able-bodied young fellow, who could make at some trade much more than I could give you for the work mentioned, and if I mistake not your appearance, you have had higher aims than this kind of work."

"That is all true, sir. I could make more at other work, and I have had higher aims, but you've seen how misfortune steps in sometimes on our aims. But I'd be glad to do such work as you said for the summer, if you'll only give me a trial."

"What are your terms?"

"That is not important, sir."

"Not important? Why, my man, it is becoming plain to me that you have some object other than this work; some plan which such a position is to subserve. Haven't you?"

"Not exactly plan, but I have a reason for coming to you that I'd rather not tell, if you please. It's not a wrong purpose, and I hope you won't refuse me the work on its account."

"It gives rise to unfavorable suspicions, though. An unusual number of things are against you. You refuse to give your name, you seek work plainly beneath your abilities, wages are unimportant, and lastly, the work is not your chief object. You must certainly be aware these would be good grounds for turning you away."

"I am aware of that, sir, and was afraid that when I came to you that I would appear in a bad light, but I concluded to be honest about it, anyhow. Try me, though, sir; you'll not regret it. I want the place sorely; more than I dare tell. I'm in distress. I have nothing else to say. My appearance is my only recommendation. If that won't do I must go."

He looked pleadingly at the judge, who, rising, came from behind his desk, and standing close to the applicant, said:

"Well, John, let me tell you that your candor and evident truthfulness have impressed me very much. Show me the work for a month, but you must not complain if you are denied certain privileges that would be accorded to a man who has proven himself trustworthy, or if your actions are more closely watched."

"I've seen those consequences, sir, and it's all right. They are to be expected under the circumstances, and I won't complain. Do as you please with me till you feel I can be trusted. Show me the work at once, sir, if you can. I couldn't find words to thank you, sir, even if you had time to hear them. My work would show you how grateful I am."

Donning a broad-brimmed straw hat, Judge Parker conducted the new man out

over his spacious estate, indicating what work would be expected of him, and set him to do some weeding at a spot in sight of his study windows.

He then returned to his paper and books, but as the afternoon wore on he cast frequent glances through the window at John. It was plain that he had become deeply interested in the man whose history had been so candidly and honestly withheld. He could not fathom the mystery with which the applicant chose to envelop himself, but he trusted that he was somewhat suspicious.

Judge Parker was a large-hearted man, widely known and beloved for his geniality, benevolence and uniform justice. The humblest citizen, if worthy, might apply to him for help, certain of a patient and responsive hearing. Knowing that his liberality had drawn to him many unworthy supplicants, he now suspected that John had some design upon his philanthropy, and accordingly believed that he needed watching.

But each glance through the window showed John working industriously, with an earnest vigor and care that cut the sharp edges from his suspicion.

And so he worked throughout the trial month. Faithfulness and a painstaking interest were stamped upon each detail of his work, and many persons commented to the judge upon the improved appearance of the place.

John was an unusually quiet and unobtrusive man. He seldom volunteered remarks save to ask instructions concerning his work; he never presented himself unbidden. Judge Parker's several efforts to elicit some account of his life failed; he was respectfully candid in answering that he did not wish to tell anything about himself, saying that he entirely rested his hope of continued employment upon his work.

When the month ended he was re-engaged, and still he maintained the same scrupulous care in every piece of work, however trivial. He was not a "new broom." He never left the place unless sent upon errands, and, retiring early to his room, spent his evenings in quiet pursuits.

The judge's interest in him grew into genuine fondness. He liked to talk to him, and found him well posted and shrewd in the ways of the world and ever ready to converse on all subjects except his past life; that was a sealed book.

The summer wore uneventfully away, until one morning, late in August, a visitor entered the judge's study. It was Joshua Skiles, a member of the bar in the judicial district over which Judge Parker presided. His face indicated an important mission.

"Judge," he said, after a few remarks on general subjects, "you have a new man at work on your place."

"Yes, indeed, I have. I don't wonder you've noticed it. Many others have spoken to me of the improvement. But he's no eye server; he's thoroughgoing to the smallest detail."

Skiles grinned expectantly at this enthusiasm, as he asked:

"What is his name?"

"He calls himself John."

"No surname, eh?"

"No; well, the truth is, he declined to give it, and he's been so faithful that I have respected his reasons for concealing it, whatever they are."

"Is it possible you don't remember him, Judge?"

"No, I don't, yet several times I've thought there was something familiar about him, either in his motions or in his looks, I can't tell which."

"Well, I've just got back from a trip to Europe, been most all over the old country, and the moment I set eyes on your new man I knew the fellow, if he has disguised himself with whiskers. I'm not often deceived in people, I tell you."

"I dare say not, but I am, if I've ever seen him before."

"Well, then, judge," said Skiles, with manifest pleasure, "you sentenced him ten years ago to the penitentiary."

Judge Parker looked closely at Skiles before replying or showing any feeling at the statement. The man was not a favorite at the bar. He bore a reputation for pettiness, his cases usually being trivial, most of them plainly trumped up by himself upon trifling disputes between parties, and he was given to volunteering services as bids for favor.

So the judge looked at him, secretly displeased at the disclosure. He didn't want to hear evil of John; he liked him, and was disposed to believe this one of Skiles' designs upon his favor.

"His name, Mr. Skiles?"

"John Dorker," replied Skiles, effusively. "You sentenced him ten years ago last March for burglary, which was proved beyond the slightest shadow of doubt. There wasn't a scintilla of evidence in his favor. Why, the jury were only out about ten minutes. I was present during the trial, and I can truthfully say it was the plainest case of guilt in my legal experience. You sent him up for five years."

"Are you certain of this, Mr. Skiles?" the judge asked, coldly. "It's a very serious matter to brand a man as a convict. He is doing well here. May you not be mistaken?"

"No, indeed; I never forget a face."

"It seems that I do, then. What is your purpose?"

"Simply to warn you, sir."

"What good will it do you if I discharge him?"

"These questions cut close, and Skiles winced a little as he replied:

"Not at all, sir; I didn't expect it to, except that inward consciousness of doing a service. I thought you would certainly not wish to have a man sleeping in your house whom you sentenced yourself and who served his term in prison."

"Well, now, Mr. Skiles, to be frank with you, I don't believe in always putting the foot of virtuous scorn on a man's neck because he was once a criminal. There's no reason why such a man shouldn't reform and lead an honest life. I've sentenced many men to prison, but have never had a chance to do one a kindness. I honestly believe that many a criminal would rise to rectitude if helped, and John is one of them."

"We generally try to get rid of a stumbling horse, Judge," said Skiles with a weak laugh. "If you doubt my story call the man in and face him with it."

This was exactly what Judge Parker did not wish to do. He believed the story, but did not want to give Skiles the expected

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They are on sale in our SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for LADIES, and are marked at prices lower than they can be made up for in Ladies' own homes.

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satisfaction of seeing John's disgrace laid bare. A sincere sorrow for him arose, and he said:

"No, Mr. Skiles, I'll not confront him with it now."

The pettifogger therefore bowed himself out somewhat crestfallen, as he confidently expected to win the judge's influence in an appointment he aspired to, and to have seen the criminal indignantly dismissed.

Looking after him Judge Parker mused: "I do wonder why some people love so much more to find evil than good in a person. A noble character is to them as a whitewashed fence, against which they delight to throw mud. I hate to tell John of this, but I suppose it must be done."

John promptly obeyed the summons, entering respectfully and enquiringly. A shade of distrust upon the judge's face made him uneasy, but he calmly and with manly dignity awaited the communication.

"Sit down, John," the judge began kindly; "it may be a long interview."

He complied, and began nervously revolving his straw hat by shifting his fingers along the edge of the brim, but he looked firmly at his employer.

"John—your surname, is it Dorker?"

A slight pallor swept over the honest face, as he replied:

"It is, sir. You have remembered me at last."

"You expected me to?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"No, I didn't recognize you, John," said the judge, with a note of disappointment in his voice, "but a lawyer at the bar told me who you were."

"Always some one to give a fellow a kick, no matter how hard he's trying to get up?"

"Yes, it seems so. Now, John, he says I sentenced you ten years ago to the penitentiary. Is it true?"

"It is, sir," was the humble reply.

"And you served your full term of five years?"

"Lacking the time of commutation, I did."

"What have you done since your release?"

"Nothing but to try, sir; shifting about from place to place. I've tried hard, desperate hard, to lead a true, honest life, but it's up-hill work. There's a weight on a man like me, sir. The opening penitentiary door is at the very foot of a hill, and when a poor fellow comes out and tries to walk up there's always some one who is glad to push him down again."

"Were you guilty of the burglary?"

"I was, sir. It was my first crime. The easy gain looked tempting, and I fell. I needed money; but there is no excuse, I deserved the punishment. Those awful years, sir, gave me time for reflection, and I've determined that when I got out, with God's help, to pick myself up. It's been hard, cruelly, fearfully hard, but I haven't fallen again. I'm an honest man in my heart, sir, if the world won't acknowledge it."

"But why didn't you tell me this when you came? It would have been better."

"I suppose it would, sir. But I was too weak. I needed work so badly, and if you had turned me away then, why—"

"What, John?"

"Never mind, if you please, sir, you didn't turn me off."

"Very well, John, I'll not ask you. But you said you had a special purpose in coming to me. Can you tell me that?"

John Dorker arose, laid his hat upon the chair, and facing the judge, said impressively:

"Do you remember, sir, what you said when you sentenced me?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, sir, your words burned themselves into my heart as if they'd been sparks. I used to fancy I saw them written in fiery letters at night upon the back wall of my cell. You spoke feelingly, sir, like you pitied me, and that's what made them take such a hold of me. They were: 'Young man you have set your foot on a dangerous path. The way of crime never leads upward, always down, down to the unknown depths. The pure sunlight of heaven never smiles upon it. It is crowded with wrecks of noble lives. When you tread it you leave mother, true friends, light, peace, heaven and God behind you. You are going to prison. In the quiet years you shall spend there, look over this life of yours, and think if you can afford to spend the smallest portion of it on this path. Come out a pure man. You will still be young with much of your life before you; many years to be useful and good in, and to retrieve this false step. Let me say

from my heart, young man, don't blight your life.'"

He dashed the tears from his eyes and proceeded:

"My mother sat weeping behind me, sir, as I stood at the rail. I was her only support. God alone knew how she was to live during those years. Your words were knife-thrusts sir. I did have to leave her, friends, peace, heaven and the God she had so earnestly taught me to pray to. And I did reflect, sir, in those quiet years, and I came out a pure man. God knows how I've tried not to let that false step blight my life. But wherever I went some one spread the truth—'Employing that man, that John Dorker? Why, he's a convict.'"

"I became desperate; a temptation stared me in the face. I felt myself weakening. Starvation, gloom, despair, a broken-hearted mother, were about me, and I wavered, sir, when a thought came. 'Surely, surely, the judge who spoke those words would help me; he wouldn't turn away from me. I came. It was my last chance. Too much depended upon my getting work, sir, to risk telling you my story. But now I'm found out, I'm ready for your decision. Can you trust a convicted burglar in your house? Will you give me a trial? If not, I'll go away and try it again, sir, but I don't know—"

Judge Parker sprang up and warmly grasped the trembling hand.

"Trust you, John? Give you a trial? You have been tried, and I again sentence you, John Dorker, to five years in my service, in my most earnest belief, in my best effort to place you on the road to prosperity. God bless you!"

And when the sentence was served, John Dorker was an honest and useful citizen.—Selected.

THE AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

An Interesting Story About an Egg and an Irishman.

Little Marshall P. Wilder told a Washington Post reporter the following gem:

"Finucane called in on Mike Leary's oldest boy, Tim, one day and found that fine boy of a pale about the gills, losing flesh and the picture of despair."

"How's Moses, Tim, it's murtherin' ill ye're lookin'! Fwat in the name av th' kraken's the matter?"

"Finucane!"

"Yes."

"Ye know that blatherin' spalpeen av a widdy Costigan's second husband's step son, Jam?"

"That I do."

"He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldn't schwall an egg widout brakin' th' shell av it."

"Naw!"

"Yes."

"Did you do it?"

"I did."

"Then twat's allin' ye?"

"It's doon there. If I jump about I'll brak it an' cut me stummick wid th' shell. If I kape quiet the dom thing'll hatch out, and I'll have a Shanghai rooster a clawin' me insides."

Played It to Perfection.

Three little girls were playing together. One that she was Mrs. Lincoln, one that she was Mrs. Grant and the third that she was Mrs. Garfield.

Mrs. Garfield was calling on Mrs. Lincoln, and when about to leave Mrs. Lincoln said: "I should be pleased to have you remain all night, Mrs. Garfield," to which she replied that she would like to, but she had no night dress with her.

"Oh, well," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, "I can lend you one of Abraham's night shirts."—Christian Observer.

A Nocturne.

The man is deemed unfortunate
Who in the winter wild
Must walk the floor at night to hush
A child.

But greater misery knows he
Who, just as he begins
To dream, must rise and do the same
With twins.

—Boston Courier.

That tired, debilitated feeling, so peculiar to spring, indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the system, restores physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body.—Advt.

No One's Art Institution.

"Well, why don't you speak out—don't you like it?" said the artist.

"I don't know yet—ah—is that a goat or a catfish out there in the field?"—N. Y. Sun.

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of congestion or laryngitis, or perhaps consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.—Advt.

Courtship and Marriage.

Courtship is sweet when the nights are long, And the north wind is blowing fierce and strong, And the lamp in the parlor is turned down low, And the only light is the grate's red glow, And she is close to your bosom pressed, And she lays her head with a sigh on your breast, And you look in the depths of her lovely eyes, That mirror the blue of the noonday skies, And you kiss her lips and her dimpled chin, But marriage, Ah! that's where the hitch comes in.

—Boston Courier.

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