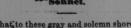
# MC2397

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## **POOR DOCUMENT**

### THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.



O sea, that to these gray and solemn shores Dost pour thy plaint through all the circling

years; I would that to my ever listening ears Some spirit might translate thy language! Roars That wave that spends its force against the rocks That its assaults deride; a giant's pain It voices! Soft dost thou complain By pebbly beach to Sumner's fields and flocks. Tells't thou of cities hid beneath thy breast? Of famed Atlantis, known in Story only? Of sepulcheres innumerable, where rest The wrecks of ages, paceefully and lonely? Tell why thou plainest, melancholy sea! And the sea answers, Hush, it may not be. H. L. SPENCEE,

The Christmas Tree, The Christmas tree, stood midst the other trees While at them, she haughtily shock her head; O, what a nice time I'm going to have, Besides you poor trees, in the wood, she said.

Just think, I'm to live in a city grand,

And there I shall stand in a parlor fine Where, under the gaslight, most gorgously dr My robes will briliantly sparkle and shine. Thus saying she hastily bid them adieu For a single hour in a parlor to shine; For scarce was she dressed till the feast it was o'er

one. "No. And then, ah! her lot may it never be mine. inter with all his cold sn In a wretched back yard her pround form :

be seen Disrobed of her jewels and costly array, While spring found the trees of the wood dres Ah! friends, how often in life do we find

"It is a rather nice weapon—six shooter -Colt's." Those who choose for themselves, the thin Presently, with ardener's son brou this world, And see not their folly till all is too late And they, like the tree, to destruction are hu

Grasping at flowers that prove to be thorns, Rejecting the path saved sinners have trod For only one hour in this world to shine, When heaven shines bright, with the glory of God. FANNY HAMILTON.

Two Lovers.

"Mr. Belford, 1 am going to call help. Do not move while I open the door." In mortal terror the wretch turned his beat round to see what was going on The two men glared at each other in silence, and then there was a sound of opening doors. One closed with an echo-ing slam that resounded strangely through the old house, and then there were light "Ob, Elmer! What has happened?" "Nothing very serious-merely a com-mon burglar. I called you because I wished help." "Yes, I heard the bell. Is there no danger?" "No. Stand back. Do not come into the room. Call the men and let there and let dhe wake the gardener and his son. You yourself call your father, and bid him dress and come down at once. And Alma, keep cool and do not be alarmed. II need you, Alma, and you must help me." "The the house way very still, and bid this prisoner in silence. Then came a hasty opening of doors, and excited steps and faring lamps in the hall. "The calm voice of the speaker reassured them, and all three volunteered to go for one. "No. One is enough. And one of you hed heiter enot in the terror the speaker reassured them, and all three volunteered to go for one. "No. One is enough. And one of you

ye hear that?—destroyed it! That's state's prison."
"Oh, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Denny! have mercy on me! Do not let them arrest me."
"Marcy!" said the sheriff, taking out a pair of handcuffs. "It's little marcy ye'll git."
"You ask for mercy!" cried Mr. Denny, his face livid with passion. "You —you wretch! Have you not ruined me? Have you not made my child a beggar and carried my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave? You knew the value of this will—and you destroyed it! Your other crimes are as nothing to this. I could forgive your monstrous frands in my mills"—Mr. Belford winced and looked surprised.

Presently, with much clatter, the gardener's son brought a rope, and then, under Mr. Franklin's directions, they bound the man in the chair hand and foot. A moment after they heard Mr. Den-ny's crutch stalking down the stairs, and Alma's voice assuring him that there was indeed no danger--mo danger at all. "What does this mean, Mr. Franklin?" said the old gentleman as he came to the door. "Burglary, sir. That is all. You need fear nothing. We have secured the man."

bent upon her father's knee, was bathed "Poor, poor lost Alice!" "And the fellow with her. Who is he?" cried the sheriff. "That is Mr. Belford—Mr. Lawrence Belford," said Elmer with cool confidence.

Belford," said Elmer with cool confidence. "That picture was taken through a telefrom my room on the mo

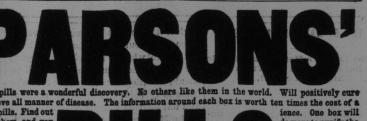
out them, and you

ill a dose. ful. One

scope from my room on the morning of the 13th." "The 13th? Why, man, that was the day she was missed." "Yes. Mr. Belford was with her that day, and perhaps he can explain her dis-appearance." The prisoner groaned in abject terror and misery. He saw it all now. His dream pictures were explained. His de-feat and detection were accomplished through the young man's science. That he should have been overthrown by such simple means filled him with mortifica-tion and anger. "You shall have the picture, Mr. Sher-iff. You may need it at the trial. And now for the will." The room became again dark, and the figures on the wall stood out sharp and distinct on the sheet. Then the picture faded away, and in its place appeared writing—letters in black upon white

ground: SALMON FALLS, June 1, 1832. I, Edward Denny, do hereby leave and be queath to my son, John Denny, all of my prop-erty, both real and personal. All other wills I have made are hereby annulled. My near death

They lifted him tenderly, and with Al-ma's help the old sheriff and the serving man took him away to his room. The moment the two men were alone, the prisoner in the chair broke out in a torrent of curses and threats. The young man quietly took up his revolver, and said sternly:







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ALL. MODERN IMPROVE-MENTS.

by a moss-grown spring: aned soft checks together the dark and sunny hai the wooing thrushes sing. O, budding time! O, love's best prime!

vo wedded from the portal step; The bells made happy carollingr, The air was soft as fanning wings, hile petals on the pathway swept. O, pure-eyed bride! O, tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent; Two hands above the head were looked These pressed each other while they ro These watched a life that love had sent. O, solemn hour! O, hidden power!

Two parents by the evaning fire; The red light shone about their knees, On heads that rose by slow degrees, Like buds upon the lify spire. O, patient life! O, tender strife!

The two still sat together there: The red light shone about their knees But all the heads by slow degrees Had gone and left the lenely pair. O, voyage fast 1 O, voyage fast 1

The red light shone about the floor, And made the space between them wide; They drew their chairs up side by side; Their pale checks joined, and said, "Once more O, memories! O, past that is!

fear nothing. We have secured the man." Mr. Denny entered the room leaning on Alma's arm. He saw the open safe and the papers strewed upon the floor, and he lifted his hand and shook his head in alarm and trouble. "A robbery! Would they ruin me ut-terly? Where is the villain?" "There, sir." Alma turned toward the man in the chair, and clung to her father in terror. The old man lifted his crutch as if to strike.

"My curse be upon you and yours." "Oh, father, come away. Leave the poor wretch. Perhaps he has taken noth-ing." "My curse fall on you! Who are you? What have I done to you—you viper" The man secured in the chair, and with the wire drawn tightly over his throat, replied not a word. Elmer advanced toward him, and Alma, with a little cry, tried to hinder him.

him. "Do not fear. He cannot move. I will release his head, and perhaps you will recognize him." The wire about his throat was loos-ened, and the wretch lifted his head into a more comfortable position. "Ah!" "Great Heavens! It is Mr. Belford!"



of, be she old or young: That she laces tight. That she is cos small. That she is tired at a ball. That she is tired at a ball. That she uses anything but powder. That she has kept you waiting. That she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name. That she says what she doesn't mean. That she ever flirted. That she ever flirted. That she exer flirted. That she exer flirted. That she is sound keep a secret. That she cannot keep a secret. That she is sound keep a secret. That she cannot keep a secret. That she is sound keep a secret. That she cannot keep a secret. That she is sound keep a secret. That she cannot keep a secret. That she keep a sec

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