TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee that has so much to bear A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a patch of tangled hair Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch

Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so You do not prize the blessings overmuch.

You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago, I did not see it as I do today-

We are so dull and thankless and too slow And now it seems surpassing strange to me That while I wore the badge of mother-

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly, The little child that brought me only good

And if some night when you sit down to

You miss the elbow from your tired knee

If from your own the dimpled hands had And ne'er would nestle in your palm

If the white feet into the grave had tripped,

I wonder that some mothers ever fret

Are ever black enough to make them frown. If I could find a little muddy boot,

Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor; If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot And hear it patter in my house once mor If I could mend a broken cart today, Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,

There is no woman in God's world could say She was more blissfully content than I! But ah! the dainty pillow next my own, Is never rumpled by a shining head; My singing birdling from his nest has flown, The little boy I used to kiss is - dead.

## SELECT STORY.

## A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of 'That Fair Face,' 'She Knew CHAPTER III.

CONTINUED. It was the aunt's turn to laugh now,

and look amused. "My poor child," she said, "what you know about your father?"

'Was he not my uncle's brother? Poss ibly I know more than you think." hand, her lips trembled. It was Denize who gave the mocking laugh; Mrs. Ardleigh placed arm one around the girl's

"Tell me, do you wish to go, child?" "I would like to, very much. If I may only have sufficient new white cambric muslin, I will make my dress myself, also my hat."

"You shall have what you require; yours is no very extravagant demand." "Make yourself a fright, by all means," was Denize's parting shaft. She laughed loudly, Phoebe joining in, as Noreen went to her room.

"And she will marry him and make him wretched," sobbed the forlorn girl, alone in her misery. "Oh! if I had never seen him, or were a child as I was a few days back. Alas! that can never be again. Why should Denize have everything-beauty, love, all-and I, nothing? Mine surely is a hard, hard lot, but I ought not to repine, since uncle and aunt are good to me.

Sir Giles Massinger can:e forward, all eagerness, to welcome the Ardleighs as they entered the Kingscote grounds; he had been on the watch for them, and Denize augured much from his warm reception. She looked charming in her delicate pink silk costume, but not more arranged in the long dining rooms, so graceful figure in white. He flung himlovely than the dark, beautiful young arranged in the long dining rooms, so there was no harm done in that quarter; self beside her, clasping his arms about

ion of semi-sadness in the soft, velvety lively disputes on their probability of suceves, appealed to the heart. Sir Giles, walking by Denize, seemed engrossed by Mrs. Ardleigh came forward with her her badinage; she little conjectured what hostess in all the affectation of maternal his breast, striving to call back the life a large share of his thoughts her despised anxiety, her eyes looking well into her that seemed ebbing away. Just a low

young cousin occupied. pretty things—said them heedlessly, per- "Oh, my sweet child, where have you sweet mouth. He had pillowed the girl's haps forgetting them as soon as uttered; been? I have literally suffered martyr. head on his broad chest; she lay in his

have sprung into a woman all at once. I

now-she wished to see what effect it again, had you not returned." would have on her son; she was not at all pleased to remark a glad light spring trill, elevating her dainty head proudly, into those expressive eyes of his. She her fingers still resting on Sir Giles' arm. feared much from this girl's attractions, Examining his sketch-book privately, she scornful curl of the pink, short, upper lip,

not wishing to spoil the coming triumph only a short time back Denize had shown of the day by any display of temper. An him much favor, and like a silly moth he admirer of hers stood near with hungry hovered round this bright, cruel light, eyes. In her most fascinating voice, which threatened to consume him. dimpling her cheek like a very Hebe,

with, as long as she was out of the host's air of Sir Giles Massinger. herself the question—"If she perceived it, seen, and I am really desirous of showing what she never possessed. My love is

she appear to outsiders?" ing so charming as seeing a concourse of raised eyebrows, "to let a young thing just a wee bit, Noreen, I will be very well dressed people enjoying themselves; like that wander about alone!" but—oh! Sir Giles," said Denize, "I fancy | "Allow me," said Sir Giles, politely ofyou can feel for me there,—I do so adore fering Denize a seat by her mother's side. pictures. If I could but roam through "I will find her. Surely she cannot be

your gallery with you—see the old favor- out in this storm!" ites, as well as the foreign gems you have | "She is not in any of the rooms, Sir imported, I fancy I could die happy."

Giles," Lady Decimer called back. "When drops, driving before it the last vestiges of disease is so fatal unless its progress is

Denize was a born actress, he could not but believe her words; she touched a her, did you not?" said Denize, making a with additional in the branches. tender chord when she spoke to him of pettish move.

"Come," he said, and they entered the awhile, and then she asked me to bring The torturing pangs of neuralgia are heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and house together, ascending the broad oak- her back to her chaperon, which I did. speedily overcome by a free application quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for en staircase leading to the cedar-panelled That is correct, madame, is it not?" he of Dr. Manning's german remedy, the uniroom, where hung his pictured ancestors, said, bowing low before Mrs. Ardleigh. versal pain cure, sold by all druggists. W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

and the marvellous Chef-d' æuvres they had been collecting for centuries. Sir she slipped from my side, but she man-Giles was a worthy descendant of a noble aged it in her own strange fashion. Norrace; he would not despoil—he rather

added to the heaped-up treasures. The gallery was extensive and wellfilled. It was no small office to be cicer- room, was vigorously drawing on his macsmallest picture, asking pertinent quest- brella, he was dashing out into the now ions, begging for history of noble knight drenching rain, when a servant stopped and lovely dame. Sir Giles' heart was in him. his employment. Never had he found this girl he dubbed coquette, so engaging; she was artless as a child, with the intel-

ligence of a highly cultured lady. Something like this passed through bis brain. To catch the sunshine until it slips away; "Was his mother right? Would she ancient house better than the one to myself." whom his heart seemed far more drawn?"

CHAPTER IV.

THEY were standing before a huge painting by Van de Velde, its subject, 'A storm at sea.' The waves lashed mountains high, the clouds-dark, lowering, dreadtongue that chatters conful—saluted the angry billows. It was a scene of awful magnificence. Mammoth ships were there, sport of the elements, tossed about like cockle-shells, on the fierce and mighty ocean; one could fancy to hear the roar of the wind, catch the I could not blame you for your heartache | crashing of the thunder, as one looked at | this realastic masterpiece.

"Oh. how awful!" exclaimed Denize, shivering and drawing closer to Sir Giles. At precious darling clinging to their gown, her golden head near his shoulder, she Or that the footprints, when the days are clinging to his arm. "Were you ever in a storm?" she asked, in an awful whisper. with round, wide open eyes, an expression - half horror, half admiration - in

their sapphire depths. He had to tell her of storms and peril by sea he had encountered. She was an ntranced and insatiable listener, apparently hanging on his every word. It was subtle flattery, this showing how he enthralled her-she, the beauty with so

many lovers at her feet. Another and another tale she craved so he went on from grave to gay, watching the ruby lips, sometimes rippling with smiles and dimples, then changing to solemn awe, her breath panting, her bosom heaving. He had had no idea she was so enthusiastic, even his mother had

"Let us look at the living picture now," she exclaimed playfully, drawing him towards one of the windows. There was to see it filled with gay dresses, a joyous, laughing crowd; it was deserted, not a soul upon the lawns.

Not much need to inquire the wherefore, rain had begun to fall; as they looked, a vivid flash of lightning flashed be-The latter part of her speech was an its electric light. Denize drew closer to entered among the nut boughs. They your remedy. For sale by W. Carten more surprised at its exect than she. Her aunt reddened, then turned pate; her eyes beside his broad shoulder; when the ing him with ice-cold fingers, seeming to she said, childishly-

"Do you know, I fancy we have been people say?"
"I do not care if you do not?" he answered, with a laugh.

She threw a soft light into her eves bringing all her fascination to bear upon avail; he was hurriedly conducting her towards the grand staircase, no tangible word of love spoken. Denize felt her situation too absurd, she had wasted valuable time on what she considered a hum-

The guests were congregated in the hall and rooms adjoining, scattered about in groups; timid women seeking petting and protection, hardier natures making believe to be very heroic indeed, each and either using the time to the best advantage as regards flirtation.

There was a subdued murmur of voices, pretty, soft, laughter, timid screams, interspersed with the popping of cham- not imagination, something human sufpagne corks; well-trained servants hur- fered there. Could it be Noreen? ried to and fro, silver waiters piled high There could be no dissentient voice able lawn-tennis players, who making to the light. The eyes were closed, the about Noreen's beauty now; the express- wry faces over unfinished games, kept up

cess or defeat. daughter's, as the other's into her son's. Lady Massinger delighted in saying "My darling Denize!" she exclaimed. frame, a weary sigh issued from the she must be pleasant, even to her greatest doms of anxiety on your account. I arms like a tired child. feared you were out in the grounds, and "My dear friend," she remarked to knowing your extremely sensitive tem- again; my precious woodland lily!" Denize's mother, "your neice seems to perament, pictured most horrible consequences. Mr. Kerrison has been so kind,

must congratulate you on her charming my sweetest, see how wet he is. He has Denize laughed a little fashionable

"Dearest mamma," she answered, the had found more than one portrait of rather marring the sweetness of her Noreen—whether taken from life or from words, "your cherished child has been in memory, they were wonderfully correct. good hands, not one drop of rain has They showed the artist's heart was in his touched her. I had wheedled Sir Giles into showing me his pictures; we have Denize had seen Sir Giles' glance of spentfully an hour in his glorious gallery.' admiration, and was mad over it; she hid Launcelot Kerrison turned round, a her anger under brighter smiles, however, sickly pallor overspread his countenance;

"He is always so good," said Denlze, with the sweet softness she could call so "Do take my little cousin about the readily to her eyes, making the man hapgrounds, Mr. Kerrison, she has never py once more, throwing him into the

To command was to gain obedience; Old Lady Decimer was saunterin her eyes said, 'I shall know how to re- through the fine apartments of Kingscote, ward you.' Noreen was disposed of for showing Baron von Trinkenstein, a memthe nonce—taken through the rose gar- ber of the German Embassy, its gems and

dens out into the wilderness paths. Den- antiquities. She noticed the satisfied air ize cared not where she went, or who of mother and daughter, the rather distrait sight. Her eyes were losing their blind- "Where is your pretty, young niece, ness now, she began to see the young Mrs. Ardleigh?" she asked, in her highgirl's beauty only too plainly; she asked pitched voice. "She is nowhere to be

who was daily in her presence, how must the refreshingly-innocent, little beauty to our foreign friend here. Not know? "The grounds are lovely! there is noth- Dear me! how very careless,"—this with

copse, quite alone."

"We sauntered about the grounds for

"Yes. I am sure I do not know when

een is so fond of wandering." Sir Giles had not waited to hear more he had darted away, and in a little ante-

"What is it Parker?" he inquired "Pardon, sir, but my lady said I was to search for the young lady; she's fearsome

you'll take cold." "Thanks all the same, my man. Keep not make a lovely and suitable Lady my lady in the dark if you like, but I've Massinger-maintain the honor of his a fancy to search for my missing guest

> . Through the sodden grounds rushed Sir Giles, his handsome face pale with dread. lifting the draggled rose boughs from his path, thrusting aside the heavy-foliaged branches. Rain came down in sheets of water from the heavens, while ever and anon forked lightning ran along the murky clouds, and distant thunder growled menacingly.

He set his teeth hard, looking from

right to left. One had thought he sought a fairy amongst the dripping flowerlets, so minute was his inspection. There was agony, deep, unutterable, in the man's face; no thought of Denize was in his heart now : each heart throb was for Noreen. He remembered she had told him in her artless fashion-when he had by chance encountered her, taking her for a peasant maiden, the only things she feared, were thunderstorms; that while they lasted, she shook with terror, hiding her eyes from the lighting in greatest fear; that the noise of the rolling thunder

seemed to turn her to stone. "Noreen! Noreen!" he cried, in bitterness of soul. "My little Noreen, where are you?"

Yes, she was his Noreen; now she was in possible danger, he knew his own heart. Denize had fascinated him, enthralled him for awhile, but he knew, he cried again, in impassioned tones. not spoken of this similarity in their art "Oh! if I have lost you, what will become of me? Noreen, Noreen! Cannot you

hear me?" He had nothing to guide him but Lady a view of the grounds below, they thought Decimer's words, and to them he could hours by the "Great South American not give entire credence. Mrs. Ardleigh Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a and she were for ever doing some polite great surprise and delight on account of sparring; openly meeting, visiting as its exceeding promptness in relieving pain friends, there was not much love lost be- in the bladder, kidneys, back and every twixt the two ladies.

Nevertheless, the faintest clue in a case fore their eyes, almost blinding in its like this, was worth something. He and pain in passing it almost immediately. brilliancy, filling the whole gallery with steered his course towards the copse, and If you want quick relief and cure this is him, with a tiny scream, shading her thrust their wet arms in his face, touch- and Alonzo Staples rumbling thunder had stopped rolling, urge him back, to warn him that that haunt was not for him; a few tall elms were above his head—a chestnut tree or up here a very long time. What will the so, all the rest nuts and undergrowth. It was but an outground of the great Kingscote woods, Noreen so loved; yet as the thunder crashed around him, and the "Oh, no, mamma knows I'm safe with lightning forked the dismal sky, he shud-

dered at the aspect of the place. He hurried on through the bracken, through the blinding rain; the ominous him, counting on a suspectible heart, a thunder grinding still, the lightning playgreat prejudice in her favor, but without | ing like flery serpents o'er the pathway, o'er the heavens.

"Noreen, Noreen, my love! Cannot you hear me? Oh, my darling!" He stood still and listened, dashing the water frem his face and eyes. No sound but the maddened rivulet, the rain pattering heavily on the tree tops.

And then. Was Providence merciful? Did he really hear a low moaning, the sound of stifled sobs? Close beside him was a tiny wooden hut, placed there for the use of the gamekeepers. He bent his ear to the low

It did not take him long to push the with refreshments, in their hands. Luck- door back and enter-to fly to a pile of ily, the commissariat department had been | leaves at the other end, whereon lay a the loss was mostly felt by the indefagit- the lovely form, turning her marble face hands limp, only a faint moaning came

"Speak to me darling! Look at me, shuddering passed through the delicate

"My love, my life!" he whispered Like to a flower opening to the warm sun's rays, so gradually the long, dark evelashes flickered on the pale cheek, been searching for you in every imagin- and the white eyelids unclosed, disclosing There was method in her compliment able corner, and was just going to begin the dark eyes meeting his in innocent wonder. She was bewildered -could not

yet recall her scattered senses. "Where am I? What has happened?" she asked in a faint voice. "Darling, you are in my arms. Will

not that content you?" She tried to raise herself, but fell back, the crimson blood mantling to the waves of her curly hair.

"I know you, Sir Giles," she whispered. 'Oh, please let me go! Where is Denize?" His fine eyes looked into hers, true and honest in their deep affection; his lips were very near hers as he answered-"I care not where Denize is! What is she to me; I cannot live without you."

"Please let me go! Oh, let me go!" "Do you not love me? Oh. Noreen can those dark eyes lie? Are you deceitful, like too many of your sisters, you s young and child-like?"

A flash of thunder illumined the little been to Kingscote before. I shall owe seventh heaven; it was Sir Giles he hated hut, the thunder boomed again; she you my eternal gratitude if you amuse now, not the girl. The eyes told him clung to him frantically hiding her face; her, she so revels in floral and sylvan so plainly she had wished to be with she had no wish to chide him, that his lips were buried in her soft hair. "Cling to me closer, my little Noreen,"

he whispered fondly. Let your heart speak, dear one. What is it you fear?" "'Tis Denize. Ah! I must not rob Denize," she said, in a half sob.

than I." "Ah! Noreen, you cannot rob her of yours, darling; I ask for very little in re-

turn, dear one. I dare not hope you feel

"Try?" she said, in a low voice, and then she raised her head once more, all rosy with blushes, dimpled with smiles: as if in sympathy, sunshine came bursting through the clouds, dispersing the rain- | tic in consumptives, though no other form From his tall height he looked down last I saw her, she was going towards the of the storm, the blue heavens shone arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which

SEEKING A DIVORCE.

A divorce case was commenced at Halifax, Monday, before Judge Graham. The petitioner is Mrs. Bessie Agness Lovitt, wife of Dr. Isra I M. Loyitt of Yarmouth and daughter of the late Hon. W. B. Bevone to Denize, who lingered before the intosh. Armed with an unopened um- eridge of Andover, N. B. Dr. Lovitt is a son of the late W. D. Lovitt, and inherited a quarter of a million dollars. Lovitt was married in Woodstock, N. B., in 1887. Two children were the result of the marriage. The wife alleges that the husband has been in the habit of remaining out late and drinking. She also alleges in her petition that her husband became acquainted with a woman who slienated her husband's affections. Mrs. Lovitt al-

> and when she was greatly in need of professional treatment, her husband refused her a nurse and allowed the house woman who was ignorant of such matters, to look after her. [Mrs. Lovitt was well known as Miss Bessie Beveridge in Fredericton, some Paine's years ago, when her father represented

Victoria County in the House of Assem-

leges that when her last child was born,

An absent-minded Southwark woman went to bank the other day to have cashed a check her husband sent her. She endorsed it thus: "Your loving wife, Mary Miller."

bly.-HERALD.]

OVERWORKED STUDENT.

Students, and especially those of weak constitution, run a terrible risk in "burning the midnight oil." In how many cases health is permanently undermined in this very manner. Nature exhausted by overwork, and no pains taken to restore the lost energy. Its great value as a nerve and brain invigorator and health restorer has won for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic the name of the student's friend. It is sold by all druggists.

Patrick McQuinn was brought up before the justice in the morning, and when dazzle as she might, there was no ring of asked his occupation by the clerk said he the true metal in her character. This little forsaken one he loved, loved her Judge. "I don't believe you were ever at passionately, with all his soul and strength. sea in your life.' "Well retorted the dis-"Come to me, Noreen, my darling!" tinguished Irishman, "how does your Honor think I came over from Oireland

ney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water

BETTER THAN ALARM CLOCKS. Bright Boy - "You don't have to wake up the girl any more, do you?" Mother - "No, for a wonder; she ha

awakened herself every morning for "I thought she would."

took upstairs and let out in her room,"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female phydoorway, listening with bated breath, with anxious heart-throbs. Surely it was not imagination, something human suffered the sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

> lunch establishment, "this coin has a hole in it." Well," replied the Meandering Mike, "so had the doughnut ye sold me." And he strode haughtly on.

A Boon to Horsemen. - One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

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PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION. Little Johnny - Aunt Julia, what nakes those funny spots on your face?

in my blood; it is only when I have been out in wet weather, though, that they are Little Johnny - Oh, yes; I know! You

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Every time Tony is taken out for a walk he is astonished at the number of persons who exchange greetings with his grandfather, who was charge of the little urchin. After thinking it over one day, with a smile on his face and cheerfully remarked: I say, grand-dad, won't you have a lot of folk's to your funeral!"

and Alonzo Staples.

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"All the flies I caught in that fly-trap

Weekly Transcript.

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Aunt Julia - ( who is very freckled)-I believe it is because I have so much iron

go out in the weather and the iron in

your blood gets rusted.

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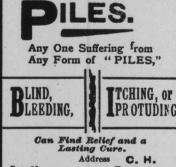
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