Makes me hear the bells of dreamland,

That ring at close of day. So you want a story darling! What shall the story be? Of little boy blue in the havstack. And the sheep he fails to see, As they nibble the meadow clover. While the cows are in the corn. O little boy blue, wake up, wake up,

For the farmer blows his horn! Or shall it be the story, Of Little Bo-Peep I tell, And the sheep he lost and mourned for. As if awful fate befell? But there was no need of sorrow For the pig that went astray,

Since, left alone, he came back home,

In his own good time and way. Oh, the pigs that went to market-That's the tale for me to tell! The great big pig and the little pigs, And the wee, wee pigs as well. Here's the big pig-what a beauty !-But not half as cunning as he.

This little tot of a baby pig, That can only say "We-we!" Just look at the baby, bless him The little rogue's fast asleep. I might have stopped telling stories When I got to Little Bo-Peep; O little one, how I love you! You are so dear, so fair.

Here's a good-night kiss, my baby-

God have you in His care

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of 'That Fair Face," She Knew Best,' etc.

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED. "Well, that seems to have been a very

natural thing to do." "Probably, if it were a true tale; but it was a strange thing that they never saw anything more of that colored girl. She disappeared one day, vanished into air; so Norris Ardleigh was never able to find out in what part of the world his relative had been located. He has fulfilled his charge nobly towards the child, though, and I must say, been well rewarded by Providence. When that child came to them, his estates were impoverished, year by year, he appeared going to ruin; only fortune smiled upon him. They say he ter the richest heiress in the country."

"You say they are kind to this young Noreen. Why is it she is dressed so differently to Denize? Why not introduced into society?"

"Really, Giles, you would not have her quite the same as the heiress, would iful—and rich—for that.

"Why not?"

Lady Massinger shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, you men!" she exclaimed. "Just like your dear father, with his whys and fancy-dress ball in the evening at the Eswherefores. Do not you follow me? I believe that Noreen is no Ardleigh at all. anything else. Probably the Ardleighs too good-hearted to own it. They feel shy at launching a spurious article on to

woods; he was preparing to leave the your style of beauty?"

room when Lady Massinger said, hastily:

"I can ask her; the Ardleighs may accept, yet in the end, they will leave her at home, for all that." "You must make them understand they

must bring Noreen, that is, if they wish me to marry Denize," said the baronet haughtily

his fine grey eyes, as he said these part- | must never want." ing words. Again 'my lady' nurmured, "How like his father! So gentle as a laughed Denize derisively. "Ah, how rule, so determined when occasion merit- foolishly you talk! I shall make her get ed!" Yet she smiled well satisfied. She her own living, like the rest of the world did not like his praises of the young who have no money. I have no love for Noreen, though their acquaintance might | the gypsy girl, for I verily believe, instead be ever so small, nor that sketch of the of having Ardleigh blood in her veins, sleeping girl. She knew she had played she comes from the scum of the earth!" a good card when she had hinted at the girl's spurious birth. Never yet had there been a stain upon the Massinger esplace the first one there. She had done | the girl." all this, but pity had taken deep root also in her heart. He could not think the better of Denize, seeing she did not love

have loved each other as sisters. narrow, rippling river—the collie kept watch; she was lying back in her natural tree undulating up and down in pleasant | ably to the ball in the evening."

No one followed the girl to these syl- I will stay at home." van haunts; Denize was afraid of spoiling shine upon it; her aunt's time for climb- young tigress. ing hills was over, also Kingscote woods were far from the house.

was a shy, frightened look about the Sir Giles Massinger.,' girl's face, Sir Giles had never seen there "I mean to be mistress of Kingscote, Sept. 24.—The weather has been quite before, but it pleased him full well. It which is much the same thing."

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she ex- before company." claimed, then stood, with downcast eyes, as he held her hand closely in his.

"Did you not expect me? Does it wrong since Sir Giles sent me his beauti- people when they reach this road with make any difference now I know who ful bouquet. She stopped him proposing their trotting horses, go at a 2.40 gait. you really are?—that you are not Jessie, that night by singing her absurd songs on This road has not been repaired for the farmer's daughter, as you made me the river. You never ought to have let twenty-five years and now it is thoroughly

discomfiture

"Yes, yes," she said, "it makes all the difference. "How so-why?"

"I was a child then, I am a woman now." "Since when?" "Oh, I do not know; I think I grew up vesterday."

it not? How well you looked."

"What in my old dress-no jewels, no eyes opening increduously. "Was it the old dress that made you

grow up so suddenly? Must I make no more pictures of you?" "The one you have, you got through subtlety, but it is not that, that is not the "What is it? Tell me."

She walked on silently, he by her side, the collie following sedately in the rear she pulled at the various wild flowers, making a posy without knowing. Sir Giles, taking a daisy gently from among them, began the old refrain, watching the downcast eyes, the blushes mantling upwards to the peach-like cheek. "She loves me -loves me not," he said,

till the snowy petals were all gone, the last one ending with "she loves me." He smiled, trying to look into her face: he did not know there were tears in the large, dark eyes. He could only see that the small hand trembled, that she quickened her pace; he thought she was a child and did not understand. "Does she love me, Noreen?" he asked

"Oh, I dont know," she answered, a great pain in her voice that he did not notice, "I hope she does, but so many do not mind, she will love you in time-

she must " "Of whom are you speaking?" "Of Denize, my cousin." She looked up at him. Now he could

"Why of Denize?" "You love my cousin, you send her flowers; indeed I never knew it till yes-

"I never sent her flowers." "I took them to her with my own

the quivering, childish lin.

"My mother sent them in my name; I knew nothing about them." "Oh!" just a little joyful exclamation.

"How pretty she looks," he thought. What a sensitive, sweet face; far, far more beautiful than Denize, with this for her." ever-changing expression." Yet he never said he did not love Den

ize; he only said he did not send the flowers. If he had, Noreen would have taken no notice of his words-she was far too honorable towards her cousin. "Denize must not know." she said quickly, "it would vex her so."

"Does Denize never vex you, that you are so mindful of her?" he asked. The dark eyes met his, but instead of

a few months after her sojourn with them, him, would you give him up to her?', dabbled in stocks, I do not know what he anything in the world; they have given did. He is a millionaire now, his daugh- me everything I possess—it would be my duty to do so.'

"Let us hope you will never be tried, "You talk nonsense," she said, rousing herself with a bitter little laugh. "That

could never happen. Denize is too beaut- my father's daughter ought not to be

"A garden party next Thursday at Lady Massinger's, my dear Denize - a

monds'; you cannot manage both!" "Easily enough, mamma. The first Look at her face—is there the least like- will be over by seven or eight o'clock, ness? She is more like a gypsy girl than that will give ample time for rest between the two. I would not lose the Esmonds' know they have been fooled, but they're ball for all the world; it is not every day

one is dressed in cloth of gold." "No, I suppose not. Between ourselves, I have my doubts about that costume. Sir Giles walked to the window, his Do you think the gorgeous finery affected

"We will have the garden party next | will be to your style, mamma!" replied 2,000 pieces, It is doubtless whether the week, dear; Denize desires it. Oh! Giles, the impertinent girl; then added, "what if you could only introduce the sweet girl | are you going to do with Noreen on that | as your bride, what a sensation she would day? I do not think she should be unas your bride, what a sensation she would can be sensation should be sensation she would can be sensation should be sensation she would can be sensation should b letting everybody know, and I should she gets into the library and fills her head feel so proud of my daughter-in-law elect." with romances—we shall have her imagevery particular. The following is a synop-the Harvest Be?" "You will disgust me with her name ining herself some captive princess. I sis of her life: Born in Gagetown, Aug 17, soon; you must let a man chose his own have hit upon a capital plan. Let her 1792. Her parents were Oliver and Lucy time for parting with his liberty," he help Phoebe renovate my wardrobe; the Akerley, her maiden name Amy Akerley, answered, with a notion of vexation; "and maid is agreeable, and really, you know married at the age of 19 to Thomas Blizard. mother, listen, hear! We will have no it is necessary. Noreen should be able to After her marriage lived in Cambridge for a gathering at all, unless Noreen receives earn her own living in case anything number of years, from there they moved to

happens to my father or you." "Neither your father nor myself are

very old yet, my child. I trust it may very old yet, my child. I trust it may 56 years of age. She professed religion be some years before you lose us, though should such an unforseen calamity occur, Samuel Hartt. She is a firm believer in lawn, right away through the grounds towards the woods. A light had shot from daughter of your father's only brother, the love of her Redeemer.

"Share and share alike, I suppose,

"I do not know what your father would have done without her!" "My father? Well, that is good! I cutcheon; ber son was not the man to never knew he was particularly fond of

"Did I say he was?" "No, but you insinuated much the same thing; all this is to turn off my her cousin more; they had been brought | wishing to see her properly employed. up together from infancy, and should Are you willing to allow her to help Phoebe on Thursday? My maid's hands Noreen sat in her favorite wood seat- are full of work, and she threatens to a branch of a tree, which hung over the leave me unless I get some one to assist

"On Thursday, Noreen goes to the gararmchair, deep in romance, as usual, the | den party as well as yourself-most prob-"Good Heavens! How absurd! Then

Denize stamped her feet passionately, her complexion by letting heaven's sun | left her seat, and paced the room like a

"You ought not to tease me," she said, "If you have accepted invitations for A shadow fell across her book; she her, you can evade them at the last looked up suddenly, a vivid carmine ris- moment. Give her something to make ing to her cheeks, making the dark eyes her ill—a dose of poison; anything that shine like stars in all their velvety soft- comes handy, she shall not go with me." ness; the pretty lips were parted, there | "You told me you intended to marry

was with childish eyes she had looked "Then Noreen must accompany us. Lady weeks. The grain and potato crops are a at him heretofore; now there was a Massinger has given me to understand good average. The threshing machines change; his own pulses quickened as that her son thinks you do not treat your are around and grain is turning out very Noreen sprang from her perch, one little cousin kindly. The only way to refute fair. the charge is to be extra amiable to her

"My child, I believed you could hold your own with anyone. Had Noreen Anderson, ex-M. P.P., and also Mr. Shaw, Six Subscriptions do. do. made Sir Giles' acquaintance before?" "Of course not, how could she? Only see their kind and welcome faces. I know she had seen him-where, good- Robert Clarke has opened his new store ness knows; perhaps he rode by her in and is doing a nice business. His family, the roadway and splashed her with the with quite a number of others, are all LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers,

"That was your first dinner party, was | told me she had never seen eyes like Sir Giles Massinger's.

"Never mind, do not cry, Denize; probnothing?" She laughed again, the large ably he has never seen eyes to compare with yours.'

> "Phoebe!" exclaimed Denize, afterwards, to her abigail, "Noreen is to go to the garden party and the ball. What shall I do?" "I wouldn't stand it, miss. I'd tell

> "I have, but he is just as bad as mamma. He says he has given his word." "Dear, dear! she'll sneak round everybody soon; she does give herself airs.

Look at her now, miss!-there she goes off to the woods; she spends her life Denize stood at the window frowning. She watched her cousin with malevolent expression; for the first time she noticed the girl's graceful pose, her perfect, supple figure. Noreen turned her head suddenly, then hastened back to the house, ap-

parently obeying a summons from one of the lower windows. "My mother is now going to tell her the news. Phoebe you must help me. What shall we do?"

"Make her look as big a fright as we can. Missus is sure to say she is to have love her; she will perhaps seem cold, but | yellowish green, she'll look as sallow as wouldn't give her a thought when you

were near." "But for fancy dress, Phoebe. You see the unshed tears in her soft eyes, note nust help me there." "We'll make a peasant maid, or something as abject."

"Capital! Only I trust she will meet a King Cophetua." So they settled it between them-mis tress and maid against an inoffensive girl;

and then Mrs. Ardleigh brought Noreen to her daughter's room, saying-"Lady Massinger and the Esmonds have invited your cousin for Thursday. The notice is short, and she has so outgrown her dresses; try and find some-

thing in your wardrobe that can be altered Phoebe, with alacrity, displayed two or three costumes, soiled and crumpled. Noreen flushed, and there was a pained expression about her mouth—she looked with speaking eyes from one to the other,

then retreated from the table. "I would rather not go at all, thank you, auntie," she said in a low voice. Denize laughed aloud, quite uproarious

in her mirth. "There, what did I say, mamma? I waiting for her answer, he put another knew she would not feel equal to appear in such society. She is no fool she is "If a man loved you and Denize loved sensible of her deficiencies, and does not care to make herself a laughing-stock." "Aunt and uncle love her more than "I insist upon her going; I will take no

Noreen was badgered between them, but she could also be firm. She took up the corner of her little fancy apron, and began minutely examining the hem. "I am not afraid to go," she said quietly, "but I cannot wear one of these dresses;

dressed in cast-off finery." TO BE CONTINUED.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN. On the 7th inst., Rev. T. W. Carpenter, of Carpenter, Queens Co., Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer, of Victoria, Carleton Co., and Miss

Frances A. Carpenter, of Philadelphia. called on Mrs. Thomas Blizard, of Macdonald's Point, Queens Co. Mrs. Blizard is in her 103rd year. Her visitors were greatly surprised in finding her so bright, cheerful and entertaining. She related many reminscence of her life all through the present century. She is exceedingly vigorous and healthy, and her sight and hearing is good thoughtful eyes still fixed on Kingscote by Anne of Austria is quite becoming to for one so far advanced in years. Since she has been 100 years old she has cut, pieced "Just as suitable as Queen Elizabeth's and patched two quilts, one containing neatness of the work on these quilts could Johnston. During the latter part of her The mother's face blanched at this husband's life they lived in St. John, where heartless termination to her daughter's he died 26 years ago. Since then she has speech; she tried to laugh it off, however, lived with her son-in-law, William Smith, of Macdonald's Point. She gave birth to 16 children, 8 boys and 8 girls, 10 of whom are

SEPT. 20.— A pretty wedding took place here a few days ago, the marriage of Frederick Adams of Allendale to Miss Sarah Longstaff of Woodstock. After the ceremony in Woodstock which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Connors, the friends of the bride and groom sat down to a well got up dinner and at four o'clock in the afternoon, they took their departure for Allendale in a shower of rice accompanied by friends. They were met at Eel River by a party of invited guests in carriages. Among them was Thomas L. Connelly and wife, Jeremiah Calnan and wife, of Benton, W. Edwards and Miss Edwards, Squire Connelly of Allendale and his daughter, Miss Louise Connelly. and others. On arriving in Allendale the bride and groom found a large party awaiting their arrival at Andrew Adams'. The tables were well loaded with good things, to which the guests did ample justice. After supper, music was furnished by Miss McMullin assisted by Miss Hilman of Canterbury, cousin of the bride. The health of the bride and groom was proposed by Thomas L. Connelly and was chosen words. There was very nice singing rendered by Bruce Hilman assisted by Miss Ingraham. The bride received some very nice presents. The party broke up at a late hour, after wishing Mr. and Mrs. Adams a long and happy life.

North Lake.

favorable for harvesting for the past few

Our great road is improving here very much this summer. We had the Govern-"I cannot tell what has come to her ment road machine at work and in a the bright color fading from her cheeka, these last few days," said Denize, begin- week it made 374 rods of splendid road, ing to whimper. "All seems to have gone as smooth as a trotting park. The young her come down to dinner; you have finished. Many thanks to our Governof her spoilt my prospects through your silly ment for sending such a boon to our part

of the country. We had a call from our friend John from Poquiock, and every one was glad to Ten Subscriptions do.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS 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 Diarrhoea, 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 physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A little Buffalo girl was not feeling well and her parents suggested she might be about to take the chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning she went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said, "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa; I found a feather in the bed."

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain one of your old dresses; we can pick out in the bladder, kidneys, back and every the most becoming. Let her have that part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water saffron in it. Lor, Miss Denize, you've and pain in passing it almost immediately. nothing to fear from her; a gentleman If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

> Father (reprovingly) - My son, don't you know that a workman is known by his chips? Son - I can't say that I do; but I know that a poker player is.

TIDNISH, N. S. **ROSTON TRANSCRIPT CO.,** David Amos, postmaster at Tidnish, N.

s., writing to the Hawker Medicine Co., says: Last spring I suffered greatly with neuralgic rheumatism and could get nothing to help me. I began using Dr. Manning's german remedy and received relief at once. Every application gave me great benefit and I have now no need to use it. He further adds, I cannot speak too highly of this remedy. Dr. Manning's german remedy is sold by all druggists

ADOPTED HER SUGGESTION. Jaggs - How did you ever dare to em

brace Miss Boston? Naggs - She was speaking of the banditti that night as we drove through a strip of woods by the river, and remarked, What a romantic place to be held up." Jaggs - Yes?

Naggs - Well, I held her up. A Boon to Horsemen .- One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely re-200 kegs Steel cut Nails. 280 "Wire Steel Nails moved a curb from my horse. I take it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs,

sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples. Elsie's afraid of growin' fat, said dear

little Tommy, who was being exhibited How do you know that? asked one of the guests. Because, replied Tommy, confidently, last night when she an' Mr. Makeluv were on the piazza I heard her say: I'm afraid

I'm heavy, ain't I? Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching and stinging: most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointmen stops that itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25

cents. Dr. Swyne & Son, Philadelphia. A nervous organist in a Harlem church caused a bridal party to march out after the ceremony to the air: "What Shall

Rheumatism Cured in a Day. - South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It esremov at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A FINE PASSAGE.

Man, Sandy, exclaimed a Scotchman to years ago and was baptised by the late his friend as he stepped ashore at the wharf, I'm glad to see you safe across. Hae ye had a fine passage? Oo, ay, capital, replied Sandy. We hae

got owre safely enough; the only accident I heard o' was that the ship had broken WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

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