

Continued from first page. "I think the music is coming back again," said Jack to himself.

Later that night, after the wife came back, Jack went marketing, and a couple of chairs were set by the fire. "Good kind of musical boxes," said Jack to himself, as he took them in at the door and set each in its place.

"Come, little ones, you must sing to mother and me," said he at last. "I am so glad," you know. And they looked at each other with a wonder that soon passed into sunshine and joy; and before they knew it Jack and his wife joined in with them.

"Eh, but I mustn't spoil the music like this. Sing on little ones," and they did sing, and Jack sang, and his wife. And then Jack did as he had for many a day; he knelt down with wife and children, and asked God to help them and bless them, to forgive the past, and to strengthen him for the future.

On Sunday there they sat together at the little Mission-room, and from that day to this no voice is clearer or louder than Jack's. And now, whenever he talks about clumsy work or faults in anything, Jack always calls it "spoiling the music."

Jack's prayer every morning is, "Lord keep us in tune all day long"—a prayer that has been blessedly answered now for many months.

Choice Miscellany.

YEARNING FOR THE END.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind, Above the tangled grasses deep, Where those who loved me long ago Forgot the world and fell asleep. No towering shaft or sculptured urn Or mausoleum's empty pride Tells the curious passer by Their virtues, of the time they died.

I count the old, familiar names, O'ergrown with moss and lichen grey, When the tangled brier and creeping vine, Across the crumbling tables stray. The summer sky is softly blue; The birds still sing the sweet old strain; But something from the summer time Is gone that will not come again. So many voices have been hushed, So many songs have ceased for aye, So many hands I used to touch Are folded over hearts of clay. The noisy world recedes from me; I cease to hear its praise or blame, The noisy marbles echo back No hollow sound of empty time. I only know that calm and still They sleep beyond life's we and wail, Beyond the shadow of the vale. I only feel that, tired and worn, I halt upon the highway here, And gaze with yearning eyes beyond On fields that shine supremely fair.

AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

A potato went out on a mash, And sought an onion bed; "That's for me," observed the squash, And all the beets turned red. "Go away," the onion, weeping, cried, "Your love I cannot be; The pumpkin is your lawful bride; You cantelope with me." But onward the turbot came, And lay down at her feet; "You cantelope by any name, And it will smell as wheat; And I, too, am an early rose, And you I've come to see, So don't turn up your pretty nose, But spinach with me!"

WHEN BRAVE MEN ARE COWED.

As the steamer moves gradually out of port and plunges her nose into the white-capped seas which the half-gale is tossing up, there is no fear abroad, even amongst the children. Is she not a stout, staunch craft, and her officers brave men? By and by, when she has crept further away from shelter, there is a longer run to the sea, and their power to lose her about is more fully realized. Then, too, there is something in the voice of the gale which carries a warning of danger; but no one is afraid. The children crowd closer, and the women look a bit anxious, but the deck hands wistle and sing and roll, as if stout ships were never shattered by wind and wave.

THE WORLD'S LAONICS.

Learn the value of a man's words and

ened. The steamer has begun to labor as she is held up to her course. There is cracking and groaning and moaning and complaining, and now and then the low of a cow or the neigh of a horse on the main deck carry such apprehension in the tones as to make the heart beat faster.

Now the black cloud opens to discharge its arrows of vengeance. Scarcely sending down an advance flake as a warning, it suddenly pours forth from its bosom such a smother of snow that its daylight is lost in a moment, and the eye of an eagle could not penetrate fifty feet into the smother. Now there is a wild delight and vengeful exultation among the elements. There is a fiendish scream to the gale as it sweeps down with renewed violence—an angry, baffled roar to the sea riding down after each other as if they would leap clear over the ship—a seeming spite in every dash of spray against the quivering upper-works.

And on and on—and actual night shuts down—and a living gale sweeps madly over the foamy waste—and the sea is lashed to such fury that it hellsows and roars and raves like ten thousand mad and terror-stricken animals. It is now that woman and children would go to their death without lifting a hand to save—with only a long, lingering will of despair as the water seized them. It is now that stout hearts are cowed and awed—that brave men feel helpless in the presence of the mighty wrath. If the vengeful elements dig the good ship to her grave men say of her that she struggled long and bravely. If guided safely into port, there is praise and admiration for the bravery of each and every man. It is forgotten that, with blanched cheeks, trembling limbs and fainting hearts they were but feathers in a tornado.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs Jackson informed him that his recovery was doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exclamation increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened, my child! Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his suaven eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly: "Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her in that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Fendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him: "Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. It was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks—'then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished."

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looked upward, and slightly raised his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit, passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful? Was ever rest so anticipated or Heaven so revealed?

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston, at 10 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal stations.

P. Innes, General Manager Kentville, Nov. 13, 1886.

expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything; this he offers you inadvertently in his words. He who has a superlative for everything wants a measure for the great or small.—Lavator.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money; but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, everything.—Franklin.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants, for if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you. He that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—Cotton.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues; honor a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.—Jensen.

General, abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind, it is the eye of reason.—Bassett.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with someone stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life; where there is a free interchange of sentiments the mind acquires new ideas; and by a frequent exercise of its powers the understanding gains fresh vigor.—Addison.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune; or what is better, the greatness of thy soul in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate; support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great, but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel. Thou art but the receiver, and to be obliged to be vain too is but the old solism of pride and beggary, which though they often meet, yet ever make but an absurd society.—Sterne.

What blockheads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend everything it reads.—Southery.

The success of medicine depends mainly on the purity of the drugs used and skill which has been exercised in compounding them; and this is why EAGEN'S PHOSPHORINE is so much superior and effects cures in cases of Scrofula, Consumption, and all Wasting Diseases, when all so called similar preparations have failed.

Certain parties have been for year flooding the country with immense quantities of horse and cattle powders which are utterly worthless. Don't be deceived by them. Sheridan's powders are the only kind now known in this country which are strictly pure. They are very powerful.

For Goods. Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Coney, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat Robes.

Clothing. Suits, Overcoats, Mantles, Ulsters, Rubber Coats, Rubber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps, Horse Rugs.

Gents' Furnishings. American and Canadian Hats and Caps, Underclothing, Shirts, Kid Gloves, Wool Gloves, Hosiery.

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Men's Wear. Heavy Walking Boots, double soled and nailed, for \$1.80, Fine Bals and Congress. The celebrated Annerst Long Boots, hand-sewed seams, whole stock. Red Shanty Boots. Ayer's oil tanned Larrigans.

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Suites.—Parlor and Bedroom Sets, W. S. Chairs cane and perforated bottoms, Ash Dining Room.

Tables.—Centre, Pine Top Toilet, Extension, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Easy Chairs, Whatnots, etc.

Carpets.—All-wool, Union, Tapestry, Hemp, Kidder Squares, Felt Squares, Hearth Rugs, Linoleum Mats, Floor Oil Cloths.

International Steamers leave St. John for Digby and Annapolis, returning same days.

Steamer Empire will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, returning same days.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p. m., for Digby.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

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READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

DR. NORTON: Dear Sir.—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, am entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Yours truly, Mrs John Grant

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver, Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Asa Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denison, was sick with Sciatica for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Linctant and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many cases of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

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