LITTLE NUT PEOPLE.

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr
Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain,
Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.
He has a twin brother, a shade or two leaner,
When both come together we shout "Philopena!"

There is Sir Walnut, he's English, you know,
A friend of My Lady and Lord So-and-So.
Whenever you ask old Sir Walter to dinner
Be sure and have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut, from North Carolina,
She's not aristocratic, but no nut is finer.
Sometimes she is roasted and burnt to a cinder,
In Georgia they call her Miss Goober or Pinder.

Little Miss Hazelnut, in her best bonnet,
Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet.
And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent
To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is old Hickory; look at him well.
A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits back!
This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;
But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim,
In flavor no nut is quite equal to him.
Ha, Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Dear little Chinkapin, modest and neat,
Isn't she cunning and isn't she sweet?
Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinkapin.

And now, my dear reader, I'm sure I have told
All the queer rhymes that a nutshell can hold.

— Pearl Rivers, in St. Nicholas.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

It had been decided that Stephen should drive his mother to the rectory in the morning, and there they were to wait the result of Moser's interview with Julius. The dawning came up with sunshine; the storm was over, the earth lay smiling in that "clear shining after rain" which is so exhilarating and full of promise. The sky was as blue, the air as fresh, fell and wood, meadow and mountain, as clean and bright as if they had just come new from the fingers of the Almighty. Ducie was handsomely dressed in dark violet-colored satin, and Stephen noticed, with pride, how well her rich clothing and quiet, dignified manner became her; while Ducie felt even a greater pride in the stately, handsome young man who drove her with such loving care down Latrigg fell that eventful morning.

Julius was at breakfast when the company from Ambleside were shown into the master's room in Seat-Sandal. The lawyer sent in his card; and Julius, who knew him well, was a trifle annoyed by the visit. "It will be about your mother's income, Sophia," he said, as he viciously broke the egg he was boiling; "now, mind, I am not going to yield one inch."

"Why should you, Julius? I am sure we have been blamed and talked over enough. We never can be popular here."

"We don't want to be popular here. When we have returnished the house, we will bring our company from Oxford and London and elsewhere. We will have fine dinners and balls, hunting parties and fishing parties, and, depend upon it, we shall very soon have these shepherd lords and gentlemen begging for our favor."

"Oh, you don't know them, Julius! They would not break bread with us if they were starving."

"Very well. What do I care?"

But he did care. When the wagoners driving teams pretended not to hear his greeting; for the jingling of their bells, he knew it was pretense, and the wagoners' aversion hurt him. When the herdsmen sauntered away from his path, and preferred not to talk to him, he felt the bitterness of their dislike, though they were only shepherds. When the gentlemen of the neighborhood looked straight before them, and did not see him in their path, he burned with an indignation he would have liked well to express. But no one took the trouble to offend him by word or deed, and a man cannot pick a quarrel with people for simply letting him alone.

Sophia's opinion recalled one or two of these events that were particularly galling; and he finished his breakfast in a sulky, leisurely fashion, to such reflections as they evoked. Then, with a cigar in his mouth, he went to the master's room to see Moser. He had been told that other parties were there also, but he did not surmise that their business was identical. Yet he noticed the clergyman on entering, and appeared inclined to attend to his request first; but as he courteously waved his claim away, and retired to the other end of the room, Julius said curtly—

"Well, Mr. Moser, good morning, sir."

The lawyer was pretending to be absorbed in the captions of the papers in his hand, for he was offended at being kept waiting so long: "As if a bite of victuals was of more ado than business that could bring Matthew Moser all the road from Kendal."

"Good morning, Mr. Sandal."

The omission of "Squire," and the substitution of "Mr.," annoyed Julius very much, though he had not a suspicion of the lawyer's errand; and he corrected the mistake with a bland smile on his lips and an angry light in his eyes. Moser, in reply, selected one particular paper, and put it into the hand of Julius.

"Acting for Squire Sandal, I would be a middling bad sort of a lawyer to give you his name. Eh?"

"You are talking in riddles, sir."

"Eh! But I always read my riddles, Mr. Sandal. I am here to take possession of house and land for the real heir to Sandal-Side."

"I bought his right, as you know very well. You have Harry Sandal's own acknowledgment."

"Eh? But you see Harry Sandal never had a pennyworth of right to sell. Launcelot Sandal left a son, and for him I am acting. Eh?"

"Launcelot Sandal was drowned. He never married."

"Eh, but he did—Parson Sellafield, what do you say about that?"

"I married him on July 11, 18—, at Egremont church. There," pointing to Matt Pattison, "is the witness. Here is a copy of the license and the 'lines.' They are signed 'Launcelot Sandal' and 'Ducie Latrigg.'"

"Confusion!"

"Eh? No, no! There's not a bit of confusion, Mr. Sandal. It is as clear as the multiplication table, and there is nothing clearer than that. Launcelot Sandal married Ducie Latrigg; they had one son, Stephen Sandal, otherwise known as Stephen Latrigg; proofs all ready, sir, not a link missing, Mr. Sandal. When will you vacate? The Squire is inclined to be easy with you, and not to back-reckon, unless you force him to do so."

"This is a conspiracy, Moser."

"Conspiracy. Eh? Ugly word, Mr. Sandal. An actionable word, I may say."

"It is a conspiracy. You shall hear from me through some respectable lawyer."

"In the meantime, Mr. Sandal, I have taken, as you will see, the proper legal steps to prevent you from wasting any more of the Sandal revenues. Every shilling you touch now you will be held responsible for. Also," and he laid another paper down, "you are hereby restrained from removing, injuring, or in any way changing or disposing of the present furniture of the Seat. The Squire insists especially on this direction, and he kindly allows you seven days to remove your private effects. A very reasonable gentleman is Squire Sandal."

Without further courtesies they parted; and the deposed Squire locked the room door, lifted the various documents, and read them with every sense he had. Then he went to Sophia; and at that hour he was almost angry with her, although he could not have told her why such a feeling existed. When he opened the door of the parlor, her first words were a worry over the non-arrival, by mail, of some floss silks, needful in the bird-nest she was working for a fire-screen.

"They have not come, Julius," she cried, with a face full of inquiry and annoyance.

"They? Who?"

"The flosses for my bird-nest. The eggs must be in white floss."

"The bird's nest can go to Jericho or Calcutta, or into the fire. We are ordered to leave Seat-Sandal in seven days."

"I would not be so absurd, Julius; so unsettled, so ungentlemanly."

"Well, then, my soul," and he bowed with elaborate grace, "Stephen Latrigg, Squire of Sandal-Side, orders us to leave in seven days. Can you be ready?"

She looked into the suave, mocking, inscrutable face, shrugged her shoulders, and began to count her stitches. Julius had many varieties of ill-humors. She regarded this statement only as a new phase of his temper; but he soon undeceived her. With a pitiless exactness he went over his position, and, in doing so, made the hopelessness of his case as clear to himself as it was to others. And yet he was determined not to yield without a struggle; though, apart from the income of Sandal, which he could not reach, he had little money and no credit.

The story, with all its romance of attachment, and its long trial of faithful secrecy, touched the prejudices and the sympathies of every squire and shepherd between Duddon and Esk and Windermere. Stephen came to his own, and they received him with open arms. But for Julius, there was not a "seat" in the Dales, nor a cottage on the fells, no, nor a chair in any of the local inns, where he was welcome. He stood his social excommunication longer than could have been expected and, even at the end, his surrender was forced from him by the want of money, and the never-ceasing laments of Sophia. She was clever enough to understand from the first that fighting the case was simply "indulging Julius in his temper;" and she did not see the wisdom of spending what little money they had in such gratification.

"You have been caught in your own trap, Julius," she said, aggravatingly. "Very clever people often are. It is folly to struggle. You had better ask Stephen to pay you back the ten thousand pounds. I think he ought to do that. It is only common honesty."

But Stephen had not the same idea of common honesty as Sophia had. He referred Julius to Harry.

"Harry, indeed! Harry, who is in New York making ducks and drakes of your money, Julius. Trying to buy shares and things that he knows no more of than he knows of Greek. It's a shame!" and Sophia burst into some genuine tears over the reflection.

Still, the idea, on a less extravagant basis, seemed possible to Steve. He began to think that it would be better to compromise matters with the Julius Sandals; better to lose a thousand pounds or even two thousand, if, by doing so, he could at once restore Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte to their home. And he was on the point of making a proposition of this kind when it was discovered that Julius and his wife had silently taken their departure.

"It is a hopeless fight against destiny," said Julius. "When the purse is empty, any cause is weak. I have barely money to take us to Calcutta, Sophia. It is very disagreeable to go there of course; but my father advised this step, and I shall remind him of it. He ought, therefore, to rearrange my future. It is hard enough for me to have lost so much time carrying out his plans. And I should write a letter to your mother before you go, if I were you, Sophia. It is your duty. She ought to have her cruel behaviour to you pointed out to her."

Sophia did her duty. She wrote a very clever letter, which really did make both her mother and sister wretchedly uncomfortable. Charlotte held it in her hand with a heartache, wondering whether she had indeed been as envious and unjust and unkind as Sophia felt her to have been; and Mrs. Sandal buried her face in her sofa pillow, and had a cry over her supposed partiality and want of true motherly feeling. "They had been so misunderstood, Julius and she—willfully misunderstood, she feared; and they were being driven to a foreign land, because Charlotte and Stephen had raised against them a social hatred they had not the heart to conquer. If they defended themselves, they must accuse those of their own blood and house, and they were not mean enough to do such a thing as that. Oh, no! Sophia Sandal had always done her duty, and always would do forever." And broad statements are such confusing, confounding things, that for one miserable hour the mother and sister felt as mean and remorseful as Sophia and Julius could desire. Then the rector read the letter aloud, and dived down into its depths as if it were a knotty text, and showed the two simple women on what false conditions all of its accusations rested.

At the same time Julius wrote a letter also. It was to Harry Sandal—a very short letter, but destined to cause nearly six years of lonely, wretched wandering and anxious sorrow:

DEAR HARRY,—There is great trouble about that ten thousand pounds. It seems you had no right to sell. "Money on false pretenses," I think they call it. I should go West, far West, if I were you.

Your friend,
JULIUS SANDAL.

He read it to Sophia, and she said, "What folly! Let Harry return home." You have heard that he comes into the Latrigg money. Very well, let him come home, and then you can make him pay you back. Harry is very honorable.

"There is not the slightest chance of Harry paying me back. If he had a million, he wouldn't pay me back. Harry spoke me fair, but I caught one look which let me see into his soul. He hated me for buying his right. With my money in his hand, he hated me. He would toss his hat to the stars if he heard how far I have been overreached. Next to Charlotte Sandal I hate Harry Sandal; and I am going to send him a road that he is not likely to return. I don't intend Stephen and Harry to sit together and chuckle over me. Besides, your mother and Charlotte are surely calculating upon having 'dear Harry' and 'poor Harry' at home again pretty soon. I have no doubt Charlotte is planning about that Emily Beverley already. For Harry is to have Latrigg Hall when it is finished, I hear."

"Really! Is that so? Are you sure?"

"Harry is to have the new hall, and all of old Latrigg's gold and property."

"Julius, would it not be better to try and get around Harry? We could stay with him. I cannot endure Calcutta, and I always did like Harry."

"And I always detested him. And he always detested me. No, my sweet Sophia, there is really nothing for us but a decent lodging house on the shady side of the Chowringhee Road. My father can give me a post in 'The Company,' and I must get as many of its rupees as I can manage. Go through the old rooms, and bid them farewell, my soul. We shall not come back to Seat-Sandal again in this chapter of our eternity." And, with a mocking laugh, he turned away to make his own preparations.

"But why go in the night, Julius? You said to-night at eleven o'clock. Why not in the morning?"

"Because, beloved, I owe a great deal of money in the neighborhood. Stephen can pay it for me. I have sent him word to do so. Why should we waste our money? We have done with these boors. What they think of us, what they say of us, shall we mind it, my soul, when we drive under the peepuls and tamarinds at Barrackpore, or jostle the crowds upon the Moydana, or sit under the great stars and listen to the tread of the chokedars! All fate, Sophia! All fate, soul of my soul! What is Sandal Side? Nothing. What is Calcutta? Nothing. What is life itself, my own one? Only a little piece out of something that was before, and will be after."

* * * * * *

Who that has seen the Cumberland moors and fells in July can ever forget them? the yellow broom and purple heather, the pink and white waxen bells of the rare vaccinium, the red-leaved sundew, the asphodels, the cranberries and blueberries and bilberries, and the wonderful green mosses in all the wetter places; and, above and around all, the great mountain chains veiled in pale, ethereal atmosphere, and rising in it as airy and insubstantial as if they could tremble in unison with every thrill of the ether above them.

It was thus they looked, and thus the fells and the moors looked, one day in July, eighteen months after the death of Squire William Sandal—his daughter Charlotte's wedding-day. From far and near the shepherd boys and lasses were traveling down the craggy ways, making all the valleys ring to their wild and simple songs, and ever and anon the bells rung out in joyful peals; and from Up-Hill to Seat-Sandal, and around the valley to Latrigg Hall, there were happy companies telling each other, "Oh, how beautiful was the bride with her golden hair flowing down over her dress of shining white satin!" "And how proud and handsome the bridegroom!" "And how lovely, in their autumn days, the two mothers! Mistress Alice Sandal leaning so confidently upon the arm of the stately Mrs. Ducie Sandal." "And how glad was the good rector!" Little work, either in field or house or fell-side, was done that day; for, when all has been said about human selfishness, this truth abides—in the main, we do rejoice with those who rejoice, and we do weep with those who weep.

The old Seat was almost gay in the sunshine, all its windows open for the wandering breezes, and its great hall doors set wide for the feet of the new Squire and his bride. For they were too wise to begin their married life by going away from their home; they felt that it was better to come to it with the bridal benediction in their ears, and the sunshine of the wedding day upon their faces.

The ceremony had been delayed some months, for Stephen had been in America seeking Harry; seeking him in the great cities and in the lonely mining camps, but never coming upon his footsteps until they had been worn away into forgetfulness. At last the rector wrote to him: "Return home, Stephen. We are both wrong. It is not human love, but God love, that must seek the lost ones. If you found Harry now, and brought him back, it would be too soon. When his lesson is learned, the heart of God will be touched, and He will say, 'That will do, my son. Arise, and go home.'"

And when Mrs. Sandal smiled through her tears, for the hope's sake, he took her hand, and added, solemnly: "Be confident and glad; you shall see Harry come joyfully to his own home. Oh, if you could only listen, angels still talk with men! Raphael, the affable angel, loves to bring them confidences. God also speaks to His children in dreams, and by the oracles that wait in darkness. If we know not, it is because we ask not. But I know, and am sure, that Harry will return in joy and in peace. And if the dead look over the golden bar of heaven upon their earthly homes, Barf Latrigg, seeing the prosperity of the two houses, which stand upon his love and his self-denial, will say once more to his friend, 'William, I did well to Sandal.'"

[THE END.]

A Pinching Night.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

"Your mother and I are going over to set up with the Barker child."

Pa Bascom's fingers were in the straps of one of his boots when he began that sentence. Before he finished it, though he spoke rapidly, his foot slipped into the thick leather with an emphatic thud.

Pa did not seem to see how pale his Elijah's face grew. Apparently he did not hear anything nestling in the side pocket of the boy's coat. That he had been told on Monday that his lad would lead the young people's meeting that very night seemed to have disappeared from his mind as completely as his foot had in the boot.

"Be careful of the fire. And if you hear a tramping around in the barn be sure and go out and see what it means. Stay up as late as you can, so's to have the house nice and warm when you go to bed. It's going to be a pretty sharp, frosty night."

Pa was busily preparing for his trip while he was speaking. He did not seem to find time to glance at the boy in the corner. And when he heard ma Bascom coming out from the bedroom he hurried with his overcoat so fast that his left hand slipped into a rent in the sleeve lining.

"Served him right, when he's not a grain of thought for other folks," was the swift comment which flashed through Elijah's mind.

But he rose up from his seat and helped his father. His action was so speedy that pa saw the paper which had been half jerked from the boy's pocket by his alert endeavors to help him.

"Ought to take good care of your sum papers at school," he said. "The algebery lessons are pretty hard, I heard some of the scholars saying; you may want to refer to the paper when you've worked 'em out."

And then ma came out from the bedroom with an anxious face.

"The Barkers' child is so sick that we ought to hurry all we can," she said as she pulled her hood tightly down about her face.

"Good night, 'Lijah, and be sure and keep up a good fire so my plants won't freeze. There's my bread I put to rise down by the stove door. You can take a look at that now and then."

That was the mother's parting injunction to her son.

"They don't seem to think or care anything about the young people's meeting. I didn't tell them, though, that Hi Wardwell was coming to-night, because I was going to lead. And I've been trying to get him out for such a long while! I'm sure he'll go back home when he sees I'm not there—and that will be the end of what I've hoped so much from. And I'll never find out now what has been holding Hi back so long."

It seemed to Elijah that the situation was a very dark, hopeless one, as he picked up his father's shoes which had been left in the middle of the floor, and let these reflections run savagely through his mind.

But the sight of some bean husks in one of his father's shoes made him pause and look at them for a moment.

"Father must have been thrashing them out while I was at school to-day," he said to himself. "And that was work that I had expected to do. His other work was pinching him, too."

Elijah could not but feel that his father had been very kind to do that.

"And he must have felt pinched and tired enough when they came after him to go and sit up with the Barker child. And mother—she's had to work unusually hard while I've been going to school. Yet neither of them complained a bit, when they were called off in this way that will hurry them so about what they had planned to do this week."

The expression of Elijah's face was greatly changed by the time he had harbored these kind thoughts in his heart. And when he had quietly put down his father's shoes in the corner, his hand slipped into his coat pocket, and he softly rustled the notes which he had written out for his talk at the Endeavor meeting.

"Must have seemed selfish to father when I slipped off by myself to write these when I came home from school. Guess it pinched his patience more than it did mine as he told me he had to go away, and that my duty was to stay at home from the meeting."

Then the merry jingle of sleigh bells rang in upon his reflections. The sound took the happy shine out of his eyes. His fingers clutched upon his notes. He knew that the Tinkhams were going to the young people's meeting. And how would the evening pass off with him absent? He could not recall a night when the leader had not been promply on hand. And Hi Wardwell, what would he do when he found that his friend was not there? The boy again decided that the meeting would be a poor one, and that Hi would not remain at it.

"I'm just pinched up here in a corner," he flashed out as though his parents were there to hear.

A few moments later he hurried out to the barn with the lantern. He was going to take the pony and ride down to the meeting, anyway, and get home before his father and mother returned, and never tell them what he had done, or speak it out to-morrow as though he had a right to do as he pleased, when his promise demanded that he should lead that meeting.

Not at all. He had a bushel basket in his hand. There was a great purpose in his heart, though that member thumped a little harder than usual as the boy struggled with his thoughts.

"I can't thresh beans in the barn very well, but I can shell out a lot by the fire, and when that's done I can look after some of mother's work which has got behindhand."

Those were the resolves which made the boy hurry out so eagerly. And when he went back to the house, his steps were still lighter, though he had given one or two very longing glances towards the cosy little church in town.

A half-hour later he was singing away so cheerily at his work that he did not know any one was near the house until the kitchen door opened suddenly, and there stood one of his school mates with a curious expression upon his face.

Before Elijah could speak his surprise, the other said impulsively: "Guess I'm the one that's got pinched this time!"

"Why, what do you mean, Oliver? Come in, come in. You look as though you were cold."

"I am rather chilly," said the other boy, awkwardly, as he came into the kitchen. "That is, outside. But I'm pretty warm about the heart."

"Didn't you want to go down to the—the meeting to-night? and if you did, how do you happen to be singing, and looking the way that you are?" he added.

"Yes, I wanted to go, Oliver. But—well, I'll tell you. Father and mother trusted me that I could look after things here. And I couldn't help thinking that if they did that I ought to trust the Lord to take care of the young people's meeting, when He knew I couldn't be there, and how much we had prayed about it."

"Was tougher work than getting some of the beans out of those dry pods?" said Oliver emphatically.

"It was indeed."

"Well, I know how it just feels. Let me have some of the pods. I can talk easier if my hands are busy. I'm going to help in the meetings after this. I've held back and said you and some of the rest weren't in earnest. I met your folks going over to Barker's. I couldn't resist the temptation to come right over here and see how you stood the disappointment. I must say, I feel better. And I'm the one that's been keeping Hi Wardwell from the meetings. I thought to-night he'd never go again if he didn't find you there. But if he has any such feelings I shall talk them all out of him. Why, Elijah, what makes you cry, and you're not shelling a single bean."

Oliver knew well enough, though, how such news as his had filled the boy's heart with such joy that he could only sit and look at him.

"I hoped good would be done—but I never dreamed of this," was all that Elijah could say.

"Wouldn't wonder if we'll hear more to encourage us from the meeting," answered Oliver, rubbing his own eyes in spite of his efforts to wink back the tears.

He was so earnest in that belief that neither he nor Elijah were a bit surprised when the Tinkhams called in on their way home from the young people's meeting and reported that it had been the best one ever held.

"We didn't wait a minute," explained Benny Tinkham. "I knew Elijah must have been hindered when he didn't get to the church ten minutes before the required time. I led the best I could, and we had Hi Wardwell to help us for the first time."

"We'll never forget this pinching night," laughed Oliver, with the tears of joy shining on his cheeks.

"No, indeed," answered Elijah, emphatically.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—If you have a hacking cough that keeps you awake at night, send 12 cents in stamps to G. A. Moore, chemist, St. John, N. B., for a box of Hacknomore lozenges. He will send them to you by mail. They give immediate relief.

— D. M. Johnson, Esq., M. D., Port Hawkesbury, certifies: "I have used Puttner's Emulsion with great satisfaction where Cod Liver Oil is called for. I recommend it as so disguising the oil that patients never refuse to take it."

— K. D. C. Co.—Dear Sirs,—I suffered from dyspepsia for five years and during that time was hardly ever free from pain, depression of spirit, despondency, fretfulness, aversion for exertion of any kind, gradual loss of flesh, good appetite but unable to satisfy it owing to the pain caused by so doing, these were some of the symptoms. About two months ago I was induced to try your remedy K. D. C. and was surprised at the results. After the second dose I felt greatly relieved and am now cured. I had tried several remedies previous to this without effect and felt when taking K. D. C. that it was only an experiment and would prove useless like the rest, but am more than pleased with the results. Yours sincerely, A. ROTTLEY, tobacconist, Kingston, Ont.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1891. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1892.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1891, the Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton,	7.05
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	10.30
Fast Express for Halifax,	14.00
Express for Sussex,	16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal,	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.05 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 o'clock Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex,	8.30
Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (except Monday),	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Day Express from Halifax,	16.20
Fast Express from Halifax,	22.30

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D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
15th Oct., 1891.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 18th JAN., 1892, Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows.

LEAVE Yarmouth—Express daily at 8.00 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 12 noon. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.00 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 5.48 p. m.

LEAVE Annapolis—Express daily at 1.20 p. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 5.20 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.35 p. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby with Steamer City of Monticello to and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway and on board Steamer City of Monticello.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

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C. E. LAECHLER,
Agent St. John, N. B.

E. A. WALDRON,
General Agent,
Boston.

J. B. COYLE,
Manager Portland.

March 23.

*** The matter which this page contains is selected from various sources; and we g that, to any intelligent farmer or housew contents of this single page, from week to w ing the year, will be worth several times scription price of the paper.

A SPRING CHANSON.

The glad springtide is here again
The thrushes sing all day;
We've violets in the sheltered gle
And gorse bloom on the brae;
Along a green and daisied world
The lights and shadows flit;
The cherry trees with buds are p
The crocus lamps are lit.

From gnarled apple boughs the b
Of perfumed white and red
Are peeping forth; in scented wo
The wind flower lifts its head;
In lonely swamp and hollow spring
The wild marsh marigold;
Beneath the flow'ring currant sin
A blackbird gay and bold.

The shimmering sunbeams spor
play
Upon the beeches tall,
And rest on the laburnums gay
Beside the garden wall.
Oh, glad spring time! from sh
shore
Your gifts are scattered free,
And best of all, you bring once m
My true love back to me!

— *M. R*

THE HOME.

Hans Christian Andersen.

I told him how his stories had the dearest books of my childhoo seemed associated with all that w lightful in the memory of it. him how happy and flattered I ha at finding the name of the little b "Ole Shut-Eyee" the same as my and that half unconsciously I ha propriated his experiences and h lieved them to be my own.

This little confession seemed to Andersen strangely. Tears fille eyes; he seized both my hands pressed them warmly.

"Now you understand," he said, a happy lot it is to be the child poet."

I rose to take my leave, but lin talking, and on my expressing a to hear him read, he half rose upo sofa, adjusted his pillows, and be recite from memory "The Ugly D ling."

His manner was easy and con tional, full of caressing inflections, as one employs in telling a tale child. In the pathetic passages he visibly affected, and he closed al solemnly.

"It is the story of my own life said. "I was myself the despised in the poultry-yard, the poet i house of the Philistines." I felt denly, as he finished his recital, understood the man. I had caug keynote of his character. All tha good and noble in him rose in light before me. I never saw him a —*H. H. Boyesen, in the March Cen*

A Lesson for Fathers and Som

Ebenezer Webster, Daniel Webs father, a sturdy New Hampshire fa and miller of the last century, was of those intelligent and generous pa whose most cherished purpose is to their children a better education they have enjoyed themselves. E one was poor then in the northern of New Hampshire; there were but books, and none but district scho and, therefore, all the latter yea Ebenezer Webster's life were a s struggle to accomplish this pur Daniel Webster relates, in one of letters, an affecting conversation w occurred one hot day in July, 179 the hay-field, between his father himself, when he was about ten y old. It shows something of the cha ter of both the father and the son.

A member of Congress came o the hay-field to see Captain Webste was called captain from his ha commanded a company in the Rev tionary War), and, when the men had left, the old man called the bo him, and they sat down on a hay- together under an elm-tree.

"My son," began this strong-min proud but uneducated man, "my that is a worthy man; he is a men of Congress; he goes to Philadel and gets six dollars a day, while I here. It is because he had an educat which I never had. If I had had early education, I should have bee Philadelphia in his place. I came and, as it was. But I missed it, and I must work here."

The tender-hearted boy was m affected at these words, and began ery.

"My dear father," he exclaimed, "shall *not* work. Brother and I work for you, and wear our hands and you shall rest."

"My child," said the father, "it is no importance to me—I now live but my children; I could not give your e brother the advantages of knowle but I can do something for you. E yourself—improve your opportuniti *learn—learn*—and, when I am gone, will not need to go through the h ships which I have undergone, which have made me an old man bef my time."

The ten-year-old little Daniel th himself on his father's breast, and as sobbed aloud, he registered a vow d in his heart that he would never away a moment that could be deve to study. In 1796, when Daniel was years old, his father, who had been m county judge, at a salary of four hund dollars a year, was able to send him the famous academy at Exeter, N. When he had been at school a months, and was at home for the va tion, his father told him that he me to send him to college.

"The very idea," says Mr. Webs thrilled my whole frame. . . . I quite overcome, and my head g dizzy. The thing appeared to me high, and the expense and sacrifice was to cost my father so great, I co only press his hand and shed tears."

"I live for my children," said the g rous old man, "and I will do all I for you, if you will do all you can yourself."

Daniel was sent to Dartmouth Colle before he was properly prepared for mission. But his wonderful tale and his studiousness enabled him s