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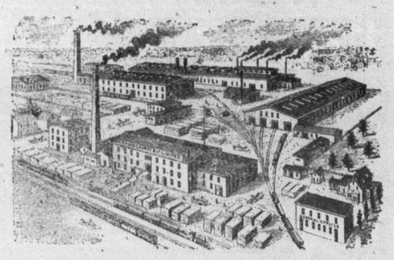

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materia
Send for Estimates.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

Modern!

Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white.

BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.
DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

For Sale.

The farm known as the Chipman Sears farm in Midgic containing twenty two acres with new dwelling house and barn. Also the Chipman Sears 7 acre lot of marsh in "Goose Lake."

For terms apply to Messrs Powell & Bennett, Sackville N. B.

For Sale.

For sale low ten and a half acres marsh land in good condition with barn thereon situate at Dorchester Cape, known as the Backhouse marsh lot, also fifty acres Woodland. For terms &c. apply to

MRS. CHARITY PALMER, or
JOHN A. PALMER
Ex'trs Estate of late,
E. C. Palmer

In Pound.

IN POUND DISTRICT NO 1, DORCHESTER N. B.

Ten young cattle, yearlings, five marked by slit in right ears and five with halfpenny mark on left ears. If said cattle are not claimed before the fourteenth, day of June next by the owner or owners, and all charges and expenses incurred paid, the cattle will then be sold in front of the Court House Dorchester in the County of Westmorland at ten o'clock in the forenoon and the proceeds of said sale taken to defray the cost of taking, keeping and advertising said cattle and the sale of said cattle.

Dated the 28th day of May, A. D. 1895.

EBEN COOK.
Pound-keeper.
District No. 1, Dorchester N. B.

Land for Sale.

Fifty acres partly cleared land on Cookville Road will be sold low. For terms apply to

JOHNSON PATTERSON.
Midgic N. B. April 25th 1895 tf.

Property for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale her property situate on the Northeast side of Bridge Street, in the Parish of Sackville, whereon she now resides. There [illegible] acres of land in connection with it, [illegible] houses and a good house and barn [illegible] Also a fifteen acre lot of [illegible] thereon. Jolicure, Westmorland [illegible] marsh situate in [illegible] County.

For terms of sale apply to the undersigned.

MRS. SARAH J. TIMOTHY OUTHOUSE.
or A. W. BENNETT,
Sackville, May 8th 1895.

PROVINCE of New Brunswick, County of Westmorland, S. S.

L. S. To the Sheriff of the County of Westmorland, or any Constable within the said County:

GREETING:

Whereas Henry A Powell and Albert J. Turner, executors of the last will and testament of Albert J. Dobson, late of the Parish of Westmorland in the said County and Province, farmer, deceased, have filed the accounts of their administration of the estate and effects which were of said deceased, and prayed that said account may be passed and allowed, and that the balance of the said estate may be distributed according to law. You are therefore required to cite the said Henry A Powell and Albert J Turner as such executors, and all others interested in said estate and effects to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at Dorchester within and for the said County on the twenty eighth day of June next at two o'clock in the afternoon to attend the passing of said accounts, or to shew cause why said accounts should not be passed and allowed as prayed for.

Given under my hand, and seal of the said court, this twenty day of May, A. D. 1895.

Signed, Signed.
FREDERICK W. EMMERSON.
CHAS E. KNAPP.
Registrar of Probates, Judge of Probate,
County of West. County of West.

DON'T FORGET Our JOB DEPARTMENT

Penitentiary Supplies.

SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspector of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tender for Penitentiary Supplies," will be received until Saturday, 22nd of June, at 12 o'clock, noon, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies, for the fiscal year 1895 96, for the following institutions namely:—

Kingston Penitentiary.
St Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.
Dorchester Penitentiary.
Manitoba Penitentiary.
British Columbia Penitentiary.
Regina Jail.

Separate tenders will be received for each of the following classes of supplies:—

1. Flour (Canadian Strong Bakers').
2. Beef and Mutton (fresh).
3. Forage.
4. Coal (anthracite and bituminous).
5. Cordwood.
6. Groceries.
7. Coal Oil (Best Canadian in bbls.).
8. Dry goods.
9. Drugs and Medicines.
10. Leather and findings.
11. Hardward.
12. Lumber.

Details of information, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various Penitentiaries.

All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden.

All tenders submitted must specify, clearly, the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsation of at least two responsible sureties.

DOUGLAS STEWART.
Inspector of Penitentiaries.

Department of Justice,
Ottawa, May 20th, 1895. 8i

PROVINCE of New Brunswick. County of Westmorland, S. S.

L. S. To the Sheriff of the County of Westmorland, or any Constable within the said County:

GREETING:

Whereas Patrick Riley and John Murphy, executors of the last will and testament of William Mahoney late of the Parish of Botsford in the said County and Province, farmer, deceased, have filed an account of their administration of the estate and effects which were of said deceased, and prayed that said account may be passed and allowed, and that the balance of the said estate may be distributed according to law. You are therefore required to cite the said Patrick Riley and John Murphy as such executors, and all others interested in the said estate and effects, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at the office of the Registrar of Probates in Dorchester within and for the said County on Friday the twenty eighth day of June next at nine o'clock in the forenoon to attend the passing of said account and the [illegible] the order or decree for the distribution of any balance that may be found in the hands of the said executors on passing said account.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the said Court, this twenty-eighth day of May A. D., 1895.

Signed. Signed.
FREDERICK W. EMMERSON.
CHAS. E. KNAPP.
Registrar of Probates, Judge of Probate,
County of West. County of West.

—Mrs. Smith, wife of the renowned lecturer, Prof. J. Herschell Smith was buried at Amherst Friday afternoon. The deceased was 73 years of age.

—Mr. Alex Gibson has decided to make some improvements in the furnaces at his mills at Marysville so that he will be able to use for fuel the large quantity of sawdust that now goes to waste.

—Governer Howlan, the Catholic Governor of P. E. Island, Premier Peters, Episcopalian, Mayor Dawson, Methodist, and a distinguished company of people were present on Thursday last at the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Paul's church, Charlottetown.

—J. T. Reid McManus, of Memramcook, has arrived home from Boston, after attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the last four years, and passed successfully at the final examination as a civin engineer.

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 child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

CANADA.

Land of mighty lake and forest!
Where the winter's locks are hoarest,
Where the summer's leaf is greenest,
And the winter's bite is keenest;
Where the autumn's leaf is searest
And her parting smile is dearest;
Where the tempest rushes forth
From the caverns in the north,
With the lightning of his wrath
Sweeping forests from his path.
ALEX. MCLAUCHLAN.

Fair land of river, lake and stream,
Of forests green through all the year,
Of valleys that Arcadian seem,
Of homes that love and plenty cheer;
No other land could be more dear
'Neath all the overarching skies,
And doubly blest is he who here
Contented lives—centented dies.
H. L. SPENCER.

Where of yore by tideless waters
Pines their solemn shadows threw,
Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,
Men their thrifty lives pursue.
Where in bygone years the forest
Shuddered with the tempest's roar,
Spreads now many a stately city;
Solitude returns no more!
Happy country! happy people!
Peace prevails from shore to shore.
KAY LIVINGSTONE.

O stream, and lake, and forest land!
Tho' other lands may be as fair,
In this our land no willing hand
But plenty hath, with some to spare;
And Health breathes in our native air;
Her heritage a people free,
Content, and peace, and strength our dowers,
Then where can we a rival see
To this forest land of ours?
Canada! Canada!
This free, this forest land of ours!
JOHN HUNTER DUYAR.

AT THE DOG SHOW.

These here critters with their chains—
What you call 'em Oh! "Great Danes!
An' these other fancy curs,
Terriers with sort o' spurs
On their feet, an' these here pugs
Puttin' on a pile o' lugs—
Sho' they ain't patchin' to
Yaller dog that I once knew
Name o' Towzer.

These yer curly settlers here;
Spannels, too, with silky ear;
Pinters with their snaky tails,
That stiffen when the dog pints quails;
Sort o' Frenchfied galoots—
All you got here in a row
Wouldn't stand no kind o' show
Long o' Towzer.

Towzer didn't have, you see,
No imported pedigree.
History somehow slips the cogs
When it comes to yaller dogs;
Yet he had a heap o' pride,
Walked around as dignified
As any pup you ever seen,
Tail curled over; all serene
'Twas with Towzer.

Yes! he'd ruther fight than eat.
Never seen the rascal beat,
Yit he never picked a fuss,
But if some dog raised the muss,
Bless me! how the fur would fly!
Other canines they wuz pie
For that pup when he'd git hoi,
'Twa'nt long 'fore the dogs all got
Skeered o' Towzer.

Ustor sometimes dissipate;
Come a sneakin' in too late
For his supper, crawl ter Pap,
Drag his tail an' lick his chap,
Sayin' plain's you ever seen:
"I'm feelin' low down mean,
I've been bummin' fer a fact,"
Sprisin' how that dog would act
That ere Towzer.

Summertime he'd romp and play,
Managed, too, to always stay
Near the young ones, watchin' than
So's they wouldn't stray too far.
When it reached round to fall,
Times we'd go the wood to haul,
Towzer'd hunt the brush-heaps through,
Ketchin' rabbits—they all knew
This yer Towzer.

When the snow come then he'd lay
By the chimney place all day;
There he'd snooze and toast his heels,
Movin' only fer his meals;
Watching spark stars shoot and flash
From the back log's crumblin' ash,
With old Tom, the tor-shell cat,
On tha stones thar stretchin' flat
Side o' Towzer.

Went to sleep once in the wheat,
Reaper ketched him off his feet;
Blades they slashed the poor ole pup,
When I went to lift him up
He whined just once an' licked my hand—
Somethin, in my eyes—it's sand—
Sand, I reckon, makes 'em wink,
When I see these dogs an' think
'Bout ole Towzer.
— Ernest McGaffey.

All Sorts.

Mrs. Y[illegible]dby—Oh, John, dear, don't you hear [illegible] How delightfully the baby crows!

R[illegible]dby—Crows? Humph! I'd crow mysel[illegible] if I were boss of the house!

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES—Dr Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organi or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Short ness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by A. Dixon.

Jaggs—"Is Blobbs dumb in his own house?"

Laggs—"Practically so."

Jaggs—"What's the matter?"

Laggs—"He promised his wife he would always listen when she talked.

—With hides at 3½ cents the pound there was good reason for an advance. But it is just a question whether 8 cents is not too high a quotation; the blame rests with the American speculators, for it is no longer a matter of doubt that there is an intense speculative influence at work in the present hide situation.

The first shipment of lobsters from the preserving factory, says the Dartmouth correspondent of the Halifax *Chronicle*, was put aboard the "Halifax City," Saturday week. It consists of 262 crates, or over 16,000 crustaceans. This is merely done as an experiment.

—An aged lady named Mrs. Wm. Marsh, of Economy, Colchester county fell from her carriage the other day and was instantly killed. The evidence at the inquest showed that she was observed to lay down the reins while driving and gradually lean over until she fell from the seat. Her neck was broken.

—One of the largest funerals seen at Richibucto for a long time took place on Wednesday, when the remains of Mamie, eldest daughter of Geo. V. McInerney, M. P., were interred in the Catholic Cemetery. The procession was headed by two hundred school mates of the deceased.

—Mr. Provand, of the Chignecto ship railway company, expects to leave the capital to-morrow. It is not understood that the government has yet disposed of the subject, but Mr. Provand has had a full hearing before the council and has done all that he can do.

Dr. Miller, under arrest at Annapolis on a charge of abortion, has been released on bail, two sureties of $100 each and himself for $500. As the supreme court meets on 13th prox. both Miller and Parker will then be tried. Parker has not yet asked for bail, so will remain in durance vile.

TRAGEDY ON ELK CREEK.

It was reported to the sheriff of Park County that someone had been shot and killed at one of the lumber camps in the big timber that borders on Elk Creek Valley, and the sheriff went up there to see about it.

The man who brought the news had not come to the county seat for that purpose; he was just passing through, and having heard of the shooting it occurred to him that possibly he ought to mention the matter. He did not know the name of the man who had been killed nor that of the man who had done the killing. He did not even know at which of the four camps the homicide had been committed. Someone had casually mentioned the matter to him as he was on his way to the county seat, and he in turn in a casual way mentioned it to the sheriff.

The people on Elk Creek were no more excited over the affair than was this imperturbable informant. It was not uncommon that a man should be killed on Elk Creek, and they did not bother much about such things. A wood chopper more or less was of no consequence to them. If some half-dozen or more choppers should have been killed the Elk Creek country would not have gone into mourning.

The choppers themselves were big, husky, reckless devils, quiet and industrious enough when no whiskey was to be had, but ugly, desperate, and bloodthirsty when drunk. There were no towns within convenient distance of the camps, and the choppers' opportunities for amusement were consequently few—even such rough forms of amusement and pleasure as wood choppers crave. The only recreation they had was to occasionally get drunk and kill each other. There were few settlers on Elk Creek, and it sometimes happened that the news of a killing never got beyond the limits of the camp in which the tragedy had taken place.

They had their own crude notion of justice—these choppers. If the killing were unprovoked, premeditated or malicious they decorated the most convenient limb with the body of the offender; if, on the other hand, it was a fair fight or there was justification for the act, they buried the victim—if they had time—congratulated the survivor and thought no more about it.

The sheriff of Park County, Dan King—"Big Dan" he was generally called—had peculiar ideas about indiscriminate homicide which were in conflict with the views of the Elk Creek people on that subject. He had "given it out cold" when he was "runnin' fer offis' that he would arrest any man on Elk Creek or any number of men on Elk Creek who might be guilty of violating the law; if necessary, he would arrest all the men on Elk Creek, even if the infant industry of lumbering should be thereby suspended. He was a handy man in a fight. He was as big as any man on Elk Creek, and, as he expressed it, could "swaller as much sand as any of 'em."

Fighting was one of Big Dan's weaknesses; eating was another. He was combative most of the time and hungry all the time.

He left Pine Grove early in the morning expecting to arrive at the first lumber camp in time for a noonday dinner. To make sure of this he had taken a "short cut" from the valley through the timber. It had been some time since the sheriff had ridden through the forest, and once among the big trees he became confused as to the cardinal points of the compass. He saw the sun cross the meridian without having found the camp. Late in the afternoon he came to a camp—a deserted one; it had been abandoned a year previous.

There were numerous trails and old "logging roads" through the woods. He followed one that seemed most recently made, but before he had travelled a mile it ended abruptly among the big trees. Then he tried another, and still another, but with no better success. Finally he was compelled to admit to himself that he was lost. He was ravenously hungry, having eaten nothing since early morning.

It was twilight; soon it would be night. From far up in the hills where the pines grew thick and straight and tall came the screams of a puma and the answering cry of a lynx, but he had no fear of these animals; he had heard "mountain lions" and "bob cats" before. He had never known fear of any kind, unless it was at the thought that some day he might "git ketched out," as he was now, and starve to death.

If he had not been hungry he would have unsaddled his broncho and passed the night in the woods; his couch, the thick layers of pine needles; his pillow, a big California saddle; his lullaby, the whisper of the pines as the breath of the mountains stirred their young branches. Under the circumstances he decided to "keep on rustlin'" until he "struck grub." To go back to Pine Grove was out of the question. Even if he were certain of the direction he could not reach there before morning. One cannot gallop through the Elk Creek country at night.

The first problem was to get out of the woods; this problem was solved by the broncho, who had been given free rein, and in a short time Dan heard the noisy gurgling little Elk Creek as it blustered and laughed its way to the South Platte.

Near the head of the Creek lived a ranchman named Eli Williams, who came to the county seat once a year to pay his taxes, and at no other time unless "drawn" on a jury. The knowledge that Ell's ranch was somewhere within a short ride did not have a very cheering effect on the big sheriff, considering his famished condition, for Dan and Eli were, in a sense, enemies. They belonged to antagonistic political parties, and Eli had strenuously opposed Dan's election. The ranchman was such a masterful politician in his locality that he succeeded in casting the solid Elk Creek vote, forty-three in all, against the sheriff. The majority on Elk Creek against Dan would have been larger, but most of the choppers got helplessly drunk as soon as they arrived in town and never went near the polls.

Under any other circumstances the big sheriff would not have thought of going to Eli's ranch, but hunger was gnawing at him like a she wolf at a bone. Big Dan was a proud man in some respects. The idea of intruding as a guest at the ranch of his political enemy was repugnant, but on the principle that a live coward is better than a dead hero Dan had ingeniously argued with himself that an humble man lined with food was better than a haughty one stretched out cold and stark in a mountain valley—a victim of starvation. This big hulk of a sheriff was a perfect slave to his appetite. In a few moments more, he told himself, he should be gnawing the pommel of his saddle.

If he only had some excuse for calling upon Eli, even the shadow of an excuse, it would relieve him from the humiliating position of an unwelcome guest. Big Dan was fertile in resources, a man of ingenuity. He soon bethought him of a good excuse for calling upon Eli. Possibly the ranchman could give him some information about the killing. Yes, it was plainly his duty to see Eli and find out what he knew, if anything, about the reported homicide in the lumber camp.

Big Dan had never been to Eli's ranch, but he knew that by following Elk Creek to its head waters he could easily find it. A half hour later he saw a light shining from a cabin window near the head of the valley.

"Hullo," he called, as he reined up near the door.

"Hullo, you," came an answering voice, and a moment later Eli was standing in the doorway.

"I'm Dan King, the sheriff. I hear there's been a killin' up this way, an' I come up to see about it."

If Eli's face had been clearly visible, Big Dan would have seen it grow pale, but the light was at the ranchman's back, and the only thing the sheriff noticed was a rifle leaning against the wall within easy reach of the man in the doorway.

"Dunno nothin' about it, sheriff," growled Eli, as Dan dismounted.

"I'm lookin' fer a place to put up over night; ain't had no feed since sun up, an' I'm as hungry as a coyote; thought mebbe I could camp with you till mornin'," said the sheriff.

"I ain't never turned nobody away from my cabin," replied Eli, "but we ain't got no grub sich as you are used to. You may have to sleep in the corral, ez we're purty crowded with the wimmin folks."

This meager offer of hospitality, reluctantly spoken, was gladly accepted by Big Dan.

There were but two rooms in Eli's cabin. The sheriff was conducted into the larger one, which served as a sitting room, parlor and bedroom. It was late in the summer, and Eli had a brisk fire in the big fireplace, which served the double purpose of dispensing heat and light.

"Sorry I can't offer you some grub you'd like," said Eli, "but the fact is, we ain't got no meat; ain't had none fer a month."

A savory smell came from the adjoining room, where supper was being prepared, for Eli and his family had not had their evening meal.

"Well, now, Mister Williams, you know I ain't noippycure, but whatever that is cookin' will do fer me; it don't need no apollergy," replied the sheriff.

Ell's face again turned suddenly pale. He excused himself and left the room, while Tobe, his 18-year-old son, entertained the sheriff.

When Eli returned Dan did not hear him. The sheriff had his back to the door, and the ranchman came in silently behind him, holding a rifle on a line with Dan's head. The first intimation the guest had of his host's return was when he heard the command:

"Throw up your hands, sheriff!"

Big Dan's hands went up promptly, and then Tobe "covered" the officer with a six-shooter.

"See here, sheriff," said Eli, "before this thing goes any further we've got to come to an understanding. Now, of course, it's your business to see that the laws is obeyed, an' I ain't got nothin' ag'in you on that account. Seein' as we're here by ourselves, I don't mind tellin' you I done thet killin' myself. It was a groundhog case—I had ter kill him."

"In that case you'd better be car'ful how you talk, 'cause it'll be used ag'in you on the trial."

"I ain't makin' no figgers there's goin' ter be a trial," replied Eli. "I hear you're a white man, an' in that case we'll squar' this right here afore supper."

"You've got the drop on me, Mr. Williams," said Big Dan, in a manner meant to be excessively polite, "but you can't squar' no killin' with me. You kin shot me, but you can't git out o' the country—if you don't shoot, I'm a-goin' to arrest you jest as soon as you lower that gun. You're in a mighty ticklish place, Mr. Williams. You've got ter shoot or go to gaol. I'm a-waitin' fer you ter make up your mind."

"But I had ter kill him," protested Eli. "He was comin' aroun' here every day botherin' the wimmin folks till they got skeered of him."

"I ain't a judgin' of the case, Mister Williams," said Dan. "Mebbe you ought to a killed him, mebbe not. I ain't no jury; I'm only arrestin' of you."

The irony of the latter statement made Eli laugh.

"I'm a gittin' tired, Mr. Williams, a holdin' my hands up; I wish you'd shoot or give up pretty quick."

Tobe unbuckled the sheriff's belt and relieved him of his weapons; then he was allowed to lower his hands.

"Air ye hungry, sheriff?"

"I could eat a saddle blanket, Mr. Williams."

"Reckon you could eat a piece o' him?"

"Him!" gasped the sheriff.

"Yaas, sir; him."

"Eat him! You ain't a-goin' ter eat him?"

"Ya-as, sir; I'm a-goin' ter eat him; ain't nothin' else up here to eat. Now, if you eat some of him ain't you just as guilty under the law as I be fer killin' him?" asked Eli.

"I ain't hungry enough fer that,' said the sheriff.

"We run out o' meat, an' a man can't starve," continued Eli; "leastwise I ain't a-goin' to. If we hadn't been on the p'int of starvin' I wouldn't a'shot him. Clear case o' self-defence, ain't it?"

Notwithstanding the fact that the sheriff was ravenously hungry the bare thought of eating a man made him sick, but the cold-blooded recital of Eli had aroused in him a morbid curiosity.

"How did you cook him?" he asked.

"Stew," replied Eli, sniffing. "Smell him?"

Big Dan sniffed also, but the odor was no longer savory to him.

It was all clear to Big Dan now. This man was insane—a maniac. Why had he not noticed before how the ranchman's eyes glittered, and what a vacant expression was on his face? And this maniac was holding a cocked rifle within a few feet of his head. It was time to use discretion and diplomacy.

"Mister Williams," said the sheriff, "I weaken; put down your gun an' I'll help you eat him."

When the sheriff pushed back his chair from Eli's humble table the waistband of his trousers was straining nearly to bursting.

"Sheriff," said Eli, "you had me skeered, but I'm glad you're a white man an' kin see it's a clar case o' self-defence. I hated to vi'late the game laws 'cause I know they're strick, but I had ter kill that elk."

"Mister Williams," replied the sheriff, solemnly, "I never shirked my duty, but under the sarcumstances I don't mind sayin' ter you——"

Here the sheriff indicated for Eli to bend down his head, for the "wimmin folks" were present, and, placing a big hand to his capacious mouth, whispered the remainder of his sentence. The "wimmin folks" did not catch the full import of the whispered words, but they referred to the game laws and a hot place to which they might be consigned for all the sheriff cared under the present circumstances.

LITTLE FRENCH MARY.

The town of Dulham was not used to seeing foreigners of any sort, or to hearing their voices in its streets, so that it was in some sense a matter of public interest when a Canadian family was reported to have come to the white house by the bridge. This house, small and low storied, with a bushy little garden in front, had been standing empty for several months. Usually when a house was left tenantless in Dulham it remained so and fell into decay, and, after some years, the cinnamon rose bushes straggled into the cellar, and the dutiful grass grew over the mound that covered the chimney bricks. Dulham was a quiet place, where the population dwindled steadily, though such citizens as remained had more and more reason to think it as pleasant as any country town in the world.

Some of the old men who met every day to talk over the town affairs were much interested in the newcomers. They approved the course of the strong looking young Canadian laborer, who had been quick to seize upon his opportunity; one or two of them had alread engaged him to make their gardens and do odd jobs, and were pleased with his quickness and willingness. He had come afoot one day from a neighboring town, where he and his wife had been made ill by bad drainage and factory work, and saw the little house, and asked the postmaster if there were any work to be had out of doors that spring in Dulham. Being assured of his prospects, he reappeared with his pale, bright eyed wife and little daughter the very next day but one. This startling promptness had given time for but few persons to hear the news of a new neighbor, and as one after another came over the bridge and along the road there were many questions asked. The house seemed to have new life looking out of its small paned windows; there were clean white curtains and china dogs on the window sills and a blue smoke in the chimney—the spring sun was shining in at the wide open door.

There was a chilly east wind on an April day and the elderly men were gathered inside the postoffice, which was also the chief grocery and dry goods store. Each was in his favorite armchair, and there was the excuse of a morning fire in the box stove to make them form again into the close group that was usually broken up at the approach of summer weather. Old Captain Weathers was talking about Alexis, the newcomer (they did not try to pronounce his last name), and was saying for the third or fourth time that the more work you set for the Frenchman the better pleased he seemed to be. "Helped 'em to lay a carpet yesterday at our house, neat as wax," said the Captain, with approval. "Made the garden in the front yard, so it hasn't looked so well for years. We're all goin' to find him very handy; he'll have plenty to do among us all summer. Seems to know what you want the minute you

WE ALL FOLLOWED HER TO THE DOOR.

p'int, for he can't make out very well with his English. I used to be able to talk considerable French in my early days, when I sailed from Southern ports to Havre and Bordeaux, but I don't seem to recall it now very well. He'd have made a smart sailor, Alexis would; quick and willing."

"They say Canada French ain't spoke the same, anyway," began the Captain's devoted friend, Mr. Ezra Spooner, by way of assurance, when the store door opened and a bright little figure stood looking in. All the gray headed men turned that way, and every one of them smiled.

"Come right in, dear," said the kind hearted old Captain.

They saw a charming little creature about six years old, who smiled back from under her neat bit of a hat; she wore a pink dress that made her look still more like a flower, and she said "Bon jour" prettily to the gentlemen as she passed. Henry Staples, the storekeeper and postmaster, rose behind the counter to serve this customer as if she had been a queen, and took from her hand the letter she brought, with the amount of its postage folded up in a worn bit of newspaper.

The Captain and his friends looked on with admiration.

"Give her a piece of candy—no, give it to me an' I'll give it to her," said the Captain eagerly, reaching for his cane and leaving his chair with more than usual agility; and everybody looked on while he took a striped stick of peppermint from the storekeeper and offered it gallantly. There was something in the way this favor was accepted that savored of the French court and made every man in the store a lover.

The child not only made a quaint bow before she reached out her hand with childish eagerness for the unexpected delight, but she stepped forward and kissed the Captain.

There was a murmur of delight at this charming courtesy; not a man there would not have liked to find some excuse for walking away with her, and there was a general sigh as she shut the door behind her and looked back through the glass with a parting smile.

"That's little French Mary, Alexis' little girl," said the storekeeper, eager to proclaim his advantage of previous acquaintance. "She came here yesterday and did an errand for her mother as nice as a grown person could."

"I never saw a little creature with prettier ways," said the Captain, blushing and tapping his cane on the floor.

This first appearance of the little foreigner on an April day was like the coming of a young queen to her kingdom. She reigned all summer over every heart in Dulham—not a face but wore its smiles when French Mary came down the street; not a mother who did not say to her children that she wished they had such pretty manners and kept their frocks as neat. The child danced and sang like a fairy, and condescended to all childish games, and yet, best of all for her friends, seemed to see no difference between young and old. She sometimes followed Captain Weathers home, and discreetly dined or took tea with him and his housekeeper, an honored guest; on rainy days she might be found in the shoemaker's shop or in the blacksmith's, watching them at their work; smiling much but speaking little, and teaching as much French as she learned English. To this day, in Dulham, people laugh and repeat her strange foreign words and phrases. Alexis, the father, was steady at his work of gardening and haying; Marie, the elder, his wife, washed and ironed and sewed and swept, and was a helper in many households; now and then on Sunday they set off early in the morning and walked to the manufacturing town whence they had come, to go to mass; at the end of the summer, when they felt prosperous, they sometimes hired a horse and waggon and drove there with the child between them. Dulham village was the brighter and better for their presence, and the few old fashioned houses that knew them treasured them, and French Mary reigned over her kingdom with no revolt or disaffection to the summer's end. She seemed to fulfill all the duties of her childish life by some exquisite instinct and infallible sense of fitness and propriety.

One September morning, after the first frost, the Captain and his friends were sitting in the store with the door shut. The Captain was the last comer.

"I've got bad news," he said, and they turned toward him, apprehensive and forewarned.

"Alexis says he's going right away" (regret was mingled with the joy of having a piece of news to tell). "Yes, Alexis is going away; he's packing up now, and has spoke for Foster's hay cart to move his stuff to the railroad."

"What makes him so foolish?" asked Mr. Spooner.

"He says his folks expect him in Canada. He's got an aunt livin' there that owns a good house and farm, and she's gettin' old an wants to have him settled at home to take care of her."

"I've heard these French folks only desire to get forehanded a little, and then they go right back where they come from," said some one, with an air of disapproval.

"He says he'll send another man here; he knows somebody that will be glad of the chance, but I don't seem to like the idea so well," said Captain Weathers, doubtfully.

At this moment the store door was opened, and French Mary came in. She was dressed in her best and her eyes were shining.

"I go to Canada in ze cars!" she announced joyfully, and came dancing down between the two long counters toward her regretful friends. They had never seen her so charming.

Argument and regret was impossible—the forebodings of elderly men and their experience of life were of no use at that moment; a gleam of youth and hope was theirs by sympathy instead. A child's pleasure in a journey moves the dullest heart. The Captain was the first to find some means of expression.

"Give me some o' that best candy for her," he commanded to the storekeeper. "No, take a bigger piece of paper, and tie it up well."

"Ain't she dressed a little thin?" said gruff Mr. Spooner anxiously, and for his part he pointed the storekeeper to a small plaid shawl that hung overhead, and stooped to wrap it himself about the little shoulders.

"I must get the girl something, too," said the minister, who was a grandfather and had just come in for his mail. "What do you like best my dear?" and French Mary pointed shyly, but with instant decision, at a blue silk parasol, with a white handle, which was somewhat the worse for having been openly displayed all summer. The minister bought it with pleasure, like a country boy at a fair, and put it into her hand.

French Mary kissed the minister with rapture and gave him her hand to shake, then she put down the parasol and ran and climbed into the old Captain's lap and hugged him with both arms tight around his neck. She thought for a moment whether she should kiss Mr. Ezra Spooner or not, but happily she did not decide against it, and said an affectionate good-bye to him and all the rest. Mr. Staples himself came out from behind the counter to say farewell and bestow some raisins. They all followed her to the door and stood watching her while she tucked her bundles under her arm and raised the new parasol and walked away down the street in the chilly autumn morning. She had taken her French gayety and charm and all her childish sweetness and dignity away with her. Little French Mary had gone. Fate had plucked her like a flower out of their lives.

She did not turn back, but when she was half way home she began to run and the new shawl was given gayly to the breeze. The Captain sighed.

"I wish the little girl well," he said, and turned away. "We shall miss her, but she doesn't know what parting is. I hope she'll please them just as well in Canada."

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Talmage on Bicycling.

Dr. Talmage in his sermon at the Academy of Music, New York, on Sunday, declared that to get the soul right requires not only spiritual but physical exercise. He recommends the gymnasium, the dumbbells, the bicycle, "if," as the doctor declares, "one sits upright, for as the machine is now used it is by degrees bringing us back to all fours."

Strawberries in M[illegible]

She (after the unmaskin[illegible])—"I see that strawberries are on the bill of fare, George." He (nervously)—"Yes, but they are very sour at this season of the year." She—"Of course; but I'll like to will take a few. One cannot expect strawberries to be at their best in March, you know."—Harlem Life.

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The writ has been issued for an election in Antigonish for the local legislature. Poling June 13th.

The lobster catch around the western shires of P. E. Island has up to the present been heavy—the best fishing for many years. Greater care is being taken by those packers who were careless in years gone by.

Work is not proceeding at the collieries of the Dominion Coal Co so briskly as desirable. One reason of the lateness of beginning of active shipments is that the consumers in Montreal, on account of stock remaining from last year, did not wish early deliveries.

Mr. R. G. Leckie has retired from the management of the Acadia Mines Iron works and is succeeded by C. A. Meissner of Alabama, U. S. Mr. Leckie removes to New Brunswick, where he has large investments in mining enterprises.

—Fabien Richard, for half a century lighthouse keeper at Richibucto Cape, died a few days ago, aged eighty-five years.

Willie—Yes'm, She said she thought the chances would be ten to one that you would be.

"Now's all the boys makin' out now?"

"None of 'em a-doin' anything, 'cept in' of Jim."

"An' what's Jim a-doin' of?"

"Loafin' around!"

—The senior member of Crane & Baird, Montreal, reported as making $100,000 in the recent rise in wheat was 70 years ago a clerk with his uncle, late Hon. Wm. Crane, Sackville.

—A telephone line is being built from Parrsboro up shore to Bass River, taking 31 miles of wire,

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MONTREAL.

Commercial Matters.

—The Robb Engineering Company have received orders this spring for creamery outfits from the following places: Yarmouth, Aylesford, Noel Shore, Granville Ferry, Great Village, Windsor, Berwick, Bridgewater, Harcourt, Grand Digue, and Hillsdale, Kings county, N. B.

—The sale of a valuable gypsum property at or near Petitcodiac is reported, as negotiations between some parties in Moncton and some New York capitalists have been in progress for some time past.

—The purchase of the property of the Gaslight & Water Company by Moncton was completed on Saturday by the transfer of $223,708, amount of the award above encumbrance $60,000, together with $15,000, amount of costs Moncton pays $3,000 stamp taxes in London in the bonds issued.

—At a meeting of the Havelock Mineral Springs Co. on the 31st ult., it was decided to commence manufacturing at Petitcodiac. A building owned by Humphrey, Trites & Co. has been engaged and the water will be brought to Petitcodiac by train.

—The annual meeting of the Amherst Boot & Shoe Co. was held. The usual dividend of 10 per cent was declared. It was decided to build an engine house 50x30 feet of brick and stone in the rear of the factory. The old Board of Directors were re elected as follows:—Hon Hiram Black, president; Hon A R Dickey, J R Lamy, J S Hickman and M D Pride.

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18
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