

POETRY.

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

Budding from babyhood Towards young ladyhood, There is a sweet time that cometh between;

Your eyes are now laughing, In the joy-cup you're quaffing, The liquid is nectar, and bright is its steam;

Oh, beautiful childhood! In grove or in woodland, You waken like birds, with morning's first beam.

And then all the day through, With the dear "little boy-blue," You pluck the bright blossoms that spring in your way;

Or, amid the green corn, To the sound of his horn, Dance feasting and merrily till closing of day.

Or, like "little Bo-peep," Who has folded her sheep, You lay yourself down on the soft bed to rest;

While mamma breathes her prayer, That the All-Father's care, Will shield through the darkness her darling, her best.

Or, perhaps, half-awake, You will see the cow take That famous, that wonderful leap 'o'er the moon;

Or else, see the dish, With a hop, skip and swish, Run away into space with the innocent spoon.

Then in rare Christmas times, Tell of peace on earth, with all children of men, Like "Little Jack Horner," You'll sit in the corner, And from the mince pie pluck the plum you will ken.

Dear trusting, glad childhood, By stream or in woodland, The sprites and fairies around you will throng;

Oh, beautiful airy-land, Peopled by fairy-band— To the child of more worth than his dreams to the sage,

This faith, then, why stay it, For none can be gainer?— That these sprites of the young are the angels of age?

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART I.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

JULIET.

It was Miss Pierrepont's custom to lie down on her bed for an hour every afternoon before proceeding to the theatre, and thus prepare herself for the exertions of the evening.

"What did you want me for, dear boy?" said Delabole. "Merely to know whether I was right as to our friend's style."

"No occasion for my presence for that; trust my Philip for the spot-stroke in such a case!" "You must want something of me very badly indeed, Delabole," said Vane.

"I never heard you so complimentary. Has it anything to do with last night?" "It has nothing to do with anything, of last night, dear boy, which was devoted entirely to pleasure. A delightful little supper given to Lotty Lopez, and a few of her female friends."

"I don't go in for that sort of thing," said Vane shortly. "Perhaps not," said Delabole, airily. "It was really a very pleasant little gathering, not the less from the touch of romance attending the circumstances."

"Romance?" echoed Vane, with a laugh. "What was there romantic about it? Was the landlord so fascinated by Miss Lotty, that he declined to take any money for the bill?"

"No, dear boy; the little spice of romance was derivable from the fact that it was a farewell banquet to Lotty, who with her little troupe, had been engaged by Wuff on a travelling tour for three years, and quits these shores for America next week."

"What a blow for England!" said Vane. "Well," said Delabole, "for myself, I think Lotty always amused me, and I am sorry she is going. I could have better spared a better woman."

"If you are so fond of her, why don't you go with her?" "Because it wouldn't suit me, dear boy; because there is no opening for me; because—I don't want to, in point of fact. But, for the matter of that, why don't you? Wuff's at his wife's end for a leading man and leading lady. Let me write him a line and say I've found the first in you?"

A sudden thought struck Philip Vane. "Hold on a minute and drop chaffing. Does he really want a leading actress? How very good of you, dear Miss Cave, to take so much trouble about me, and to get me out of this money!" She looked up and tried to smile, but the light had died out of her eyes, and her lips trembled.

"I'll find him the person he wants," said Vane quickly. "You, dear boy?" said Delabole, surprised. "I thought you said just now you were not in that line?" "Nor am I, but when I was down in the west the other day, I saw a girl—Miss Pierrepont, I think she was called—"

"Pierrepont!" said Delabole. "Yes, I've heard of her in the provinces. Good isn't she?" "So far as I understand these matters, very good," said Vane. "A friend of mine is interested in her."

"Ah, ah! we know that means." Vane knew, too, what Delabole's tone meant; knew that it was his wife thus alluded to, but took no notice. "I mean," he continued, "he should be glad to see her position improved, and this is an opportunity which I think would suit her."

"I would, if I were you, dear boy," said Delabole, looking at him straight in the face. "I would just put on my friend's hat, and my friend's coat, put my friend into the train, and get him to discuss the matter with Miss Pierrepont."

elaborate banquets at the club, they were seen during the season at Richmond and Greenwich, entertaining ladies, quietly dressed, and not indolent in manner, who were equally unknown to the rest of the rest of the London world. Sometimes they would make an attempt to assert themselves. The men would get themselves proposed for some established well-known club, when they would be either black-balled or withdrawn. The women would call upon some ladies whose husbands had been introduced to them; the visit would not be returned, and any further attempt at intercourse with the outer world would for a time be abandoned.

Not that they would be discouraged at these rebuffs. They ignored them as far as possible. "About noon on the second day after his return from Wexeter, Major Vane entered the club, and ordered his breakfast. In the coffee-room he found several other members engaged in discussing the same meal. All the men at breakfast looked up as Philip Vane swaggered to the waiter's desk to give his orders, and two or three of them growled out: "Good-morning."

He was a popular man in the club, and had it been dinner time, would have been received with a chorus of acclamation, but the members of the Craven were generally short-tempered and reticent in the morning, and thought a nod quite sufficient greeting. Major Vane returned the salutations in his usual careless, insolent way, seated himself at his table, and buried himself in the folds of a sporting newspaper, from which his attention was distracted by the simultaneous arrival of his breakfast and of a friend.

There were some points of similarity and dissimilarity between them; the breakfast had to be paid for, so generally had the friend. There was a doubt as to whether the breakfast might disagree with one, there was no doubt about the friend's disagreeing with one, if by so doing he saw a chance of bettering his position. Delabole was the friend's name, his status that of a gentleman, though twenty years before, when he spent a few happy days with the governor of Alwick gaol, his name was Munker, his profession horse coping.

A short fat man, Mr. Delabole, with a square head like a tin loaf, no neck to speak of, an enormous chest, always set off by a very open shirt front, short, awkward legs, and very small hands and feet. The latter, which were flat as well as small, always looked like the feet of the dummies in the tailors' shops; the little fingers of the former were always covered to the knuckles with lustrous rings.

"We wanted you with us last night, dear boy," were Mr. Delabole's first words after the interchange of greetings. "And I wanted you here, said Philip Vane. "Why, has anything been done?" "No much. Bolcock brought his cousin here, and I played five games of which he won three."

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"You think that's very funny," said Major Vane, returning his stare, "but you're wrong for once. The woman is nothing to me, only I thought it might suit her, and do your friend a good turn at the same time."

"All right, dear boy; I will let Wuff know. If it comes off, she must start next week."

"I have heard," said Delabole to himself, as he climbed into the mail-phaeton which was waiting for him at the door, "I have heard Philip tell a great many lies cleverly, but never so cleverly as that one he told just now. Pierrepont! I'll make a little note of this conversation when I get into the city."

When Philip Vane had finished his breakfast, he went into the writing room and wrote this letter to his wife:

"I need not send up the money to-morrow, I will come down and fetch it. Meet me at the same place at

the same time to-morrow; I have something very important to say to you."

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING BY MOONLIGHT.

MISS PIERREPONT'S benefit was even a greater success than her warmest and most sanguine friends had anticipated. The dramatic critic of the Wexeter Flying Post remarked the next day that "such a galaxy of beauty and fashion had never before been gathered together in his little temple Theatre."

And he was almost justified in his statement. The clerical party was fully represented. The bishop was away in London; but the dean was there, rosy and bland, following the text of the tragedy in a large quarto volume, which he had brought with him, beating time to the delivery of Mercutio's speech about Queen Mab as though he had been conducting an oratorio, and benignly deaf to the profane remarks which the representative of Colonel Hardy in Paul Fry thought fit to season the author's dialogue. Emboldened by their august leader's presence and evident delight, the other pillars of the church gradually relaxed from the extreme state of severity into which they had thought fit to settle themselves on their entrance, while the female members of their families enjoyed Juliet's words, and titrated at Phoebe's impudence, in unrestrained freedom. Gerald Hardinge was right in his anticipation of the presence of the military. The officers were there in force, from the colonel to the youngest subaltern, and being one and all in severe evening dress, gave quite an aristocratic appearance to that portion of the dress circle which they filled. So Sam Cave said, at least, and he ought to have known, having twice attended the performances of Madame Mallibon in London, and being the only person within in many miles who was supposed to know what Pop's Alley was, or what it meant.

The good townspeople, too, most of whom had heard from Miss Cave of her lodger's quiet life, and of the way in which she supported her father, and being one and all in evening dress, gave quite an aristocratic appearance to that portion of the dress circle which they filled. So Sam Cave said, at least, and he ought to have known, having twice attended the performances of Madame Mallibon in London, and being the only person within in many miles who was supposed to know what Pop's Alley was, or what it meant.

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DAIRYING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Wonderful Progress Made in the Last Three Years.

(From the Agricultural Report.)

In his annual report for 1894 on agriculture, Secretary Inches has this to say regarding the great development in the dairy industry: "The progress of our dairy work in the province during the past four seasons has been very satisfactory. The number of cheese factories in 1891 was only eight and one creamery in 1894. The number has increased to twenty-seven cheese factories; seven factories built for both cheese and butter making, and four for butter only, making a total of forty-five factories in the province."

The number of patrons have increased from about two hundred, to about twelve hundred. The estimated value of the product from eighteen thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars. The exports of cheese from nothing to twenty thousand dollars. The exports of butter from nothing to eight thousand dollars. The total exports of dairy produce this season amount to about thirty thousand dollars. This is something to be proud of as a beginning to our dairy industry. The government feel conscious that their efforts to establish this branch of agriculture has been highly successful. The prejudices and the difficulties which had to be overcome were many, and had to be removed. As the business increased another difficulty had to be faced. Where was a market to be found for our produce? That has also been met and the problem solved. All the cheese we had to spare this season has been shipped, the large sized were bought by two Montreal shippers for the English market, the small sized were bought by St. John merchants and shipped to the West Indies; and so long as our dairymen and cheese-makers can maintain the high standard of quality which the English market demands, we will have a share of their market. It was a surprise to many of our dairymen when in 1892 our province gained the silver medal on cheese at the Lancashire and Liverpool Agricultural Society's show in Liverpool, England. This brought our cheese into notice in England. The spaces which our cheese and butter made at the International exhibition, Chicago, gave our province more prominence in the dairy business, and has opened up an export trade with England to this new industry, which will, doubtless, be of great benefit, and we hope it will continue to increase and prosper in the future."

THE OLD SAYING. Throw Physic to the Dogs, Will not apply to the Present Day.

ALONZO STAPLES, Druggist and Apothecary, HAS IN STOCK—New, Fresh Drugs—PATENT MEDICINES—A CHOICE LINE OF HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS. And all requisites found in a First-class Drug Store. Physician's prescriptions compounded with utmost care at all hours. Opposite Randolph's Flour Store.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCOTTISH STARCH has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night by crying, or by a sick child crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCOTTISH STARCH." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach, and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCOTTISH STARCH."

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE. A famous French doctor and professor of medicine contended that every disease was attributable to a process of inflammation. In dissecting one of his patients he found no trace of inflammation could be found. He explained the circumstances to his pupils as follows: "Gentlemen, you see that our mode of treatment was thoroughly effective; the patient is dead, but he died cured!"

Wet feet, cold in the head, cold in the chest, are seasonable complaints. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head. Hawker's balsam cures cold in the chest.

Mr. Backhay (serving the dinner)—Will you have your turkey with or without dressing? The Boston Young Woman (blushing furiously)—I certainly want it fully dressed.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENTS. Many thousands of unutilized letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use. Of Consumption and Scrophulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

Wife (severely)—I'd have you know, sir, that I always keep my temper. Husband (soothingly)—Of course you do, and I wish to goodness you'd get rid of it.

First theatrical manager—Going to have a tank in your place this season? Second theatrical manager (enthusiastically)—Every man in my company is a tank.

School children are not always wise. They expose themselves and presently you hear a nasty cough. Then you need Hawker's balsam.

She—Indeed, sir, I haven't reached the annual meeting of the Farmers' and Dairy-men's Association of New Brunswick to be held at Fredericton on 6th, 6th and 7th March, 1895.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases. Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

Honoured editor—You have carried this joke a little too far. Sad humorist—Yes, sir; that is why I wish to leave it with you.

POLITE TO THE PREACHER. A Lewiston clergyman says that at a recent wedding when he put the question to the sweet little bride: "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and replied: "If you please."

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age! She—But then she has become so accustomed to it, you know.

Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial sore throat. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect.

Waiter (to Uncle Reuben)—Hard or soft shell crabs? Uncle Reuben—Better let me have the soft shell; teeth ain't so good good as they used to be.

—A—How do you know that Maler has come in for a fortune? B—Why, formerly people always said he was crazy; now they say he's original.

The worst case of hoarseness will yield at once to the effect of Hawker's balsam.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. Send for pamphlet. Free. Scott & Bown, Belleville, All Druggists. 50c. & 61.

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School children are not always wise. They expose themselves and presently you hear a nasty cough. Then you need Hawker's balsam.

She—Indeed, sir, I haven't reached the annual meeting of the Farmers' and Dairy-men's Association of New Brunswick to be held at Fredericton on 6th, 6th and 7th March, 1895.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases. Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

Honoured editor—You have carried this joke a little too far. Sad humorist—Yes, sir; that is why I wish to leave it with you.

POLITE TO THE PREACHER. A Lewiston clergyman says that at a recent wedding when he put the question to the sweet little bride: "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and replied: "If you please."

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age! She—But then she has become so accustomed to it, you know.

Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial sore throat. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect.

Waiter (to Uncle Reuben)—Hard or soft shell crabs? Uncle Reuben—Better let me have the soft shell; teeth ain't so good good as they used to be.