

Odds and Ends.

"Come down," said the young man, striking his upper lip.

"She's not my set," said the old hen as she chased a strange chicken out of the yard.

"It seems a little singular that a man's face is generally the longest where he himself is the 'shortest'."

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man, "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

"Yes, indeed, Brown is a very sick man." "When was he taken ill?" "Yesterday morning I was called to attend him." "Ah, that accounts for it." And now those two physicians pass each other as perfect strangers.

"Mistress (to applicant) Yes, I want a nice French maid. The last one I had only kept a short time, because she couldn't understand English. French maids will have no trouble of that kind with me. Of no other but understand English, but O! speak it, too."

"Next to a pretty woman," remarked Sam Jones, when preaching in Kentucky, "I love a fast horse." If the revivalists had not made such a dead set against whiskey he would have confessed to the three graces of Kentucky, and the whole State would have been at his feet.—*Springfield Republican.*

"The village minister was away on his summer vacation, and the editor of the local paper, being a literary man, and like all editors, deeply religious, was conducting the Sunday services during his absence. Everything went well until, in expounding the Scriptures one morning, the editor said: 'Yes, my brethren, even the hairs of our head are numbered.' And then every body smiled, for it sounded much like the editorial 'we' and the editor was bald."

For Sale and To Let.

Lots for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale Forty Building Lots, fronting on Union and Oak Streets, about half a mile from the residence of the subscriber, in the city of Chicago. The lots are of various sizes, and are situated in a healthy and desirable location. The subscriber is prepared to sell at a low price, and will accept of cash or notes secured by mortgage. Apply to W. H. HARRISON, 111 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his Mill in Cook County, which is heavily timbered. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to GEORGE W. TOWSE, Abingdon Road, July 14th.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, the NINETEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1885, at the Court House in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

A. L. the right, title, interest, and claim of Charles C. Calhoun, his personal right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to that piece or parcel of LAND situated in the Parish of Orleans, in the Territory of Louisiana, and known as the Wood Lot Number 43, in Letter Division, in the Township of Iberville, which will more fully appear in reference to the Mortgage (No. 10) of said Township, the same containing one hundred and eighty acres, more or less. The same having been sold under and to be sold by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme and St. John Parish Court, in and for said Parish of Orleans, in favor of Charles C. Calhoun and Charles C. Calhoun, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, the TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, NEXT, A. D. 1885, at the Court House in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

A. L. the right, title, interest, and claim of Joseph T. Harris, his personal right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to the LANDS and PREMISES situated in Dover, or called, in the Parish of Dover, and bounded as follows: To wit: On the north by lands in possession of Alexander McFarlane, on the east by lands of Daniel L. Hamilton, on the south by lands of William A. Stivers, and on the west by the main public highway, containing sixty acres, more or less, together with all buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining. Also all other real estate of said Joseph T. Harris, wherever situated, or however described within my jurisdiction. The same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an execution issued out of the West-Orleans County Court against the said Joseph T. Harris.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To John Nelson Allen and Evangeline Allen, his wife, and all others whom it may concern:

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the NINTH DAY OF OCTOBER, NEXT, A. D. 1885, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the Post Office in St. John, in the County of Westmorland, and Province of New Brunswick, the following LANDS and PREMISES situated in the Parish of Westmorland and described in the Indenture of Mortgage heretofore mentioned as follows: All that certain lot or parcel of Land situated on the Baie Verte Road (so called), in the Parish of Westmorland, in the said County and bounded by the Parish of Land situated on the Baie Verte Road, south-westerly by lands of Calvin Howard, south-easterly by the rear line of the front lot and north-easterly by the estate of late Crozier Robinson, and containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, together with all and singular the Buildings, Improvements, Privileges and Appurtenances to the said Premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

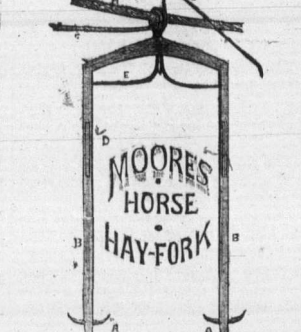
The above Sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in certain Indenture of Mortgage made between the above named John Nelson Allen and Evangeline Allen, his wife, of the one part and the undersigned, Charles Fawcett, of the other part, bearing date the eighteenth day of July, A. D. 1885, and registered in the Westmorland Records of Deeds, &c., on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1885, as No. 45,340, Folio 510, Libro 04, default having been made in the payment of the monies secured and made payable by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

Dated this 7th July, A. D. 1885.

CHARLES FAWCETT, Mortgagee.

POWELL & HENSON, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

MOORE'S HORSE HAY-FORK.



The Best Fork Manufactured.

FARMERS will consult their own interests by examining this celebrated Fork before purchasing any other kind. For further information apply to JOHN MOORE & SONS, Inventors & Sole Manufacturers, Port Elgin, N. B.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a disordered liver, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most successful success has been shown in curing

CURE SICK HEAD.

Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a disordered liver, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most successful success has been shown in curing

ACHE.

Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a disordered liver, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most successful success has been shown in curing

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

FRESH ARRIVALS!

Ex-Australian, Sarmatian, Persian, Man-tolian, Polynesian, Parisian, &c.

120—PACKAGES—120

Comprising a Varied Assortment in most Departments.

LINEN TABLES AND HOLLANDS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, TURKEY REDS, CRETONES, REGATTA, HANDKERCHIEFS, EMBELLAS, PARASOLS, HURONS, LACES, &c.

20—CASES—20

GLOVES, LACES, LACE CURTAINS, COUNTERTIES, TOILET CASES, PICTURES, &c. &c.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse, 94 and 96 Gormann Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. FOWLER'S EXTRACT-WILD STRAWBERRY CURE.

CHOLERA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DIARRHEA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Dorchester Drug Store.

This subscriber has opened a Drug Store in New Brunswick, New Building, next door to McKinnon's Bank, and will keep on hand a Choice Stock of

Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Toilet Requisites, &c.

J. W. McRAY, Dorchester, June 10, 1885.

COOK'S FRIEND.

Best value in the market. Has taken first prize wherever exhibited. Holds its place as a high priced purveyor for the sale of its medicinal

COOK'S FRIEND is made of as pure and healthy as any other. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels, and is especially adapted for the treatment of cholera, dysentery, and all other diseases of the digestive system. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

W. D. McCLAREN, MONTREAL. Buy it, try it and be convinced.

Spring Hill Mines Coal.

PARTIES wishing to obtain their supplies of the above COAL can leave their orders at my office, or apply to Charles Scott, transporter.

T. A. H. MASON, Agent for Spring Hill Coal, Sackville, April 29, 1885.

Pine Lumber.

1, 1½, 2 & 3 inch Dry Pine Lumber, also Clapboards.

Constantly on hand, delivered on N. B. & P. R. Ry.

J. M. HICKS, Millville.

Our Dead.

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures just a little while, ere they are fled: One by one life robs us of our treasures: Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping Safe forever, all they took away: Cruel life can never seize that sleeping: Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven: Human are the great whom we revere: No true crown of honor can be given: Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us; and no traces linger of that smiling angel band: Gone, forever gone; and in their places, Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours: They have kept the baby smile, and hid with flowers: Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers: On the dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—Then to memory of the past we turn: Save with some strange, cruel strings, that make it Bitterness beyond all present pain.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to survive the radiant shadow—long regret: We shall find, in some far, bright to-morrow Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it, Bound with all our heart strings, all our own? Any cold and cruel dream may show it Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never: Love, that to death's loyal care has fled, Is thus consecrated ours forever, And no change can rob us of our dead.

So, when fate comes to besiege our city, Din our gold, or make our flowers fall, Death, the angel, comes in love and pity And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

SAVING THE MILL.

"Hurrah!"

The door flew open with a bang as Phil Payson burst into the little room where his sister Katie sat sewing. His face flushed, his eyes shining, and his cap swinging over his head.

"Why, Phil?"

"Give three cheers, mother. Dance like the devil. I'll study night if it will help me keep awake, you know. Miss Cary is going to leave to-night, and I want to be ready to go to the mill at five o'clock. She offered to, mother. Oh, mother, do say you're glad really!"

"But your school, Phil dear! I can't have you leave that."

"I don't mean to, mother. It's all fixed now. I'll study night if it will help me keep awake, you know. Miss Cary is going to leave to-night, and I want to be ready to go to the mill at five o'clock. She offered to, mother. Oh, mother, do say you're glad really!"

"Very glad indeed," answered Mrs. Payson, and for a moment she forgot to be a mother.

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place where his nights were passed seemed far less lonely to him when he remembered that Katie might at any moment be looking from her window and thinking of him.

So a month passed by, and Phil performed his duties to Mr. Medway's satisfaction. There were some, indeed, who considered him much too young for his post, and did not hesitate to say so. But Mr. Medway always assured them with a smile:

"Well, 'Squire Deems recommended him, and guaranteed that I wouldn't be sorry I hired him. I've tested him all times of night; he's always wide awake and about his business. He does the work of a man, and I get ten dollars on a month's hire less."

Which was very true, and Mr. Medway ought to have blushed for it, though Phil, to be sure, was more than satisfied with what he received.

He kept up with his class, too, as was his ambition. Miss Cary declared she was proud of him, and Katie's heart swelled with joy to hear it.

One day early in March, something happened. Mrs. Payson became violently ill. Katie, terrified beyond measure, could do nothing but nurse Phil from his sleep; and when the boy, startled by his sister's cries, came to the door and brought the doctor, the felt as though he could never sleep again.

There was no great cause for alarm, however.

"It was a bad attack of cramp," Dr. Dancy said with a smile. "Payson became perfectly free from pain and quite herself again. Then Phil, light-hearted enough and whistling a merry air, took his lunch basket and his books and trudged off to his work. Katie, troubled, followed him to the door."

"I'd get some one else to night, Phil," she said. "You have been used to sleeping all day. What if—"

But Phil laughed and opened his dark eyes at her utmost. "I'm as wide awake as an owl. I couldn't sleep if I wanted to," said he.

Katie laughed at the comical, strained expression on Phil's face. But she could not help feeling a little anxious as she went back into the house. Suppose Phil should go to sleep, and Mr. Medway have a accident to which he had been so subject, did Katie know what a sad thing that would be for them all, and how dreadfully Phil would feel!

"It would just break his heart, I know. But then, he won't," she said to herself.

Katie's prayer for her brother's welfare that night was much longer than usual; and once in bed, she tossed and tumbled, only to fall into an uneasy slumber. More than once before the little clock on the sitting-room mantel struck 10 she sprang to the window and gazed down across the wide river bend, only to see Phil's lamp beaming cheerily in the engine room. How Phil would laugh at her if he knew, she thought, feeling really out of patience with herself.

"I won't look out again; it's just nonsense, as Phil says. I will not look out again to-night," she said.

But she did—once more. The lamp in the engine room burned brightly. It would have been a relief to the light flash from window to window as she had seen before, Katie thought. She could feel sure that all was right. Now—

What was that? It flickered strangely. One instant it died into the ghost of a light, and the next it flared brilliantly. Katie rubbed her eyes in wondering terror. It was no illusion; the light shining from the engine-room window was not clear steady lamp light. It was red, clear fire.

Katie was already hurrying on her clothes. There was a dreadful lump in her throat, and her breath came in short quick gasps. She did not pause for her boots with their endless row of buttons; she pulled on her shoes and rushed swiftly out of her room and down stairs, catching her shawl from the hall stand as she ran. Behind the kitchen stove hung a pair of Phil's thick, woolen stockings, and these she pulled on over her feet.

There was no question in her mind as to the course to take. It was more than half a mile by the road to the mill across the river bend it was less than half that distance.

The late rains had swelled the river, and overflowed its banks, but the bridge was there, even though many of the country people had begun to think it unsafe. Katie did not doubt for a moment but that it would hold her light weight, and over it she went. But thought that it cracked and swayed under her, and she fancied herself breaking through once or twice, but on she sped, her large, dark eyes strained and fixed on that faring red light. It seemed hours to her before she reached the mill. She had been there before to take Phil's lunch when he had forgotten it, and she knew the way perfectly well. In at the dark, yawning door she dashed, and up two or three narrow steps. There was smoke in the air—surely. She opened the door of the engine room and closed it hastily behind, with a quick shrill cry of dismay.

"Phil! Oh, Phil!"

The room was full of smoke. Through it the lamplight showed pale and dim. Little tongues of flame were running over the floor before the great furnace, crawling up a shoving here and there, crawling smoke-like in the wall very near the window. And Phil sat by the rough table, his face buried in his arms, asleep—so sound asleep and so stupefied by the smoke that Katie's first cry failed to arouse him.

She screamed with all her might and shook him then.

"Phil! dear Phil!" she cried. "Oh—fire!"

It all happened in a very little time. That one word shrieked in Phil's ear awoke him effectually. He understood the situation and sprang to his feet.

"Don't whistle!" cried Katie, catching his arm. "Don't rouse the town, Phil. We can put it out."

They fell to work with a will. After all, it was not much of a fire. There were plenty of pails and an abundance of water at hand, and the fire was not really under headway. The flames, though widespread, had not begun to burn through the solid door, which was soon flooded. In a few moments it was all over, and Phil had struck the window. He turned to Katie then, who stood pale and trembling, as she had not trembled before.

"Oh, Katie, how did you—?" he cried chokingly.

"And Katie, darling, don't. Don't think of it."

The door opened at that moment. Phil knew who stood there before he heard Mr. Medway's voice.

"Heyday! What's all this fuss about?"

"There's been a fire, sir," answered Phil, ready, though he felt the shake in his voice. "But it's out now."

Mr. Medway stepped into the room without another word, and taking up the lamp proceeded to examine the engine and the door and the furnace itself carefully.

"Gibbs must look after this a little in the morning," he said; and he placed the lamp on the bench again, while Katie and Phil stood by, looking at each other. Suddenly he looked at Phil's sister. "What are you here for?" he asked not unkindly.

"Ah, how easy it would have been to not to tell—to say that Phil was lonely and wanted company; to say anything but the truth. But Katie's honest little heart abhorred a falsehood."

"I—I—was—I—I—she stammered, with painful pauses, "But right here Phil came bravely to the rescue."

"I was asleep, Mr. Medway," he said, "and if it had not been for Katie your mill—"

Asleep? repeated Mr. Medway, his face stern and cold.

"It was an awful moment, and Katie ended it by springing forward and grasping Mr. Medway's hand."

"Oh, if you, please, sir, may I tell you how he happened to do it? Mamma was ill, and he could not sleep at all yesterday. It was not his fault, sir—indeed it was not. Poor Phil! Oh, sir—"

Mr. Medway was not at all a hard-hearted man, though perhaps a little stern in his manner, and he was interested. His voice was husky when he spoke to Katie.

"How did you happen to see the fire?"

"Why, I—"

"She looks out of the window a dozen times a night to see that I'm all right," said Phil with brusque earnestness, "and she prays for me before she goes to sleep. That's how Mr. Medway. Oh, Katie, little sister—"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Medway, who seemed to be having a great deal of trouble with his throat and eyes. "Well, well!" and he was silent what seemed to Katie and Phil a long time.

"I suppose I needn't—needn't come here again," Phil mustered courage to say presently.

"Not come here again?" echoed Mr. Medway. "Why not, boy? Of course you'll come again every night, and I'll go on paying you a man's wages after this, remember. A boy with a sister like yours ought to be encouraged. I'm pretty sure you won't let this happen again."

And he slammed the door after him.

"Oh, Phil?"

"Oh, Katie?"

They went home in the morning early, and Mrs. Payson heard the story of the night's adventure.

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