THE SNOWFLAKES'S POWER.

perve, as room on high to half.

They came in great battalions, they fell
for days two, three,
They mantled all the hilltops, and
shrouded dale and lea,
and then they rudely frollicked with
Northern Wind so bold,
Who roughly tumbled, drifting high in
every track and wold.

every track and wold.

Twas thus the mighty steam horse, upon his iron track,
Oudd not his burden pull ahead, or even push it back.
The fragile, tiny spowlinkes thus proved their might and power,
y stooping traffic's iron horse for many a dreary hour.

-Fanny L. Fancher, in New York Ob-

MERTHA DAVIDSON'S CHOICE.

even if one were only fourteen years old and not very large for her age either.

Moreover, if Bertha had her way, she would have no brothers, they were such teases, and her mother would have pink cheeks and wayy hair, alik dresses and rings; and her father would wear shiny shoes and a silk hat; and ahe, Bertha, would have a piano, and a seconn all her own, and then she would go to school and become learned sad accomplished and a great lady, and do tots of good in the world, and then swerybody would love her, and how have the second to be the second from such dreams as these and brought back to the stern realities of her humdrum life, by her mother's wice, it was such a tired voice, calling her to come and take the baby, or to go for water, or to sweep the kitchen, or worse than all the rest, to wash the turnips and potatoes. It was such ditty work, not fit for a lady, Bertha thought, and she always did it with a cowd on her face that would have been pretty had it been a pleasant face.

"Mother," she broke out one day—"

second, and as aways us. I wan a second on her face that would have been pretty had it been a pleasant "Mother," she broke out one day—she had been ironing, and she always she had been ironing, and she always the continuing day—'mother, don't you think it's mean that we can't you think it's mean that had not be day?"

Bettha's mother did not answer, but her nale face crew a shade whiter and

choose where we would like to be born, that we're just put here and have to stay ?"

Beetha's mother did not answer, but her pale face grew a shade whiter and sudder, and ahe sighed in a more tired way than usual.

It was fair the afternoon of an eastly spring day. The clouds hung spring day. The clouds hung search stay, and the san, such search sky, and the san, such search sky, and the san just setting, cast a furid red light through them, which made the dreary landacape look weird and grueenme. Beetha's mother shivered as she stood looking out upon it.

"How fast the river is rising!" she said, and added anxiously, "Il wonder why your father doesn't dome." And then the baby cried and the mother closed the door and went into the bedroom with a weary sigh.

Suddenly a dull, booming sound beoke the stillness, mingled with a steange crackling noise, and then came wild roar, swelling louder and louder, aroar such as only the resistless power of wildly rushing water can ever make. The mother staggered to the door, the baby crying shrilly in her arms. Be-

of wildly rushing water can ever make.

The mother staggered to the door, the baby crying shrilly in her arms. Bertha was beside her, with a white, carrel face.

"What is it, mother?" she asked.

"The ice," gasped her mother. "The ice is coming down the river, the dam has given away—the mill may go—your father!" And thrusting the baby into Bertha's arms she darded away toward the bridge a half a mile above which, on the opposite bank of the

and so, happily the child left behind in the doorway, could not see her mother's danger.

It was only a little mill, and it was such a little stream of water that no none would dream of danger from it; but the sudden coming of warm days and heavy rains, after the winter, had melted the deep snows, swelled the little viver, and now, with the sudden giving out of the ice from the mill pond, the little stream below the dam. which a child could usually wade with safety, had swelled into a frightful torrent, carrying everything before it.

How fast it swelled.

Betha stood, heedless of the crying baby, and gazed at the apot below the grove where the river came into view sanding gazed with white face and wide, frightened eyes. She saw a dark object, which looked almost like some living thing, go by, and down and out of sight. Then with a fearful crash of thunderther shall bust forth in torrents, and with a cry of terror, Bertha shut the door and crouched in the darkest corner than the sake of the child.

Minute after fininute passed. How date it was How had it rained

that she ought not to take baby out in the storm.

Darker and darker it grew. There was no sound now but that awful roar of waters, for even the baby had stopped crying and failen saleep. The stillness of the room seemed worse than the roar without, and finally, unshe to bear it any longer, Bertha is grang to her feet, seized an old shaw of her mother's, and wraping and failen shaped of the mother's, and wraping and shaped of the mother's and wraping and the stopped with a wild cry of woe. The path was shu to fill by the rushing water? Bertha turned and ran back, sobbing wildly. She was alone! There was nobody to save her—nobody! nobody! She was alone! There was nobody to save her—nobody! nobody! She was into the house, threw the door to behind her, and with a cry of utter desoiation, laid the baby on the bed in her mother's little room, and threw herself down beside the little one.

"Oh, baby! baby!" she sobbed; "mother is dead, drowned in that awful flood. Father is drowned to, and the boys, and we are all alone!" Even then she remembered how she had spoken crossly to her father that morning and had well be thought of these things the tears flowed for these things the tear flowed for these things the tear flowed for the country of the country o

it be that she was drowned in that awful flood? And, oh, where was her too much. She inly hears a ringing in father? If she only had some one to speak to! But there was no near eighbors on this side of the river, and even in her fear, Bertha remembered that she ought not to take baby out in reaches from its strong arm, which that she ought not to take baby out in

MESSENDERGR AND VISITOR.

Bit poer Planch have a register of the control of the c

love and care for. But she has been happy, and she has never been sorry for the choice she made that the choice she made

\$2 00 ill spent for other Cures, \$5.00 K.D.C. Phils Tone and Regulate the sowels spent for K.D.C. Phils Tone and Regulate the Grippe? Use K.D.C. Liver.

It certainly looked anything but tempting, and the fumes which arese from it caused Steve to sneeze vio-

iemity. "Imeant to try a bit of that before I went, but I guess I don't want any, after contemptations! The state of the s



rded 11 Gold N HAMDING & ANITH, Saint John, Agents for New Brunswich.



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ARSAPARILLA.
This is from Mr. D M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

and have since been trouble.

Liver and Kidneys

Liver and Kidneys

Three years ago I gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that it could searcely walls. I looked more like a corpse than a living being I looked more like a corpse than a living being a search of the looked looked with the looked lo der had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel began to return to I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla
I feel well and am well. All who know
me marvel to see me so well." D.M. JORDAN.
HOOD'S PILLS are the best feter-dimer Pilla,
satir direction cure bradeche and billousness.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 11th Sept., 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellion, Pagwash, Pictor and Hallfax.
Express for thailax.
 tou and Hallfax
 7.00

 Express for Hallfax
 18.50

 Express for Stussex
 18.50

 Express for Foliat du Chene, Quebec and Montreal
 16.56

Montreal.

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving ist, John at 7.00 o'clock and Hailing at 7.00 o'clock, Passengers from; 8. John for Quadron, John at 7.00 o'clock.

Moneton at 18.40 o'clock. A fivefait train leaves 8. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 220 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Appendix of the control of the contr

Express from Hallax and Sydney... 28.6
The trails of the Intercolonial Rallays are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Hallaftax and Montreal, via Levil are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Times. D. POTTINGER, Rallway Office, Moneton, N. B., 29th Sept., 1868.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after THURSDAY, 4th January, edias follows

see, armine will run dally (Sunday except)—
gas follows.

EAVE Y ARMOUTH—Expressibility at \$1.0 a. m., arrive at Annapolitis at \$1.0 a. m., arrive at Annapolitis at \$1.0 a. m. frames.

Friday at \$1.00 p. m; arrive at Annapolitis at \$1.5 p. m; Theoday, Thursday and Saturation at \$1.5 p. m; Theoday, Thursday and Saturation at \$1.5 p. m. frames.

EAVE ANNA FOLIS—Express dally at \$1.50 p. m. Passengers and Fright Tuesday, Thursday, Thursday and the \$1.50 a. m. frive at Yar
EAVE ANNA FOUTH—Frames.

mouth at 12.50 a. m.
LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.57
p. m; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 p. m.
Flag Stations—Trains stop only when signalled. Fing Stations—Trains stop only when signalled
statement Hridgewater leaves lighty for St.
John every Wednesday and Saturday,
Trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway,
Trains of Windsor and at 12.65 p.m. Paleave Annapolis: Express at 12.65 p.m. Pastaturday at 6 a.m.
Steament of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., leave
Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and
International steamers. Amendment and processing the processing and processi

Yarmonth, N. S. J. BRIGNELL, Gen. Supt.

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Be gentle and loving
And then you can laug
The little bird te

THE HO

it is impossible to find which agrees equally complexions. That man's meat may be poison." To some con ine is spothing and he is an irritant, when it used unless it is mixed A cold cream, made of almonds is more included in the cold of the cold o

The ventilation of The cupboard, so lo object of the housewif ly necessary to a we has at last found an een hygienist, who cotowaway places as refoul air. While it wo to do away with sucveniences, there is remaint.