## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

## OUR BUTTERMAN.

16

Nell says I take too much interest in the fairs of the servants, and she is inclined baugh at me for caring so much about oor Lizzie. But the story seems to me as athetic as if the heroine sat in silk in the arlor, instead of working in calico in the

 She has a heart, and this handsome farmer has broken it. But you do not mean that he has really written you a love-letter?"

 "Listen!" Nellie said; and while I worked over poor, unconscious Lizzie, my niece read Johd Dilmore's letter alond. It was a manly, straightforward letter, telling her he had watched her at the window and knew from Lizzie what an angel she was—poor Lizzie !—and telling her his income and prospects. He had received a college education and his father had wanted him to study a profession, but he preferred the farm-like and home.

 The only wonder was that man who could write such a letter could wish to marry a woman to whom he had never spoken a word.

 It was a long time before Lizzie came back to consciousness, and when she could stand she said:

 "I will go upstairs, if you please !" and crept away in a listless, broken-hearted way that filled my eyes with tears.

 What Nellie wrote to the address John Dilmore gave in his letter, I never saw, bit it was effectual in driving him away, if it did not cure his love.

 Lizzie moved about, doing her work, her checks pale, her eyes heavy, but would accept no sympaty.

 "I see now," she said to me, "he always

 parior, instead of working in calloo in the kitchen. Before I adopted Nellie Hay, who is my niece, and was left an orphan about six years ago, I had lived alone for several years, and my servants were more to me than mere drudges to do my work. My husband died within one year alter our marriage, leaving me independently wealthy, but bitterly lonely. For a long time I rented the house we had fitted up with loving care, to strangers, but when I became a middle.aged woman, I took pos-session of it again. My brothers and sis-ters, with whom I had made a home, first with one, then another, were always kind, and made me happy and comfortable, but I was glad to have my own home, even al-though it was a lonely one until Nellie came.

I was glad to have my own home, even al-though it was a lonely one until Nellie. Nellie, is very handsome, very much ad-mired, and has a good income of her own, so we "receive," and go about in the live-liest way, and Nell says I am the younger of the two. She certainly has a grand, stately way with her, that I could never assume, being a chatty old lady, fond of company, and Nell says "far too familiar with the servants." Lizzie was our second girl, waiting on the door, taking care of the parlors and dining-room, and being with us more than Jane, who is cook. I do not like a man-servant about, though Nell has urged me to have one, and we do not require more than Jane, who is cook. I do not like a man-servant about, though Nell has urged me to have one, and we do not require more than two servants. I do not remember exactly when I began to notice that Lizzie always loked particularly nice on <sup>#</sup> Thursday afternoon. She was very pretty, rosy-cheeked, with soft, brown eyes and a pro-fusion of waving, curling, brown hair, that wold not be patted or coaxed into smooth-ness. She was laways neat, but on Thurs-day afternoos I noticed that if she had an especially pretty apron or necktie, she patted country produce of all kinds, and John way young and fine-looking. His father had been my "butterman" to years, and atter he died, John began to come in his place. I knew lite about him excepting that when I spoke a few words of sympathy about his father's death, he told me they had lived alone since his mother died, but that he had inherited a fine farm, and hoped to make it as profitable as his father had one. So, wken I saw Lizzie lingering at the door when the eggs and butter were undet tore that the serve the money we make here to so for her as registion the time father had the early winter she began to coupt has hat here far farmer who sup-head inherited a fine farm, and hoped to make it as profitable as his father had one. So, wken I saw Lizzie lingering at the door when the eggs and butter were undet

store that it was evident she would soon be compelled to give up the business. I went myself to the doctor, who was at-tending her aunt. "Overwork!" he said, briefly, "and worry of some kind. You had better talk to the old woman. She has money enough laid by to last the rest of her life, for she cannot see another spring and she is kill. So, wken I saw Lizzie lingering at the So, when I saw Lizzle imgering at the door when the eggs and butter were under discussion; when I found her eating red apples and chestnuts that I had not pur-chased, I only smiled to myselt and won-dered what sort of a farmer's wife my pretty city-bred servant would make. Nellie, who was fond of sitting at the tront-narlor window, was rather inclined to

apples and chestmits that 1 had not purchased. I only smiled to myself and worm of some kind. You had better talk 1 to the old woman. She has money enough 1 did by to last the rest of her life, tor she cannot see another spring, and she is killing ther nice, keeping her busy all day and 1 as busy nearly all night."
"He is a handsome fellow," Nellie station is a handsome fellow, "Nellie station is a handsome fellow, "Nellie station is a handsome fellow, "Nellie station is each to the order and the ther tease Lizzie." I asked, "can I do nother the work at a man stare as he does. Probably he does not often see a silk dress, for mine seems to strike him with great admit time."
I would not let Nellie tease Lizzie, but I did let her see that I had noticed John'a attentions, and the child was evidently ind to speak about it. She was an innocent girl, not more than nineteen, without to her. She shyly admitted that John had to her. She shyly admitted that John had to her a great deal about his farn, and had drawn from her the whole history of her own life.
"He'll tell me what pretty lady ways I have, ma'am, and says he supposes feet them awatching Miss Nellie; and he assent to also be cannot action the work at size for me to be with real ladies like Miss Nellie and you, ma'am, though I hope I know how to keep my lace."
Be 'kkept her place? well in every det all how of drees set hat is one for me to be with real ladies like Miss Nellie and you, ma'am, though I hope I know how to keep my lace."
Be 'kkept her place? well in every det had the maner, as John lingered longer an dher as set wet the case the fingers must be rawel as set to be for the sake of the reast if some for me to be with real ladies like Miss Nellie and you, ma'am, ther grider and brow set were mather.
Be 'kkept her place? well in every det had the maner, as John lingered longer an dher as she watchied them from staps with statues from life of the 'Rustig and to me, as all we to for the sake o

IN THE NICK OF TIME. "Have you the means to support a wife <sup>pm</sup> was the question which practical old Mr. Worth asked me when I asked him, some-what over forty years ago, for his daughter Effie. I never thought ot that, and I'm quite sure Effic hadn't. How to keep the kettle boiling was a problem far too unpotical to engage the attention of two young people wrapped up in the contemplation of each other.

wrapped up in the contemplation of each other. ' But the question only needed to be put to prove its pertinence. Mr. Worth's for-tune was moderate; mine was nothing. At present, I was barely able to gain my own livelihood. To take a wife under such circumstances, I was at no loss to perceive, would betoken either unpardonable rash-ness or an indelicate willingness to pension myself on another's bounty. My resolution was at once taken. Stam-mering something in reply to Mr. Worth's question, I bowed myself out of his pres-ence and sought his daughter's. "Your father is right," I said to Effie. when I had told her what had passed. "No man has a right to take a woman from her home till he has another to offer her. Till I am prepared to do so, farewell !"

it did not cure his love.
Lizzie moved about, doing her work, her
cept no sympathy.
"I see now," she said to me, "he always
led me to talk about Miss Nellie, but I
thought it was because he wanted me to be
like her, and more of a lady. He is not
just rough, like the grocer man and the
butcher, but polite and nice, like the grant
themen who come here to see you and Miss
Nellie. and I thought he wanted a lady
like wile. I was just a little fool, and I
must get over it the best I can, but, if you
please, ma'sm, I'd rather not talk about
it "
The first Thursday afternoon atter the
delivery of the letter, she asked permission
to go out, but when she found John had not try again to avoid him.
He never came to the house again, and it do his weekly calls, abs esemed relieved and did not try again to avoid him.
He never came to the house again, and it and sent for her, and I bought all my but
to not make for her girl who had loved and trusted him.
I was glad when her aunt was taken ilt and sent for her, and I bought all my but
the toam er that was new to her.
"I have a woman to wait on my aut,",
the toalt, with I take care of her at might."
In the early winter she began to cough badly, and moved so feebly about her little, store that it was evident she would soon be compelled to give up the business.
I went myself to the doctor, who was atter ther many the areastion.

My instructions were complied with, and, in due time, I received the papers; and, my good fortune continuing, it was not before I felt that I might present myself to Effic's father, prepared to answer the question which had so disconcerted the at own last meeting.

Effic's father, prepared to answer the question which had so disconcerted-ime at our last meeting. I was on my way from the mines to San Francisco, whence I expected to sail for home by the next steamer, when, one evening, I was overtaken by a stranger riding in the same direction. People do not stop for an introduction under such circumstances. I think it one met his "dearest foe," as Hamlet phrases it, in the heart of a wilderness, old feuds would be forgotten, and a friendly chat would spring up. The interchange of a few questions and answers disclosed that the stranger's destination and my own were the same, and we agreed to bear each other company. Besides the pleasure of companionship, the stranger uggested we should be more secure against an attack from robbers—no uncommon occurrence in that region—than if we travelled singly. It was some miles to the place at which we proposed camping for the night, and darkness had already begun to set in. My companion and I freely exchanged a kreeriand we both bragged a little of our successes. The subject was an interesting one to me. It made me think of Effie, and I had fallen into a reverie when I was aroused by the report of a pistol at my side.

side. I can only remember a sharp sensation of pain, and seeing, as I turned my head, the hand of the assassin—no other than my new companion—extended toward me with the murderous weapon in his grasp.



strange fascination possessed me to witness the perfdy of her on whose faith and truth I would, till now, have staked my life. The ceremony, I learned, was to take place in the the theore in which I had sat so many Sundays, thinking of Effie's pretty face, and forgetting all about the text and sermon. I followed the crowd as it en-tered. I could not see Effie's face, but ob-served that she trembled violently. She and the bridegroom, with their at-tendants, took their places. The minister advanced to speak the words which were to place an impassable barrier between me and my life's object. A turn of the bride-groom's head enabled me to catch a glimpse of his features. He was the some man who had attempted my life'. However faithless Effie had proved, I could not look on and behold her bound to a fate like that. This must proceed no turther.'' I ex-claimed, advancing and facing the nuptial pair. The destardly assassin cowered as though

The dastardly assassin cowered as though he had seen a ghost. He may have thought me one, for he had lett me for dead that

night. Effie's face was as pale as death. Stretch-

ing out her hands appealingly: "Oh, say you have come to save me !" she cried, in tones that stirred my heart to its depths. "Save you from what?" I asked, sternly. "Are you not here of your own will?" sternly. will?"

sternly. "Are you not here of your own will?"
"I am here to shield my father against one who has the power to drive him forth homeless in his old age," he answered.
A few words sufficed to explain all. My murder, as the reader has surmised, had been attempted for the purpose of robbery. Fortunately I had but little money, about me, most of my gains having been previously forwarded to a banking house in San Francisco. I had with me, however, Mr. Worth's bond and mortgage already spoken of, and these fell into the hands of the robber, who having written his name in the blank assignment, presented himself as one who had purchased the claim; and seeing Effie, he had offered to make her hand the price of 'abstaining from pressing his rights against her father. The villainy had the more readily escaped detection because of the old money-lender's death, and the absence of the friend through whom I had take nup the claim.
I briefly recited the facts within my knowledge, and the would-be bridegroom was conducted from the church to a prison.

prison. The little church was the scene of a ceremony not long afterward which went off, I am happy to say, without interrup-tion, and at which I was also present— though not as a spectator this time.



Master Nicholson Johnstone, 14 Ellio row, was the successful competitor in History Competition No. 14. A very large number of correct answers were received which shows what a great interest the young people take in these competitons It has been decided to discontinue ther until after the holidays, when the boys and girls fresh and bright after their summer's ne, 14 Nicholson Johnsto

New 107K. The "WIRTHBOP" having been overhauled dur-ing the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents. Gen'l Freight and Pass. Ag'nt. St. Joh F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 17 and 19 William Street, New York Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End.



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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton Accommodation for Point du Chene..... Fast Express for Halifax..... Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago 16.85 22.30 Night Express for Halifax.

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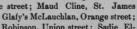
AT THE

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vacation, will again have an opportunity to compete with each other, History or some other competition. The following sent correct answers to questions No. 18.

Elliott row; Iva Thorne, Indiantown; Bertie Hegan, Wright street; Miss Lois Bain. Richmond street; Maud Kavanah, City road; Josie Bostwick, Wellington row; Nellie Flaglor, Carmarthen street Mamie Appleby, Bloomfield; Gertrude Seely, Dorchester street; Agnes Blizard,





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Mr. H

frozen." Springtime came, and John had not asked Lizzie to be his wife, although I looked every week for some confidence from her of that nature. It was in April when she came to the parlor one afternoon, when John's snowy, covered country-wagon had lumbered down the street. She was blushing brightly and held a note in her fingers, which she handed to Nelle.

to Nellie. From Mr. Dilmore, miss," she said. "Give it to auntie. Here's your butter-man's bill, auntie," Nell said, tossing it to

me. "Bill! I never owed him a cent," I said, wonderingly; and then I took up the note with the sudden thought that, per-haps, he considered it respectful to ask our consent before proposing to Lizzie. The envelope was thick, white and smooth, and directed in a firm, manly hand to

hand to-

"It is yours," I said; and Nellie

opened it. She had not read more than half a page when she sprang to her feet in a

She had not read more than half a page when she sprang to her feet in a fury. "The impudent scoundrel!" she cried. "How dare he address me in that style! He ought to be handed over to the police. Annie, you had better dismiss a butterman who writes love-letter to your nice?" Lizzie, who had been! listening in won-dering consternation, gave a cry, and be-fore I could reach her, fell full length upon the floor in a dead faint. "Lizte idiot!" Nellie muttered. "She is not!" I cried. "Poor child! "She is not!" I cried. "Poor child!

Genes Must be In Style. The fashion of carrying a cane is now so private of a gentleman's outfit. A walking-stick remainstance has taken place within the last decade in this country, although in Europe cane-wearing has been prevalent of many years. There are now spring and fall styles in canes, as in clothing and furnishings. The styles of spring canes are in lighter woods and usually of lesser thickness. The most popular cane of this year is made of English ash mounted with silver cap on end of crock, plain or chased, and horseshee nail of silver upon the body pearl, or sapphire set in the nail head. If is a very light, graceful and distingue walk-ingstick—more especially so for summer wear. The wood, the bark being left on whother cane novelty is of African dog-mother cane novelty is of African dog-housen sembling in beauty of tone a piece functione are and outly wood. The finish and becomes rich and dark in color. Avood, resembling in beauty of tone a piece of hor examples are of the knob series, have the owner's name in single piece of silver with invisible rivets. It is storg, prav-ticable with durable.—Home Journet.

## The Parson Wanted Him.

"You may have your gun about you But I'll come by the evenin' boat, To knock the devil out you," The old subscriber wrote.

"How is he ?" I inquired." "How is he ?" I inquired." "A leetle broke, latterly." the old man

Mamie Appleby, Bloomfield; Gertrude Ger wick, N. B.; Sandy Murray, Collina, Kent county; Ethel Johnston, West End; Edna Ryan, Erin street; Miss Pauline Johnston, Douglas Avenue, North End.

Answers to History Questions, No. 18. 1. Who was Joan of Arc, and how did she gain the name of "Maid of Orleans?"

Who was Joan of Arc, and how did she gain the name of "Maid of Orleans?" Ans.—Joan of Arc was a peasant girl, who lived in one of the villages of France. At the head of the French army, she entered Orleans, drove the English from before the walls, defeated them in several battles, and restored to the French king, the provinces he had lost. It was by these successes that she grimed the title of "Maid of Orleans."
 What was the great ambition of Henry V? Ans.—It was to obtain possession of France.
 In whose reign was the woolen manufacture brought into England? Ans.—Ouring the reign of Henry I. woolen manu-facture was first brought into England.
 What did the Domesday Book contain? Ans.—It contained an account of every estate in

Ans.-It contained an account of every estate in England, with the name of its owner, and an ac-count also of the cultivated land, as well as of the rivers, forests and lakes.

12 - CARLE - T. - .

ble to a lady





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