

POETRY.

THE RIVER TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time, As it runs through the realm of things,

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow, And the summers like birds between!

There's a magical life on the river Time, Where the softest of airs are playing,

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings, There are parts of an infant's prayer;

There are broken vows and pieces of rings, And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy above By the mirage is lifted in air;

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed life All the day of our life until night;

And when evening grows with its beautiful smile, And our eyes are closing in slumbers white,

May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

OR THE REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTES.

CHAPTER LV.

EXPLANATION.

The carriage stopped at the hotel. Villefort leaped out of the carriage, and saw his servants, surprised at his early return;

"Come," he said, as he ascended the stairs leading to his wife's room, "nothing is changed here. No one must disturb me," he said, "I must speak freely to her, accuse myself as I will."

"Open the door!" cried Villefort, "open, it is I!" But notwithstanding the tone of anguish in which it was uttered, the door remained closed.

"Oh!" he said, "he is mad!" And as he feared that the walls of the apartment would crumble around him, he rushed into the street, for the first time doubting whether he had the right to do as he had done.

"No," replied Monte-Cristo; "God grant that I may not have done too much already." The next day they indeed left, accompanied alone by Baptiste. Hayde had taken away Ali, and Bertuccio remained with Noirtier.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE HOUSE IN THE ALLEES DE MILLAN.

Ten leagues were passed without a single word being pronounced. Morel was dreaming, and Monte-Cristo was looking at the dreamer.

The journey was performed with that marvellous rapidity which the unlimited power of the count ever commanded, towns fled from him like shadows on their path, and trees shaken by the first winds of autumn seemed like giants madly rushing about them, and reacting as rapidly when once struck.

"Here," said he, leaning heavily on the arm of Monte-Cristo, "here is the spot where my father stopped, when the Pharaoh entered the port; it was here that the good old man whom you saved from death and dishonor, threw himself into my arms. I yet feel his warm tears on my face, and his were not the only tears shed, for many who witnessed our meeting wept also."

"Yes," said Monte-Cristo, "and I also have wept, for I feel in all that which the count extended to him, with an inexpressible melancholy inclination of the head he quitted the coast, and bent his steps to the east of the city. Monte-Cristo remained on the same spot until Maximilian was out of sight; he then walked slowly towards the Allees de Millan to seek out a small house with which our readers must have been familiar at the commencement of this story."

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CHAPTER LVIII.

THE COUNT DEPARTED WITH A SAD HEART.

The count departed with a sad heart from the house in which he had left Mercedes, probably never to behold her again. Since the death of little Edward a great change had taken place in Monte-Cristo. Having reached the summit of his vengeance by a long and tortuous path, he saw an abyss of doubt on the other side of the mountain. More than that, the conversation which had just taken place between Mercedes and himself had need so many recollections in his heart that he felt it necessary to combat with them. A man of the count's temperament could not long indulge in that melancholy which can exist in common minds, but he must have made an error in his calculations if life now found cause to blame himself. He proceeded towards the quay by the Rue Saint-Laurent, and advanced to the Consigne; it was the point where he had embarked. A pleasure-boat was passing with its striped awning, and Monte-Cristo called the owner, who immediately rowed up to him. The weather was magnificent, and the excursion a treat.

The count of Monte-Cristo, wrapped in his cloak, could think only of his terrible voyage, the details of which were one by one, recalled to his memory. Henceforth he no longer beheld the clear sky, the graceful bark, the ardent lights; the sky appeared hung in black, and the gigantic structure of the Chateau d'If seemed like the phantom of a mortal enemy.

On landing, the count turned towards the cemetery, where he felt sure of finding Morel. He too, ten years ago, had piously sought out a tomb, and sought it vainly. He, who returned to France with millions, had been unable to find the grave of his father, who had died of hunger. Morel had, indeed, placed a cross over the spot, but it had fallen down, and the grave-digger had burnt it, as he did all the old wood in the churchyard. The worthy merchant had been more fortunate. Dying in the arms of his children, he had been by them laid by the side of his wife, who had preceded him in eternity by two years. Two large slabs of marble, on which were inscribed their names, were placed on either side of the grave, and the grave was shaded by four cypress-trees. Morel was leaning against one of these, mechanically fixing his eyes on the grave. His grief was so profound he was nearly unconscious. "Maximilian," said the count, "you should not look on the graves, but there; and he pointed upwards."

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "I have enjoyed such bliss. I ought to meet death on the same spot where happiness was once all my own. Why, having recognized you, and I the only one to do so—why was I able to save my son alone? In what am I benefited by accompanying my son so far since I now abandon him, and allow him to depart alone to the baneful climate of Africa? Oh, I have been base cowardly, I tell you; I have abjured my affections, and I am of evil omen to those who surround me!"

"No, Mercedes," said Monte-Cristo, "no, you judge yourself too much severely. You are a noble minded woman, and it was your grief that disarmed me. Still, I was but an agent, led on by an invincible and offended Deity, who chose not to withhold the fatal blow that I was destined to hurl. I take that God to witness, at whose feet I have prostrated myself daily for the last ten years, that I very centrally do not owe my life to you, and, with my life, the projects that were indissolubly linked with it. But—and I say it with some pride, Mercedes—God required me, and I lived. The most dreadful misfortunes, the most frightful sufferings, the abandonment of all those who loved me, the persecution of those who did not know me, formed the trials of my youth; when suddenly, from captivity, solitude, misery, I was restored to light and liberty, and became the possessor of a fortune so brilliant, so unbounded, so unearned, that I might have been blind not to be conscious that God had endowed me with it to work out his own great designs. From that time I viewed this fortune as confided to me for a particular purpose. Not a thought was given to a life which you once, Mercedes, had so dearly loved, I collected every means of attack and defence; I inured my body to the most violent exercise, my soul to the bitterest trials; I taught my arm to slay, my eyes to behold excruciating sufferings, and my mouth to smile at the most horrid scenes. From gratitude, confidence, and forgiving, I became revengeful, cunning, and wicked, or rather invulnerable as fate. Then I launched out into the path that was opened to me; I overcame every obstacle, and reached the goal; but you to him who met me in my career!"

"Excuse me," said Mercedes, "enough, Edmond!" "Before I leave you, Mercedes, have you no request to make?" said the count. "I desire but one thing in this world, Edmond—the happiness of my son."

"Yes, your son shall be happy, Mercedes," repeated the count. "Then I shall enjoy as much happiness as this world can possibly confer."

"Will you not even say you will meet again," said Mercedes. "I tell you so to prove to you that I am not a liar, and that I am not a hypocrite. I have been occupied by old Dante. Her eyes were strained to see the ship which was carrying her son over the vast sea, but still her voice involuntarily murmured softly, 'Edmond! Edmond! Edmond!'"

"The author of the coffee-dam joke is believed to have disappeared, but the same old hacking cough comes round regularly at this time of the year. Hawker's Tolu will cause it also to disappear."

"Speed the Parting Guest.—Sister Thyra's grievously regretted you are to leave our church, dear pastor. Pastor Peaceful—You should not grieve. No doubt the Lord will send you a better servant to fill my place. Sister Thyra—I have no such hope. Of the last thirteen pastors who have left each one has been worse than the other."

"RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. It is a new and specific remedy, remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co."

"Relieved of Worry.—Adorer (feeling his way)—I—er—suppose your sister, does she like my coming here so often, does she? Little Brother (confidently)—Oh, you needn't worry about sister. She can endure 'most anybody."

"PAY YOUR BILLS.—You will be better able to do it, if, instead of allowing your system to run down to the breaking point, you take a timely course of Hawker's Liver Pills and Tonic. And then the Doctor's bill will not be on the list of those to be paid."

"A Precious Mineral.—School-mistress (just beginning a new improved lesson upon minerals to the juniors)—Now, what are the principal things we get out of the earth? Youthful Angler (confidently)—Worms."

"Not one person in a hundred wholly escapes from taking cold at this season. Therefore at least 99 out of every 100 should be supplied with Hawker's Tolu, the great cough cure."

"Miss Summit—What made you stick so close to Mr. Fiddleback all last evening when you saw I was dying to talk to you? Miss Palisade—Do not blame me, my dear. He begged me to do it."

"Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co."

"Days of Reckoning.—Wife—When we go anywhere now we have to walk. Before marriage you always called a carriage. Husband—That's why we have to walk now."

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At the Bank. This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is overdrawn; at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE. FOR THE SPRING TRADE. Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above lines; Carpet Sweepers, Mrs. Potts's Irons, Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Cold Hods, Cold Vases, Fire Iron Sets, Dinner Bells, Call Bells, with a large line of Fancy and Plain Home Furnishing Hardware. For sale by JAMES S. NEILL.

NEW SEEDS. G. T. WHELPLEY, Has now on hand, a Large Stock of Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats.

Bradley's Superphosphate. In Large and Small quantities. 310 Queen Street, Fredericton.

The Sunday Sun. During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

Meat Choppers. JUST RECEIVED. A DOZ. Esterline's Meat Choppers, Tinned Iron, 4 Feet Meat Choppers in the country—well established firm. The tinners is much better than the Galvanized Iron. These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS. And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian and American Makes.

ROOM. IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Limes, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

McMurray & Co. P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.

McMurray & Co. R. C. MACREIDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH.

WORLD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street, OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

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THE BEST. WILEY'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES. Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil. Best Preparation of Hypophosphites. Best Value for the Money. 50c.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. Assets, 1st January, 1889, - \$39,722,509.56. Assets in Canada, - \$70,525.67.

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