

POETRY.

IN CIDER-MAKING TIME.

I like the balmy days of spring, when every-thing is new; The skies seem melted up in dreams of ten-der, melting blue; The robin carols sweetly as he shows his crimson breast; And bluebirds swell the chorus as they build their happy nest; And scarcely have the ice-bound brooks their rernal chattering run; When golden dandelions smile their welcome to the sun; Are yet for me the time of year that seems in sweetest rhyme; Are those fair autumn days that come in cider-making time.

SELECT STORY.

A LORDLY LOVER.

By the author of 'A Mere Schoolgirl,' 'The Act of Spades,' etc.

PROLOGUE.

WRIT the exception of her own younger sister Coral, she was the most lovely girl I ever beheld. I can fancy that I see her before me now as I write. For I was the wife of the rector of the parish, and of course, knew her well. Indeed, she was rather a pet of mine. Her face was almost a perfect oval, with a complexion of the purest pink and white. From her forehead she used to sweep away the soft masses of dark brown hair, little tendrils of which yet returned to stray about the fair skin, whilst heavy curls crowned the small head. From under the arched brows two big, lustrous eyes gazed out, brilliant with sunny light, upon the world. And her smile, displaying as it did, rows of pearly, even teeth, was delicious, even to an old woman like myself. Little wonder then that it was rather too apt to turn the heads of the younger men of her acquaintance. She was the daughter of people just a trifle above the ordinary working class. Her father was, in fact, a foreman at one of the great ship-building yards that gave wealth and importance to Rickton. Her mother, who had been a beauty in her day, too, was a well-meaning, respectable little person, who honestly desired to do her duty by her beautiful children, but who, unfortunately, had but little sympathy, and was too fond of lecturing. And she herself, Olive Marsden, was a certificated teacher in the National school. It was upon the day she was twenty years of age, that she first told me of her engagement to Robert Cartwright. She had come up to the rectory to receive my birthday wishes for her. And I was just writing her name in the book she was to carry away, when she whisked, with many blushes, the intelligence. To tell the truth, it surprised me. True, he was a tall, strapping fellow with an open, honest face, keen eyes and a ready tongue. But he was not particularly well off, having a mother and an invalid sister to support out of his earnings. And he was, besides, studiously inclined giving more heed to books and less to merry-making, than the majority of his fellows—a characteristic which I should have supposed likely to do him more harm than good in pleasure-loving Olive's eyes. Still he was a steady, worthy man. Of that there could be no doubt. And, on the whole, the match was to be commended. "I think so," she said, at last. "And I hope so, for both your sakes, my child. Robert Cartwright is not a man who would stand much trifling, Olive."

bit; and the first scene in the little drama was that which was to occur that very evening, before the close of Olive's twentieth birthday.

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD-EVENING, Miss Marsden." "Isn't it glorious weather?" the girl answered, lifting her lovely eyes to the young man's face, and then dropping them again quickly. Whereupon, of course, he stops, hoping to obtain another such bewitching glance. "I've just left Bert Cartwright," he remarks; "he got a nasty cut across his hand in the works to-day." Olive Marsden starts a little and grows a trifle pale. But Olive's voice is steady enough, and Dick Ainsworth gets the glance he has been coveting, as she inquires "whether it is anything serious." "Oh, no! I'll be all right in a day or two. What beautiful carnations you do manage to grow in your part of the country," gazing first at the rich color in her cheeks, then at the patches of deep crimson flowers which adorn the centre bed of the small, town garden. "I'm glad you like them. Will you have one?" She laughs as she speaks, not affecting to misunderstand the double meaning of his speech; then she stoops, and gathering a couple of blossoms, arranges them with one or two feathery sprays of green, and offers him the tiny bouquet. "You'll pin it in for me?" he returns, holding the flap of his coat within her reach. She shrugs her shoulders— "Oh, if you like." The operation brings the two into very close proximity; far too close to please the spectator, unobserved, at least, by Olive, who is approaching them, and who draws in his breath and clenches his hand hard as he notices all the details of the little scene. "I thought you told me that you were going to the cricket field, Dick," he exclaims, gruffly, as he draws nearer. All the attention he seems to pay Olive she might be miles away; and yet, in reality, he, in his jealousy, can see nothing but her uplifted face and the hands busy themselves with young Ainsworth's coat. "So I did, my dear fellow; but there's no law against my stopping on the way, I hope?" Bert hits viciously at the dusty hedge with the walking stick he is carrying, but makes no other reply. "After the manner or women," "Why are you so late, I should like to know? Catch me waiting for you another night!" His whole face brightens and clears as if by magic. "Let me give you all good wishes now, my darling," he says very tenderly. "And how do you really come here to look for me?" For even yet he can scarcely credit his own good fortune. Even yet he doubts if his sweet dream of love is true, and that he has actually promised him his heart's desire. He has longed for it for such a time. And it is so brief a space that he has been able to hug to his heart the memory of her low, sweet 'yes'.

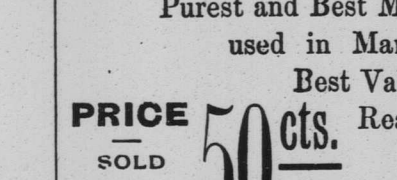
"Of course! Did you imagine that I was standing at the gate to entice Dick Ainsworth?" But that is an unwise question, since it recalls the remembrance of his grievance. "At least, you needn't have given him a button-hole," in an injured tone. "Why not, poor fellow? You are actually jealous, Bert? You can have one too, if you like." She raises those shining eyes, brimming with glees, to his frowning countenance. "Oh, how cross you are!" she says. "You shan't have one of my pretty flowers after all! I keep them only for good-tempered men." "Whereupon she flits lightly up the white steps and enters the house. "Olive, Olive!" calls a voice from the sitting-room. "Yes, mother." "Is Mr. Cartwright here? If so, why don't you bring him in?" "The girl laughs out, in spite of herself. It might be well to punish this exacting betrothed by a display of dignity. But dignity is sometimes hard to maintain. So she gives up the struggle. "I'm not quite sure whether he is here or not," she declares with a wicked consciousness that at any rate he is not far off. "And I don't think I much care." Mrs. Marsden comes out into the small hall. It is a comfortable little house, as indeed, why should it not be, seeing that its master must earn quite three hundred pounds a year. "How can you talk so, you naughty girl?" Then, catching sight of the young man's moody features, as he stands upon the threshold, "come in Robert, come in. Mr. Marsden will be glad to see you." He looks at Olive, who, however makes no sign. She is busy herself in taking off her hat before the glass hanging on the wall. "I think I'd best be going," he says, awkwardly enough. "I've got an engagement, and—"

"That's a story," interrupts Olive, quite calmly, and without moving a muscle of her face. "Oh, Bert, what a wicked man you are! How do you ever expect me to believe a word you say?" With a sudden effort he throws off his ill-humor. "At any rate, all that I told you was true," he answers, catching her round the waist, quite regardless of Mrs. Marsden, who stands by and looks on, well pleased. "And you haven't given me a single kiss tonight." "You don't deserve anything so nice. Come and have some supper, and I'll see if I've got one to spare before you leave," coquetishly. "There! Go on! Father's in there." "I can't shake hands," apologizes Cartwright, as he enters. "I cut a good, deep gash right across my fingers this morning. I don't think I'll hardly be able to do much for a day or so." And he displays his fist, enveloped in bandages. "Ah, I heard from Ainsworth that you'd hurt yourself," remarks Olive. "I hope it isn't serious." "She might have inquired earlier. She couldn't help seeing the wrappings," he meditates. Aloud, however, he only declares that it is "just nothing," and makes a valiant effort to use the injured fingers in order to divide the meat upon the plate that is passed to him. "Let me," exclaims Corn. "It hurts you." For there are lines of pain upon his forehead, and the beef is being torn not out sunder. He delivers it up with a sigh of relief. "I wish Olive were as kind," he thinks to himself. And yet, when later on they are standing together in the moonlight by the garden gate, that dismal slip of garden, which yet looks beautiful in these silver rays, he realizes that he would not have her altered in any particular, even if he could. "Good-bye, my darling," he whispers in her ear. She lets her head fall upon his shoulder. "Good-bye, Bert. What time will you be coming to-morrow?" "I shall be here at seven. If my hand won't let me go to the works, I have lots of reading to get through at home. And it won't do for me to be idle now, and you," smiling down at her, a proud, glad smile. "That is quite true," she allows gravely. "And Olive, you won't flirt with other fellows now that you belong to me?" His voice and look are imploring. For a moment she is touched and softened. "Why not?" stroking his chin with a coaxing finger. "Unhappily, tact is not Cartwright's strong point. "Because I am going to be your husband, and I will not allow it," he says brusquely. In an instant she has jerked herself out of his hold, and set a couple of yards of garden path between them. "I shall flirt when I like, I like, and with whom I like," she declares. "I am not your wife yet, Bert Cartwright, and if you don't take care, perhaps I never will be."

Then she runs up the steep, stone steps and slams the front door behind her. Robert is alone in the moonlight. She will not come out again now, he is very sure. So there remains nothing for him to do but to make the best of his way to his own cottage. And as he goes along, he does not feel quite happy in spite of his glad hopes for the future. There is something disappointing about Olive, something that filled him with anxiety lest, after all, he should lose her. She is wayward and self-willed, and he scarcely knows how to manage her. Her parting words ring in his ear mockingly. Did she love him as he loved her? He knows full well that she does not, and perhaps never will, he tells himself bitterly. CHAPTER II. THE next day it so happens that the squire, Sir Ralph Bailey, brings some guests of his to inspect the National school. "Education is quite my hobby," he is declaring fustily to Lady Eryntrude Hamilton, as he leads her into the big, airy schoolroom. Only twenty-five cents invested in Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it. A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of Rev. Robert Hall, pressed his case, which he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted: "There was one very fine thing in the sermon, and that was you, sir. Pray, sir, what was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry!" ROGER IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disorders cured in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples. Little Roger had gone into the country for the first time, and his grandfather had taken him out to see the colt. There, Roger, said the old gentleman, did you ever see such a little horse as that? Roger never had, and his eyes shone; but there was one drawback. "What's the matter with him grandpa? he said. He hasn't any rockers. A dull sick headache in the morning, with a feeling of nausea will be promptly relieved by a dose of Hawker's liver pills. PILES! PILES! Itching Piles. Symptoms.—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by sitting. Followed to confinement, tumors form, which often bleed and alternate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops that itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swayne & Co., Philadelphia. THE COMPARATIVE DEGREE. Younglove (to his fiancée)—But, my love, you surely don't mean to blame me for giving a farewell stag party to my best friends? The Adored One—No, I shouldn't object to a stag party. But from all I hear I am forced to conclude that it became a stag party before it was over. A DOG TO HOBENOMES.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal of horses of hard, soft or callosities, lumps, blood spavins, splints, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains. GEORGE BORN, Farmer Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples. Piles are speedily cured by Hawker's pile cure, a mild and always certain remedy. "Talking of killing that elephant in Central Park reminds me of a baby that was fed on elephant's milk and gained twenty pounds in a week." "Good gracious, whose baby was it?" "The elephant's." A Graduate of Toronto University Says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure. Mr. Wigglestein—Do you know, Jack, I think I should like to learn to play poker. It must be a fascinating game. Mr. Wigglestein—Great heavens, Ethel, don't think of it for a moment. We can't both afford to play. Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It erases at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples. Only a few weeks ago a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand. If you suffer with neuralgia, bathe the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's German remedy, which is an infallible cure for this complaint.

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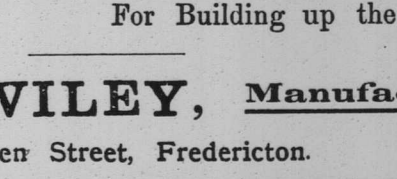
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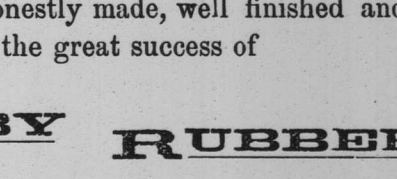
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