

THE MAN WHO SPOILED THE MUSIC.

There is no doubt about it, he did, and yet it was the last thing he was likely to believe. He loved music; his voice was often heard ringing out a rollicking song in the tap-room. And now it kept coming to him, in at least a score of different ways—his himself was the man who spoiled the music.

He was not in the brightest possible condition for an argument, and certainly not in a humor to be convinced of a truth that he did not want to believe, and yet convinced he was that every night about him, and the silence, if not the sounds forced it home upon him, so that there could not possibly be any mistake.

It was Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. He was leaning against the wall by the dirty fireplace, unwashed and in his shirt sleeves. The room looked as wretched as the man himself and as blackened and broken, and window-panes either plastered over with paper or stuffed out with rags. Seated on the other side of the fire-place was a white faced and slatternly wife, holding a tiny bit of mortality at her breast, and breathing a heavy sigh that told of a burden there a great deal heavier than the baby.

One word summed up the whole reason of her wretchedness—drunk. Not a bad sort of man but for this one thing; able to earn good wages and to have a comfortable home; yet no greater misfortune over-dwell amid greater splendor or kept about him in greater misery; the home with its dainty bits of furniture, and all about it so bright and clean, gone for this; the children often wanting clothes and bread, yet dreading no want so much as they dreaded their father's presence—it was only the curse of drunkenness.

So it was that on this Sunday afternoon Jack stood as cross as cross could be, ready to let out his misery upon the first victim he could find, as if one were to be blamed for his own than himself. Then it was that the door opened suddenly with a bang, and in burst two little maidens singing merrily; eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were full of music. They had come from the Mission Sunday School, and their hymn was in their ears and came cheerily ringing from their lips:

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven has forgiven me for all my sins." They had just got to the line of the chorus, "I am so glad," and it came in at the open door with such a bounding gladness as they lifted the latch and felt that they were in freedom of the home—"I am so glad," then suddenly they came far enough to see their father. Instantly the voices were silenced, the sunshine died out of their eyes; with a frightened look filling their faces they shrink outside the door again and shut it noiselessly.

The silence that followed was unbroken by a sound. The wife sat mournfully looking at the blackened ashes of the fireplace, with the little one asleep in her arms. That abrupt and sudden silence smote Jack's heart; those changed faces and little frightened maidens looked like that he felt that he had done it all. He seemed to hear their happy cries, "I am so glad," and then that dreadful stopping. He was going to ask with an oath why they didn't go singing, but they weren't there, and so it was no use to do that besides, he knew well enough, too well why they had stopped; so it came about that he lifted himself fiercely into his jacket, and went aloof towards the door. He strode out of the court and away on, anywhere until he got outside the streets and into the more quiet and pleasant roads; then he slackened his pace. The fierceness had turned to grief, and at last there came words muttered to himself. "That's what I am all ways doing; I spoiled the music."

It was dreadful to think of it, as he turned it over, how much it meant! He thought of his wife, and of the sweet voice she had long ago, and how back in the old times, they had sung together. And now to think of her sitting there, so white-faced and silent! She never even sang the baby off to sleep—only kept on sighing. "Anyhow not when I am there," said Jack; "I spoil all the music."

It was dreadful to think about it, of the places he had been in as a carpenter and the chances he had had, and how one after another he had lost them all through drink; and now the first to get notice to quit, was the last to be offered a job, was the head he had prided himself on his work. "Oh dear, I've been spoiling all the music for years," sighed Jack.

"I spoil all the music," said Jack again "everywhere." And at every pause and interval there came again the sight of those glad voices silenced at the sight of him. "If their own father," sighed Jack again. "Poor little dears, to go spoiling music too!"

Jack's trouble seemed to grow bigger every minute, until at last things began to get desperate. Awful temptations flew about him. He would soon-end it all; the wife and little ones couldn't be much worse off than they were, and he, at any rate, would not be spoiling other people's music when he was dead. But before the grim thought had well got hold of him he seemed to see again the sunny faces and to hear the merry voices singing their song. "I am so glad." And with the thought of them this time there came a softer feeling and gentler tone. "Poor little things," he sighed again, "it wouldn't mend their music either if I was gone. Nor hers either," he said to himself a little while afterwards, as he thought of the white-faced wife and the little bit of mortality at home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so burdened and helpless, stopped there and then, and put his face into his hands and said, "God help me!" He had gone on never thinking where he was going, until now he found himself outside the long stretch of houses and under the green trees and in the midst of the fields. The lark sang over head, the thrush and the black-bird rang out their richest notes; in the branches above him a crowd of sparrows met and chirped the very loudest, merriest music they had ever learned. And there, in the sunset, Jack leaned on a gate and let his soul flow out to God in helpless, sorrow and longing.

It was quite dark before he passed in

at the squall court where he lived and turned with a sigh into his wretched home. Poor Jack, his heart was very sore through that night, and asleep or awake, again and again the words came sadly to his lips, "I spoil all the music."

The next day he was up and off at daylight. "Vexed" does not mean as he was, he went at his work with a grim fierceness, without a word for anybody. His mates were used to his moods, and did not care to interfere with him at times like these. "Jack is out again about some," said they with a jerk of the thumb, in his direction. They might stop for dinner, but Jack matched at a bit of bread and worked on, they might peck up at strike of the clock, but as long as the light lasted Jack would stick at it. "This is not spoiling anybody's music anyhow," said he fiercely to one man who ventured to hint that he had done enough for that day. He came home and sat at his supper with wife and children creeping noiselessly and frightened about the house. Poor Jack! a tear came gathering in the corner of his eye and fell down his cheek. "I do wish they'd sing a bit, but I expect I've spoiled all the music forever," he muttered to himself. He longed to get them about him, wife and little ones, and to take the sleeping babe from its poor little rags, and tell them all what was in his heart; but somehow he couldn't manage it, and so he just crept off to bed.

Jack's fit was on the next day, much to the surprise of his mates—the muck knot, the lips tight, and the work flying on at a tremendous pace. "Why Jack, lad," cried one, "art thou putting a wee bit of work into a' dat' thou mayest go on a spree the rest of it?"

"No," said Jack, so gruffly that nobody had a word for him again; and so it lasted Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All that was strange enough, and sent workmates wondering; but after a week Jack took up his wages without a word and just walked right away from them. "Jack's mad," said they. "Never knew his fit last so long as this."

When he came home he evidently was not expected, indeed was scarcely wanted. There was not very much to be tidied up, and his wife, poor thing, had not much heart to do that little. But, much or little, she was now in the process, and so the "bits of sticks," as they were called, were put on one side while the good wife knelt and scrubbed away at the floor with the handle of a brush on which a few straggling hairs remained as if to keep up the name. The wife lifted her face in surprise, and went on with her scrubbing. Whatever this coming home meant, nothing ever brought her any good.

Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all. "Spoiled her music too," he sighed. He hung up his bag of tools on their peg and took off the apron that was rolled about his waist, and then he caught sight of that very venerable and hairless scrubbing brush. "It will help to bring back the music," said Jack to himself, purposing to lay his wife there and then a new one, but the purpose was somewhat delayed. Just then, from some corner of the room, came the cry of the baby. The wife was rising up to get at it when Jack dived in after the little bundle of rags and fetched it out. "It'll hold her a bit," said Jack rather shyly.

"Thank you," but she felt shy too. "Now Jack, try and mend the music," said he to himself, and that time he really did smile, for the baby was unused to strangers, and no one was a greater stranger to it than its own father, so it just cried out lustily. The good wife scrubbed on. There were times when she had to let it cry a bit, and this should be one of those times. Jack took it tenderly into his arms and chirped to it, and chirped louder, but still it cried. It was wonderful that such a wizened frame could make such a noise. Then Jack put the baby on the other arm and whistled, whistled fast and shrill. "No, it just cried out as loud as ever. Then Jack took it up in his hands and held the little one aloft, and danced it to and fro and began to sing, soft and low at first as a man who was feeling his way. But the baby cried. And the good wife rose from her scrubbing to take it herself. Jack would try once more; it really was not pleasant to be beaten like this, so he set himself resolutely, and then rang out an old song of long ago with all the force of his voice. The effect was magical. The baby stopped as if it were charmed; it opened its mouth in imitation of the father's, it laid hold firmly of the whiskers with little tangled fingers as if it would keep him at it, and then it laughed and crooned with delight. The poor wife looked on and smiled; it was a strange smile, as if she had got out of the way of it, but it stayed longer than you might have thought.

"Eh, Jack, its good to hear thy music again," she said very quietly. Poor Jack, it almost put him out. He did stop for a moment, but instantly the little face puckered and wrinkled into all sorts of lines, the eye closed, the nose was squeezed together, and the lips began to quiver with the coming cry. Then Jack had to strike off again, only to find the effect as magical as before, and to hear the baby laughing and crowing once more. And in the midst of it all there came in the two little maidens to find the father leaning against the wall, making music like this. "Why we couldn't think whoever it was, father," said they, wondering, and without the merriest fading from their eyes this time.

They sat at tea, silent and shy, every one of them wondering except the baby that kept stretching out its arms to the father and found a new delight in pulling at his whiskers.

Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts about him to say what he found it so hard to say, but words wouldn't come and the most eloquent would find it hard to talk when a tiny hand was being thrust in their mouths and another tugging at the beard. So Jack had to content himself with putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out one sovereign and one half sovereign, he gave them to his wife.

"What's this, Jack?" she asked going to the window for it was getting dark, and she feared the first glance had

deceived her. "Wages," said Jack, getting it out as well as he could. The poor wife looked at the money, and then she looked at him. She bit each of the coins, and then looked away as if she would like to apply her lips at least to Jack's. But she put the money in her pocket and felt that if this thing went on she would have to sing too.

"I'll stay and take care of the little one if you want to go out, wife," said Jack. "True, it was spoken with some interruption, and more than one word was bobbed into the mouth by that little hand. But it went down into the good wife's heart and stirred music. "Bliss these, lad," it is good of thee," said the wife, and then she blushed like a maiden, that she should have said so much.

"'Tis all mine, wife, so don't be afraid," said Jack, as she went out to the door. She turned back with a great stare. She had taken one half-sovereign and put the other in the mysterious depths of her dress. "All this," said she. "Why, Jack, what must I do with it?"

"Buy thyself a new scrubbing brush, and get the baby a new frock for Sunday," and this time Jack did smile. The wife came nearer; she couldn't help it; she stood for a moment plucking up courage, then she put her hand on his shoulder and it stopped down and kissed the baby, and took a long time over it too. "I should like to give thee one too," she said as shy as possible; and she did it splendidly, and then she looked away. "I think the music is coming back again," said Jack to himself.

Later that night, after his wife came back, Jack went marketing, and a couple of chairs were set by the fire. "Good kind of musical boxes," said Jack to himself as he took them in at the door and set each in its place. And there, about the fire, they sat side by side, silent for awhile, the baby asleep and the little maidens at his side.

"Come, little ones, you must sing to mother and me," said he at last. "I am so glad," you know. And they looked at each other with a wonder that soon passed into sunshine and joy; and before they knew it Jack and his wife joined with them. But poor Jack broke down before he had gone on long; then the others broke down too, and all was still for a while, until Jack wiped away his tears and looked up cheerily. "Eh, but I wasn't 't'pot the music like this. Sing on, little ones; and they did sing, and Jack sang and his wife and children and then asked God to help them and bless them, to forgive the past, and to strengthen him for the future.

On the Sunday there they sat together at the little Mission-room, and from that day to this no voice is clearer or louder than Jack's. And now whenever he talks about Sunday work or faults in anything, Jack always calls it "spoiling the music."

Jack's prayer every morning is, "Lord keep us in tune all day long—a prayer that has been blessedly answered now for many months."

General Business. CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS ETC. Fresh Goods of Superior Quality. Always to be found at M. J. STAPLES' Confectionery, 110 Water Street, Chatham.

The "Imperial" Wringer. Wash-tub Stand. Clothes Forks, etc. New device for convenience on Wash-day labor and lightens the work left to be done. H. F. MARQUIS, Dundas Street.

WILLIAM RAE Importer and Dealer in Italian, Sutherland Falls and Rutland Marble. MANUFACTURER OF Grave Stones and Monumental Masonry. A good selection on hand.

MERSEREAU'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS. Being destroyed of Pictorial First Class Photo prints with the result of Residents of Chatham I have engaged Mr. J. A. E. MORRELL, (late of 98 King Street, St. John), who has arrived and is now ready for work.

General Business. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. APRIL 1885. LANDING 1,500 BBL'S FLOUR. Market Prices, Wholesale. Jeremias Harrison & Co. HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. SAMPLE ROOMS. For Commercial Men. LIEN COFFEE.

General Business. PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH AND SCRAPS ALBUMS at prices to suit everybody. Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewell Cases, Dressing Cases, Ladies Hand Satchels, Ladies' and Gents' Purses and Wallets. Vases, Toilet Sets, China Ornaments Mugs, Motto Cups and Saucers of all descriptions.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF PLATED SILVER WARE ELEGANT DESIGNS. WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY of all descriptions. Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order. Monogram and Name Jewelry made to order. Gold and Silver Metals and Baskets, Fruit Cans, etc., suitable for presentations made to order. Monogram and Silver Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders and a full line of Smokers Requisites.

General Business. HARRIS & SON. WATER STREET. Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM, N. B. General Iron and Brass Founders, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers and Engines. Gang Edgers and Shingle Machines. Heavy and Light, Plain and Fancy Castings. Pond's Wisconsin Rotary Saw Arrangement, a Specialty. Plans, Designs, Specifications and Estimates Furnished.

General Business. NEW GOODS! LANDING TO-DAY: 20 Cases and Bales assorted DRY GOODS, 70 HALF CHESTS TEA, (best value yet), 30 BBL'S SUGAR, 125 BBL'S FLOUR, 10 TONS PRESSED HAY, A lot of SEASONED PRIME LUMBER.

General Business. VAUGHAN & BROS. IRON MERCHANTS. SMTHE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. IRON—Common, Refined, and Horse Shoe. STEEL—Tired Sleigh Shoe and Toe Calk. YELLOW METAL—Bolts and Sheathing.

General Business. WARREN C. WINSLOW, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW. Commissioner for Nova Scotia. SENIOR BLOCK, CHATHAM, N. B. E. P. WILLISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Over Mr. John Branton's Store, Exchange Street, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

General Business. WM. A. PARK, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, 20 CASTLE STREET, NEWCASTLE, N. B. R.

General Business. LARD, DRIED APPLES, Evaporated Apples. 100 TUBS LARD—Tinsley's Best. 40 BARRIS LIGHTED APPLES. Lowest Prices Wholesale. Jer. Harrison & Co. NEILY'S FERTILIZER. Just Received. CHATHAM STATION.

General Business. C. S. RAMSAY, Agent, Newcastle. PRINTS! PRINTS! Two hundred yards NEW PATENT in all the Newest Shades & Patterns, GREY COTTONS. F. W. Russell's. Black Brook

General Business. A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF PLATED SILVER WARE ELEGANT DESIGNS. WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY of all descriptions. Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order. Monogram and Name Jewelry made to order. Gold and Silver Metals and Baskets, Fruit Cans, etc., suitable for presentations made to order. Monogram and Silver Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders and a full line of Smokers Requisites.

General Business. HARRIS & SON. WATER STREET. Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM, N. B. General Iron and Brass Founders, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers and Engines. Gang Edgers and Shingle Machines. Heavy and Light, Plain and Fancy Castings. Pond's Wisconsin Rotary Saw Arrangement, a Specialty. Plans, Designs, Specifications and Estimates Furnished.

General Business. NEW GOODS! LANDING TO-DAY: 20 Cases and Bales assorted DRY GOODS, 70 HALF CHESTS TEA, (best value yet), 30 BBL'S SUGAR, 125 BBL'S FLOUR, 10 TONS PRESSED HAY, A lot of SEASONED PRIME LUMBER.

General Business. VAUGHAN & BROS. IRON MERCHANTS. SMTHE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. IRON—Common, Refined, and Horse Shoe. STEEL—Tired Sleigh Shoe and Toe Calk. YELLOW METAL—Bolts and Sheathing.

General Business. WARREN C. WINSLOW, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW. Commissioner for Nova Scotia. SENIOR BLOCK, CHATHAM, N. B. E. P. WILLISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Over Mr. John Branton's Store, Exchange Street, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

General Business. WM. A. PARK, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, 20 CASTLE STREET, NEWCASTLE, N. B. R.

General Business. LARD, DRIED APPLES, Evaporated Apples. 100 TUBS LARD—Tinsley's Best. 40 BARRIS LIGHTED APPLES. Lowest Prices Wholesale. Jer. Harrison & Co. NEILY'S FERTILIZER. Just Received. CHATHAM STATION.

General Business. C. S. RAMSAY, Agent, Newcastle. PRINTS! PRINTS! Two hundred yards NEW PATENT in all the Newest Shades & Patterns, GREY COTTONS. F. W. Russell's. Black Brook

General Business. A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF PLATED SILVER WARE ELEGANT DESIGNS. WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY of all descriptions. Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order. Monogram and Name Jewelry made to order. Gold and Silver Metals and Baskets, Fruit Cans, etc., suitable for presentations made to order. Monogram and Silver Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders and a full line of Smokers Requisites.

General Business. HARRIS & SON. WATER STREET. Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM, N. B. General Iron and Brass Founders, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers and Engines. Gang Edgers and Shingle Machines. Heavy and Light, Plain and Fancy Castings. Pond's Wisconsin Rotary Saw Arrangement, a Specialty. Plans, Designs, Specifications and Estimates Furnished.

General Business. NEW GOODS! LANDING TO-DAY: 20 Cases and Bales assorted DRY GOODS, 70 HALF CHESTS TEA, (best value yet), 30 BBL'S SUGAR, 125 BBL'S FLOUR, 10 TONS PRESSED HAY, A lot of SEASONED PRIME LUMBER.

General Business. Miramichi River and Bay STEAM SERVICE. The Miramichi Steam Navigation Company's steamer "MIRAMICHI," Capt. John McLean, will, until further notice, run as follows— On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Excursion Trips. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for the special accommodation of PICNIC PARTIES and other desirous of visiting the favorite SEASIDE RESORTS down-river. The steamer will leave Chatham at 9 o'clock a. m., calling at BLACK BROOK and proceeding direct to ESCUMINAC (Fleiger's). From Escuminac she will cross the Bay to NEGUAC and return to Chatham, calling at BURNT CHURCH, POINT AUX CAR, NAPAN, BLACK BROOK, LAPHAM'S AND MILL COVE.

Excursion Trips. Return Tickets, good from either Nelson, Newcastle, Douglastown or Chatham, will be sold, SIX FOR THREE DOLLARS, such tickets being good for the steamer "Nelson," which leaves Nelson at 7 and Newcastle at 7.15 (solar time) connecting with the "MIRAMICHI," excursionists from points up-river being returned in the evening to Douglastown, Newcastle and Nelson by one of the Company's boats, free of extra charge.

Excursion Trips. When the weather is favorable and excursionists so desire, the "Miramichi" will run out over the Bay to afford those on board the enjoyment of COD AND MACKEREL-FISHING, which is excellent sport in the summer-season. Tickets for sale at the stores of Messrs. John Brown and Mackenzie & Co., Chatham; John McLaggan, Newcastle; Hon. R. Hutchison, Douglastown, and John Baldwin, Nelson.

Immense Bargains. Dry Goods Opening! BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS DIRECT FROM EUROPE. FOR FALL AND WINTER. LADIES' BLACK DRESS VELVETEENS, LADIES' COT. LADIES' OTTOMAN DRESS CLOTHS, LADIES' SOLEIL. LADIES' DRESS CLOTHS from 15 c. LADIES' DRESS SERGES from 15 c.

Immense Bargains. Winceys, Winceys, from 7 c. Tweeds, Tweeds, from 7 c. ULSTER CLOTHS in great variety, Soliel and Matelasse DRESS CLOTH, New Designs. Knitted Woolen Goods in, Jerseys, Vests, Shawls, Scarfs, Petticoats, Hoods etc. etc. Children's Knitted Dresses, Pelisses, & Polkas. LADIES MELON & CLOTH SKIRTS, very Low.

Immense Bargains. Blankets! Blankets!! Blankets!!! Cretannes, Cottons, Crepe Cretannes. Boots & Shoes! Boots & Shoes!! The above together with a large and complete stock of staple dry fancy Dry Goods will be offered at an immense reduction on ordinary prices. Call and examine.

Immense Bargains. R. BAIN. Bon Jour BITTERS THE STANDAD APPETISE. AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND TONIC. Approved by the Faculty of Municipal Analysts, Bordeaux.

Immense Bargains. At LOGGIE & BURR'S. READY-MADE CLOTHING in Men's, Boy's and Youth's, at LOGGIE & BURR'S. AMERICAN FUR AND FELT HATS all shapes and sizes, at LOGGIE & BURR'S.

Immense Bargains. White Shirts, Oxford and Regatta Shirts, Scarfs and Ties, at LOGGIE & BURR'S. English, scotch and Worsted Suitings, made to order at LOGGIE & BURR'S.

Immense Bargains. Prints, Cambrics, Shirtings, Grey and White Cottons at LOGGIE & BURR'S. Brussel's Carpets, All Wool Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, Union Carpets, at LOGGIE & BURR'S.

Immense Bargains. Room Paper, Curtains and Curtain Nets, at LOGGIE & BURR'S. LOGGIE & BURR. PIERCE BLOCK, Water Street, Chatham

General Business. HARRIS & SON. WATER STREET. Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM, N. B. General Iron and Brass Founders, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.