POETRY.

WHY SHOULD WE WEEP FOR THOSE WHO DIE?

Why should we weap for those who die? They fall, their dust returns to dust; Their souls shall live eternally Within the mansions of the just.

They die to live, they sink to rise, They leave this wretched mortal shore; But brighter suns and bluer skys Shall smile on them for evermore.

Why should we sorrow for the dead? Our life on earth is but a span; They tread the path that all must tread, They die the common death of man.

The noblest songster of the dale Must cease when winter's frown's appear The reddest rose is wan and pale When autumn tints the changing year.

The fairest flower on earth must fade, The brightest hopes on earth must die; Why should we mourn that man was made To droop on earth, but dwell on high.

The soul, the eternal soul, must reign In worlds devoid of pain and strife; Then why should mortal man complain Of death which leads to happier life? -[Alfred Tennyson.

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS. CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

"That would ease us of a difficulty. In that case, we should put you into an Italian mad-house as Anita's daughter.] think so-I'm not sure: on the whole it is safer, perhaps, to keep you here, and if anything should happen to you-as it may do-a few of these paving stones will loosen and come up, and the soil I fancy is soft enough beneath." He laughed. Her hands fell rigidly against the sides of the skirt of the shabby gown; she looked, with a strange expression straight before her. "You mean to murder me," she said i a quiet voice. "I may mean that. We shall see. Once, Nessa, I had a dog that had served me faithfully, and that was fond of me, and that I was fond of. It grew old; it was of no more use, so I kindly shot it. An easy death-quickly over. Once upon

a time I had another dog, who took a fancy to a friend of mine, and disobeyed my whistle, and was to be found, two or three times a day, on my friend's doorstep. I took that dog and I chained him up. Once a day I used to take him bones and meat and water; I put them down just within his sight, just beyond reach of his chain. Poor Carlo! He died, tooat last. He took a long time about it.

He understood, I hope, that he was pay-

has gone. They say that old Anita has the diamonds had brought them; they met their confeder tes late at night at a gone too.' Linden and Dick parted from the lad little place some ten miles further along and went slowly up the hill. the shore; the subordinates were paid, "Beamish never seemed to be a likely each according to his services, and Beamman to commit suicide," Dick observed. ish and Giraud, the principals in the "No; foul play, more likely. Ah! what a desolate garden. And this is the home. The night was dark ; along the the Pokiok tannery. house, more desolate still. I mean to lonliest bit of the coast Giraud took the search it, Dick." plug out of the bottom of the boat. He "You scarcely expect to find anything was a strong swimmer, the other could lo you?" "Not the diamonds; but I may find me scrap of evidence of the robbery, bag of gold and he would save him; the A visit to his hennery is of interest; and and even that is worth searching for." For an hour they wandered about the great rooms, some of which were empty, "How do you know all this?" and then went out in the open air. Dick "Giraud was mortally wounded in a paused outside the door leading into the grounds, and stood there holding a cigar this confession-before he died." between the fingers of his left hand. whilst his right hand searched for his old Anita?" "Nothing." box of fusees. The box was forthcoming but it was empty. Dick looked round for Linden, and saw that he was resting on a rickety when I think I remember, things become raised floor, and extend six in walk where ful of hearers. seat, overgrown with a green tangle of confused in my mind again. I have a eggs are taken. Roosts are over nests on leaves, beneath the olive mantled wall. "Linden, can vou give me a light?', Dick shouted. No answer came. Linden was looking he had promised her money and had not A lath petition forms one room 8x12 ar away to the land of sunset. "Poor fellow!" murmured the younger man to himself, "his thoughts are all he has. I'll leave him with them for a bit. Now, I wonder if this heaven forsaken ught to be a box of matches somewhere : ['ll go and see." The yellow light died out of the sunset my thoughts.' sky; the shades of the olived-crowned wall grew fainter and fainter on the grassy path ; darkness enveloped the old garden ; but still Linden and his thoughts were never remember those last days very left alone together. At last he missed Dick, rose, and looked clearly." aguely round for him, then went towards "For which lapse of memory be thankful. Nessa." "Dick !" he cried, but no answer came "Yes; unconsciousness saved my brain, He was not impatient. Leaning his I think, Hugh." shoulder against the stone framework of "I had one more scrap of news to tell the open door, he waited. vou. dearest." "Linden, for heaven's sake, come here !" "What is it?" The voice startled him from his reverie. "Dick and Minnie are engaged." He turned to see his friend's white face "Ah! That isn't news to me." "It only took place last night." close beside him. "What is it?' "But I had a note from London, from "I've found Mrs. Beamish," panted Minnie, just now. She says she isn't half Dick. "She's dead, I think, but I'm not good enough for Dick." sure. Come! "Well in that verdict you know I am "What are you talking about?" cried inclined to agree," laughed Linden. "She is kind hearted. And she is less Linden roughly. "Don't joke upon such nfluenced now by Flossy than she used to a subject." "Joke! Look at me. Do I look like a be. Her love for Dick has done her good man who is joking?" Don't waste mom-I think." ents; they're precious. Come !" "All true love works for good," said Linden, like a man in a dream, followed Linden with a tender smile. "I speak from personal experience, Nessa." whither Dick led him. "She was in a vault like place under "And I," returned Nessa, softly, " from ground," the young fellow gaspingly ex personal experience, agree.

Englsh signor's was staying there; but he ish divided the money which the sale of SOUTHAMPTON.

Oct. 10 .- A thunder storm, accompanied by very severe lightning, passed over here last evening. Solomon McFarlane of Lower Southampton bid in the job of repairing the

transaction, set out in a little boat to row ferry road and steamboat landing opposite W. S. Tompkins took the following

prizes on poultry at the parish exhibit on Wednesday last: Barred Plymouth Rock not swim at all. When the boat was No. 274, 1st; white Brahma chicks No. 275. sinking, he bade Beamish give him his 1st; white Leghorn chicks No. 276. 1st gold was given him, and he swam off to | if you have an hour to spare in passing he on dry ground, two feet stone wall, finished inside to bottom of sill with rocks, then brawl in Vienna; he made a confession- six inches of gravel; banked outside to spending a few days with his friends. here. top of sill. House 12 x 24. In front 10 ft.

tar paper between, and shingled. One Point. window in south-east end 2x4 double, "I am always trying to remember some- glass. Inside a walk whole length of thing connected with Anita; and just hennery, 3 ft. wide. Nest boxes are on is an able speaker, and always has a house dim recollection of her coming to me a A-shaped floor; droppings fall in troughs when I was ill and half delirous, and in the walk. Dropping boxes kept half telling me that Percy was dead and that full of road-dust which absorbs all odors.

given it. She left the door open-the which is calculated for the roosters in winter, and for "setting" in spring. Mr. door of the place in which he had locked me-and told me she would not have my T. thinks its a bad plan to have all tomurder on her conscience, that she was gether in laying season. On one side of going away, and that I was free to go walk hangs "tally-board" on which all place can afford a match! I suppose they where I would, too. I am not sure eggs gathered are worked. The owner light fires and candles sometimes. There whether I have imagined all that, or takes several poultry magazines; among whether she really came and said the them Farm Poultry printed in Boston by things which again and again come into I.S. Johnson, which he thinks the most of. "If you wish," said he, "to learn all the ins and outs of poultry just read this "Dick said the door was really open. when he found me and I was lying on publication." Directly under the win-

the threshold. I suppose I tried to dows are "dust baths." Feed boxes are walk and was too weak and fell. I shall arranged in the side of the sills. Water founts are fixed in the walk where the fowls drink, but cannot in any way dirty the water. He is raising white leghorns mported from Sand Beach, Michigan, by John Oldham; brahmas imported from Rhode Island and Plymonth Rocks from New Plymouth. He purchased the white eghorn cock which took first prize at the provincial exhibition last month from A. to poultry raising alone; but while he beturnips that weigh 8 lbs. each ; potatoes a dozen of which weighed 14 lbs; spring pigs that weigh 250 lbs; and last but not least 100 bushel of oats from 4 bushel

sowing. Beat it if you can! James T. Masten of Campbell Settlement, had 31 turkeys taken last week by the foxes. There are no foxes (?) in this way, and when turkeys are driven way out in the cow pasture to fat on raspberries and some of them are missing, it is tempting to say that a neighbor, whose grain they are in the habit of de

Oct. 16 .- Miss May Macdonald, Miss Ida Wright, Miss Anna Barnes and Miss Minota Macdonald, who have been visiting their friends and relatives in St. John have returned home.

MACDONALD'S POINT Q. C.

Mrs. T. C. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Macdonald, and Miss Ella B. Mac donald are in St. John.

Miss Dowling and Miss Davis of St. John are the guests of Mrs. G. W. Macdonald. Mrs Geo. R. Belyea is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. W. Christy, of St. John Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Macdonald an

shore and left his companion to his fate." will show you through. The building is family intend leaving sometime this week for their home in Boston. S. L. Denton, of Douglas Harbor, Q. C., is

Stephen Smith, of Somerset St., St. John, "Nothing has been heard, I suppose, of posts; back 5 ft. Double boarded with spent last week with his friends at the

Rev. J. D. Wetmore preached in the Baptist church last evening. Mr Wetmore

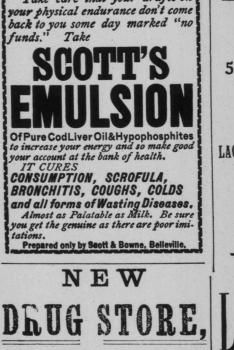
WHITE'S COVE, Q. C.

The people in this vicinity have about finished harvesting their grain which, as a general thing, has been very good. The potato crop is unusually large. The Rev. R. J. Clements preached in the Methodist church here on Sunday, 15th, to a goodly number of people. The Methodist church has been thoroughly White. L. P Ferris is having his dwelling repainted by H. Fisher; he has also a large granary in course of construction. The work is being done by Abraham Ferris. W. W. Wright has taken charge of the school at the Range for the remainder of the term F. D. White who is teaching at Cole's island has been home on a short vacation. Mrs. L. P. Ferris has returned home rom a short visit to St. John. Wesford Taylor who has been home pending his vacation, has returned to Boston to resume his dental studies. W. Thomas. Nor is his energies confined Loathing of Food, dyspepsia or Billicusness, take Hawker's Liver Pills. They lieves in poultry, he also exhibits con- will cure you. Recommended by leading siderable skill in general farming; he has Physicians as a most reliable medicine Don't you think there is always some

car? I do, sir. There is no telling (phew) when the man sitting next to you may

ward. H. A. Harvey, manager at St. John of the Bank of British North America, wrote to the Hawker Medicine Co., of a cas that came under his notice where a man

who had been laid up all winter with a



Take care that your drafts on

2 DOORS. BELOW PEOPLES BANK. QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON. repainted by Wesford Taylor and C. W. Having severed my connection with the firm of

DAVIS STAPLES & CO. I have opened up business on my own account, in the store formerly occupied by the

CANADIAN

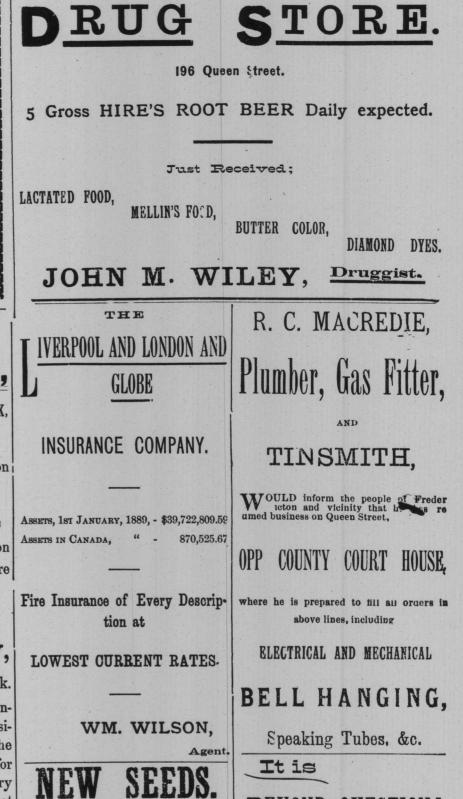
Express Company For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, two doors below People's Bank With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for

(puff) risk in riding (puff) in a smoking thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet light a cigarette. (Moves three seats) for- the requirements of my friends

and the public generally. Yours Respectfully,

ALONZO STAPLES. Has now on hand, a Large Stock

G. T. WHELPLEY.



WILEY'S

REYOND QUESTION!

PAPER 600

That Our

second in the second second second

