

POETRY.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

Give us the morning that flows off heaven, Give us the waves when their channel is risen, Give us the free air and sunshine are given, Utterly, fearlessly, recklessly give; Not the waste drops from the cup ever flowing, Not a faint spark from thy hearth ever glowing, Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing, Give us the heart, who gave thee to live.

SELECT STORY

THE MISSING WILL

BY HUGH CONWAY.

AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK," "DARK DAYS," ETC., ETC.

Cuthbert went to his room, raked together his smouldering fire, and for a long time sat thinking over the deathbed scene. He felt truly sorry for the loss of a friend, and, with all her peculiarities, a true friend; yet, in his sorrow, he could not help wondering what could be the contents of that mysterious letter lying before him. It must have been written when Mrs. Blatchford was in good health, as the writing on the cover was firm, and powerful. Well he knew that plain but characteristic handwriting—just the sort one would have expected from a stern and strong-minded woman. But speculation was idle; for some days he must remain in ignorance of the wishes he had so solemnly promised to see carried out; so he locked the letter in his desk in company with the maltreated sermon, which Mrs. Roberts had picked up and reverentially placed on the table; then, feeling worn out with the work of the day, he went to bed and slept an untroubled sleep.

At an early hour next morning Mr. Harding, solicitor, Lincoln's Inn Fields, learned that one of his best clients was dead; and by the first possible train he made his appearance at Oversea. He looked rather curiously at the curate, as they met, and his manner was polite, if not deferential. Cuthbert was glad to see the legal adviser appear so promptly, thinking his advent would shift all responsibility from his own shoulders.

"And what day will you fix for the funeral, Mr. Wrey?" asked the solicitor, after hearing what little there was to hear about his client's rather sudden death.

"What day will I fix?" "Yes, if you don't know it, I may as well tell you that unless Mrs. Blatchford had made a fresh will within the last few months—a most unlikely event as we were entirely in her confidence—entirely—unless she has made a new will, you are the sole executor."

"No—fortunately, perhaps, for you—no. The will is in duplicate. You will find one copy in her secretary's desk, and another at our office. For firm's sake, you had better ask her relatives, although they are but distant ones."

isolation of knowing that if he got nothing, his kin were in the same plight. All had been prepared for disappointment. For many years Mrs. Blatchford had held little communication with her family. She had responded, as a duty, to any appeals for assistance made by the most needy members; but no one had been foolish enough to expect the reversion of any part of her wealth. So, after all, the Rev. Cuthbert Wrey was the most astounded of the party. He seemed dazed. He scarcely heard, the lawyer's whispered congratulations or his old rector's outspoken ones. He bowed mechanically as the majority of the cousins filed from the room. The very magnitude of the bequest told him that something extraordinary had happened. He had been given five, ten, even twenty thousand pounds, he might have recognized it as an act of generous friendship. But all—everything! The dead woman's last words rang in his ears; the letter lying in his desk at home, rose before his eyes. Whatever that might say, Cuthbert knew that its true meaning lay in that sealed cover, and his only wish was to get home and learn his fate. He could bear the uncertainty no longer. The only person left in the room were the lawyer, the rector, and two little knots of antagonistic cousins, who had recovered from their surprise, and were conversing in low but excited tones at opposite windows.

"I feel bewildered," he said, rising and draining a glass of wine. "I must go home and think it over quietly."

"Quite right, my dear boy," said the rector, whispering as he shook hands. "Don't trouble about to-morrow. I will take the whole service at the church, and they shall come round to St. Nicholas."

"If I dare say you will run up to town and see me next week," suggested Mr. Harding, "or, if you like, I will come down again."

"Yes, yes; I will come up," said Cuthbert. Then he left the house, and walked home to Marine Parade. He went to his room, shut and locked the door, then took out the letter. From force of habit, he wheeled his chair round to his usual position in front of the fire, and prepared to set his mind at rest as to the true value of the will which he had so lately heard read. He had actually torn the cover open—in another minute he would have known all—when a temptation rose, stood before him, and started him in the face—a temptation so perfectly organized, with each feature so sharply and clearly defined, that it might have owned a palpable and tangible form.

"Should he destroy the unread letter?" Cuthbert Wrey, like every other son of Adam, had many times in his life been tempted to sin, error, or folly; but never as yet to commit an act which would in his own eyes and in the eyes of his world rank as base dishonor. His first temptation was that of surprise—surprise at such a thought presuming to invade his brain; so, in scorn and anger, he bade it begone and trouble him no more. But the thought remained—it remained, and every moment gathered strength, purpose, and cohesion. It spoke with thrilling words; it wove old dreams; it unfolded visions, and bore him to the top of a mental mountain, and bade him gaze on the future and the glories thereof, whilst, like a strange rhythm, the words of the will beat upon his ears: "All my real and personal estate in my dear friend, Cuthbert Wrey."

He sat motionless, the half-opened letter in his hand, in front of him the glowing coals, which in his seconds could reduce the paper he held to tinder.

The thoughts, the ideas, the visions which crossed his mind during the hours he set there, unable to do what was right, and unwilling to do what was wrong, would fill a book. He knew enough of his friend's affairs to guess that the wealth of which she had so discreetly made use was not a question of a few paltry hundreds which tempted him; nor, to do him justice, was it the possession of great riches. It was the career those riches would open to him; for, although not a brilliant success in the calling he had chosen, Cuthbert Wrey had not lost faith in himself or his talents. It was not common greed that assailed him, although the stake, he knew, was a large one. He saw himself freed from a profession for which he had no love; he saw wealth open the doors of public life to him, and the dream of younger days realized. He even saw himself famous and wielding power. Yes; from the pinacle which commanded the future, the winged thought showed him all this, and more; urging him for the sake of these things to laugh at scruples, and to turn his back on what men call honor. And hour after hour he sat with beads of perspiration on his brow, the letter trembling in his trembling hands; whilst below him, and so near, the fire threw out little spits and darts of flame, as though urging him to commit the secret to its keeping, and let it be hidden for ever and ever in the depths of its wicked red heart.

contents. I leave it in trust. Years ago, my son, my only child, left me—or I should rather say I cast him off. The life he had led amply justified this step. But he is my son yet, I love him, but I dare not leave him money to work evil with. Where he is I know not, having neither seen nor heard of him since we parted in anger. He may be changed, or he may change. If so—if you are satisfied that he is living even the life of an ordinary man, the income arising from my property must be settled on his children—all except five thousand pounds, which I beg you to accept as a token of friendship. Should my son be dead before me, and leave no children, the money shall be paid to you, and may it bring you greater happiness than it has brought me. I trust you in this as few women of my age have ever trusted a man. If I urged you to keep faith, I should show doubt, and this letter would be waste paper. You will read this after death, and will, I am pleased to think, regret a little your friend,

"HONORABLE BLATCHFORD."

"P. S.—His name is Ralph."

It was as he had imagined, coupling her last words with the delivery of that letter—she gave with one hand and took away with the other. Knowing Mrs. Blatchford's character as well, he could read plainly between the lines of that letter. He could see the pride which had kept her to the text, but not to the spirit of a determination which she had vowed should be irrevocable. However much her son had wronged her, she had forgiven him in her heart; but her vengeance would not leave him a penny had in this extraordinary way compounded with herself.

Although the passing dream of great wealth must come no more, Cuthbert could only feel thankful. He could not see any coincidence except the five thousand pounds, the interest on which would give him about double the income he now enjoyed. He could free himself from his bondage, and make a fresh start under easy circumstances. So he felt very grateful, and vowed that the instructions which were contained should be followed to the best of his ability. That Ralph Blatchford was dead, never entered his mind. He would bear of his mother's death, and make his appearance—next week, next month, or next year, according to the will which his test was picked. Whether he would be fit to be trusted with the money or not, must be an after consideration. The decision would be a great responsibility; but he hoped, after last night's struggle, to be able to judge fairly. For himself, he was now a free man, with five thousand pounds; and Cuthbert went that evening to the little galvanised-iron assembly for a church, and preached his last sermon with a thankful heart.

After such a turn of fortune's wheel, no one wondered at his leaving his profession immediately. Legal matters were settled, the will duly proved, and although various threats came to nothing; and Cuthbert Wrey, to all appearance, stepped from a curate's stand of pulpit, and twenty pounds into rents, dividends, and interest, amounting at the least to four thousand pounds a year; and as yet Ralph Blatchford had made no sign.

By Cuthbert's instructions, the notice of Mrs. Blatchford's death was inserted in the newspapers, and every civilized wanderer, the notice was changed into an advertisement requesting Ralph Blatchford to communicate with Messrs. Harding & Co., Solicitors, etc. Several inquiries responded to it, and told him that he was not in London, occupying inexpensive rooms, and determined to limit his expenditure to the interest on the sum to which he was morally entitled. He strove to keep himself from building castles which might be shattered at any moment. He had entered for the bar, thinking that was the best opening for his ambition. The few people who knew him, and were acquainted with his mode of life, wondered at his mode of life. Why should a man of his wealth wish to adopt a profession? He told no one, not even his solicitors, and when reservation he held the property. He worked hard, for it was his nature to do so, and managed to live contentedly enough for a year, willing to resign everything when called upon so to do. Then, gradually, he began to grow restless. No word or tidings came of Ralph Blatchford. Another year passed; and then, only then, Cuthbert Wrey thought—perhaps hoped—that Ralph Blatchford was known not in the land of the living.

After this, the advertisements appeared at intervals only. Still Cuthbert feared to enter into his kingdom.

"I will wait another year," he said. "I will wait a barrister. If he turns up by that time, I will try and succeed as an advocate; if not, I must believe he is dead."

HORRORS OF WAR.

They Will be Exaggerated by the Adoption of Smokeless Powder.

General Abbot, in his recent article in the Forum on war under new conditions, makes the suggestion that the spectacle of battle will be more trying to the nerves even than it is at present. With the perfection and general adoption of smokeless powder the curtain that has mercifully hidden the shock of battle will be more. All the agony, all the horror, will be brought before the eyes of the combatants, and will act most powerfully upon troops drawn up in support of those actually engaged. "Experience has proved," says General Abbot, "that many men who fight steadily in battle turn faint and sick in a field hospital; how will it be when the two experiences are to a certain extent combined?"

Heretofore the struggles in the arena have been hidden from the supports by the clouds of smoke. With smokeless gunpowder in use, every individual struggle will be plain to spectators whose nerves have been worked up to a high tension by the mere presence of battle. Again, the smokeless powder gives no indication of the presence of a concealed enemy. A column on the march might have its first intimate of the neighborhood of an enemy when it was out in two by a volley of musketry almost insaudible. Whence comes the attack might be also difficult to determine, for they are many magazine rifles in Europe that fire a shot a second with sufficient velocity to pierce an inch and a half of steel at short range, and are as terrible effect at fifteen hundred yards. Troops may be mowed down by the fire of an enemy they cannot see and who strikes his blow in such a way as to be invisible sign of his whereabouts. What a terrible test it will be of the nerves of men, to see their comrades levelled in heaps by a silent blast of death! The inability to see an expression of the enemy to affect the nervous sensibility of nations.

Another agency of death as soul-shaking as smokeless and almost noiseless gun powder is the high explosive, whether dynamite or gun cotton. So long as it was supposed the special weapons were necessary for the use of high explosives in warfare, and that they would be necessarily almost as dangerous to those who served them as to those who faced them, the employment of these tremendous agencies was limited. Italy and Germany have demonstrated that charges of wet gun cotton can be fired with safety from ordinary service guns. Both powers have adopted wet gun cotton for bursting charges for shells, after trials that demonstrated that forty-eight pounds of this tremendous explosive will explode with a force to a distance of thirty-three hundred yards. The French have gone even further than this, firing a seventy-three pound charge of melinite from a siege gun to as great a distance.

All these horrors ought to frighten the world into peace, but will they? When gun powder came into use there were men who thought that the days of war would go out with the bow and arrow.

CANADIAN AND AMERICAN WOMEN. The American lady I met here, said Mrs. Kendall to the New York Sun the other day, is the American lady I have met in London, and knew before I came here. A lady is a lady all the world over. Why, I hardly realize that I am in America some times. Directly a lady opens her mouth she is a lady in every sense of the word. That is the test. American ladies dress much better than English ladies, or rather, much smarter. Rather too smart, I think, in the day time. The different cities have each a different and peculiar type of ladies. I'm not going to compare them—but in one thing they are alike, kindness."

"Is there as much wine drinking among the ladies here as in England?" "Well, really I can't say. I drink so little wine myself that I never notice much about it. It is only a little white at lunch on Sunday when I am not going to play that I allow myself it all. English ladies usually drink a bit of claret at dinner, but there's not so much drinking among ladies as we fear. I think one of the most delightful things about the Americans is their fun of good stories, which they tell at lunch in such a quaint way. I have a great many of these to take back with me, and I doubt if my friends do not think them the best souvenirs I have of America."

"And the Canadian women—they were lovely to me, too. I liked the sleek ride and the show, and everything was so picturesque. Some New York paper said I deserved a set of sables for a little thing I said—and I bought some for myself in Toronto. They are beautiful, but I think they make a person look odd, and are not especially becoming."

EDUCATION OF THE EMPEROR. The Emperor attended a banquet at the Kaiserhof given under the auspices of the Brandenburg Provincial Diet. In a speech he said the Brandenburgers had stood by his house in both troubled and joyous days. It was the hour of need, and he had been proached with too much travelling, but he advised all people to travel in order to learn to judge men and things in a calmer and cooler manner than they could at home. "I have seen," he said, "the starchy formalism at night on the high seas and I type of ladies. I'm not going to compare them—but in one thing they are alike, kindness."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The man who over the printer And doesn't want to pay, Won't have to hustle for firewood After the judgment day.

Prof. Loissette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

When it takes a young man half an hour to put on a girl's skates and she devotes twenty-five minutes to trying his necktie it is generally safe to regard him as engaged.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYLES 194 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A man must have a strong constitution if he can go to bed after the lark and get up with it next morning.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the pain from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a star" and free from all danger to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. "Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for 'Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup' and take no other kind."

Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.

Prof. Loissette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

"It is all over!" inquired a weeping friend of an undertaker whom he was coming out of the house. "Oh, no," responded the cheerful undertaker, "the funeral takes place day after to-morrow."

FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Mermasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIR M. D., New York. Put up in 50c. and \$1.00.

M. MURRAY & CO.

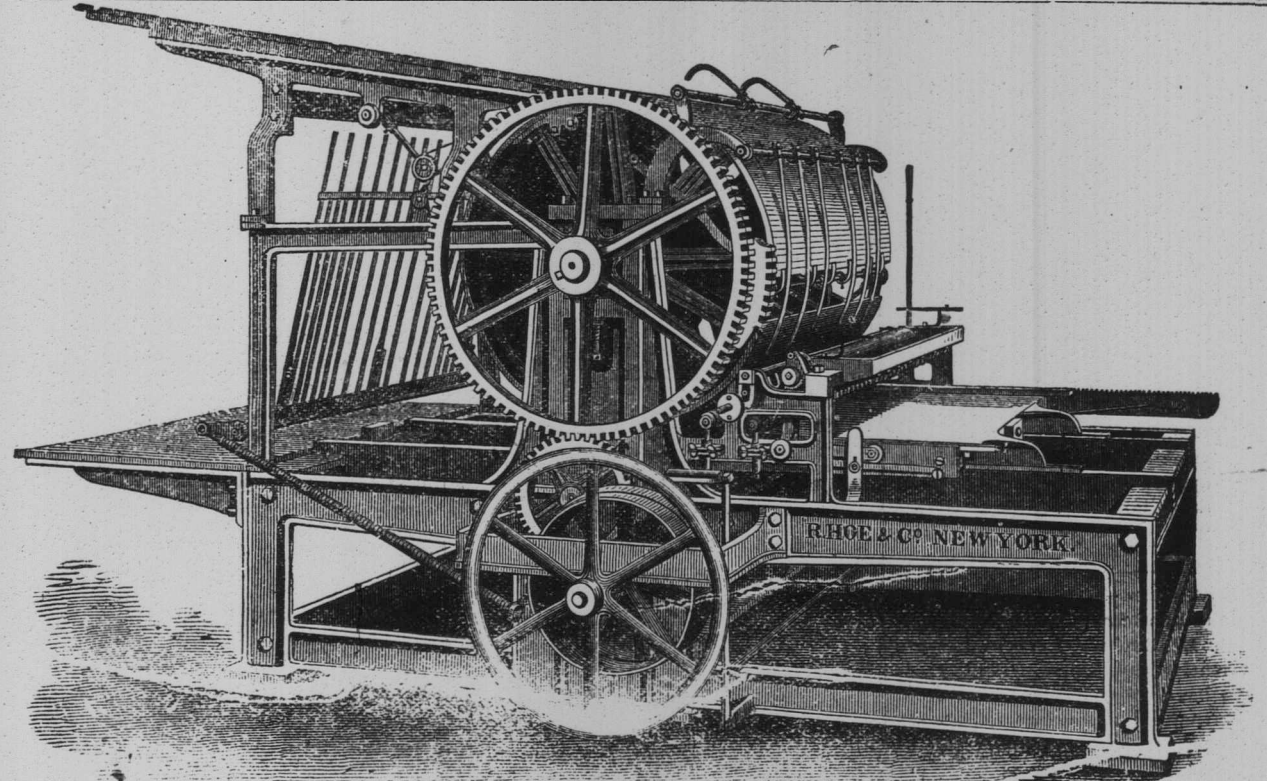
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WE SELL THIS SEWING MACHINE for \$18. AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.

CALL AND SEE THEM. WE ALSO SELL THE Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine, which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

ROOM PAPER.—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in prices never known in this City.



THE HERALD

Corner Queen and Regent Streets, FREDERICTON, N. B.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. The Press (New York) for 1890. DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES. Founded December 1st, 1887.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED FOR THE CURB OF SPAVIN IN HORSES. It is certain in the extreme and does not blister. Read proof below.

Scott's Emulsion. It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change. It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrophula, Bronchitis, Wasting Disease, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

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BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

YOUNG MEN OLD MEN. THE CELEBRATED DR. LE CARON, OF PARIS, FRANCE, HAS ESTABLISHED AN AGENCY IN TORONTO FOR THE SALE OF HIS MEDICINES, WHICH ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL CHRONIC AND PRIVATE DISEASES OF LONG STANDING.

Campbell's Compound. WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Health, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, Stomach and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious Affections, Headache, Heartburn, Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Gravel, Nervous Debility, Neuritis, or Vomiting, &c. &c. Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Flour. Flour. In Store and to Arrive: 8,500 Bbls. Flour. Including the following well known Brands, Silver Spray, Harvest Moon, People's Daily, Phoenix, Stockwell, Gopher, Jubilee, Gem, Lo, Diamond, Kent Mills. For Sale by A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.