PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891.

JUNE FLOWERS.

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when it was kept perfectly still, and the long walk had made her hungry; so May settled down sensibly to eat her lunch. There would be time enough after that to think what she had better do. So she made herself as confortable as possible and spread out the contents of her basket and ate her lunch as leisurely and composedly as though there had been no question of a sprained ankle and two long miles between herself for a while with the flowers that she had gathered; and then she tried to stand again, but could not; and then settled down as patiently as might be to wait for some one to come. As the alternoon wore on, it grew very warm, and as May was tired she rested her head against the log that had been the scene of her mishap, and fell aslee. But what with the pain in her ankle and the sense of loneliness that grew upon her, a tear forced itself out from under her eyelashes before she quite lost consciousness. JUNE FLOWERS. May Deering and Professor Alfred Hol-comb had lived for six months only so far apart as the width of the main street of Oakdale. In a small village, such as this, young people are usually able to establish at least a moderately intimate acquaint-ance within that time, even when a greater distance separates their daily coming in and going out. But old Judge Deering had "fallen out" with the trustees of Oak-dale academy early in the history of that fourishing institution, and it would have been no less than treason for any member of his family to have held intercourse with a member of its faculty. Thus it happened that, although May was young and pretty, and Professor Altred likewise young and susceptible to leminine graces, there had never been even a bow of recognition be-twen them.

It ween them. It was the first of June, and Nature was in a laughing mood—befitting the season —as Judge Deering and his daughter sat at breakfast, the latter looked out through the open window toward the distant

woods. "It is a lovely day, papa." she said, "and I think I shall go to the woods. So, don't look for me home to dinner. I will get Nellie Davis, and we will take our lunch

Nellie Davis, and we will take our lunch and go for a long tramp." "But had you not better take the pony, or, at least, let Sam drive you and then come after you? It is a long walk to the woods and back." "No, indeed! That would spoil all the fun. When one goes to the woods she *must* go afoot, you know." "No, May, I *don't* know, you mean," smiled the judge. "But when your dear mother was a girl-and that seems only yesterday—I suppose I was as foolish as any of the lads. By the way, May." con-tinued the judge, speaking as if the thought had just occurred to him, "you don't seem to have much company now. What's the matter? A re the young people all afraid of me?"

of me?" "I have quite company enough, papa, especially when I have you," answered the girl, fondly. "And you are not so *very* terrible," she added, playtully. They had risen by this time and were

They had risen by this time and were standing by the window that gave out upon the street, and, as it chanced, the young professor was just coming down the walk from the house opposite. He was tall and well-made, and walked with a strong, free swing, and altogether was a goodly ad-dition to the bright June landscape. "Not a bad looking fellow, eh! May," continued the judge, "and they do say he is well-read, too. If only he was not with that confounded clique up there on the hill. Why couldn't they listen to me?" The judge was beginning to work him-self into a passion at the recollections of his differences with his fellow townsmen, and May hastened to stem the tide. "Yes; and so stupid of them, too, papa. Of course, your judgment of where to put the school was best. And so ungenerous, too, when you offered to give them the land."

would not bear up a reatter s weight, and they made no progress. "I tell you what, Miss Deering," said Holcomb, hesitatingly, "you must let me

"I am sorry, but I guess it must have been wholly a dream. I think we two were the only ones in these woods today, and I am quite sure that I did not call. I 'hight, though, had I known that 'Eurydice' was here?"

here." "And I might have called, too, if I had thought my voice would reach so good a knight." When they had finally come to the edge of the wood, and to the road that ran by

When they had finally come to the edge of the wood, and to the road that ran by it to the village, it was almost dark. Here they stopped for a moment to debate what was best to do next. Just then a farmer's wagon came along, going in the direction of the judge's house. Holcomb hailed the driver, and explaining the situation, placed May carefully upon the seat, and instructed the man to take her directly home. He was conscious that it would save her em-barrassment if he should go no farther with her, yet he kept sufficiently near to see that she was taken safely to her own door.

office.

considered.

and he and the sense of lonelines that grew upon her, a tear forced itself out from under her eyelaskes before she quite lost consciousness. When Professor Holcomb passed out from his gate and down the village street that morning, he also was bound for the woods. It was a holidav at the academy, genial employment; and so, with portolio under his arm, he was going to the woods to botanize. It had long been his habit in June to see how many different flowers he could find in bloom wherever he might be; and this, his first summer in northern he could find in bloom wherever he might and hey mid-atternoon his portfolio under his as that as soon as Miss Deering is able, to her places that he had visited. All day long he kept steadily at the work in hand, and by mid-atternoon his portfolio the woods, all laid in as neatly and detty that the sun was growing lower, he was making homeward when he came suddenly upon a hower that he had not though to find the two and noticing that the sun was growing lower, he was making homeward when he came suddenly upon a hower that he had not though to find the with her fair head upon mature's pillow, and with just the trace of tears still showing upon her cheeks. The professor paused, and would have turned away, buit suspect him of having watched her sleen fag, Helcomb bowed awkwardly, and was again about to pass on, but seeing his suspect him of having watched her sleen fag, Helcomb bowed awkwardly, and was again about to pass on, but seeing his in tenton, May spoke, timidly: "Trofessor." There was no mistake the ture, and Holcomb believe his ears? She had spoken to him.—and this was Judge Deering's daughter. He waited to make sure. "Trolessor." There was no mistake this time, and Holcomb believe his ears? She had spoken to him.—and this was Judge Deering's daughter. He waited to make sure. "Trolessor." There was no mistake this time, and Holcomb boutte there was no mistake this time, and Holcomb bole thought there was had promised two of the finest statues the breasend to a lady for

immer street.

The Finest Statues. The celebrated Grecian sculptor Praxi-teles had promised two of the finest statues he possessed to a lady for whom he had a great admiration. The lady, in order to discover on which two of his collection P Praxiteles placed the highest value, prac-tised the following stratagem. She sent a message to inform him that a fire had burst out very near his cabinet. The artist immediately exclaimed, "I hope they will rescue the Cupid and the Satyr from the rage of the flames." His mistress some time after asked for these statues of her lover, who could not with anything like a good grace extricate himself from his rash promise. 4. Explain the Test act KNEE DEEP IN JUNE. Tell you what I like the best-'Long about knee-deep in Junc, 'Bout the time strawberries melts On the vine,—some afternoon Like to jes' git out and rest, And not work at nothin' else! No. 18. 1. Who was Joan of Arc, and how did she gain the name of Maid of Orleans? 2. What was the great ambition of Henry V? 3. In whose reign was the woolen manu-facture brought into England? 3. What was contained in the Domesday Book? Orchard's where I'd ruther be-Needn't fence it in fer me!-Jes' the whole sky overhead, And the whole sirth underneath Sorto' so's a man kin breathe Like he ort, and kindo' has PUNCH AND JUDY.

Elbow-room to keerlessly Sprawl out len'thways on the grass Where the shadlers thick and soft As the kivvers on the bed Mother fixes in the loft Allus, when they's company !

Juris, Huch university of company. Jes's sorto' lazein, there--Slazy, 'st you peek and peer Through the waru'i leaves above, Like a feller 'ats in love And don't know it, ner don't keer! Ever thing you hear and see Got some sort a' interest--Maybe find a bluebird's nest Tucked up there conversently For the boys' ats say to be Yatch the swallers skooth' past 'Bout as peert as you could ast; Er the bowhite raise and whiz Where some other's whistle is.

Kitch a shadder down below, And look up to find the crow; Er a hawk away up there, 'Pearantly froze in the air' Hear the old hen squawk, and squat Over every chick she's got, Suddent-like! And she knowa where That air hawk is, well as you? You jes' bet yet like do Evelowed the she was the Waith 'till he makes a pass!

Pee-wees' singin', to express My opinion's second class, Yit you'll hear 'em more er le



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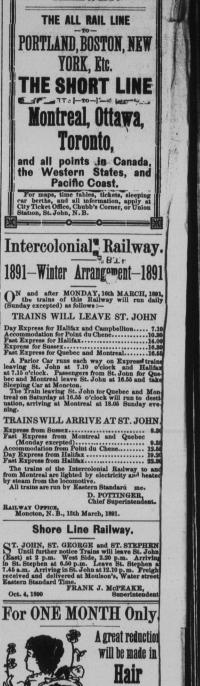
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The Origin of Two Characters That Never Grow Old. Punch is the last survival in England of the old mystery or sacred plays, of which the Bavarians retain one in the now noted play at Ober-Ammergau. The full name Punch and Judy, is from the two chief characters, Pontius and Judas. Punch, as a Roman, speaks in a foreign accent, has a Roman, not sequence of the tradition that after the condemnation Pontius was haunted by the idea that the Evil One sat on his back. In his exile he was always followed by a black dog. Hence the introduction of Toby, so named from the dog of Tobias in the Apocrypta. Judas has now been trans-formed into a woman, because he was dressed in a flowing robe, after the fashion of the East. The child was our Lord, chucked about from Pontius to Herod. The play of *Pontius* was popular in the middle ages, and Chaucer alludes to it. This and all the mystery plays were per-formed in the streets. The players had a cart for their properties, upon which they placed boards for a stare, and erzeted wines and This and all the mystery plays were per-formed in the streets. The players had a cart for their properties, upon which they placed boards for a stage, and erected wings and a top, a hanging covering the wagon and the wheels. During the performance those actors who were not "on" mixed with the crowd and collected money. The comic man, or Jack Pudding – always a chartered libertine —sold quack remedies, drew teeth, and bled patients. From his appearing on the stage he had the name of "mountebank." An engraving of the Coventry and Chester plays is to be found in Hone, and in the *Pictorial History of England*, where the ante-pendium, or hanging over the wheels, is decorated with the symbols of the Passion, indicating that "Pontius and Judas" was the play depicted. The whole thing is very like the present "stage" of Funch, only with altered proportions. There is a little ladder at the end tor the actors to ascend by, and the call-boy is in attendance to summon each as wanted. During the Commonwealth the laws were so severe against actors—see Soobel's Acts —that plays ceased almost, and probably the present Punch arose as a fantoccini to answer a demand for amusement. Of course it is now only a degraded travesty of the original play. Punch as Poluchinello is a favorite character in Italy and France at carnivals and in circuses.

No. 18.

The Origin of Two Characters That Neve Grow Old.



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the school was best. And so ungenerous, too, when you offered to give them the land." "Yes; of course. Hem! Yes!" The judge hesitated a little, far he knew the offer had not been wholly unselfash. Cer-tain lands in which he had some interest might have been benefited if he could have had the academy located at just the right place. He wondered if May knew. By this time, the professor had come down to his own gate, which was hardly a hundred feet away, and as he put out his hand to open it, he looked straight ahead, and his eyes met those of the judge and his daughter. Instinctively, the outstretched hand was raised to the level of his hat in a quick but respectful slatte. "The judge blazed with indignation. "The young jackanapes!" he blurted out. "I never spoke to him. Did you, May?" He turned toward his daughter with quick and sudden suspicio. "Never, papa." But May forgot. Though surprised equally with her father, the girls native courtesy and gentleness to manner had compelled her to acknow-ledge the salute. Her recognition was slight, but it was enough to make the young man step forward with a still lighter and freer swing. It so happened that Nellie Davis could not join May in the proposed ramble, but rather than give up the anticipated day out of doors, the latter decided to go to the woods alone. She knew that June flowers of many sorts were lurking there, waiting to be sought out by keen eyes and loving hands. She knew the sheltered nooks where snow-drops and starlights were starting and thrusting their fragrant bloom up through the protecting coverlet of leaves; where the blue-bells and pansies, the shy anemone, the swet twich and the trailing blue myrtle and all the rest of the pretty May flowers made their home. And there was nothing to fear in the woods. May had a good lunch in the woods. May had a good lunch in the yon ?"
"Ot course, Miss Deering. What can I do for you ?"
"Would you kindly stop at the house, and tell them where I am, and ask them to send for me ?"
"Why! it will be dark by then. You surely will not stay here alone ?"
"I don't see that I can help myself."
"Are you so iried then?" asked her companion with real concern. "Have you walked so far ?"
"No; it isn't that," answered May. She was choking back the tears bravely now, for the ankle was hurting cruelly, and she telt in dread of the lengthening shadows of the woods. "I—I think I have sprained my ankle."
"Oh, Miss Deering ! I am so sorry. What can I do ?" There was concern and sympathy in his voice. "Yes, I know," he interrupted, as she was about to speak; "but I can't leave you here alone."
"I don't think I shall be so very much afraid, answered May, doubtfully.
"Could you walk—a little—if I should help you ?"
And try she did, with the help of the professor's strong arm, but the hurt ankle would not bear up a feather's weight, and they made no progress."

carry you." "Oh, I can't !"

place question. 'Can you tell me the time?" Holcomb took out his watch and Holcomb took out his watch and ans-wered, very gravely: "It is a quarter of four." "In another hour it will be a quarter of five, and very nearly dark." Although she spoke lightly, there was an anxious look on her face that could not escape Holcomb's keen eye. "Are you going home, now?" queried May, after a little pause. "Yes. I guess I have tramped enough for one day." "Then might I—might I ask a favor of you?" you ?" "Of course, Miss Deering. What can I

"Professor." There was no mister "Professor." There was no mistake this time, and Holcomb thought there was something appealing in the tone. But May gave a little laugh, and asked a common-bless curvering.

The shy anemone, the sweet violet and the trailing blue myrtle and all the rest of the pretty May flowers made their home. And there was nothing to fear in the model of the works. May had a good lunch in the meat little basket in which she meant to bring home her flowers, and a book to read in case she got tired of rambling, and she knew every foot of the way, for she had been familiar with it ever since she was a child.
In the deep solitude of the woods she found such delight that she acould hardly help being glad that she had come alone, to go n rom spot to spot, as fancy led her; to find at each step some new flower or trailing tern; to rest upon an old log and upon which nature has been working he microscopic wonders; to listen to the noto of a bird and watch its free fluttering from could do alone better than with any companion whatever.
In starting up from such a rest and review. May slipped upon one of these very most-covered stones whose green covering she had been studying so intently. Her he wolld put her down and rest. But the ofot refused to support her suddenly to the row such as a tituation. The wolld put her down and rest. But the son that it would pass awy in a moment; but when she again attempted to the roats of an old stomp, he placed his charge down very tenderly.
That when she again attempted to really think is lept?, "she said.
The is and as set crossed her path. If she really think is lept?," she said; your head her woods lighted up hy the sone of these very soundly. My ankle as yet crossed her path. If she really think is lept? is she said; your head her woods lighted up hy the some down and leagnation as be had as yet crossed her path. If she really think is lept?, "she said; your head has been at wind in agnitors here she was until night, or longer. She supposed they would cong there said as the sould and they call as the sould align the sould align the sould only bring there she and a wind in agnitor there sold that would pass awy in a momen

But the ankle did not hurt so very badly

Yir jon'll hear 'em more er less; Sapauck gitin' down to biz, Weedin' out the lonesomeness; In them base-ball clothes o' his, Sportio' round the orchard jes' Like he owned the premises! But flat on yer hack, I guess, In the einade's where glory is! That's jes what I'd like to do Stiddy for a year er two!

Plaque! ef they ain't sompin' in Work 'at kindo' goes again' My convictions!—Jong about Here in June especially !— Under gome old apple tree, Jest's arBein' through and through, I could git along without Only jest's avishin' you Was a_ritin' there like me, And June was eternity !

Lay ont there and try to see Jes' how lazy you kin be !--Tumble round, and souse yer head I's to try the sousy of the sousy And peek through it at the skies, Thinkin' of old chums 'sta dead, Maybe, smilin' back at you In betwits the beautiful Clouds o' gold and white and blue !--Month a man kin railly love--June, you know, I'm takin' of!

March ain't never nothin' new !— Aprile's altogether too Brash for me i and May—I jes' "Bominate its promised— Little hints o' sunshine and Green around the timber-land— A few bloscoms, and a few Chip-birds, and a sproat er two— Drap asleep, and it turns in "Fore daylight and snows agin!

But when June comes—clear my throat With wild honey! Reach my hair In the dew i and hold my coas! Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!— June wants me, and i'm to spare! Byread them shadders anywhere, I'll git down and waller there, And obleeged to you at that! —James Whitcomb Elle

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The professor smiled as he answered :