POETRY.

A CONVICT'S LETTER.

It's curious, isn't it Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring;
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king,
I was taking in pools on the races,
And feeding the waiters with "Ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight.
And to-day I'm here in the "Pen."

What led me to do it! What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The Prodigal Son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time.
He spends his substance as freely
As the biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone, he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.
Last night as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There arose, like a phantom before me,
The visions of boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the schoolhouse that stood on the hill
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow,
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray;
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I needlessly cast away.
I saw again in my visions
The fresh lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter;
They pierced my heart like a knife;
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of Fate,
When the young ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

SELECT STORY.

BONNY ADAIR.

By the Author of 'Mrs. Delamotte's Lover' 'Black Pool Grange,' Etc.

CONTINUED.

Doyle bore it as long as he could, then, rather suddenly, wished them all "good-bye," saying he had forgotten an appointment, and once out of the house, strode away with a terribly sullen and savage expression on his handsome face. He hated everyone just then, and most of all George Dixon.

CHAPTER V.

About two days later Bonny went for a lonely ramble; Nelly had to stay in for the dressmaker, and Bonny felt rather glad to be rid of her society for a short time.

Nelly was not very intellectual; she was as commonplace as her brother, but without his cleverness, and her giddy, senseless chatter often jarred upon poor Bonny, who, though not exactly clever, had a mind capable of serious thought, and one which rejoiced in the beauties of nature. She ran lightly down the avenue, afraid lest someone should call her back, that George should see her and follow, or that Mrs. Dixon should be seized with a desire for a walk; but neither of these things occurred. She passed the lodge in safety, and turned into a long, winding, country road, till, coming to a stile, she climbed over it and made her way down to a little wood which grew in a hollow. Here she rambled about, feeling comparatively happy, while she searched among the dead leaves, hoping to find a stray primrose.

The change had done Bonny a world of good; it had braced her, set her up, and had banished a great many love-sick fancies. She began to think that after all life might be worth living, and she began also to believe she was forgetting Alec Doyle. She would not think of him; she resolutely shut him out of her heart and hardened it against him, yet nevertheless, when she suddenly met him face to face that afternoon, that same heart gave a sudden, terrific bound, fluttering in a be wildering fashion afterwards.

He had been wandering through the copse, smoking and thinking—and saw her coming straight towards hm, arranging a little posy she was carrying, and from which she never glanced till she had nearly trodden on his toes. Then she did look up—up into his face with those marvellous, sparkling eyes, that told so much more than she was ever aware of; they grew so large and dark now as they rested on him, that he knew the curt "I beg your pardon" was assumed.

"It is I who must beg yours," holding out his hand in the most careless, friendly way imaginable. "Are you wandering alone, or is Miss Dixon with you?"

"I am alone," Bonny said, stiffly; and Doyle could have laughed aloud at her poor, pitiable attempt at concealment.

Now that he could stand close to her and look into her face, he saw that she had not forgotten, and that she cared for him still. A rush of joy seemed to sweep over him, bringing with it a hazy feeling of triumph.

"May I walk on with you?" he asked, in the same easy way. "I am not fond of my own society."

But Bonny was not quite so easy to catch.

"I am not going any further," she answered. "I want to be home early, and shall have to hurry."

"And may I not hurry, too?" he asked, smiling.

"Of course you can," she laughed. "Only the path is narrow, and you would walk much faster than I should, so suppose you go on in front."

"You little witch!" He could not for the life of him help saying it. To him she looked so lovely with the glimmer of tiny white teeth between her red lips, and with that mischievous, tantalising expression on the warmly tinted face. "Don't look so offended," he cried hastily, "Oh, Bonny! why pretend? Why raise a barrier of cold words and looks? Already between us stands a barrier only death can break down."

"Hush; hush!" Bonny cried, shrinking from him. "It is wrong! It is wicked! Oh, I have tried so hard to forget!"

"And so have I," he said, moodily, the passion dying from his voice. "I have tried my level best to forget you, not because it might be wrong to remember, but because to think of you means to think of you out of my reach, as far away from me as if the grave divided us, and that thought drove me mad. Since I parted from you I have tried to draw a little pleasure out of this hateful life, but it is useless, Bonny. Wherever, I go, whatever I do, you come and make me feel how hollow and vain it all is. And now—now you are here, close to me—alone with me—and I dare not touch you, scarce dare speak to you."

"It is better not to speak, better not to meet," the girl said, crushing the primroses in her poor little trembling hands. "Let us say good-bye now, and let it be for ever."

"Can you do that?" he asked, looking down upon her. "Can you say it?" he repeated, almost fiercely.

"Yes," Bonny said firmly, though her face grew white and drawn. "It is all that is left us to do. It is right and honorable, and you, of course, think so. You would not wish to do otherwise, I know."

The sweet voice never faltered, nor did the gaze of those pure, true eyes. Doyle could not meet them, and he clenched his teeth hard as he listened. When at last he spoke it was with a dogged determination.

"Bonny, you ask more than I am capable of. You don't know the hell it would make my life. I know we can never be anything but friends, but to a starving man a dry crust is better than no bread. You will not refuse me your friendship. Let us now bury the past and begin afresh. Begin as friends—true friends. You need not fear I will infringe on that privilege. If you trust me, child, you will find I shall be staunch and true."

Still Bonny hesitated. She knew so little of the world, of the ways and weaknesses of men, yet for all her ignorance a faint, whispering voice seemed to urge her to refuse even that small boon—to turn away from the one she loved better than anything else on earth—to turn away and keep away. Yet it seemed so cruel, it was so little he asked for, and she so dreaded going back to that neutral-tinted life, which seemed to throb with a numbed, ceaseless aching.

"You cannot trust me. Well, let it be as you wish," he said, the deep, reproachful voice wringing the girl's heart.

"I do trust you," she spoke, impulsively, holding out her hand, "and I will be your friend."

He took it, held it firmly without speaking; he knew even then he was doing wrong—knew full well he would never have the strength to be only a friend; but he deadened his conscience and refused to think of the future.

They would be friends. He walked with her to the edge of the wood, then followed a lonely track across the hills, while Bonny hastened home. George Dixon met her at the lodge gates; he had just come from the opposite direction.

"I came to meet you," he said, throwing away the cigar he had been smoking. "I felt sure you would have gone to the village, never dreaming you would wander into the country this weather."

"And why not?" Bonny inquired.

"Well, there are so many 'why nots,' that it seems hardly worth while beginning them. Shortly after you had gone, the St. Clairs came over from The Poplars, and Mrs. Doyle with them. She said she had met you. If you take my advice, you will not make a friend of her."

"Why do you say that?" the girl questioned. "I thought she seemed so nice; and she is lovely."

"Do you think so?" he said, dryly. "I can't say I admire anyone quite so made up as Mrs. Doyle is. The powder that woman puts on her face is enough to suffocate her. She is a fool to do it; without it she would be good-looking, now she is ridiculous."

"I don't think she is. I think she is pretty, and dresses beautifully."

"There is no accounting for taste," Mr. Dixon allowed, shrugging his shoulders. "I admit she does dress well, but then the money is hers; she was an heiress. I suppose that is why Doyle married her, and, as is generally the case, he neglects her shamefully now. He is always to be found with any woman but his wife."

A suppressed torrent of angry words seemed about to choke Bonny; she grew crimson, muttered something about scandal, then ran off, leaving Mr. Dixon to pursue his way alone. The next evening Bonny was taken to a dance at The Poplars. It was her first dance, and the whole day she was in a tremor of excitement about it.

At last evening came, and Bonny donned a white dress of soft, pongee silk, and thought it rather becoming. While she was arranging herself in this very simple toilet, Mrs. Dixon's maid brought her a beautiful bouquet of white flowers from Mr. Dixon, and taking them she went downstairs, the maid following with a pile of wraps.

The Dixons were in the dining-room, waiting for her; Mrs. Dixon in stiffest, black moire; Nelly looking wonderfully well in amber gauze; but Bonny, in her short-waisted gown, tied with a broad sash, looked like a beautiful, old-fashioned picture. Her round, white arms, and soft, fair throat; the fine dark hair, looped high on the small head; the bright, refined face, with the freshness of youth still on it, all combined in a harmony that one felt as well as saw. For once, George Dixon's blood flowed a trifle more quickly through his veins when she thanked him for his present, and Mrs. Dixon felt a pardonable jealousy that her own daughter should be eclipsed.

The drive to The Poplars was not a long one, and before twenty minutes had passed the girls were following their chaperone into the ball-room. It seemed to Bonny she was stepping into fairyland; the lights, the flowers, and the lovely dresses made up a scene so brilliant it fairly dazzled her inexperienced eyes. They were welcomed by the hostess, Lady Ann Sinclair, a fair little woman in velvet and diamonds.

"So pleased to see you," she murmured, shaking hands with each in turn; and then her eyes and thoughts went to the next comers, whilst Mrs. Dixon passed on, followed by Bonny, for Nelly, who knew almost all the men present, had a group of four or five standing round her, asking for dances.

These she introduced to Bonny, and George, who never waltzed, begged for a quadrille and supper dance.

"And any other dances you like to sit out," he said, having scribbled his name on her programme.

"It looks as if I were going to sit out nearly all," Bonny laughed; but I don't mind if I do. I shall not feel dull, watching all these people. What a pretty girl that is! And—oh! how lovely Mrs. Doyle looks."

"Yes, she looks very well," Dixon admitted, as Lydia Doyle swept by in shimmering, pale green satin, embroidered in gold.

"Very well!" Bonny echoed, disdainfully; then she stood silent, whilst for a second a mist seemed to cloud her eyes. Two people had entered the room from a conservatory—a young girl, and a tall, bronzed man with golden-brown hair and sleepy, blue eyes; he left the girl with an austere-looking dowager. The music was striking up, the people were pairing off; Doyle glanced here and there, as he sauntered along buttoning his glove, till he caught sight of Bonny seated demurely beside Mrs. Dixon.

"Are you engaged for this dance?" he asked, stopping before her; and Bonny answered—

"Oh, no! I am going to look on, I don't mind it in the least."

"But will you not allow me to be your partner?"

"I did not know you meant that," she said, shyly; she felt he was asking her out of kindness, there were so many women that he must prefer to dance with. Still she hardly knew how to tell him so, with Mrs. Dixon's bright, shrewd eyes upon her; so she placed her hand on his arm, and, after he had spoken a few words to Mrs. Dixon, they walked away.

"Did you not want to dance with me, Bonny?" he asked, directly they were out of earshot. "*That* is not being friendly."

"There are so many other people—such pretty girls—who can dance beautifully," she began, blushing as she spoke.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM RURAL DISTRICTS.

Interesting and Spicy Gossip from Our Active Correspondents.

GLEANINGS FROM YORK.

Keswick Ridge.

March 12.—The roads in this district are at present in a very bad state, owing to the depth of snow and the recent thaw.

The oyster supper held by the ladies of the Baptist church at N Estey's was a success, both socially and financially.

Quite a curiosity, in the shape of a nest of young birds a few days old, was found by Mr. Jewett, of this place, in February.

Walter Christie, formerly of this place, but now of Presque Isle, Maine, is spending a few days at his old home. Rumor connects him with an interesting event soon to take place.

Mrs. M Jewett is, we are glad to report, improving in health.

A candy social in connection with Star of the Morning lodge, is talked of in the near future.

A rehersal of the Easter concert took place in the Congregational church on Saturday evening.

An ex-brakeman and junior cheese maker, has been very lonely the last few days. This we suppose, is owing to the absence of one of the fairer sex, who is visiting friends in a neighboring parish.

The superior school is being taught this term by Mr. Anderson, and the primary department by Miss Bertha Saunders, who is very well liked. The upper school, in charge of Miss Tripp, has a large attendance this winter, which we think speaks well for the instructor.

Bloomfield Ridge.

March 12.—Saunders Price and his daughter, Lillie, who have been visiting Mrs. James Holmes, of Doaktown, returned home yesterday.

Last Friday night's large candy party was held at Mrs. Jas P Boies'. The evening was taken up with music and dancing. Miss Maud Spencer and Miss Annie Smith were the organists of the evening, while William McLellan accompanied on the harmonica.

David McLellan has taken the contract of getting two hundred cords of hard wood for W D Richards, of Boiestown.

Miss Alice Pond paid a flying visit to Bloomfield last week.

Samuel Greer has started his wood-cutter again.

The black race of peddlers are around once more.

Mrs. Sarah Greer was visiting friends at Gordon last week.

Adam Cowie called on some of his friends last Saturday, and returned to Boiestown on Monday.

J P Boies has returned home after being away to Rocky brook fishing. He stopped a few days at J F Richardson's camp.

Miss Maggie Hovey is dress-making at Mrs. S Price's, sewing for the people of this place.

The Bloomfield Grange company are doing a good business and make quite a stir in the place.

George Spencer has just returned from the woods.

Jas A Pond, M D Spencer, Stewart Brook and John Hinchy, sr., passed through here en route for Boiestown, accompanied by John C Conroy, of Taxes river.

We are glad to say that Mrs Jas McLellan is recovering, but very slowly.

Coke D Spencer is giving music lessons this winter to a few young ladies.

Sandy McDonald is about through logging for the season. He has completed a good winter's operation.

Miss G E Astle, our teacher, is making good progress in her management of the school here, and is well liked by scholars and residents.

Mrs. Charles Calhoun is suffering from an attack of la grippe.

Arthur L Boies has returned home from Rocky brook, where he was working for J F Richardson.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Our Royal Templar lodge has again resumed business after having been closed since last October on account of a number of our members being absent.

Rev. E Bell preached a powerful sermon last Sabbath morning, taking his text from the eighth chapter of Romans and second verse. A sermon from Mr. Bell is always welcome.

The clock and watch repairer was in our midst last week, and the result is that some old clocks that have laid dormant for a long time, have again greeted us with that old familiar tick.

We understand that Miss Annie Calhoun is to be assistant teacher in our school the remainder of the term.

Papers were served on Jack Hunter by an officer from Fredericton, two weeks ago, for selling liquor unlawfully. He was taken to the above named place and paid his fine.

Scotch Settlement.

March 12—The roads are very bad and travelling with teams almost impossible.

La grippe, which is so prevalent this winter, has been making its friendly calls on several of the families in this place, and some have been very sick. About all, however, are able to be out again except Miss Ella Clayton, who is still quite ill.

Mrs. Frank Gordon and her little son of Springfield, who have been visiting at D Haines' for the past week, returned to their home yesterday.

David Haines was married on Friday last to Mrs E Oliver, of Lower Caverhill. The marriage took place at the bride's home. On the following day they drove to their home in this place. In the evening the usual seranade was given them by the boys, who speak in glowing terms of the hearty welcome they received.

Mrs J W Trueworthy, of Brewer, Maine, who is making a visit to her parents and friends in the place, is at present visiting her aunt at Tripp Settlement.

Mrs John Donaldson, of Mactnaquac has been visiting Mrs John Sharp.

Lower Haynesville.

March 12—Our industrious men are still hauling at Burnside.

Bradford Price seems as earnest handling his logs and wood as in mid winter.

Richard Jones and son, and many others are busy with their bark while the roads are in condition.

Herbert Allen was unable to get his team through Blowdown, and found it necessary to unhitch them and return home.

Mrs Joshua Christy, of California, is spending a short time at David Christy's. Many friends are glad to see her pleasant face once more.

Several new arrivals in this district. Edward Brewer is smiling over a little boy that came to his house a few days ago. Coleman Brewer says his new son is just as good as any of them. Edward Reynolds has another boarder at William Elliott's, a son. Benjamin Reynolds is very proud of his little daughter.

Ernest Elliott, recently, while driving along with a load of straw, was struck by a gale of wind, which carried away nearly all of the load.

Burt's Corner.

March 14.—The bare ground has made its appearance once more; the roads are in a fearful state, almost impassable in the afternoons. People are getting nearly done hauling. The yard at Cardigan station is filled up with wood and bark; besides, they were obliged to pile it on each side of the road from the station to Jones' Forks bridge, a distance of about eighty rods, leaving just room for a team to get along. Probably the commissioners of highways will have something to do soon, when the sun thaws the snow away from it.

Its a very sickly time in this section of the country now. W. H. Lawrence is quite sick; he went to Woodstock on Thursday last, accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Mrs. Lawrence was taken ill and was obliged to return home as soon as possible, but is quite well now. Mr. Lawrence, on returning from Woodstock, was confined to his bed and has remained there since.

A sad accident took place near here this morning. A young man by the name of Benjamin Jones broke his leg while sliding down hill, and also put his ankle out of place. It is quite a bad break. Dr. Morehouse is attending him.

Dr. Morehouse is kept very busy, is a very clever doctor, and his reputation is widely spreading.

Wesley Brewer has been up river buying oats and insuring, and on his return home found his wife very ill, and she remains so yet.

The young men are all getting out of the woods, and candy parties will soon commence.

The young folks intend having a concert, the time as yet not stated. They are whispering it around—and whispers turn to loud talk after awhile—that there is a man not far from this place who intends taking a life partner, by the signs of times. Boys, get your guns and horns ready, "for the time cometh when no man shall know the day nor hour, but I say unto you, be ready."

NEWS FROM QUEENS.

Gaspereaux Station.

March. 14.—Last week the weather was very mild and the snow was greatly reduced in bulk.

La grippe is very prevalent this winter, and is making a great many people feel its effects.

J. T. Johnson, of Welsford has been going around the place with his circular saw, and many of the farmers have had their wood sawed. They all speak well of his work which is rapidly and well performed.

T. B. Roberts, of Patterson settlement, has been suffering from the grippe and asthma, but is recovering slowly.

Saturday evening the manuscript paper, of Star of Hope council, of Patterson settlement, was read to a large assemblage of members. The "Times" is a hustler. Among its articles were a life of Tennyson, by the editor, V. L. Kirke; temperance selections, wit and humor, and local news, and some advice on sundry matters.

Hay is commanding a good price this spring and those so fortunate as to have a surplus are realizing good returns. Many have had to buy and the prospect of an early spring is encouraging to them.

Petersville.

March 10.— We are enjoying fine pleasant weather for a week past, the fields are getting bare in many places, and beginning to look like spring; but the roads are in a bad condition for travelling on. Where the snow drifted in deep banks, it is so soft that horses sink through it to the ground.

Most of our people that were suffering from grippe and other infirmities, are in a promising way of recovery.

JOTTINGS FROM CARLETON.

Benton.

March 14.—Miss Tressa Caldwell of Portland, Me., formerly of this place, is visiting friends here.

Thomas Connolly has returned home again, with the intention of running the Murchie hotel. He intends to move in about the first of April, when everything will be remodelled in the most modern style

David Porter has gone to Deer lake to run the boarding house in connection with the saw mill.

Wm. Gibson intends starting operations with his famous Black Granite in Bocabec about the 10th of April. He will employ about seven-five skilled men in building and clearing away. His departure is regretted.

Rev. Mr. Baker administered the ordinance of Baptism to four candidates last Sunday morning. In the evening he preached an impressive sermon to a large audience. After the service the right hand of fellowship was extended to seven new church members.

Millwrights are at work repairing the mills. They intend to start up about the 20th of April. A good summer's sawing is anticipated.

Miss Jennie Mills has gone to Lowell to spend a couple of months with friends there.

Thos. Mullin of Hancock, Me., arrived here Sunday morning with his wife, who is suffering with lung trouble. We are in hopes that the climate here will soon return her to her usual health. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Leighton, who have the sympathy of the community at large.

LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY FOR APRIL.

Frank Leslies Popular Monthly for April is a typical number of this favorite periodical, which, for timely interest, variety and animation, stands easily first amongst contemporary illustrated magazines. The opening paper is a delightful account, by Charles Bradford Hudson, of that Mecca of students, the Latin Quarter of Paris; illustrated with fourteen drawings by the author, including a page picture of the fantastic Mid-Lent Carnival in the Place du Pantheon. Other illustrated descriptive articles are "The Bermudas," by Dr. J. B. Mattison, and "Logging in Northern Wisconsin," by W. H. Stead The element of personality is abundantly represented in this number by two notable papers: "A Generation of the New York Bar," by Alvan S. Southworth, and "Three Actresses: A Symposium," by Champion Bissell, the two involving a score or so of interesting portraits. Martha McCulloch Williams writes charmingly, as ever, about the Image Makers of New York, which picturesque subject Hencke has illustrated in his best style. The complete stories include a characteristic one by Count Tolstoi, entitled "Ivan the Fool"; and a second installment is given of the promising new serial, "The Silver Shafts." Other contributors to this number are: Elaine Goodale Eastman, Charles H. Crandall, Minna Irving, Judith Spencer, Lillian Whiting, Ethel Hatton Leitner, Maud A. Andrews, Nora K. Marble, A. Oakley Hall, Dorothy Deane, Virginia R. Coxe, and George C. Hurlbut.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SHINGLES.

An interesting experiment with shingles was tried a short time ago, in England. A green six-inch cedar, fresh from the saw, was measured and weighed, care being taken to get both exact. It was found that it weighed seven ounces. It was then dried and again weighed and measured. It had shrunk nearly one-third of an inch, while the weight had decreased from seven ounces to three ounces. It was then submerged in water twenty-four hours, and the size had not changed a particle, while the weight had increased one ounce, demonstrating the superiority of cedar shingles over others, as when once dry they will neither shrink with excessive heat nor pry one another off the roof in wet weather.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A teacher in one of the district schools a few days ago asked for a comparison of the adjective "ill." The bright boy who answered the question replied by saying ill, worse, dead." The boy is still very much alive.

Neglected Coughs invite consumption. Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam is a sure cure for coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

PERFECTLY HELPLESS.

Mr. Meanitall — So you have quite recovered from your throat trouble, Miss Cotillon?

Miss Cotillon — Yes; but it has left me in a terrible condition. The doctor says I shall never be able to raise my voice or scream.

Mr. Meanitall — That is not very serious; you seem to talk all right.

Miss Cotillon — Yes; but suppose someone should try to kiss me, for instance.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved 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.

ONE FOR BRIDGET.

An Irish girl, who was a servant to a lady, was complimented by her before company on the elaborate ornamentation of a large pie at dinner.

"Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to do this so beautifully?" she inquired, thinking to rally her for the company's sake.

"Indade it was meself that did it, mum," said Biddy, with a malicious grin. "Isn't it purty, mum? I did it with your false tayth, mum."

THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofuia of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

A Future Citizen.— Just about Arbor day last year a public school teacher told the children in her charge that she would allow them to vote on a State tree, and that each child should have one vote. Being a woman and not a politician, her surprise was great when, the next morning, a bright-eyed Italian lad asked how much money each child would receive for his vote.

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 removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

In a small village in the south of Scotland, an elder in the parish church was one day reproving an old woman, who was rather the worse for liquor, by saying: "Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from the tempter?" Sarah (not too well pleased) — "Flee yerself." Elder — "Oh, Sarah, I have flown." Sarah — "Awell, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter."

A MONTREAL MAN SPEAKS.

W. R. Carmichael, of Montreal, P. Q., writes to the Hawker Medicine Company: "Your Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, quickly relieved me of a severe attack of Bronchitis."

Teacher — Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnny—Whalebone. Teacher — Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Tommy — Sealing wax.

A Positive Cure for Catarrh. Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

Fond Parent—I cannot interfere, Boby; your teacher writes me that she thrashed you on principal. Bobby — Well, she didn't. Don't you think I know where she licked me?

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

1831 THE CULTIVATOR —AND— 1894

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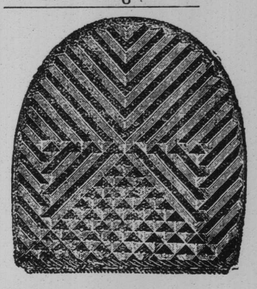

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