PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

0 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from

nn.

RASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ns marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily
Saturday. **TDaily except Monday.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.

A. J. HEATH,

Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

ercolonial Railway.

3--Summer Arrangement--1888

AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, ins of this Railway will run daily (Sunday ed) as follows:—

AINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

INS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. s from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30

Y OFFICE, neton, N. B., May 31, 1888. THE colonial Express Company

(Limited). ards Merchandise, Money and Packages of escription; collects bills with Goods, Drafts, and Accounts, and daily (Sunday excepted), with Special rers in charge, over the entire line of the onial Railway, connecting at Riviere du th the

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ture Goods or Goods in Bond promptly to and forwarded with despatch: trates for large Consignments, and further on on application to BYRCE, Superintendent.

J. R. STONE, Agent.

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IN A FAR COUNTRY.

For bitter bread and wine made salt with tears The wanderer lavished all his golden store, And waking dreamed he passed through plente Until he dreamed no more.

Then, weak and weary, but himself, he saw Surroundings speaking Famine gaunt and grim, And such bright scenes as Memory's pencils draw Rose up in mind to him.

"Though here I want, my father's servants feast!
To him I'll go and all my sins condemn,
And own, 'I am less worthy than the least:
Make me as one of them!'"

E'en as he went, the father's arms he met; And ere his piteous tale was quite begun, In his own office he by Love was set— No servant, but a son!

Our Father! all Thy gifts were misapplied;
Fainting and friendless in far lands we roam;
Yet in Thy house we may be satisfied:
Oh, guide our footsteps home!

ONE NIGHT.

"There's the shotgun, Molly, and here's my revolver. Both loaded." "Yes, Tom." "Now, mind, child, there isn't one chance in ten thousand that there will be a soul near you. If I thought there was, Molly, I wouldn't leave you. You understand that?"

"Yes, Tom."

"If any one does come, it will be a neighbor or a neighbor's boy. The bandits and desperadoes have all joined travelling shows. If you don't go scaring yourself to death, you will be all right."

"Yes, Tom."

"But there's a lot of moral support in a shooting-iron, and maybe you'll feel a little safer with these."

He stooped to kiss her, feeling her lips tremble a little as he touched them. But she smiled as she raised her head, and her good-by was quite steady.

"Plucky little thing," he said to himself, as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging lope.

cool-by was quite steady.

"Plucky little thing," he said to himselt, as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging lope.

At fourteen Mary Allison's mother died. Then her father, with broken health and spirits, gathered up the wreck of his fortunes and went away to the green wilderness of a Kansas ranch, leaving the girl in an Eastern school. Tom's college course being at an end, he went with his father, and presently found himself making a profitable business of sheep to the remembered rhythm of Greek and Latin classics. When, four years later, Miss Allison had been properly graduated with much ceremony and white muslin, her father, too, had "joined the majority," and she found Tom living in a precarious fashion at the hands of a native housekeeper, and enthusiastically glad to welcome even this very inexperienced head to his small household.

That was in July, and on that radiant September afteraoon, Tom found himself imperatively called to the nearest town twenty miles away. The woman who ruled the kitchen had taken herself over the creek to "visit her kinfolks," and the herders were all at the ends of the earth with their flocks, when Tom sank out of sight behind the low prairie swells. Miss Allison had the whole green world to herself as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the whole green world to herself as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the southwestern necessity of deep porches without. Somehow the empty rooms had all kinds of echoes inhabiting them, now that the exorcising manly presence was removed. Miss Allison had no special vocation for employment for the sake of work. She sat now with slender brown hands clasped behind her head, and drifted on a tide of aimless fancies.

Over her arched a wide sky of tender, cloudless blue. Out to the bounding ring of the horizon swept the world of green. From sky-edge to sky-edge a full tide of Summer sunshine seemed to rise and fall in

stranger lay gasping feebly, but with restored conscionsness.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, crisply.

He looked up at her, standing straight and tall in her white dress.

"I've eaten nothing for 48 hours," he said quietly.

Speech and voice were clear and soft. Miss Allison found herself conscious of a glimmer of friendly interest.

"Can you get into the house?" with matter-of-fact coolness; "I will find you something to eat."

"He raised himself weakly as she went away. Miss Allison, looking up presently from her struggles with the cooking-store fire, found him standing in the doorway regarding her out of hollow, sunken eyes. She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver lay within reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks and eves.

"He did his work slowly and awkwardly.

"You are sure you can use it?"

Somehow there seemed a curious change in their relations.

The trail was smooth as a floor, and the five miles vanished behind them. In the clear darkness of the west burned a low, red light.

"Here's your train. The station is just ahead. I shall wait here till I see that you get away." It was the first word that had been spoken.

She pulled her horses down to a walk.

"I hope," foreing herself to improve the occasion, "that you won't do it again."

"Get caught for a horse-thief?" pleasantly. "I certainly shall try to avoid it."

It did not sound penitent. Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks and eves.

She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver lay within reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. Wishin reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. "You had better get down here," she said.

He alighted slowly and with difficulty.

He alighted slowly and with difficulty.

He alighted slowly and with difficulty.

Over her arched a wide sky of tender, cloudless blue. Out to the bounding ring of the horizon swept the world of green. From sky-edge to sky-edge a full tide of Summer sunshine seemed to rise and tall in great fire-heated billows as the south wind surged across the space. There were no shadows, but the soft glare did not blind nor scorch. And before she knew it she was fast asleep.

She awake with a sudden start, broad awake after a most unaccustomed fashion. All her senses came back to her instantly. The whole wide heaven was aglow with sunset, an unbroken, unflecked arch of color fading down through every tender tint to the cool gray of the short twilight. She took it all in at a single glance, and against the glory a man's figure standing black and motionless.

She was on her feet at once. Not a

whisper. "The whole community is searching."
"I know it," despondently. "I have been in the brush for two days. Somebody gave me this," touching his arm. "I was starved out, worn out, and came here to surrender."
"Finish your supper," abruptly.
Then she went away, and on the porch paced steadily up and down for ten good minutes in the starlight. Through the open window she could watch her visitor, and she had her revolver firmly clutched.
He had finished his meal when she went back.
"I don't know anything about you," she
"I don't know anything about you," she
mseculine whirlwind about their disappear-ance.
"Molly Allison, you're responsible! If the country produced image-venders, I should say you had been making a trade!"
She shook her head, but with the color mounting in her face.
"Tramps!" he said, accusingly; and poor Molly shuddered to think how much, much worse it really was. "You wouldn't like it, I dare say, if I should go encouraging pauperism with your frocks and things," he grumbled, trying to reconcile himself to another garment.
He came back from the station with

Standard and the control of the cont

Who gave us our first breath, And power of heavenlie thought? He, who upholds us everie hour, In doing what He ought.

What has He e'er withheld, That was for our best good? While we, not fullie satisfyed, His will have ofte withstood. And yet, how patientlie

He waits from day to day,
And tenderlie supplies our wants,
In His parental way.

And yet, how ofte His love Is banish'd from the mind, When memorie betrays her trust,— Then thanks He cannot finde.

Ah, this must not be see!
We'll live another life
Of happiness, in doing good,
And living free from strife,

And, with true gratitude,
For everie blessing given;
So carth itselfe may soone be changed
And be a part of heaven:

When sweetest songes of birdes,
Uniting with our praise,
In glorious sunshine of the morn,
Make glad our coming days.

-Old Poem.

All how reason came back to the riotatedly. The exchement appears are not record to the control became an amount of the exchement of the street of the control of the contr

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Yours truly,

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