

Choice Miscellany.

COMPENSATION

BY MARY G. CROCKER. I am sad and heart weary, My neighbor beside me is gay: If I feel the night dew falling, He sees the promise of day...

A PRINCESS'S SMILE

A correspondent of a London paper gives the following interesting incident, one of many during the royal visit to Ireland: The Prince and the Princess were nearly due, and the streets were packed with people...

"SUPREMELY HAPPY"

It is rare to find an old man whose life has been passed in mental labour and intellectual conflicts, who does not begin to dote at the top. Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst lived until he was ninety-two and then died without passing through the dimness of old age...

When the last moment came, his mind was clear and self-possessed. He seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of the new world he was about to enter. "Are you happy?" asked his daughter. "Happy! Yes, happy!" came the feeble but distinct answer.

ONLY A DREAM

The doctor had gone away at midnight, saying that he would look in again early in the morning, and the tired watchers had sought a few moments of rest while the sick man slept, but they were within reach of the faintest call. The light burned low and out of the gloom strange shadows evolved themselves into almost human shapes and hovered about the bed whereon the dying man lay.

Suddenly the white head lying on the pillow moved, the sunken face grew less pinched and worn in the fitful light, and the eyes of the old man opened wide with a troubled, wistful expression. "Millicent," he called feebly, "Millicent, I have had a bad dream."

"And in that dream you were old, too, my bonny Millicent. Your hair was snow-white instead of golden, and your soft hands—clear hands—were hard and withered. And the children, dear, the little ones, were gone. Are the children safe, Millicent?" "Aye, Reuben," soothed the shadow, "the children are safe."

"Thank God, then, it was only a dream, and your hair is not white and I am not old. It was only a dream, after all." "Only a dream, Reuben."

With his hands in hers he slept again, and glad smiles crept over his wan face and a look of his youth trembled on his closed eyelids. Tender words escaped from his pale lips as his soul drifted among the argosies of the unknown seas.

"Hark!" he cried, with the fervor of immortal youth. "They are singing in the church. I hear my Millicent's voice!" He broke forth in a strain of devotional music that rose and fell in waves of rapture. The watchers stole in and looked at him and at each other in troubled surprise. He did not see them. His eyes were fixed beyond—beyond—as he sang:

"No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Aye fall and feared no more."

"Millicent—my wife, till death do us part we are not old. It was only a dream." As the daylight shone into the room it touched the pillow with the gold of eternal youth. The old man has ceased to dream.

LOOK OUT FOR THE BELL. An observing engineer says: "Down in the southern part of the State we have up at road crossings some of the old-fashioned signs, 'Look out for the cars when the bell rings.' At one of the crossings the other day two ladies came up, driving an old horse hitched to a buggy. They looked about and couldn't see any cars, but happened to read the sign. 'Stop,' said one, 'I hear a bell.' They both listened, and sure enough, they heard a bell tinkling. One of the two got out, and amid considerable excitement took hold of the horse's bridle. The other one lightened her grip on the lines, set her jaws, and prepared for the worst. They looked anxiously up the track for the train, but still couldn't see it, though they could hear the bell a little plainer than before. They waited and waited. Five minutes passed, then ten, and still no train. The old horse went to sleep, while the poor ladies' nerves, from long straining, threatened to throw them into hysterics. Nearer and nearer came the bell against which the sign warned them, and so they stood still. In about a quarter of an hour an old brindle cow came walking down the pasture, by the side of the track, chewing her cud, and monotonously jingling her bell. Those ladies crossed that track mighty quick just then, I can tell you."

UNPLEASANT CLASHING. Unfortunately, the unpleasant trifles of everyday life effect the nervous and weary—not the strong, hopeful people, who are not twisting and turning this, and that in every way possible to get the wrong side out so as to make it appear wrong on both sides. The over sensitive mean no harm, still they are always strutting up little things, magnifying a frog until he swells into an ox, and generally have a little ill feeling towards one or two such natures, don't let anybody find out how out of trim you are, how easily the least little thing can clash with you—but go and clear the bile out of your system

have a good night's sleep and a good day's work; make thorough work of it. Then you will be ready to laugh at the unpleasant trifles which now make you wretched.

GOD'S ARGUMENT

"Through the pure and unspoilable nature of the human mother, God's argument against any use of alcohol, save as a medicine, is given to the world to-day," are the earnest words of Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, an honored member of the W. C. T. U. and now the presiding woman genius of the White House. "There is a majesty of Right, a royalty of Truth, which in its manifold forms claims our allegiance, and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and befallen mother, sister, wife, His own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the Liquor Traffic. And in that cry He makes His argument to men."

NEWSPAPER BEATS

We like to hear a man refuse to take his home paper and then sponge on his neighbor to read it. We like to hear a man complain when asked to subscribe for his home paper, that he takes more papers than he can read, and then go around and borrow his neighbor's, or loaf until he gets all the news from it; this is patronizing home industry. We like to hear a man run down his home paper as not worth taking and every now and then beg the editor for a favor in the editorial line; this is personified cheek. We like to see business men neglect to advertise in their home paper, and then try to get a share of the trade the newspaper brings into the town, this encourages the newspaper man. We like to see all this; it looks economical, thrifty, progressive and—cheeky.—Exchange.

A POETIC TAIL

A thoughtless boy with a shining pail went singing gaily down the dail, to where a sad-eyed cow with a hainle tail on clover sweet did herself regale. A tumble bee did gaily sail over the soft and shadowed vale, to where the boy with the shining pail was milking the cow with the brindle tail. The bee lit down on the cow's right ear, her heels flew up through the atmosphere—and through the leaves of a big oak tree the boy sailed into eternity.—Oregon Reporter.

MATRIMONY.

The state of Matrimony is one of the United States. It is bounded by a ring on one side, and a cradle on the other. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of bright eyes you run against.

The manufacture of EAGER'S PHOSPHOLENE is another stride toward the mastery of that dread disease Consumption, and in fact all wasting diseases. Don't waste your time using trashy preparations. Try Eager's Phospholeine.

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1885—Winter Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 2d November.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, T.F.S. Daily, Exp. Daily, A.M., P.M. Stations include Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, Aylesford, Berwick, Waterville, Kentville, Fort Williams, Wolfville, Grand Pre, Avonport, Lisiansport, Windsor, Halifax.

GOING WEST. Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W.P. daily, Accm. Daily. Stations include Halifax, Windsor, Annapolis, Grand Pre, Avonport, Lisiansport, Kentville, Waterville, Berwick, Aylesford, Middleton, Bridgetown, Annapolis.

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Empress will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, returning same days.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Mon., Wed. and Frid. p. m. for Digby.

The steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis every Thursday p. m. for Boston and returns from Boston every Monday p. m.

The steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Saturday p. m. on arrival of W. C. R. Y. train from Digby. Returning leaves Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8:00 a. m. every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6:30 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations. P. Innes, General Manager. Kentville, Oct. 28, 1885.

W. B. & N. CO.

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N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Gaspereau, Sept 18th.

Money to Loan! The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred. Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885. E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

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READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885. DR. NORTON: Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an shirley cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt. Brock of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Yours truly, Mrs. John Knight.

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver and Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Ass Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denson, was sick with Sciatica for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Liniment and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

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