

POETRY.

DO IT NOW.

If you have a kind word—say it, Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest; If you owe a kindness—pay it, Life's sun hurries to the west.

SELECT STORY.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

CHAPTER I.

CONTINUED.

Then she fell to dreaming—dreaming of what? Of a few softly spoken words at the close of a small party; of a few glances that had seemed to mean so much, and in reality meant so little.

But it was a hard task she had to perform. How could she forget him, when his dear image filled her mind and heart, and her one wish was to see him again?

It was a charming, fresh young face that the oval mirror reflected; small and pointed with pensive, dark brows, and deep blue eyes, shaded with long dark lashes; the light above toned her hair into rich red gold.

Downstairs in the drawing-room Mrs. Palmer had dismissed her admirers and was also looking in the glass, putting her head first on this side, then on that, taking a step or two back, smiling and making eyes.

"This gown does not suit me," she declared, pettishly. "What a fool I was to put it on; it makes the shoulders so high and broad. I can't think what Elise could have been about. I believe he's in love already," she went on musingly, "and I do believe I hate the man, a conceited, stuck-up old brute. Oh, Eve, dear," as the girl came in, "do you think you can alter these sleeves for me, they are frightful!"

"Why, mother, I like them. I think they suit you very well." "Do you?" she responded eagerly. Mrs. Palmer prized her daughter's opinion, it was always so candid. "Do you really think it suits me—the color and the trim?"

"Yes, indeed I do. You look very nice this afternoon." The gentle praise raised Mrs. Palmer's falling spirits; she gave a coquettish shake of the head, and sitting down to the piano, played a waltz, stopping to say with great decision— "That man's engaged."

Evelyn was busy with some embroidery, a piece of red silk; she did not pause in her work, though the colors seemed to deny to blend together, and she made two or three stitches wider, and she said— "What man, mother?"

later he had entered into conversation with the stranger, who seemed so anxious to strike up an acquaintance as Denny was. Evelyn was fond of rinking; the quick movement, the whirl of the flying wheels, the music, all had a charm for her. She was a graceful skater, and as she skimmed past the man, his eyes followed her with unweild admiration. Just then Mrs. Palmer's little feet became unmanageable, and after a brief struggle and a little, frightened cry for help, she sank into an elegant position at the feet of her valiant Dick—whether by design or accident no one knew. The tall stranger and her boy lover rushed to the rescue, and between them escorted her to a chair.

"I am afraid you are very much shaken," the former said, courteously. "Will you allow me to fetch you a glass of wine?" "No thanks; please do not trouble. I shall be all right directly," and she gazed up at the odd looking face bent above her with a faint smile.

"A cup of tea?" Dick suggested full of anxiety. "Allow me to get you one," and without more ado, the stranger hastened away. Mrs. Palmer at once forgot her tumble, and turning to her boyish admirer, with a little sigh of satisfaction said eagerly— "Who is he, Dick?"

"In the army, staying at 'The Grand,' a swell, I think," poor Dick answered bravely, and unflinchingly cutting his own throat, for when the swell reappeared Mrs. Palmer bestowed on him one of her sweetest smiles, which caused the boy a sickening pang of jealousy.

"It is most kind of you," she said gratefully taking the cup he offered her, and then, somehow, they managed to discover some mutual friend, whom both had known long ago and had not met for years, but who served as a sort of introduction.

It is odd that you should be acquainted with the Gregs," she said. "They are connections of my late husband's family, Gregory Greg? Ah! he must have been one of the sons. I mix them up so; such a big family; and I haven't met them for quite a long time."

"No?—I have quite lost sight of them," he replied, and then he won the widow's good opinion for ever. "How splendidly your sister skates!"

"My sister? People always make that mistake. Evelyn is my daughter. Dear girl, she looks old for her age; any one would take her to be nineteen. Ah, I was married long before I was that age," and Mrs. Palmer sighed softly.

It was a falsehood, but she had told it so often she had grown to believe it true. "Really?" her new friend ejaculated. "You astonish me. I don't like to doubt a lady, but at the same time I can hardly credit it. I imagined there was about two years' difference in your ages."

"Well, I assure you it is true, and what is more she keeps me terribly in order. I know she will scold me dreadfully for talking with a babyish post. "Surely not," he said, bending down to look at the upturned face. "She could hardly be so cruel. Will you not allow me to call? You know I am a personal friend of your mother's."

Mrs. Palmer tossed her golden curls, and gave Evelyn a disdainful glance, as much as to say, "You do not like him because he is not my mother's friend." "I thought I should have said something rude once or twice," the girl went on scornfully. "He must have thought us suspicious, mother, to talk as he did."

"I admit nothing of the sort. Naturally, as most of his life had been spent abroad, his ideas and manners must be un-English, but he is a perfect gentleman."

Evelyn stuck staunchly to her colors. "I don't think he is, and if those are Anglo-Indian names, I don't like them," but despite her opposition, the intimacy between Captain Valentine Gordon throve space.

Hardly a day passed that he did not call, either with tickets, flowers or bouquets. Evelyn rarely saw him; she disliked him intensely, and to her idea he did not improve on acquaintance. In appearance he was not particularly prepossessing; a narrow, foxey face, with small light eyes, close set, a heavy black moustache hid the mouth, that Evelyn felt instinctively was hard and cruel; his closely cropped hair was growing thin at the top and bare about the temples; and his skin was a network of wrinkles.

In her secret heart Mrs. Palmer neither liked or admired his crafty intrigues. He was really greatly flattered by his obvious admiration for herself, though at times she felt rather uncomfortable and doubtful when she found the small eyes fixed on Evelyn, who was never even civil to him—in fact she was often downright rude, refusing to accept any trifling gift from him, and only speaking when obliged, generally taking herself off the minute he arrived and spending the time with her young brothers and sisters. Mrs. Palmer in no way objected to this; she found the tele-tele-very pleasant. And so three weeks passed, and on Sir Ralph Tempest did not return.

CHAPTER II. "He will never come again," Evelyn often told herself—that is whenever she allowed her thoughts to dwell on the subject, which was not often. But she was wrong. He did come again, and as it often happens when he was not expected, and when she was not even thinking of him. It was on a cold dull afternoon of Mrs. Palmer had gone to an 'At-home,' and Evelyn, who had been kept in the house by a bad cold, was curled up in a big chair before the draw, reading a new novel. In the midst of a thrilling scene, the sound of a given twenty double knock came to her, but she paid no heed and had forgotten it before the door was opened and someone entered—entered quite softly, so that the girl was not aware. She made a pretty picture in her ruffled reddish hair showing in soft little curls about the nape of her neck; her head was bent over the book, which was resting on the arm of the chair. Then she looked up and saw him, and the book slipped to the ground, her eyes of a sudden grew soft, dark and misty; she held out her hand at once and he felt it tremble in his.

"I never heard you come in. Did you tell your mother you were out?" she asked, blushing slightly. "Yes, and I must see you to forgive me for coming in unannounced." He had taken a chair close beside hers, and leaning forward picked up the book she had dropped, and the girl let her startled eyes rest on his. How comely he was; so different, so entirely different from Captain Gordon, she shuddered at the very thought of that new friend of her mother's. Little did she guess of the perplexing thoughts that were crowding through Sir Ralph's mind, as he turned the leaves and talked of the tale she had been reading. He was wondering all the while if Evelyn Palmer was what she appeared to be, or if she was vain, shallow, and frivolous like her mother. "Like mother, like daughter." How those words troubled him! To be sure, he had known her ever since he had known the girl. He longed to call her his own; he loved her as he had never loved any woman, and yet he was afraid—held back by the fear that she might grow like her mother. He had gone up to town intending to put an end to it; he had seen her, and she had come with poor Mrs. Palmer on that afternoon that he felt it would be intolerable to be connected with her in any way, but though he entered into every sort of gaiety, Evelyn's pure sweet face haunted him always, and he could not see her again, and so returned, determined to sift her character to the very bottom.

There was a brief silence between them, during which Sir Ralph looked tenderly at the girl who attracted him in spite of himself and that strange barrier of mist that rose between him and the wish of his heart. The thought of Mrs. Palmer repelled him when he would have told the girl all that was in that heart. It was cruel to judge Evelyn by her mother, cruel and unjust, and afterwards he bitterly regretted the doubt that had caused him to be so long in coming. "Did you have a pleasant time in town?" she asked speaking first and blushing a little under his persistent gaze. He shook his head, smiling at her. "No, I cannot say it was very pleasant, and I am glad to get down here again. I suppose you are looking forward anxiously for the season?"

"I don't know," she said, puckering her brows. "Sometimes I think I shall not like it at all, and at others I feel as if I should enjoy myself immensely. I love dancing, so I ought to."

"Do you?" Then after a pause, "Do you know I should not like my wife to waltz with anyone but me." He had put down the book and was staring before him, stroking his moustache. "That would be intensely selfish," Evelyn laughed, "unless you are very first rate." "Do you think it is selfish," he asked, looking at her. "Would you refuse such a simple request?" "I—I thought we were talking of your future wife," she faltered, growing crimson. "I don't know what I should do. I have never thought of it." He leaned towards her and bent his glowing eyes upon her; she looked so guileless, so innocent in her confusion, that he threw back his head and laughed. "Wonder if you will care to hear all I should like to say," he began, speaking softly, so that her heart throbbled in a wild way, and her eyes dropped as she answered, as lightly as she could— "Is it something important?" "Very to me, but to you—well, I am rather in suspense."

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

JULY 1.—Robert MacKay of Campbell, was visiting at Jas. P. Boies today. George and Daniel Spencer have made an improvement on their barn and out buildings.

Our school master, L. A. Smith, has commenced work today with a large force under statute labor. He intends doing it as well as possible. Every young man should do their road work, for they need it as much as anyone to drive on.

Our esteemed school teacher, Miss M. E. Parker, is giving up teaching. She intends going to Boston to take charge of a school there at a higher salary. She will be missed very much.

All our young ladies and gentlemen drove down to Bloomsburg yesterday, to see the Forests parade. In the evening, Rev. E. Bell preached a Foresters sermon. E. Bell has gone to P. E. I. on a visit for his health. He left another young man in his place.

Sandie Johnson has returned home from Houlton, where he has been working the last two years. Rev. J. McArthur, Presbyterian minister, preached yesterday to a large congregation. William McLellan has gone to Houlton to work.

Bob McNeill of Nashua, is here today with his grey stallion. David McLellan had his house, barn, and other buildings, with all their contents burned on the 24th. He had one thousand dollars insurance on the buildings.

James McLellan of Texas river, has returned home from out west, where he had been working for some years. George W. Parker is doing some fine painting on the new church.

Sanders Price has commenced to build a new wagon house. It is the talk that Miss Gertrude Gilmore of Stanley, has applied for our school. Edith Spencer and Isabel Standish, have gone to Laddow to visit friends.

Charles Smith has a fine light grey colt, which stands sixteen and a half hands high. The Lynch bros. have all their drivers at the Bar, where the corporation commences. The twinning drive has also got to work with George Van Hornes as the Passamaquoddy tribe.

Mr. Richards has made a quick drive of his lumber for the season. Saunders Price took the largest drive out of McLean brook this spring. The like has not been done for many a year.

WILL BE BURIED ALIVE.

Mindreader Seymour to be Planted in Six Feet of Earth. A despatch from Toledo, Ohio, says: "Seymour, the mind reader, was in Toledo yesterday on his way to Chicago, where he is going to be buried alive after the manner of the Indian magicians who say they can suspend animation by swallowing their tongues and controlling the heart and mind."

"My coffin has gone ahead," said Mr. Seymour. "It is a facsimile of the one in which General Grant remains now rest and cost \$3,000. It is made in three sections, one fitting inside the other. I will be buried six feet deep in this coffin. Signals will be arranged so if things do not go right I can communicate with soldiers on the outside who will guide me to the grave. Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sown over the grave. I will remain buried till the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the disinterment will take place. I won't come packing until the September 24th. I am positive I can do it and the scientific men who are assisting me are beginning to think so too."

DISCOVERED AT LAST—A remedy that is safe, sure, and Painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Putnam & Co., Kingston.

The First Patient.—Young Dr. Meyer is sitting in a crowded waiting. Enter Johann, his servant, who says in a loud voice, "O doctor, come home at once, there's a patient waiting for you. Then he whispers into the doctor's ear. I have locked the front door so he can't get away."

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENTS. Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use. Consumption, Scrophula, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and all forms of Wasting Diseases. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations. Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Delft.

THE CAREFUL WIFE.—Why don't you enter your pudding? Husband—'I'm afraid the pudding will get my stomach out of order. Well, suppose it does. That's better than throwing it into the slop barrel. How many more.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatism 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. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Accounted For.—But you are not French; you are Irish. I want a French nurse. Shure, mum, an' o'm French nonsense. I can tell from your brogue that you are Irish. Ah, mum, shure it's due to me havin' been employed in Dublin for tin years.

F. G. BLACKLOCK, of Cape Spencer light station, tried all kinds of remedies for rheumatism, that had left him almost unable to walk, and at last got Dr. Manning's German Remedy. He had finished a bottle he could walk without a cane. This marvelous painkiller is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinalis, Strains, Bruises, Colic, Chills, Stomach and all pains and aches, either internal or external. An invaluable household remedy. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents.

Harm Treatment.—Judge Duffy—You have been up here twenty times for being drunk. I'll have to punish you, O yes, nobody ever offers to reward me for being sober, and I've been sober time and again, but let me get drunk, and then I get it in the neck every time.

No Funds. Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take SCOTT'S EMULSION. Off Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites to increase your energy and to make good your account at the bank of health.

Just Received. Two dozen Grand Rapid Carpet Sweepers. For sale low by James S. Neill.

NEW DRUG STORE. 2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK. QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON. Having severed my connection with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I purpose opening up business on my own account on or about May 15th, in the store formerly occupied by the CANADIAN Express Company, two doors below Peoples Bank.

With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally. Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES. April 29, 1893.

The Sunday Sun. Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

Meat Choppers. JUST RECEIVED. 4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned Iron, Best Meat Choppers in the country—well established fact. The tinned is much better than the Galvanized Iron. These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian AND American Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.

Imperial Baking Powder. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious. E. W. CILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE. 196 Queen Street. 5 Gross HIRES' ROOT BEER Daily expected. Just Received: LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR, DIAMOND DYES. JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist.

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, AND TINSMITH. WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed business on Queen Street, OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

WM. WILSON, Agent. NEW SEEDS. G. T. WHELPLEY, Has now on hand, a Large Stock of Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats. ALSO—BRADLEY'S Superphosphate, In Large and Small quantities. 310 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Patterns HOUSE PAPERS. HALL'S BOOK STORE. REFRIGERATORS. JUST RECEIVED. 12 Refrigerators, the best value of any in our market, in several styles and sizes, and well finished. Experience has taught us after handling many other kinds, that this kind are away ahead of anything yet. Please send your orders. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Farm for Sale. THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 500 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation. There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair. For further particulars apply to JOHN A. EDWARDS, Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N.B.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian AND American Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.

McMURRAY & Co. P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAM paper with BORDERS to match. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents. McMurray & Co.

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