POETRY.

HYMNS THAT MOTHER LOVED.

There's nothing like the old hymn tunes That mother used to love: I kinder think she sings them now Before the throne above.

They bring me back the country church. With floor and benches bare, The country-folks in Sunday clothes The preacher's thin white hair.

The leader with his tuning-fork. Who use to set the key : He taught the village singing-school, A martinet was he.

And when he lined the verses out, My, how the folks did sing! You see those people felt it all ; They made the rafters ring!

And then at home on Sunday night, We had our family choir, With father, mother, girls and boys, Around the open fire.

And mother would fold her busy hands And kinder close her eyes, And look as if she saw the light Of mansions in the skies.

I've travelled far and wide since then. And famous singers heard. I've heard the great musicians play. But nothing ever stirred

My soul as did those old hymn tune The saints and martyrs knew ; They sang them through the fire and flood And mother loved them too !

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO:

-OR THE-

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CONTINUED. CHAPER XVII.

BREAD AND SALT.

Madame de Morcerf entered an archway of trees with her companion. It was a grove of lindens, conducting to a taking his hand; at the same time she at least towards the poor widow. She conservatory.

"It was too warm in the room, was it not, count?" she asked.

'Yes, madame; and it was an excellent idea of yours to open the doors and the blinds." As he ceased speaking, the count felt the hand of Mercedes tremble. "But you," he said, "with that light dress, and without anything to cover you but that heart, and before she had taken ten steps gauze scarf, perhaps you feel cold?"

you?" said the countess, without replying you agree?" asked Albert astonished. to the question of Monte-Cristo. "No, madame," replied Monte-Cristo; "did you not hear her declare that we

"but you see I am making no resistance." were friends?" They re-entered the "We are going to the greenhouse that drawing-room, which Valentine and Mad-

The marchioness raised her head at ness concerns Valentine; let us leave the "But only her; do you, then, still hate this word, and beholding the man who dead in peace." All this was said with such exceeding "I hate them? not at all; why should

so forcibly reminded her of her deeply rerapidity, that there was something in the gretted child, who still lived for her in Valentine, she felt touched at the name conversation that seemed like the com-The countess placed herself before Monte-Cristo, still holding in her hand a of mother; and bursting into tears, she nencement of a delirium.

portion of the perfumed grapes. "Take fell on her knees before an arm-chair, where she buried her venerable head. some," she said. Villefort left her to the care of the women "Madame, I never eat Muscatel grapes,"

replied Monte-Cristo, as if the subject had while old Barrois ran, half scared, to his master; for nothing frightens old men so not been mentioned before. much as when death relaxes its vigilance The countess dashed the grapes into

the nearest thicket, with a gesture of despair. "Inflexible man!" she murmured. Monte-Cristo remained as unmoved as if ame de Saint-Meran, still on her knees. the reproach had not been addressed to

those who separated you?"

"Ah, indeed !"

together.

asked.

Mademoiselle Danglars?"

for a hackney-coach, and went himself to him. Albert at this moment ran in. fetch his wife and daughter from Madame "Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, "such a de Morcerf's. He was so pale when he misfortune has happened!" appeared at the door of the ball-room. "What? what has happened?" asked that Valentine ran to him, sayingthe countess, as though awaking from a

"Oh, father! some misfortune has hapsleep to the realties of life; did you say a misfortune? Indeed, I should expect pened!" "Your grandmamma has just arrived, misfortunes." Valentine," said M. de Villefort.

"M. de Villefort is just arrived in Paris bringing the news of M. de Saint-Meran's "And grandpapa?" inquired the young death, which took place on the first stage girl, trembling with apprehension. M. after he left Marseilles. Madame de de Villefort only replied by offering his Villefort, who was in very good spirits, arm to his daughter. It was just in time, would neither believe nor think of the for Valentine's head swam and she stagmisfortune ; but Mademoiselle Valentine, gered; Madame de Villefort instantly at the first words, guessed the whole truth, hastened to her assistance, and aided her notwithstanding all the precautions of husband in dragging her to the carriage, her father; the blow struck her like a saying, "What a singular event! Who

thunderbolt, and she fell senseless." could have thought it? Ah. ves. it is in-"And how was M. de Saint-Meran redeed strange!" And the wretched family lated to Mademoiselle de Villefort?" said departed, leaving a cloud of sadness hanging over the rest of the evening. At the the count. "He was her grandfather on the moth-

er's side. He was coming here to hasten awaiting her. her marriage with Franz." "M. Noirtier wishes to see you to-night,"

he said, in an undertone. "Franz is delayed, then. Why, is not "Tell him I will come when I leave my

M. de Saint-Meran also grandfather to dear grandmamma," she replied, feeling with true delicacy, that the person to "Albert! Albert!" said Madame de whom she could be of the most service Morcerf, in a tone of mild reproof, "what just then was Madame de Saint-Meran are you saying? Ah! count, he esteems Valentine found her grandmother in bed; you so highly, tell him that he has spoken silent caresses, heartwrung sobs, broken amiss." And she took two or three steps sighs, burning tears were all that passed forward. Monte-Cristo watched her with in this sad interview; while Madame de

an air so thoughtful, and so full of affec- Villefort, leaning on her husband's arm, tionate admiration, that she returned maintained all outward forms of respect grasped that of her son and joined them soon whispered to her husband, "I think it would be better for me to retire, with "We are friends; are we not?" she your permission, for the sight of me ap-

pears to afflict your mother-in-law." "Oh, madame, I do not presume to call Madame de Saint-Meran heard her

myself your friend, but at all times I am 'Yes, yes," she said, softly, to Valentine, your most respectful servant." The count-'let her leave; but you stay. ess left with an indescribable pang in her the count saw her raise her handkerchief "Do you know where I am leading to her eyes. "Do not my mother and

ment at the unexpected death, had followed his wife. Meanwhile. Barrois had "On the contrary," replied the count, returned for the first time to old Nortier.

TO BE CONTINUED. SAMBO'S FRAGMENT PARTY.

"We had a fragment party over in Inover them for a moment in order to strike some other old man. Then, while Mada third was bald as a billiard ball, a fourth venient for him. was minus a nose, and the fifth both ears. remained praying fervently. Villefort sent

room, and we decided that they were suficient for the five fragments of humanity; ance to prepare us for the embrace of the

drowsy god. "He tackled the bald party first. When coner. of Canterbury Station. the wig came off, Sambo's eyes opened

he had been scalped, and threatened to return to St. John. "He next waited upon the gentleman

fal bottle green. "The man with the papier-mache nose | rapid action and freedom from annoyance

lated, and when he loomed up above his foot of the stairs Valentine found Barriois robe dé chambre minus that facial organ the poor black made for the door. The oseless man headed him off. and in a

voice that sounded like of a wheezy ghost ommanded him to complete his task. "Both arms of the next man came off. and we had to pour a bottle of wine down Sambo before his knees would resume business at the old stand The mourning of the four men for their lost members and their dire threats of vengeance were ringing in his ears when he attempted to remove my boots. He tugged until his eyes bulged out; then I loosened the strap and let 'em go. He staggered to his feet holding a leg in each hand, gave a yell that could be heard a mile, and jumped through the window without

waiting to raise the sash." MOUTH KESWICK.

The ladies of both the Baptist and Free Madame de Villefort left, and Valentine remained alone beside the bed, for the king's proctor, overcome with astonishand profitable means of passing the winter stale? afternoons and evenings.

Mr. Miller of that place.

of Court Keswick, I. O. F.

mother. Mrs. Tracy.

y waiting for snow.

he reckoned.

the woods.

at Fredericton, has returned.

ericton to spend the winter.

to spend the winter.

The Jubilee singers gave an entertainment here on Monday evening, 5th inst., who, heaeing the noise in the house, had, which was so highly appreciated that and is characterized by swellings, abscesas we have said, sent his old servant to they were asked to give another, which ses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is ire the cause; on his return, his dience on the foley did to a large au

to Gibson and his place has been filled by

Miss Lily Yerxa has gone to Boston to

The Rev. W. Hickson, who died at

pringfield, Kings Co., a few days ago,

Mrs. Farmer, of McAdam, is visiting her

Miss Minnie Dunphy has gone to Fred-

Many of the young men have gone to

The travelling is bad on account of the

roughness of the roads; many are patient-

BANANA PEEL ON THE SIDEWALK.

he ran like a deer and shouted and

The street car had passed, but to catch it

was the first to be taken from the ranks

Miss Ella Colter who has been

Chas. Coburn has gone to Boston.

Dec. 9.-The children belonging to the Loyal Legion of this place, are preparing to hold a concert and Christmas tree, on Christmas Eve. As they are being very carefully trained, a good time may be expected by all.

FREDERICTON JUNCTION

Rev. G. W. Foster has purchased the farm, a few miles above the Junction, formerly occupied by Charles Webb. This

dianapolis the other day," said Major Joe will necessitate the removal of Bro. Fos-Schwander. "There were five of us. ter from our midst, but our loss will be One had lost both legs, another both arms his gain, as the place is much more con

The public examination of the school Every one had appealed to art to make in this place is to be held in the primary good the deficiency of nature. After en- department Thursday and in principal joying several bottles of blue label, we Alexander's room Friday. The scholars oncluded that we would spend the night of the advanced department will undergo noether. There were two beds in the a written examination the following week. P. A. Nason, one of our merchants, i rejoicing over a domestic event in the so we told the colored gentleman in attend- shape of a beautiful little daughter.

Miss Maggie Patterson of this place, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Fal-Miss Stella Dewitt, who has been visit

wide. The bald gentlemen insisted that ing her parents of this piace, is about to TERRA

UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY with the wax ears, and they came off with Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to his undershirt. We all gave voice to a be heard from in which Putnam's Painless cry of horror, and Sambo turned a beauti- Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and

begged hard that he might not be muti- during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Safe, sure, pain less. Beware of frauds offered as substi tutes for the great corn cu.s -- Putnam's

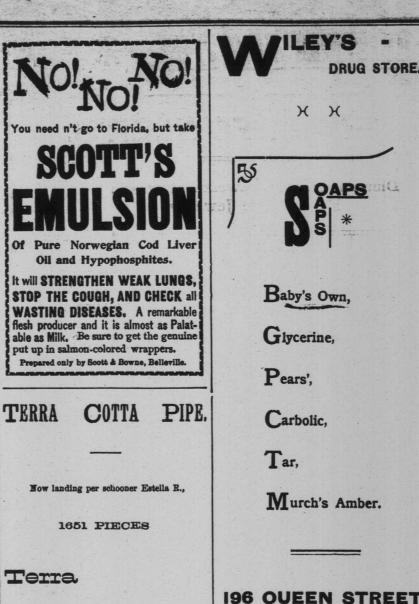
Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Joe? What's that, sir! Why, for

istence in another form - perhaps been a being like myself. On, no doubt the cow's been a calf.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY .- South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatisn and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkabe and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly bene Staples & Co.

Miss Younge - Why do you not marry, Baptist churches of this place uphold their lots of good fish in the sea. Miss Y.sewing circles thus affording a pleasant But don't you think the bate is a little

THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY Scrofula often shows itself in early life



Cotta

Pipe.

For sale low by

colonel? Col. Oldboy-Oh, there are BOYCE



Books on History, Books for Sunday Schools, Teachers Bibles. Besides many other requisites too

-

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

TINSMITH

WOULD inform the people of Freder acton and vicinity that he has re

above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

is prepared to fill all orgers i

you see at the end of this grove.'

interrogate her, but she continued walking in silence; on his side, Monte-Cristo also said nothing. They reached the building ornamented with magnificent fruits, which ripen even in July in the at the house of de Villefort. After the artificial temperature which takes the ladies had departed for the ball, whither place of the sun, so frequently absent in all the entreaties of Madame de Villefort our climate. The countess left the arm had tailed in persuading him to accomof Monte-Cristo, and gathered a bunch of pany them, the king's proctor had, as Muscatel grapes. "See, count," she said, usual, shut himself up in his study, with with a smile, so sad in its expression that a heap of papers calculated to alarm any one could almost see the tears on her eye- one else, but which generally scarcely lids, "see, our French grapes are not to satisfied his inordinate desires. But this be compared, I know with yours of Sicily | time the papers were a mere matter of and Cyprus, but you will make allowance form. Villefort had not secluded himfor our northern sun." The count bowed self to study, but to reflect ; and, with the ek. "Do you refuse?" door locked, and orders given that he but :



magnificent peach was hanging against with so many bitter thoughts and bitter an adjoining wall, ripened by the same recollections.

artificial heat. Mercedes drew near and plucked the fruit. "Take this peach, enemies would have waited so patiently then." she said. The count again refused. and laboriously for so long a space of "What, again!" she exclaimed, in so time, that they might now come and plaintive an accent that it seemed but to crush me with the secret. What interest stifle a sob; "really, you pain me." A can this Monte-Cristo, or Zaccone, son of long silence succeeded this scene; the a ship-owner of Malta, discoverer of a peach, like the grapes, was rolling on the mine in Thessaly, now visiting Paris for ground. "Count," added Mercedes, with the first time-what interest, I say, can a supplicating glance, "there is a beauti- he take in discovering a gloomy, mysteriful Arabian custom, which makes eternal ous, and useless fact like this? In no friends of those who have together eaten | period, in no case, in no circumstance, bread and salt beneath the same roof." could there have been any contact between him and me."

"I know it madame," replied the count; "but we are in France and not in Arabia; and in France eternal friendships are as he himself did not believe. He was rare as the custom of divding bread and imagining a future limited to the enjoyments of home, fearing to awaken the salt with one another."

"But," said the countess, breathlessly, enemy that had so long slept. The noise with her eyes fixed on Monte-Cristo, of a carriage sounded in the yard, then he whose arm she convulsively pressed with heard the steps of an aged person ascendboth hands, "we are friends, are we not?' ing the stairs, followed by tears and The count became pale as death, the lamentations, such as servants always asblood rushed to his heart, and then again sume when they wish to appear interested rising, dyed his cheeks with crim- in their master's grief. He drew back the son; his eyes swam like those of a man | bolt of his door, and almost directly an suddenly dazzled. "Certainly, we are old lady entered, unannounced, carrying friends," he replied; "why should we her shawl on her arm and her bonnet in not be?" The answer was so little like her hand.

the one that Mercedes desired, that she Villefort rose, and run towards his turned away to give vent to a sigh, which mother-in-law, for it was she. "Why, sounded more like a groan. "Thank what can have happened?" he exclaimed, you," she said. And they recommenced "what has thus disturbed you? Is M. walking. They went the whole length de Saint-Meran with you?" of the garden without uttering a word. "M. de Saint-Meran is dead !" answer-

"Sir," suddenly exclaimed the countess ed the old marchioness, without preface, after their walk had continued ten without expression; she appeared stupiminutes in silence, "is it true that you fied, Villefort drew back, and clasping his have seen so much, travelled so far, and hands together, exclaimed, "Dead! so suddenly?' suffered so deeply? "A week ago," continued Madame de

"I have suffered deeply, madame," answered Monte-Cristo. "But now you are happy?"

"Doubtless," replied the count, "since no one hears me complain."

"And your present happiness, has softened your heart?" "My present happiness equals my past

misery," said the count. "Are you not married?" asked the

into such a deep sleep, that it appeared to countess "I married!" exclaimed Monte-Cristo, me unnatural: still I hesitated to wake shuddering; "who could have told you him, when I fancied his face become red.

80?" "No one told me vou were: but vou have frequently been seen at the opera it became dark, and I could no longer see with a young and lovely person."

"She is a slave whom I bought at Constantinople, madame, the daughter of a his dreams, and he suddenly threw his mother, Valentine may at least have a people of Canada are smoking the best prince. I have adopted her as my daught- head back. I stopped the pastillion, I grandmother to bless her marriage. I am tobacco which can be produced, at a er, having no one else to world." rived at Aix by the side of a corpse." gotten, sir."

"You live alone, then?" "I do."

eme de Villefort had just quitted. Montequick and intelligent eye interrogated the lowing Wednesday evening. The count looked at Mercedes as if to Cristo departed almost at the same time. messenger. "Alas, sir!" exclaimed Barrois, "a great misfortune has happened. here for some time has been transferred CHAPTER XVIII. Madame de Saint-Meran has arrived, and MADAME DE SAINT-MERAN.

her husband is dead !" A gloomy scene had indeed just passed M. de Saint-Meran and Noirtier had never been on strict terms of friendship; still the death of one old man always considerably affects another. Noirtier let his head fall upon his chest apparently, overwhelmed and thoughtful; then, closing one eye, he enquired, "Mademoiselle Valentine?" Noirtier nodded his head. "She is at the ball, as you know, since

she came to say good-bye to you in full dress." Nortier again closed his left eye. "Do you wish to see her?" Nortier again made an affirmative sign. "Well, they have gene to fetch her, no doubt, tremuleus, voice, should not be disturbed, excepting for from Madame de Morcerf's : I will await important business, he sat down in his her return, and beg her to come up here. er eat Musca'el arm-chair, and began to ponder over those Is that what you wish for?"

apes." Mercedes let them fall and sighed, A during the last eight days, filled his mind "Yes," replied the invalid. Barrois, therefore, as we have seen,

But Villefort uttered words which even

Saint-Meran, "we went out together in

the carriage after dinner. M. de Saint-

Meran had been unwell for some days;

still, the idea of seeing our dear Valentine

again inspired him with courage; and,

notwithstanding his illness, he would

leave; when, at six leagues from Mar-

seilles, after having eaten some of the

lozenges he is accustomed to take, he fell

and that the veins in his temples throbbed

more violently than usual. However, as

Villefort stood with his mouth half open,

watched for Valentine, and informed her of her grandfather's wish. Consequently, "No!" he murmured, "none of my Valentine came up to Noirtier, on leaving Madame de Saint-Meran, who, in the midst of her grief, had at last yielded to

would become of me?"

signs of agitation.

for your father."

this child?"

easily

beckoned. Till he planted his heel fatigue, and fallen into a feverish sleep. On a smooth bit of peel -Within reach of her hand they placed a small table, upon which stood a bottle of Then he saw half a million of stars in a

orangeade, [her usual beverage, and a second He was in too great a hurry; better glass. Then, as we have said, the young girl left the bedside to see M. Noirtier. have waited for another car. There are cases, however, where haste is necessary. Valentine kissed the old man, who looked at her with such tenderness that her eyes If you have night-sweats, feverishness again filled with tears, whose sources he weak, sore lungs and a hacking cough, do thought must be exhausted. The old not lose an hour in obtaining a suppy of gentleman continued to dwell upon her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. with the same expression. "Yes, yes," Delay in such cases are dangerous; it may said Valentine, "you mean that I have be fatal. Before the disease has made too yet a kind grandfather left, do you not?" great progress, the "Golden Medical Dis-The old man intimated that such was covery" is a certain cure. In fact, it's his meaning. "Alas! happily I have," guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money replied Valentine. "Without that, what paid for it promptly refunded.

UPPER MAGAGUADAVIC.

It was one o'clock in the morning, Barrois, who wished to go to bed himself, DEC. 8.-All the men have gone to the observed that, after such sad events, every woods, making the place quite lonesome. one stood in need of rest. Noirtier would Miss Eliza Miller has returned from not say that the only rest he needed was Lewiston, Maine. to see his child, but wished her good-Miss Emily Jamieson is at present wait

night, for grief and fatigue had made her ng on her sister, Mrs. Parker, who is very appear quite ill. The next morning she and her grandmother in bed; the fever Mr. and Mrs. H. Saunders, are receiving

had not abated; on the contrary, her eyes congratulations on the arrival of a fine son. glistened, and she appeared to be suffering Miss Sarah Hood has gone to St. John, from violent nervous irritability. "Oh, to spend the winter. dear grandmama! are you worse?" ex-

Joseph Porter has entirely recovere claimed Valentine, perceiving all these from his short illness. Judson Burke, our former teacher, paid "No, my child, no!" said Madame de

a visit here a few days since. Saint-Meran, "but I was impatiently wait-Rev. Mr. Easton was unable to fullfil ing for your arrival, that I might send his appointment, owing to the bad roads, and rev. Mr. Ross was unable to fill the "My father?" inquired Valentine, unpulpit on acount of sickness. We hope it will be of short duration.

"Yes! I wish to speak to him." Valentine durst not oppose her grandmother's A FACT which even political economists wish, the cause of which she knew not; are apt to forget is that a manufacturer's and an instant afterwards Villefort enterrate of profit is not the only essential ele ed. "Sir," said Madame de Saint-Meran, ment to success; the aggregate profit at without using any circumlocution, and, as the end of the year is of far greater imif fearing she had no time to lose, "you portance, and this in most cases is greater wrote to me concerning the marriage of out of a low rate of of profit than out of a high rate, because of the increased busi-"Yes, madame," replied Villefort, "it ness, which the lower price gives rise to. is not only projected, but arranged." It was on this principle that Messrs. "Well, sir," said Madame de Saint- Tuckett & Son acted in introducing their Meran, after a few minutes' reflection, "I now famous "Myrtle Navy" tobacco, and

I fell asleep; I was soon awoke by a pier- must hasten the marriage for I have but to this principle they have ever since adcing shrick, as from a person suffering in a short time to live, and that, having no hered. This is one of the reasons why in the called M. de Saint-Meran, I applied my all that is left to her belonging to my cheaper price than any other people can smelling-salts ; but all was over, and I ar- poor Renee, whom you have so soon for- buy a similar article.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, suit any American case. always in stock.

ment Friendship Rings. Orange in Sterling Silver. and promptly done.

"Ah, madame," said Villefort, you for- His Parting Shot.-He-But could'nt vou learn to love me Ida? She - I don't

