POETRY.

A PATH THROUGH THE CLOVER.

We strayed together where the path Goes winding through the clover, And 'cross the soft, sweat orchard grass Where apple boughs hang over. We watched the waving of the hav. All ready for the mowing, We saw the blueness of the sky, And felt the fresh winds blowing. And to our light, free hearts the day Was glad as glad could be, And nothing lacked of fair or bright For Margaret nor me.

But at the brook our ways diverged, Mine up the hillside leading. And hers across the gentle slopes Where peaceful flocks were feeding, In slight uncertainty we stood We thought not of dividing. While each the other's doubting steps Rebuked with playful chiding. In mood half vexed, half laughing, we Could never quite agree If I should cross the fields with her. Or she its hills with me.

At last we took our separate ways, Our hearts with anger burning; Each longed to call the other back, But scorned to think of turning. Ah me, had we but read aright The omen clear before us, We had less lightly held the faith No future can restore us: Nor sighed to think how better far For both of us 'twould be If I had crossed the fields with her Or she its hills with me

SELECT STORY.

TOM'S BROTHER.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

There was such a person. I had always known it. That is, ever since I had known my brother-in-law I had known he had a brother. But the brother I knew was so eminently disagreeable, and so evidently enjoyed being so, that I positively could not endure the thought of a second edition abouth the house. So every time the project as his coming was discussed, I managed skilfully to awaken mamma to the inconvenience it would be at that especial time, so no invitation would be sent.

Tom - that's my brother-in-law suspects my agency in the matter, and Now, mother, we will have that beef-tea anger and consternation. makes himself a little more disagreeable and a bit of toast." than ever to me as a consequence.

I can't for the life of me see how Annie ever came to fall in love with and marry she gave me quite repaid me for my ef- must marry a rich man! No, I have made Tom Wentworth, unless by the rule of fort at control. contrary. He is dreadfully blonde, with hair, eyebrows and mustache almost in-

saturated with chloroform, over my mouth and nostrils, I fought against it with the fury of desperation. "Oh, don't, don't," I cried, piteously Mamma, papa! I will not take it! Oh, the retreating figure of the postman, to Tom," as I caught a glimpse of his white face, "you hate me, but don't let them mitted the square white envelope addrescut my foot off. Oh, for the love of God, sed in her own peculiar unfeminine hand don't!" as the firm yet tender bands persistently pressed the cloth over my face | Blank street, Chicago, Ill.' so that I was forced to inhale the stupefying drug. "Help me, papa - help --- " Even in my desperate excitement I noted the infinite pity in the fine dark eyes and in every lineament of the handsome face bending over me, and I would be his wife! seemed to carry that remembrance with ne into oblivion. After what seemed an age of darkness and bewilderment, I struggled back to a conscious existence made up of deadly nausea and agonizing pain. I knew there were people about me they ministered tenderly to my needsbut for a long time everything seemed dream-like and unreal. But one day I was suddenly and fully aroused from my lethergic condition One of my feet felt so fearfully cold that I souht to warm it by rubbing it with the beautiful things of this world; and one the other. Then - God help me! - can you for a to a nature like hers. moment comprehend the shock it gave me? I, for the first time, realized that the foot was not there. I sat up and tore peared from sight, and a look of decision aside the bed covering. At sight of the settled down upon her face. bandaged stump I fell back in wildest hysterics. My screams brought Mamma instantly to my side; but all her efforts to to the spacious grounds which surrounded control me failed. "Let me try," said a pleasant voice, and I felt my hands grasped firmly, and the living relative, had taken her into its same voice said, authoritatively, "Hush! shelter -- "for charity's sake," Verona Be quiet!" Then, when he saw I was endeavoring tion crept into her mind. to obev him: "Look at your mother's face, my dear child. She is almost broken-hearted by your misfortune, and if you take on like away a stone" in regard to the marriage this you will kill her." that she was expected to make. I clinched my teeth to repress my sobs. and turned my startled eyes to her face. eligible offer," she said. My darling mother! Her dear face had aged ten years since last I had consciously beheld it-and those lines of care were caused by sorrow and anxiety now. I-' for me. I ceased my wild sobbing, and ron, what do you mean?" by a superhuman effort controlled my-"That is well. You are a heroine

of the few words I overheard, and when

the stranger sought to press the napkin,

igated disgust, and her face was pale with "A woman without a husband, or at least an establishment, is worse than Mother's face was wonderfully bright as she went for the food, and the loving look dead. And a woman like you. Verona you

up my mind that you shall marry Arthur "You are a brave child," went on that Wellington. He is not old; he is handpleasant voice, and I for the first time some and well connected, and he is worth

"All the same, I shall not marry him!"

auntie, you are talking absurd nonsense,

for Mr. Wellington has never asked me

She wrote a hurried line to Edgar, tel-VERONA'S LOVE. ling him that her love was unaltered, but told him also that she had come to the BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS. conclusion that marriage for them would

be madness. She wrote as kindly as pos-If she had not only sent that letter! She stood for a long time gazing after sible; but when Edgar Lyndon would reach the signature, "your unworthy Verona." he would realize that there was whose tender mercies she had just comno hope for him. Then she slipped her engagement-ring into the envelope and sent the letter off at once. to "Arthur Wellington, Esq., No 120 After that, lest her courage fail her, she

She had sent it upon the impulse of a sudden decision, yet with a strange, uneasy feeling, -a regret - remorse - she hardly knew what. She would give the world now to recall it; yet in that letter she had told Arthur Wellington that she Verona Devron's dark eyes were full of pain, and her face expressed her inward doubt as the wisdom of the step that she

had taken. She did not love this man -"Oh, not anything but love!" she had and down the garden-walk, for her face cried, in the depths of her doubting, pale and haggard, her eyes full of misery. troubled heart - but he was a wealthy She was aroused by the sound of hurried footsteps, and Mrs. Langdon came flying banker, and she-well her income sufto her side, her face pale and troubled, in ficed to keep her in gloves and bonnets one hand a telegram. and a dress or so occasionally. This, besides her actual necessities, was all. And "Verona," she panted, brokenly," Ar-

thur Wellington is dead !" she was proud and ambitious; she loved A look of horror flashed into Verona's can imagine what such a temptation was eves.

"Oh, no!" she cried "aunt Langdon, it can not be possible." She turned her head as the fast-retreat-"It is possible. The telegram is from ing form of the postman finally disapthe firm Wellington & Co., bankers, and states that he died suddenly of heart dis-

"It is done!" she exclaimed, moving When the first shock was over, Verona, slowly down the long garden-walk, on incrushed and repentant for the wrong that she had done, wrote a long letter of ex-Mrs. Langdon's handsome home-her home, since Mrs. Langdon, being her sole planation to Edgar Lyndon, telling him all, and that she loved him, and would be his wife, no matter how poor he might be. She ended with an earnest appeal for for-Devron muttered, bitterly, as the recollecgiveness, and begged him to come to her. He was not long in obeying her summons She had a beautiful face, this Verona And the news that he brought was wonand her aunt Langdon haunted her with

derful the "continual dropping that weareth When he had written her that eager letter, telling her that he would soon be with her and that he had just received "Of course, a girl with your face, my the intelligence that he had fallen heir to dear Verona, need not wait long for an a fortune. He had thought best to wait until he met Verona before telling her "But, aunt" - Verona dusky eyes were the good news. Then her letter had full of protest - "I don't want to marry come, which had broken the bonds between them. But now all was well. "Don't want to marry! Verona Dev They were married not long afterward and even aunt Langdon could find no Aunt Langdon's tone was full of unmit

fault with the bridegroom, who gave his bride a palace home and a wedding gift of the most magnificent diamonds imaginable. But when Verona Lyndon remembers

a certain letter that she once wrote, it is with a shudder at thought of her escape THE PLANETS IN OCTOBER.

Scientific American. Jupiter is the evening star, and, though

A DREADFUL PRISON. No One Who Enters Ever Returns to the World Again.

Some fifty miles from St. Petersburg, upon the lake of Ladoga, there is a small granite island entirely occupied by a fortress. It is Schlusselburg, the dreadful prison of state, worse than the French bastile, worse than the foretress of St.

Peter and St. Paul, with its Troubetzoi wrote a hasty line of acceptance to Mr. and Aleneevsky Ravelins and its under-Wellington. It was clear late at night ground cells. The most resolute of the when she concluded to write that letter revolutionists, men and women, who which was to decide her whole future. have taken part in actual conspiracies. She would arise early, and when the postwhom it is not considered safe to keep in man made his morning round, her letter the fortress of Peter and Paul, are sent would go with him. And now it was there, says Free Russia. The absence of done - the die was cast; yet she was the any inhabitants except those employed most wretched of women. If only she in service renders it possible to isolate the had not sent that letter! Full of sad reprisoners to a degree unattainable anygrets for her hasty action, she paced up where else. No one is allowed to land upon the island. Sentinels have orders to shoot anyone who approaches. If the near relatives of a prisoner inquire concerning him at the police department in

St. Petersburg they are sometimes told "alive" or "dead." Sometimes no answer is given. The soldiers and guards are themselves prisoners who mingle only with each

other, and are carefully watched on the rare occasions when they are allowed to make a visit to the mainland. It was possible to establish secret communication with even the most jealously guarded

prisoners in St Petersburg fortress. But the fortress of Schlusselburg remained dumb like the grave it is, though some of the best-known men of the revolutionary party, in whom the greatest interest was felt among the whole body of revolutionists, were kept there. We rarely could even tell whether they were alive or dead. A few months ago, however, our friends in Russia received some news from this place of endless misery. It is very brief - only such as can be conveyed

upon a bit of paper smuggled with the greatest danger through some friendly hand. It merely tells which of the prisoners are dead and which are still alive, but even this summary is eloquent enough. We learn from it that out of the fifty-two prisoners sent there in the course of the last eight years twenty, or about forty per cent. are already dead. Several of those who survive should be added to the list of the dead. They are insane, and have lost what is as precious

if not more precious to a man than life. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been

used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs

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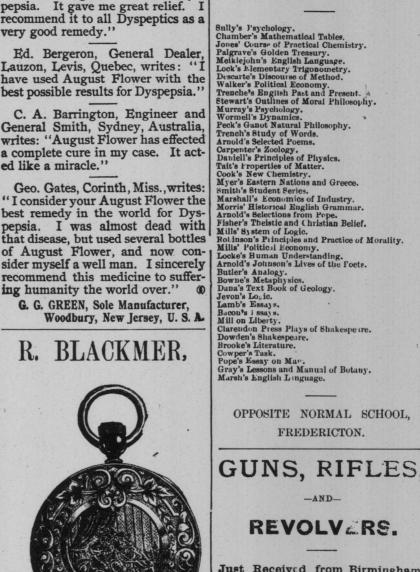


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pepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

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R.	BLACKMH

lamp-light; while she is a noticed its owner. Imagine my surprise to black little thing, almost as dark as a see again the handsome stranger "You gypsy. have suffered a terrible loss, for which cried Verona, angrily. "In the first place,

I must own Tom is good looking-I'll be just enough for that - and Annie had seen but little of him ere the wedding- share in it. I would willingly have given him for a year, and I never read better letters than he used to write - if he did write them himself, which I doubt.

He deceived her about his moneyher and papa, too - but she was so infatuated she easily forgave it. She has so much of her own, she thinks it makes no difference whether he has any or not.

Papa cared, however: When they came back from their wedding tour, and he found it had all been paid for out of Annie's money, there was a row, I tell you. Fortunately, the money is all settled upon sister in such a way Tom never can touch anything but the interest as it comes through his wife's fingers.

Papa wishes they lived in a house of their own; but he says he can't turn a daughter out-of-doors, so they stick. Tom lords it as if he owned the place, and I have come to hate him outrageousdid

ly. It's a mutual hatred, too, that's one comfort. But I was going to tell you about my for me?"

brother-in-law's brother. I have told you all this about Tom so you would understand why I could not bear the thought of seeing any more of the family. Well, I staved off his coming until Tom

and Annie had been married two years. Then a tiny puckered-up specimen of humanity appeared, over which Annie went into raptures, and even Tom became bearable for a time.

There, of course, must be a grand christening, and then I found myself powerless to longer prevent Ross Wentworth's being invited to the house. He was in had been hateful to me because I was Chicago at the time, and was telegraphed for to stand godfather to that wretched little squalling lump. I almost hated it, for it had become one of the interests of my life to fend off that objectionable fellow's approach.

Tom was jubilant and behaved more detestably than ever. I rather think the name he invariably gave me fitted at that time, if ever. My name is Kitty, but be cause he knew it always ruffled my temper, he always said "little-cat."

One day when he had been meaner than usual, a brillant idea occurred to me. for life. Of course she was justly indig-What if Ross Wentworth were obliged to come? I was not under obligations to meet him. So I sat down and wrote to Aunt Sue at F!mira, and then the result was a letter to mamma, giving good rea- it truthfully sons why I must come to her at once for a long visit.

Mamma made all sorts of objections, but I overruled them all, and it was decided I should go. his gaze

How elated I was when one clear, crisp, frosty December morning I stood upon the long platform at the station great surprise. waiting for the train. It came streaming in and a crowd of passengers poured off, with the faces of most of whom I was familiar.

One stranger, however, attracted my now?" attention, and I paused to get a better view of him. Tall, and grandly proportioned, with a manly beauty of face that seemed to me god-like. I could scarcely thing to be avoided like the plague." take my eyes off him.

It was a fatal pause to me, for just then a blundering porter came along with a huge trunk carelessly balanced on a truck. I tried to get out of the way, but time she never knew it was you," and the trank came crashing down crushing my foot under it, and knocking me over.

to be his wife. And besides, I am beday. To be sure, she corresponded with a hand to have saved you the loss and trothed already. You had forgotten that." suffering." " Verona !' "You are a doctor?" Mrs. Langdon's tone was full of con How faint and weak my voice sounded sternation. "I am Doctor Wentworth." "Yes. aunt Langdon," the girl went on, slowly, "I promised more than a year "I never heard of you. Why did not Doctor Yale -" ago to marry Edgar Lyndon!" I paused in surprise at the queer loo "A beggarly writer! A man without a single advantage save a handsome face! on his face. Mother coming in, I thought no more A scribbler, who will never reach a higher of it then, but remembered it afterward. round of the ladder than the one that he He took the waiter from her, and fed now occupies. Verona, I had rather see you dead! ne as deftly as a woman could. I was Verona's eyes flashed as she confronted surprised to find how I relished the beef-

you may cherish a grudge against us doc-

tors. But try not to hate me for my

the irate lady, with a resolute look upon tea and dainty toast -- and more surprised her face. to find myself laughing, a little later, at "All the same, auntie, I will wait for some drollery of his. Edgar," she returned, firmly. "I will be After that, although I had many an his wife, or go to my grave unwedded!" hour of grieving, I never gave way when And she really meant it - poor Verona ! any one was by, so gained credit for bear-One is moved to a little compassion in

ing my misfortune better than I really such a case. And then, that very day there came a letter from Mr. Wellington "Mother," said I, one day, "how can -a formal proposal for her hand in mar-Doctor Wentworth spare so much time riage. Verona read the letter to her aunt and threw it into the fire. "He is not practicing here, dear; he i

isiting friends in the city."

ugly to him.

was rapid.

I only stared.

"All the same you will marry him, my "Oh!" And I thought no more about dear," purred aunt Langdon, softly. Verona's eyes scintillated.

" I'll die first !" she panted. I wish I could make you understand 'Humph! I have witnessed such casomething of his appearance and manner ses before." observed Mrs. Langdon, terse-Both, to me were perfect. I soon learned ly, as she trailed her silken skirts out of to look for his coming and regret his dethe room. "She shall marry Arthur parture. Everybody was so kind to me! Wellington !" she muttered harshly to Even Tom developed an amiability which herself. "I will not be burdened with I had never given him the credit of her any longer. And she is young, and possessing, and I found myself thinking perhaps I had misjudged him-that he so beautiful, she makes me old and plain by contrast. Already I have observed desert me to pay court to her, my lovely I was in rugged, buoyant health at the

time of the accident, and so my recovery everything before her. I shall write a line Ere a month had gone by papa carried

to Wellington and advise him to persevere; me to a couch in the drawing-room. not to believe that she means all she says Then for the first time since that dreadful day I saw Annie's baby. adroitly, and it will go hard with me if I You will think me sadly depraved, but

do not win." the sight of it aroused everything hateful So a hasty letter was penned to Mr. there was in my nature. I told Annie if Wellington, giving him some valuable it had not been for that wretched little

fraud I should not have been a cripple In the meantime Verona concluded to wait a few days before answering Mr. nant, and carried the child from the room. Hearing a low laugh, I turned to find question at the same time. "Delays are Dr. Wentworth beside me. He asked an dangerous," and she did not realize what explanation of my assertion, and I gave she was doing. And right then, as fate they?"

decreed, came a letter from Edgar Lyndon He laughed when I told who. I was from the distant town where he was toilrunning away from, but it did not sound ing at his literary work; he was a pernatural. He looked at me so queerly that severing author, whose daily bread was I felt myself flushing, and could not meet all that his pen had so far been able to

procure. The letter told pecuniary losses. "Well, is he so terrible as you feared?" disappointments, delays in expected re-"Why, I have never seen him," in mittances from his publishers; a thousand cares and troubles which the poor Just then Tom came in. He crossed fellow would never have mentioned to the room to where we were, and flung

one arm across the doctor's shoulders. pour out all his griefs upon paper, know-"Ross ain't half a bad fellow, is he ing that the loving eyes which would

"Come, own up, little cat. You like my brother, if you did think him some But no, he would not think of that! "Is that your brother?" The intense

But somehow, his letter coming at this wonderment I betrayed made both men particular juncture, set Verona to thinking. For the first time she realized what her life would be as the wire of a poor

mothers, there is no mstake about it. It losing a little of the prestige that marked cures Diarrhoa, regulates the Stomach and its course in August and September, still retains its position as monarch of the starlit October nights. Observers will notice a change in the time of its appearance. He is high above the horizon when it is dark enough for the stars to come out, and sets in the small hours of the morning. He is on the meridian at 8 o'clock. and sets about half past 1 o'clock on the 31st. His diameter has decreased about 5°.0 since opposition, but it makes no perceptible difference in the brilliancy of its

earlier rising and setting and the lessen ing diameter are the tangible proofs of his obedience to the great central orb, who sways his course as irresistible as he does that of the tiny atoms of a meteor swarm.

The moon is in conjunction with Jupiter three days before the full, on the 14th, mixed. at 6 hours, 46 minutes, a. m., being 3°57

Uranus is evening star until the 25th, and then morning star. He is in conjunction with the sun on the 25th, 6 h. a. m., when he makes his appearance on the sun's western side and commences his role of morning star. The synodic period of Uranus, or the time it takes him to travel from conjunction to conjunction, is 369 days, while his sidereal period is 84 days. It will be noticed that the more distance a major planet is from the sun. the shorter is its synodic period, for, the slower the planet moves, the less space will the earth, after completing a revolution, have to travel to come into line with the planet and the sun. In the case of Jupiter, the synodic period is 1 y. 34 d.; for Saturn, it is 1 y. 13 d.; for Uranus, it is 1 y. 4 d. Uranus while evening star is in conjunction with Venus on the 17th at that my former admirers are beginning to 1 h. 40 m. a. m., being 21' south. He is in conjunction with Mercury on the 26th. young niece. And I will not stand idly the day after he becomes morning star, at by while she - a mere child - carries 7 h. 31 m. a. m., being 10' south.

A KANSAS PROPOSAL.

One blazing day in August a rival twain in regard to him. I will play my cards had wandered down by the bean-lot. The bean-lot was a plat of smooth, beaten earth where castor-beans were spread to be husked by old Sol. Pop, pop, poppety, pop, pop - came the merry sound of the beans as they broke out of their burrs

and the lovelorn swain suggested that they sit in shade where they could hear Wellington's letter and his all-important | the bean-lot artillery.

"Liz," said he, after a long pause, " your paw's beans are jest more'n poppin', ain't

"They are prime beans, too, Zeke." "Say, Liz, I wish't I-I-" "You wish't you what?" "Oh-er-nothin. But then beans pop awful easy, don't they, Liz?" "Yes, en if they was green they

wouldn't pop so well, would they?" "N-nope. En that's why I wish't

"You wish you what?" Verona, only it was such a comfort to "Oh, you're lookin' at me en I can' say it!"

"Well, I'll look over there. Now read them could see only perfection in then." himself. All his heart, all his hopes, his "Your peekin 'round." life itself was bound up in Verona Devron. "No, I hain't. Honest now." If anything should come between them -Here followed a silence in which the beans popped encouragingly.

"Go on, Zeke," said Liz. And Zeke with a mighty efford stut tered out :

"Then beans pop so easy, Liz, that I wish't-I wish't-I-was-a-bean!"

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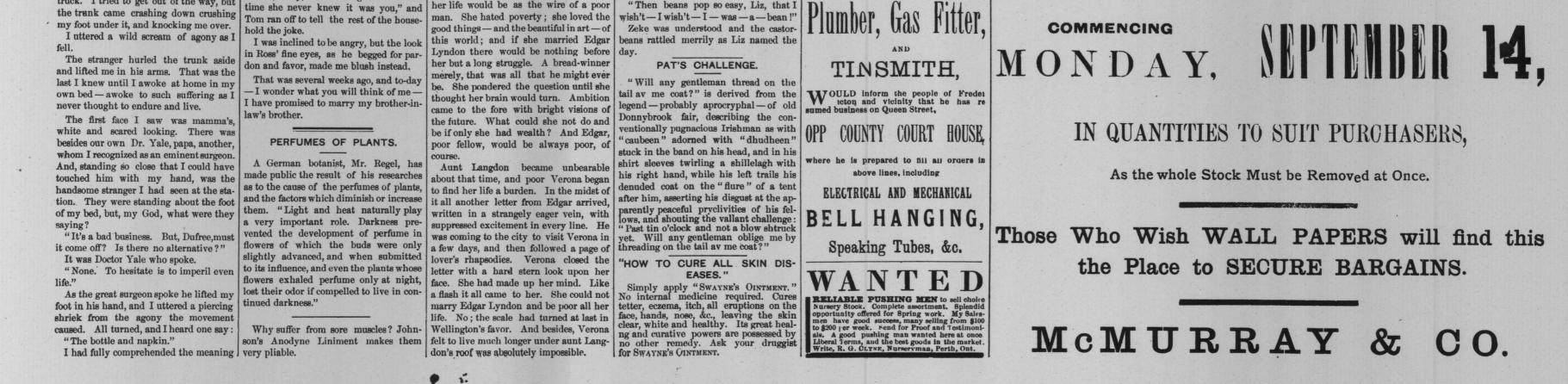
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