

WILSON'S BIG HAUL

BY T. O. MARQUIS. 'Christmas Eve' exclaimed a delicate woman to her husband...

'Her husband laid down a piece of dry bread he had in his hand, and glanced about the poor, desolate little room...

'I've just been wondering what kind of a welcome I'll get from father; he's not like you!'

'Never mind, dear; I know you would come back, and I know I'll welcome you with a warm heart...

'But I know it has, said his wife. 'I could never have held up, hadn't it been that I knew my prayer would come true...

'Well, it's none of my business. If your prayer for fish, said he cynically, 'is not answered to-night I suppose I'll have to out a hole farther out. I must go down to the river now...

'When he was gone his wife sat for a few minutes with tear-dimmed eyes. She never showed signs of grief before him...

'Ben Wilson went straight to his room, unmindful of the still beauty of the moonlight night. What was beauty to a hungry man? However, he pressed on the bank of the river for a moment to take in the view...

'Don't say another word about it, my boy! Father'll be back at daylight; he's attending to his smelt-net. I know he'll be glad to see you. But tell me how you got all these things here without awakening me.'

'Well, mother, I was afraid to come in at first, and so I looked through the back window and saw you asleep on the floor. I gently opened the door, and as I gazed at your dear face I saw the tears staining my Bible...

'No, thank you, Ferguson, I never take anything.' 'Well, but Christmas Eve! For a moment Wilson paused. After his son's business he had lost heart and taken to the bottle, adding ill to ill. The old appetite was strong within him...

But I want to see father on his return. The mother went into her chamber and lay down with her clothes on. It was now long after midnight, and her husband would be back at the first signs of daylight...

'Well, answered one quieter than the others, 'I'm glad he has strength enough to say 'No.' He's the sort of a man that should never touch liquor.'

'I believe so, though you may not, and dear, everything will come round all right yet. Last night, after you went out, I prayed that our boy might come back to us. When I lay down, his old, loving kiss seemed to fall upon my lips...

'In a few minutes they were working night and nap at the net, and they had such a large catch that it was necessary to call for help. Soon many willing hands had the bag-net on the ice. When the contents were turned out, it was found to be one of the largest catches of the year...

'I know it has, said his wife. 'I could never have held up, hadn't it been that I knew my prayer would come true some time be answered - and I can wait.'

'Well, it's none of my business. If your prayer for fish, said he cynically, 'is not answered to-night I suppose I'll have to out a hole farther out. I must go down to the river now...

'When he was gone his wife sat for a few minutes with tear-dimmed eyes. She never showed signs of grief before him, but her spirit was so full of sadness over his hopelessness, which often made him seem heartless, that she had sometimes found relief in tears, but she had never wept before...

'Ben Wilson went straight to his room, unmindful of the still beauty of the moonlight night. What was beauty to a hungry man? However, he pressed on the bank of the river for a moment to take in the view...

'Don't say another word about it, my boy! Father'll be back at daylight; he's attending to his smelt-net. I know he'll be glad to see you. But tell me how you got all these things here without awakening me.'

'Well, mother, I was afraid to come in at first, and so I looked through the back window and saw you asleep on the floor. I gently opened the door, and as I gazed at your dear face I saw the tears staining my Bible...

'No, thank you, Ferguson, I never take anything.' 'Well, but Christmas Eve! For a moment Wilson paused. After his son's business he had lost heart and taken to the bottle, adding ill to ill. The old appetite was strong within him...

'I believe so, though you may not, and dear, everything will come round all right yet. Last night, after you went out, I prayed that our boy might come back to us. When I lay down, his old, loving kiss seemed to fall upon my lips...

'In a few minutes they were working night and nap at the net, and they had such a large catch that it was necessary to call for help. Soon many willing hands had the bag-net on the ice. When the contents were turned out, it was found to be one of the largest catches of the year...

'I know it has, said his wife. 'I could never have held up, hadn't it been that I knew my prayer would come true some time be answered - and I can wait.'

'Well, it's none of my business. If your prayer for fish, said he cynically, 'is not answered to-night I suppose I'll have to out a hole farther out. I must go down to the river now...

'When he was gone his wife sat for a few minutes with tear-dimmed eyes. She never showed signs of grief before him, but her spirit was so full of sadness over his hopelessness, which often made him seem heartless, that she had sometimes found relief in tears, but she had never wept before...

'Ben Wilson went straight to his room, unmindful of the still beauty of the moonlight night. What was beauty to a hungry man? However, he pressed on the bank of the river for a moment to take in the view...

'Don't say another word about it, my boy! Father'll be back at daylight; he's attending to his smelt-net. I know he'll be glad to see you. But tell me how you got all these things here without awakening me.'

'Well, mother, I was afraid to come in at first, and so I looked through the back window and saw you asleep on the floor. I gently opened the door, and as I gazed at your dear face I saw the tears staining my Bible...

'No, thank you, Ferguson, I never take anything.' 'Well, but Christmas Eve! For a moment Wilson paused. After his son's business he had lost heart and taken to the bottle, adding ill to ill. The old appetite was strong within him...

'I believe so, though you may not, and dear, everything will come round all right yet. Last night, after you went out, I prayed that our boy might come back to us. When I lay down, his old, loving kiss seemed to fall upon my lips...

'In a few minutes they were working night and nap at the net, and they had such a large catch that it was necessary to call for help. Soon many willing hands had the bag-net on the ice. When the contents were turned out, it was found to be one of the largest catches of the year...

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription...

NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after WEDNESDAY NOV. 28th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily, as follows:-

CHATHAM RAILWAY. WINTER 1888-9. On and after MONDAY NOV. 26th, trains will run on this Railway in accordance with the following schedule:-

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND. A literary organ for boys and girls. It contains Departments of Nature; Social Hygiene; Temperance; Story and Science; Our Club; Puzzles; Home Recreation; Advice; Art; and Fun.

Teacher Wanted. A SECOND CLASS MALE TEACHER is wanted for District No. 4, Chatham. Apply stating salary expectations to the undersigned.

White Beans. In Store - 30 Barrels White Beans. For sale by G. M. BOSTWICK & CO., 20 BOTTLE STREET, MONCTON, N. B.

DR. G. J. SPROUL, DENTIST. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.

HAY. 200 TONS BEST QUALITY TIMOTHY hay and cheap by Rail delivered along line of C. P. N. & W. Railway.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, INDIGESTION, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEADACHE, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, &c.

Legal Notices.

Notice of Sale. To John R. Baldwin, of Bathurst, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Sale. To Patrick O'Connell, of the Parish of Glasgow, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Sale. To Peter Brantford, of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Sale. To Peter Brantford, of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Sale. To Peter Brantford, of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Dissolution. THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Philip J. McCall, and United Productions Business at Shipshaw, in the County of Gloucester...

Caution & Notice. I hereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walter, or to any other person who may be named in this notice...

Notice. The subscriber has on hand and will sell BROTHRO'S BULKY, weight 40 lbs; also 2 Hosiery one four year old, and one year old...

Notice. I have placed MY ACCOUNTS in the hands of John Forthampton, Esq. who is authorized to collect them.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

ALLEN'S CORN MILLER. CERTAIN REMEDY FOR HARD & SOFT CORNS. Now opening AN IMMENSE STOCK OF New Dry Goods.

Now opening AN IMMENSE STOCK OF New Dry Goods. Variety, Style and Value UNSURPASSED.

I. HARRIS & SON. Have just opened their IMMENSE STOCK OF Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Fancy Goods.

EXTENSION OF BUSINESS! SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN. NEWCASTLE AND CHATHAM.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Brantford, of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Sale. To Peter Brantford, of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick...

Notice of Dissolution. THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Philip J. McCall, and United Productions Business at Shipshaw, in the County of Gloucester...

Caution & Notice. I hereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walter, or to any other person who may be named in this notice...

Notice. The subscriber has on hand and will sell BROTHRO'S BULKY, weight 40 lbs; also 2 Hosiery one four year old, and one year old...