

THE STORY OF A SONG.

Perhaps the most popular song ever written was "Ever of Thee."

It is not untrue to state that no song ever had such a sale, and certainly no publisher ever reaped so much profit from a song as did Mr. Turner from the publication of "Ever of Thee."

It happened in this way: On a cold day in the January of 1850 the door of Mr. Turner's music shop, in the Poultry, London, was nervously opened, and a most unclean, ragged specimen of humanity dragged himself in.

One of the clerks said to him: "You get out of here."

Two ladies who happened to be in the shop noticed his woe begone look, and were about to offer him some money, when a Mr. T— (a clerk in the establishment) seeing the poor fellow shivering with cold and apparent hunger, pitied him and brought him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm up" by the stove.

A few minutes after, Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and, seeing the ragged individual, asked what he wanted, and "who allowed him in?"

"I did," said Mr. T—; "the poor fellow looked so cold and miserable I couldn't send him out in this piercing wind without giving him a warm, and, besides, he says he has got some business with you."

"Business with me?"

"Yes, sir; I have a song I should like you to listen to."

Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed outright.

The miserable looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy, and begged to be allowed to play the air of his song, which he then unlearned from his rags and handed to the music publisher.

"won't you let me have a drink? I want it please let me have a drink."

T— refused to stand the drink; he told Mr. Lawson that if he wanted a dinner he could have it, but drink he could not have.

"I was once rich, Mr. T—, you know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I gained any comfort for the past twelve months.

T— interrupted him at this point and indicated that it was growing late.

"Please bear with me," rejoined his companion. "Let me tell you how and why I composed the little song. Two years ago I met a girl in Brighton. If God ever allowed one of his angels to come on earth she was that one. I adored her. She seemed to return the affection. I escorted her everywhere, was at her beck and call morning, noon and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business, and when I went back to Brighton she was gone.

"Three months after I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good looking man, and was promouncing the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said, 'How do you do, Miss Blank?' she quickly replied: 'I am married. I will bear you, Mr. Lawson, but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly I thought I should never see you again. You left no address, never called again, and—well, I am married.'

"To whom?" I gasped.

"To Mr. Prize," she replied, pointing at the same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

"That ended my life. My Marie, my dream was gone. I left the hall, went to a low gambling place, and in drink and gambling endeavored to kill my grief. It lasted but a little time, for in four months I was penniless."

"Then came my trial. The men who played with me shunned me. My friends shut their doors, and a few days later my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless and unhappy as it would be possible to make a human being."

For nights I slept in the cabmen's coffee houses; then I was considered a nuisance, and some doormat served me for a bed. I pawned every trinket, decent suit of clothes—everything, and finally I spent three months in a work house under an assumed name.

"It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas day—we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us such gifts as tobacco, warm clothing, etc. I was hungry and didn't look at the visitors, when suddenly a voice I knew said to me, 'My good man! which would you prefer, some warm clothing or some pipes and tobacco?' I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the fields, and there I was found, hours after, insensible."

unkept and unshaven, as unclean as it was five days ago.

Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of bad rum sufficiently told him all he wanted to know. He took a hall crown from his pocket, and handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel. Addressing Mr. T—, he said: "If this man comes here again put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" immediately left the shop, and Heaven knows what his fate has been. Certain it is that he never called at Turner's again.

Men, women and children of every colour and clime sing the song of the tramp, Lawson. And the composer and his sad life are forgotten and unrecognized in the dear old song, "Ever of Thee."

IN ROYALTY'S ROOMS.

Things Rich and Rare to be Seen at Windsor Castle.

The state dining-room at Windsor Castle is a very fine apartment in the Prince of Wales's Tower. It was redecorated shortly before the Jubilee in gold and white, after a very tasteful design chosen by Princess Beatrice. The furniture is of a Gothic pattern, and is said to have been designed by Welby Pugin. The doors are ornamented with most exquisite Chippendale work.

The three drawing-rooms are connected with the dining-room, with the corridor, and with each other by folding doors, and all the doors are decorated with the same unique Chippendale work.

The average length of human life has so slightly increased that life insurance companies and statisticians and physiologists and moralists are beginning to recognize it in their calculations.

The drawing-rooms were cleaned not very long ago, and the furniture rearranged, but otherwise they have been left untouched.

The drawings and stuffs with which the chairs and sofas are covered might with advantage be altered, for though the very rich style is old-fashioned, belonging to the early period of her Majesty's reign, and shows only too clearly and somewhat painfully to the eye the advances that art has made since then.

At this the poor fellow burst into tears. When he was himself again they went out, and a few minutes afterwards Mr. Turner, addressing Lawson, said:

"Mr. Lawson, here is ten shillings. It will be enough to get your supper and a decent room to-night. To-morrow morning I want you to call here, and I shall give you a good position in my warehouse. As for your song, I want you to remember this: If you keep sober I will pay you a good royalty; but if you spend this ten shillings in drink, not another penny will you get."

Lawson left the shop, and did not make his appearance for five days. Then he was in a condition almost as bad as when he first entered it. His vest was gone, his boots were exchanged for old ones, his hat—was well, it was an apology for a hat. His coat (an old one) was buttoned tight around his collarless neck, and his face was

EACAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE.

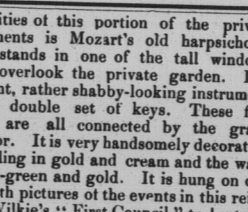
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So pleasant to taste that patients want to drink it like cream. This Emulsion SEPARATES IN TWO LAYERS, like cream rising on milk, and readily reunites on shaking. Beware of IMITATIONS which do NOT SEPARATE! 50 cts. per Bottle. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

WE ARE AIMING AT YOU.

Not to shoot you, but to attract your attention to our NEW CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING STORE just opened opposite the Golden Ball Corner.

NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, Opposite Golden Ball Corner. R. W. LEETCH, Prop., St. John, N. B.



RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Halifax, 8:30; for Sussex, 10:00; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 10:50.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. to DETROIT and CHICAGO.

Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11 45 a. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8:30 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12:10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7:00 p. m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:45 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4:25 p. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 12:30 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11:10 a. m.

Have You Shaved This Morning? If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, 36 King Street. The best workmen employed. RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

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BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD). S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. Sailings for November and December.

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