Ut was. Next day the news was in both mysilf. 'It's this to pass the time av day barricks, an' when I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek on me like all the regimintal tailor's samples there was no 'Goodmornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' will hould me for a promust man, an' 'The half av that I'll take,' sez she,

"Ye've half killed rough-rider Demp- | marrin' man." sey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

to the front.

"I wasn't worth ut, sez she, fingerin'

Dinah darlin'?' sez L.

perin' like a sorrowful angil. she said 'twas no bad thing, an' ould Thin over his shoulder, 'You must ha Dinah Shadd, for I've put the black curs Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah done with thim. coal to my pipe, so magnificent I was, I dreaded ut sore. an' began wid general battalion advance when I shud ha' been balance-steppin' Dinah wud ha kissed me but I put her them. Eyah ! that day ! that day !'

A very long pause. 'Well?' said I. 'Twas all wrong,' said Mulvaney, with ev'ry bit av ut was my own foolishness' man in his natural senses. But I was was a verandah, but I'm forgettin. more than half drunk wid pure joy, an' little white arms from my neck five min- Dinah was her daughter. uts, bekaze the breath of her kiss was not Mullingar heifer av a girl, Judy Sheehy, that was daughter to Mother Sheehy, hit her, an' I answered straight. the wife of Nick Sheehy, the canteenon the whole brood that are above groun' carryin' on the joke, darlin', sez I. this day !

smoothin' the hair av hers that was like red snakes, an' lockin' at me cornerways mind, corp'ril?'

direw back, thinkin' av Dinah.

sez Judy. "No, sez I. 'Why should I be?' dhrawin' her chair next to mine.

"Thin there let us rest,' sez I; an' you words or lines." thinkin' I'd been a trifle onpolite, I sez, 'The tay's not quite sweet enough for my taste. Put your little finger in the cup, She was far gone in dhrink. Judy. 'Twill make ut necthar.'

"What's necthar?" sez she. I was used to look at a woman. "Go on wid ye, corp'ril," sez she. 'You're a flirrt.'

"On me sowl I'm not, sez I. an' that's worse,' sez she, heaving big thereby. for anythin' in the world. Is slung him aloft on his shoulders. sighs an' lookin' crossways. 'Yo know your own mind,' sez I.

sides av that,' sez I, unthinkin'.

the mane scutt that I was, my head ringin' wid Dinah Shadd! How does ut come
about, sorr, that when a man has put the
sez she.

as you manage your love-makin shad!
wondher they call you the worst corp'ril
in the comp'ny. Come away, mother,
By the blood av a mouse was mesilf!

it without thinking,' I replied.

jumpin' up, but Judy niver moved.

the table-edge 'Twill be the most nonsincial nonsinse for you, ye firinnin' badger, if nonsinse 'tis. Git clear, you. I'm
goin' to bed.'

When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the
night dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know no
what vultures tearing his liver.

I ran out into the dhark, my head in a die quick in a strange land, watchin'

enough to see that I'd brought ut all on onable to stir hand or foot!

"Maybe, sez I. 'Was he a friend av Lascelles, color-sergeant that was av E Mary stop the talkin'! yours that saw ye home four times in the comp'ny—a hard, hard man, wid a ter- 'An' you ! said ould Mother Sheehy drowned man on your shoulders, 'sez he, but her mouth was drowned man on your shoulders,' sez he; take the half av that man's load? Stand off from him, Dinah Shadd, before he takes you down too -you that look to be "'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go sez l. 'I've thrown my luck over the a quarthermaster-serge int's wife in five

"That's for me to say, sez I. Shall I be the betther for a man's name to hers the running tide from a rock. The pain 'Yes,' sez she in a saint's whisper, an' the comether on her,—that's the natural pleasure av giving the breast; an' you at that I explained mesilf; and she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an' big born fool, but you're not bad enough many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"But what made we are at a treation of the same of the "But what made ye cry at startin', m sure ye did—or did not which is worse hinah darlin'?' sez L | ong, Dinah Shadd, for you'll niver have another, tho' you pray till your knees "Your-your bloody cheek,' sez she but come out av ut free av Judy. Do I are bleedin'. The mothers av childer duckin' her little head down on my sash not know what ut is to marry a woman shall mock you behind your back when (I was on duty for the day) an' whim- that was the very spit an' image av Judy you're wringing over the wash-tub. You when she was young? I'm gettin' ald an' 'Now a man cud take that two ways. I've larnt patience, but you, Terence, I tuk nt as pleased me best an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av innocence! but a year. Never mind if Dinah gives you Shadd, that won't be seen talkin' to my I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' the go, you've desarved ut; never mind if undher the eye; an' a girl that lets a kiss the whole reg'mint laughs you all day. come tumble-ways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we went hand in hand to ould they'll dhrag you to hell. Go back to Mother Shadd like two little childher, an' your quarters and lie down, sez he.

"Next day I wint to see Dinab, but shall ake ut good." ran away to her own room. That day I "Next day I wint to see Dinah, but throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was there was no tucker in me as I walked. too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha' I knew the throuble wud come soon hiked the sun out av the sky for a live enough widout any handlin' av mine, an'

"Whin all's said, darlin', sez I, 'you can give ut me if you will, tho' I misan enormous sigh. 'An' I know that doubt 'twill be so easy to come by then.' That night I tuk maybe the half av three pints-not enough to turn the hair of a mother came to the door. I think there

"Will ye not step in?" sez Dinah, that canteen beer was so much whiskey to pretty and polite, though the Shadds had me. I can't tell how it came about, but no fdealin,s with the Sheehy's. Old bekaze I had no thought for any wan ex- Mother Shadd looked up quick, an, she tay, Mrs. Shadd ?" cept Dinah, bekaze I hadn't slipped her was the fust to see the throuble, for

'I,m pressed for time to-day, 'sez Judy gone from my mouth, I must go through as bould as brass; 'an' I've only come for the married lines on my way to quarters Terence,—my promust man. 'Tis strange an' I must stay talkin' to a red-headed to find him here the day afther the day.' 'Dinah looked at me as though I had 'There was some nonsince last night

sergint—the black curse av Shielygh be at the Sheehy's quarthers, an' Judy's ali-stud ut all, -excipt when my little this day!

"At the Sheeby, s quarthers? sez Dinah very slow, an' Judy cut in wid: 'He that high for, corp'ril?' sez Judy. 'Come | was there from nine till ten, Dinah Shadd, in an' thry a cup av tay,' she sez, stardin, an' the better half av that time I was in the doorway. Bein' an ontrustable sittin' on his knee, Dinah Shadd. Ye fool, an' thinkin' av anything but tay, I may look an' ye may look me up an' down, but ye won't look away that buried him by the road, an' Father Victor "Mother's at canteen," sez Judy, Terence is my promust man. Terence, darlin', 'tis time for us to be comin'

'Dinah Shadd niver said word to 'Ye left me at half past eight, ashe sez 'I can endure,' sez I; ould Mother to me, 'an' I niver thought that ye'd Sheehy bein' no divarsion av mine, nor leave me for Judy,- promises or no her daughter too. Judy fetched the tea promises. Go back wid her, you that things an' put thim on the table leanin have to be fetched by a girl! I'm done hand. The demonstration nearly cost me over me very close to get them square. I with you, 'sez she and she ran into her the use of three fingers. Whatever he own room, her mother followin. So I knows of his weakenesses, Mulvaney is en 'Is ut afraid you are av a girl alone?' was alone wid those two women and at tirely ignorant of his strength.

aberty to spake my sentiments. "No,' sez I. 'Why should I be?'
"That rests wid the girl,' sez Judy, fool av me betue the lights yod shall not do ut in theday. I niver promised

'An' tho' ut choked me where I stood 'Something very sweet,' sez I; an' for I take shame for a descent girl like you the sinful life av me I cud not help look- dhraggin' your mother out bare-headed on Rabelaisian yarns, was shot down among in' at her out av the corner av my eye, as this errand, Hear now, and have ut for his admirers by the major force. an answer. I gave my word to Dinah Shadd yesterday, an', more blame to me, rid, said he; 'an' I shan't sing no more I was wid you last night talkin' nonsinse to this 'ere bloomin' drawin' room. but nothin, more. You've choser to thry

Learoyd, roused by the confusion, un Then you're a cruel handsome man, to hould me on ut. I will not be held cofled himself, crept behind Ortheris, and

that enough?" There's a dale to be said on both would hat wore her hand to the bone for of a chaste and touching ditty.

comether on wan woman, he's sure bound But divil a fut would the ould woman Hark out! he continued, jumping to his

high lay low, sight or snap, ye can't get 'Ay, an' wud, sez I, tho Dinah give heavy feet rushing towards us as Ortheris "That only happens to a man who has ad a good deal of experience. He does at a good deal of experience. He does thruck with you or yours, sez I. Take had a good deal of experience. He does your child away, ye shamless woman. 'Thankin' you for the complimint, sorr, ut may be so. But I'm doubtin' whether you mint ut for a complimint. Hear now; I sat there wid Judy on my knee tellin' I sat there wid Judy on my knee tellin' Am I shamless? Who put the open the sat me all manner ay nonesense an' only sayin' 'yea' an' 'no,' when I'd much better
ha' kept tongue betune teeth. An' that
was not an hour afther I had left Dinah!

What I was thinkin' ay I cannot say

Am I shamless? Who put the open
shame on me an' my child that we should
go beggin' through the lines in the broad
daylight for the broken word of a man?

Double portion of my shame be on you

The thrice-blessed bugles spoke, and
the rush to form square began. There is What I was thinkin' av I cannot say.

Terence Mulvaney, that think yourself so much rest and peace in the heart of a report of the peace of the peac Steehy came in velvet-dhrunk. She had her daughter's red hair, but 'twas strong! By Mary and the saints, by blood and water, an' by ivry sorrow that trodden upon too frequently. The smell had her daughter's red hair, but 'twas came into the world since the beginnin', of leather belts, fatigue uniform, and bald in patches, an' I cud see in her wicked ould face, clear as lightnin', what Judy will be twenty years to come- I was for another when ut's not your own! May from every point of the compass at once another when ut's not your own! May your heart bleed in your breast drop by department. Ould Mother Sheeby sat down of a heap an' began playin' wid the cups. 'Thin you're a well-matched pair,' she sez very thick. 'For he's the biggest rogue that iver spoiled the queen's shoeleather, an'—'

'I'm off, Judy,' sez I. 'Ye should not talk nonsinse to your mother. Get her to bed, girl.'

'Nonsinse!' sez the ould woman, prick-in' up her ears like a cat an' grippin the table-edge 'Twill be the most nonsineial nonsinse for you, yes frinnin' hadge.

'Terence has promust, mother,' sez she, and wether tableed in your breast drop by drow will all your friends laughin' at the held in your breast drop by drow will all your friends laughin' at the held in your breast drop by drow will all your friends laughin' at the held in your breast drop by department and own the faces of the square. Those who write so learnedly about judging distance by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that your own will! Clear-eyed you are? May your eyes see clear evry step av the dark path you take till the hot cindhers av hell put thim out! May the ragin' dry thirst in my own ould bones go to that you shall niver pass bottle full nor glass empty. God preserve the light av your onderstandin' to you, my jewel av a bhoy, that ye may niver forget what you whin you're a well-wish we faces of the square. Those who write so learnedly about judging distance by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that the disturbers were allies, the cathering are the dawn of a work of excitement ran down the faces of the square. Those who write so learnedly about judging distance by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that the disturbers were allies, the cathering are cannelly about judging distance by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that the disturbers were allies, the cathering are cannelly about judg your heart bleed in your breast drop by struck our listening ears, and little thrills

stew an' my heart sick, but I had sinse your death before ut takes you, and 'I heard a scufflia' in the room behind.

what have I done, Miss Shadd,' sez I, very bould, plantin' mesilf forniast her, that ye should not pass the time of day?' forget about ut, for 'tis plain I'm not a 'Come away! Come away! pullin' her mother by the shawl. "Twas 'On my way to canteen I ran against none av Terence's fault. For the love av

ment av a wife. 'You've the head av a spinnin, round forminst Dinah. 'Will ye wall wid my own hand! 'Then that's years. You look too high, child. You not the way to get ut back again', sez he. man? she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"Who else? sez I, an' I tuk wan pace bhoy." An' I tould him how the matter out av charity; but a privit's wife you shall be to the end, an' evry sorrow of a "He sucked in his lower lip. 'You've been thrapped,' sez he. 'Ju Sheehy wud joy but wan, that shall go from you like as soon as can. An' ye thought ye'd put av bearin' you shall know but niver the

shall know what ut is to help a dhrunken husband home an' see him go to the Judy before all's over. The sergintse wives shall look down on you contempts ous, daughter av a sergint, an' you shall cover ut all up wid a smiling face whin your heart's burstin'. Stand off av him of Shielygh upon him, an' his own mouth

'She pitched forward on her head an began feamin' at the mouth. Dinah Shadd ran out wid water, an' Judy dhrag ged the culd woman into the verandah

"I'm old an' forlore, she sez, threm blin' an' cryin', 'and 'tis like I say a dale more than I mane, "When you're able to walk, -go, says ould Mother Shadd, 'This house has no

place for the likes av you that have cursed my daughter. "Eyah! said the ould woman. 'Hard words break no bones, an' Dinah Shadd'll kape the love av her husband till my bones are green corn. Judy darlin', I

misremember what I came here for. Can 'But Judy dhragged her off, eryin' as tho' her heart wud break. An' Dinah

Shadd ans I, in ten minutes we had forgot 'Then why do you remember it now ! said 1. 'ls ut like I'd forget? Ivry word that

wicked ould woman spoke fell thrue in my life aftherwards, an' I cud ha' stud ut Shadd was born. That was on the line av march three months afther the regi ment was taken with cholera. We were betune Umballa an' Kalka thin, an' I was on picket. Whin I came off duty the women showed me the child, an' ut turned on uts side an' died as I looked. We was a day's march behind wid the heavy baggage, so the comp'ny captain read a prayer. An' since then I've been a childless man an' all else that ould Mother

What do you think, Sorr ? I thought a good deal, but it seeme better then, to reach out for Mulvanev's 'But what do you think ?' he insisted

as I was straightening out the crushed My reply was drowned in yells and out

eries from the next fire, where ten men you words or lines.'

'You lie,' sez ould Mother Sheehy,

'an' may ut choke you where you stand.'

'The shouting for Orth is,' 'Deah or orth is,' 'Field Marshall or orth is,' 'Field Marshall or orth is,' 'Field Marshall or orth is,' 'Standard or orth is,' 'Field Marshall or orth is,' 'Standard or Orth'ris," "Stanley, you pennorth o' pop, come 'ere to your own comp'ny." And I'd not change, sez I. 'Go home, Judy. the cockney, who had been delighting

'You've crumpled my dress-shirt 'or

'Sing, ye bloomin' hummin' bird 'Judy wint back all over. 'An' I wish said he, and Ortheris, beating time or "'.'Twud be better for me if I did not,' you joy av the perjury,' sez she, dackin' Learoyd's skull, delivered himself, in the a curtesy. 'You've lost a woman that rancous voice of the Ratcliffe Highway, des av that, sez I, unthinkin'.

'Say your own part av ut, then, Terwere not thrapped.' Lascelles must hat in an shoutin' as the trouble had nive

ence, darlin, sez she; 'for begad I'm spoken plain to her. 'I am such as Din-touched him. D' you remember when he thinkin' I've said too much or too little ah is—'deed I am! You've lost a fool av went mad with the home-sickness!' said for an honest girl, an' wid that she put a girl that'll niver look at you again, an' Mulvaney, recalling a never-to-be-forgot her arms round my neck an' kissed me.

"There's no more to be said afther mon honesty. If you manage your men the deep waters of affliction and behaved that, sez I, kissin' her back again-Oh as you manage your love-makin' small abominably. 'But he's talkin' bitter

to put it on another? 'Tis the same thing at musketry. Wan day Ivry shot goes wide or into the bank, an' the next, lay

see an armed camp spring to life with " An' am I shamless " sez she, bring- clatter of accoutrements, click of Martini-

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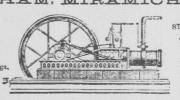
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SUMMER 1890 O^N and after MONDAY, JUNE 9TH., Trains will run on this Raliway in connection with the intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows:— LOCAL TIME TABLE. GOING NORTH. THROUGH TIME TABLE

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

No. 1 Express, No.3 Accourdation
Leave Chatham, 9.25 p. m. 12.00 p.m.
Arrive Chatham June., 9.55 p. m. 12.30 "
Leave " 10.05 " 2.05 "
Arrive Chatham, 10.35 " 2.35 "

Arrive Chatham, 10.35 " 2.35 "

THROUGH TIME TABLE

EXPRESS. Accombation.

9.25 p. m. 12.00 p. m.
Arrive Chatham, 11.20 p. m. 4.33 "

**Campbellion, 1.05 n. 7.45 " GOING SOUTH LOCAL TIME TABLE.
No. 2 EXPRESS. No.4 ACCOMPATION

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Malifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton.

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olonial.

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Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from
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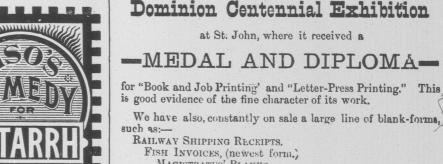
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