The Little Stranger.

'The boy is like you,' said the father,
And proudly and tenderly smiled.
'Why, no, he's like you,' cried the mother,
And laughed as she fondled her child.

'His hair is like yours and the sunshine,
Naught else is so bright,' he replied.
'His eyes have your very expression,
The color of yours, too,' she cried.

His mouth, dear, you cannot deny it,
Each dimple, each curve is your own.'
'His firm little chin and his forehead
Are due to his father's alone.'

'Ah, well, dear!' he said as he kissed her,
'We'll love him the better, the elf,
That each in his face sees the other,
And each fails to recognize self!'

New York Telegram.

Justice Field Would Not Sign.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

A rather spare old gentleman, with thin greyish whiskers, and wearing a pair of highly polished spectacles, leaned over the counter in the Southern Pacific Company's uptown ticket office Monday morning and asked for a round trip ticket to Portland.

"Thirty dollars," promptly responded the clerk.

The passenger laid the gold on the counter and the clerk pulled the ticket out of the case and handed it toward him with a well-inked pen.

"Sign there, please."

"I beg your pardon."

"Sign the ticket, please."

"No, sir, I refuse. There is no law in the United States compelling me to sign a railroad ticket. There is your money. Give me the ticket."

The somewhat ruffled agent looked at the passenger and then at the ticket, but did not touch the money.

"What is your name, sir," he asked, at length.

"Stephen J. Field,' was the reply.

Then it dawned upon the rather dazed mind of the young man behind the counter that he was talking to one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He quietly stamped the unsigned ticket, handed it to the passenger with a subdued air, and as he put the money into the drawer he was observed by the bystanders to be in a very reflective mood.

The Editor Rebuked.

It is difficult to realize that our own geese are not necessarily swans. He was a young man who, as the saying goes, had had "manuscript rejected by all the best magazines in the country," but the slight had occured once too often, and he retaliated. In an evil hour an editor sent back one of his longest poems, the receipt of which the author acknowledged by the following letter:—"Sir,—I have received my poem, and I solemly declare that I won't ever send you a line from my pen as long as I live. I should like to have you realize that I know just what editor's offices are made out of—nothing but parshality, bribery, and corrupshun. Compytant judges have read that poem and there ain't a sole in town that won't tell you it goes shead of anything I ever done. I scorn the whole lot of you. If I had a pocket full of money I guess my poems would get read and printed, too. This is all I've got to say accept that when my name is known, and you beg me on your bended knees to write for your miserable little paper I'll scorn you then as I do now."

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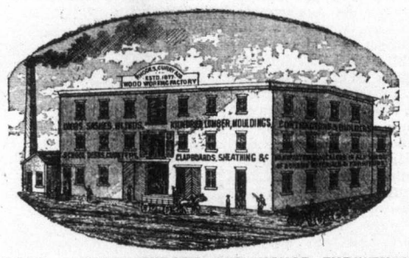

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5,069 PIECES of newest styles in English Prints. Patterns selected and printed especially to my order.

These prints are expected to arrive during this month.

Every attention paid to orders by mail.

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To arrive: Timothy, Clover, and Garden SEEDS.

We respectfully invite inspection.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.

Baie Verte, April 12th, 1887.

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HAVING entered upon the manufacture of all forms of TELEPHONIC APPARATUS we are prepared to make arrangements for installing Telephone Exchanges. We will also furnish instruments for private lines.

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Sackville, July 15, 1886.

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For Sale at a Bargain.

THE Steam Tannery and Machinery owned by the Fredericton Leather Company, King St., Fredericton. Terms easy. Apply to M. RICHEY,

May 18. tf Fredericton.

Valuable Farm and Marsh For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Farm at Second Westcock, containing about 300 acres of Land, a part in a good state of cultivation, on which is a well-finished House, two good Barns and other Buildings. Also, 7 acres of Marsh, part English and part Broadleaf, situate on West Marsh.

aug24 6i CHARLES DOO.

FOR SALE.

THE PREMISES occupied by the subscriber in Sackville, consisting of House, with Outbuildings attached. The Buildings are all in good repair. Good Tank in Cellar, well Fenced, and nice Shade Trees around the Grounds. Location one of the best in Town, being within a few minutes' walk of Railway Depot, Post Offices and Institutions. For further particulars apply to

CLARA PURDY.

Sackville, August 23, 1887.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.

Sackville, April 13th, 1887. tf

House and Lot

For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable Property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The House is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water.

Terms very favorable. Apply to

CHARLES FAWCETT,

May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING.

Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887.

In The Library.

Without a chilly, drizzling rain,
Dripped gently on the window-pane
In listless fashion.
Within a warm, delicious heat
And two poor love-sick hearts that beat
With common passion.

A book, uncut lay on her knees,
She scanned the cover, ill at ease
And strangely silent;
While to her brow, where blushes vied,
A consciousness of love denied
Each hazel eye lent.

A curl lay cuddled on her cheek,
Where dimples played at hide and seek
With tender graces.
And I engulfed in silly gloom
Strode up and down the quiet room
With nervous paces.

She muttered something half aloud;
I nearer drew until I bowed
Above her shoulder.
Her hair just brushed my trembling lips,
I stooped and caught her finger-tips—
And then I told her.

—Dewitt Sterry in Judge.

Jack's Venture.

"I'll go and try my fortune with Uncle Robert," said Jack. "Bess and Maria failed because he could not stand girls with such fine ideas; but I won't trouble him that way. The old fellow is all right if one only stirs him up in the right way."

"My child," said the gentle Mrs. Raymond, "I do not like to hear you speak in that boyish, rude manner. I fear your uncle would have less patience with you than with your sisters. No, he does not intend to forgive me for marrying against his wishes, and we will make no further advances."

"Oh, yes, we will, dearie!" and Jack's curly head buried itself in the mother's shoulder coaxingly. "Do, do let me try to win the obstinate old—well, there, then—to win our honored relative to a proper sense of his obligations towards his only sister and her interesting family. How will that do, eh? Now, mother, don't shake your head so; it's no use. Why did you give me a boy's name and bring me up on tops and marbles if you want me to be a real girl?"

"It was your father's wish, you know, dear. He was so grievously disappointed that he had no son. But Jacqueline is not a boy's name," and Mrs. Raymond shook her head smilingly at her wayward daughter.

Robert Doran sat cowering beside a dull, spiritless fire one bright spring morning. His room was dusty and disorderly, though the furnishing was good, and even luxurious. He looked moody and discontented, as if the wealth that showed itself in the handsome surroundings brought no pleasure to its owner. Perhaps he was thinking of the sister who had once made sunshine in the now gloomy home, and wished that his pride would let him beg her to come back and care for him in his dreary old age.

A tap at the door aroused him. "Who is it?" he demanded, in surprise; for his servants never came unsummoned.

The door opened slowly and a bright face peeped in.

"It's Jack Raymond, at your service, uncle;" and in the venturesome girl walked, and stood before him.

She wore a long ulster, closely buttoned to the throat, where a standing collar and neat black tie showed themselves, while on the short, glossy curls was a jaunty "Derby," guiltless of any trimming save the simple masculine band.

"Why, I didn't know my sister had a son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, his wrinkled face showing something very like satisfaction as he looked at the new-comer.

"She hasn't," said Jack, with dancing eyes; "but it isn't my fault. I do my best. I'm awfully sorry I'm not a boy, uncle, if it would please you; but let me stay awhile, and you'll see what a first-class substitute I am"—removing her hat and bowing with easy grace. "But, dear me! how dull it is here! Your fire wants a good stirring up?"

And seizing the poker, she attacked the coals in the grate with an energy that seemed to imply she would like to treat him in the same fashion.

A bright blaze followed her vigorous action, dancing on the walls and showing the bright hues of pictures and furniture, despite the dust that covered them, bringing a cheery look too, even to Mr. Doran's grim face.

"There!" said Jack, giving a last approving poke; "that's better. Now, if I just open this window and let in the sunshine, so," suiting the action to the word—"you'll feel as bright as a spring morning."

The girl was like a May-day herself; fluttering around the room as if wafted by invisible breezes; her bright face the embodiment of sunshine; and as the lonely old man watched her light fingers bringing order out of the confusion that had reigned so long, a quizzical smile dawned on his face.

"For a would-be boy, you seem to know a good deal about such things," he remarked, dryly.

"That's the mother-part of me," said Jack, as she "settled" the chairs and furniture with a touch that only a woman has.

Then she came and sat down on a footstool beside him, and, clasping her knee with both hands, looked up with smiling audacity, saying:—"You'd better let me stay awhile, uncle; you'd be a great deal more comfortable."

There was deep anxiety beneath the merry exterior, for she knew well how vital her uncle's favor was. Her mother was too delicate, her sisters too fine ladies to work, and the child (she was not much more, in spite of her seventeen years) felt as though the burden of the family rested on her shoulders.

Her uncle was very wealthy, and if he only could be brought to forgive her mother, what happy days they would see!

He had sent once for her two sisters to spend a week at Glenside—a step toward reconciliation, which her mother had hailed with thankful joy. But before the week was out he sent them both home, saying he could not stand their fine airs; that, since his sister had chosen to bring up her family to such idle habits, he would have nothing more to do with them.

The one longing of the old man's heart had been for a son to bear his name. That hope disappointed in the early death of his son, he had gradually grown into the selfish, gloomy man Jack found him this fair spring morning.

There was something in her bright boyish face that fascinated him; and now, with a warmth that surprised himself, he said—"Stay if you like, my child. It's a dull place within doors; but there are flowers and sunshine."

It was so much kinder than Jack had dared hope, that she could have cried for joy.

"Oh, you dear uncle!" she said; and kissed his wrinkled face with an honest heartiness that he was quick to feel.

"There, then," he said, impatiently, as if ashamed of the unwonted softness he had shown. "Go and tell cook that you're going to stay, and that she must give you a room and see to your meals. Do not be afraid if she's cross," he added, somewhat anxiously; "she does not like trouble or work."

"I won't," said Jack, as she ran off.

Half an hour later she looked in the door again, saying, "Come to lunch, Uncle Robert. Yes" (as he stared at her in amazement), "I know cook always brought you just what she liked up here because she did not want you down stairs. There has been a skirmish, but it's all right now. Come for my sake, please."

Mr. Doran drew his dressing gown more closely around him, and followed Jack down into the little breakfast room, which she had chosen because it was so much pleasanter than the great oak wainscoated dining-room.

A most tempting lunch was spread upon the round table, and flowers were intermingled with the dishes in profusion. It was pretty to see the air with which she led her uncle to his place, then took her own opposite him, almost forgetting—in her eagerness to serve him—to satisfy the demands of her own healthy young appetite.

"Did cook do all this?" Mr. Doran asked, with some curiosity.

"No," replied Jack, blushing, "she wanted to take you up some smoky soup, and because I said no, she wouldn't do anything else, so I did it myself. Don't you like it at all?" and she looked anxiously at him.

"You are not like your sisters," he said, not replying to her question.

"Oh, no!" and Jack shook her head somewhat dejectedly. "They are very accomplished—real young ladies, you know. But, then, I can cook and sweep, and do things that they can't."

"But I do not want a cook and a house maid," said Mr. Doran.

"I think you do," laughed Jack. If you had only tasted the soup!"

"Child!" cried Mr. Doran, suddenly catching at her hand. "I'm a disappointed, heart-broken old man. If you could only love me a little"—

"I do, Uncle Robert; I do, truly!" said Jack.

And she meant it; for her warm heart had gone out at once to the lonely old man, so unhappy in the midst of his wealth; and she comforted him now, in the best way she knew, with loving words that, sceptic as he was, he felt were honest and true.

"I fear master be-agoin' to die; he wor never so gentle afore," said cook a week later.

That very night Mr. Doran was taken suddenly and violently ill. Jack heard his groans, and, hastening to his assistance, found him suffering intensely.

"You must go for the doctor, cook; there's no one else to go," said Jack.

"Indeed I'll not," replied cook, decisively. "He's been none so good a master to me that I should risk myself in the dark for him."

"Then watch him while I go," implored Jack, "Do not leave him or he'll die."

She had been down to the village once on an errand for her uncle, and knew she could find her way, but it was so different now, at night. Brave Jack for going! But how her heart fluttered and her limbs quivered with fear, as she hastened on through the starlight.

The way seemed interminable, but at last the few lights which yet burned in the village shone out close at hand, and one part of her journey was over.

Chesney was one of the most unfortunate villages, with houses so painfully similar that a stranger might well wonder how each inhabitant knew his own home. Little wonder, then, that Jack, after much uncertain pausing before various doors, should at last decide upon the wrong one.

She rapped gently, then listened. A footfall sounded on the pavement, a hand was on the gate, and—yes—the steps were coming toward her, swiftly, certainly.

She drew herself close to the side of the porch, almost fainting with terror, when a hand outstretched touched her arm, and a voice exclaimed, "Who are you? Speak! Who comes so late to my door?"

Gathering her courage with one last effort, Jack faintly replied, "I want Dr. Robbins. My uncle Doran is very ill at Glenside."

"And you have come alone from Glenside, poor child?" the voice inquired.

"Yes, sir," she said, impatiently. "But you are the doctor? Will you hurry? Uncle may be dying now, I have been so long in coming."

The poor girl had hurried till she was almost exhausted, and stood leaning, breathless and panting, against the door.

"The doctor lives two houses beyond. Shall I go with you, and call him?"

But there was no response, for poor Jack, who had never in her life done anything so womanish, fainted quietly away.

She was only dimly conscious of being lifted in strong arms that held her close, and of being rapidly driven over a rough road, and at last finding herself lying on her own bed at Glenside, with a gray-haired gentleman bending over her. She started up, pale and anxious.

"How is uncle?" she cried. "I must go to him."

"No, no, child. Lie still; he is better," the doctor said.

"Well, then, tell me all about it. Who was it, and how did I get home?"

The doctor knew what she meant.

"You were at the minister's door, and he (coming home from visiting a sick parishioner) carried you, when you fainted, to my house; and I drove you both over here. Now, drink this; then, if you feel able, you may go to your uncle—he wishes to see you."

Jack obediently swallowed the strengthening potion, then smoothed out the tangled curls, with her hands and without stopping to look in her mirror, hastened to her uncle's room. He was not alone, for by his bedside sat a grave, pleasant-faced young gentleman who looked at her with kindly, smiling eyes. She gave him but a hasty glance, for her uncle's hand was outstretched to her and she ran to take it.

"And this is the brave girl who went two miles through the dark night to bring help to her cross old uncle?" he said "I know all about it dear. I would have died if the doctor had not come so soon. You saved me. What reward can I give you dear child?"

"Forgive my mother," whispered Jack, softly.

Mr. Doran's face brightened.

"I was sure you would say that!" he cried. "Jack, dear, I have forgiven her already, and as soon as it is morning the minister is going for her. Do you think she will forgive me and come? She must come and stay, for I can never let you go, Jack—dear, brave Jack? You have taught me a lesson."

And he drew the blushing, happy face down and kissed it with a father's tenderness. There were tears in the bright eyes when she looked up. For the second time within a few hours Jack forgot her manliness and was crying. But the tears and blushes gave a softness and charm to her face that made it wonderfully attractive to Malcolm Boyd, the young minister; and she looked so sweet and lovable and womanly that he felt an almost irresistible inclination to take her to his heart.

"She will be a woman worth the having," he thought; and then and there resolved to win her for his own.

Jack had meant to make some pretty speech to the minister, to thank him for helping her; but she only remembered now how she had felt his arms around her in the starlight, and blushing, she hung her head in silence.

That was two months ago. She smiles now when she thinks of it, for she is no longer shy with the minister. Can you guess why?

Mr. Doran is building a beautiful little parsonage close by the village church, and rumor says that when it is completed, Jack will go there as the minister's bride. Perhaps it is so, for she is growing so quiet and womanly that her happy mother (who is renewing her own youth in beautiful Glenside) says that God has doubly blessed Jack's venture.

—N. Y. Journal.

The Popular Science Monthly for September, 1887.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for September gives the leading place to David A. Wells' third article on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," which proves the most important and interesting of the series so far. Under the heading, "Sleep and its Counterfeits," D. A. de Watteville describes lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism, and various phenomena of hystero-epilepsy and hypnotism. Mr. George P. Morris gives a description of an attempt made by the Rev. Thomas Budd to found an industrial school in West Jersey two hundred years ago. In his paper on "Social Sustenance," Mr. Henry J. Phillpot discusses the specialization of energies which is becoming the rule in modern industries, and gives particular attention to the fact that women and farmers are largely denied its highest development. The nature, manufacture, and uses of cork are exhaustively described by Arthur Good and William Anderson, with illustrative figures. "A Botanical Bonanza" is pointed out and described by F. E. Boynton, as lying around the spot where North and South Carolina and Georgia corner, in which the flora is richer in rarities than anywhere else in the United States. The speeches of Professor Stokes and Tyndall. Sir. Lion Playfair, Lord Lytton, and the Earl of Derby, at the banquet recently given to Professor Tyndall in London, are published in full. A sketch—full of incident—and portrait, are given of, J. J. Audubon America's great ornithologist. "Culture and Character," and other topics of the time, are discussed in the "Editor's Table."

New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, $5 a year.

A Different Kind of Religion.

The sailors of the bark Boroma possess a big drum, and one night last week they formed in procession behind it and marched around town, a la Salvation Army, keeping step to a rollicking marine "shanty." Policemen Waters thought it was some new version of the Salvationists until he heard the "Shannadore" chorus, when he concluded it was a different kind of religion. He consequently halted the procession and enquired into their articles of creed. They declared their belief in freedom of speech and tobacco, and backed their right to enjoy themselves on the streets with strong quotations from profane history The policeman thought that there was enough of that kind of religion already in the town and ordered them to disperse and keep quiet. The drummer endeavored to get up a theological discussion with the policeman, but the latter told him that if he did not wish to be cast into prison on account of his belief he had better return quietly to the ship. The drummer, remembering the experience of the early christian fathers, took his advice. *—Advocate.*

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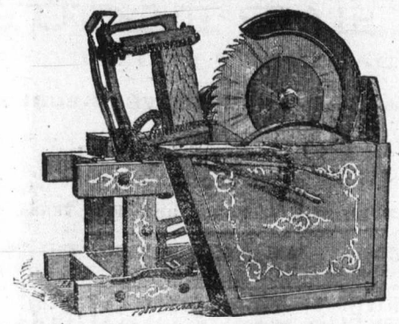

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For the Spring Trade.

NEW CLOTHS!

NEW CLOTHS!

These heavy purchases were made in anticipation of the almost unprecedented advance which has since taken place in foreign woollens.

We respectfully solicit your inspection of the Stock before selecting your Spring outfit, as you will find our prices away below those of our competitors who have bought since the advance.

Our Cutter, Mr A. H. Robertson, has arrived by last Steamer from a visit to some of the principal cities in England and Scotland. During his stay he has made himself thoroughly conversant with all the latest improvements pertaining to his art.

Dunlap, McDonald & Co.

Amherst, N. S., Mar. 24, 1887.

Rice. Rice.

RECEIVING THIS WEEK:

25 Sacks Choice Clean Rice.

For sale low by

apl20 A. J. BABANG & CO.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has resumed operations at the old stand, where he shall be happy to attend to all orders in his line.

J. W. DOULL.

Sackville, Sept. 1, 1885. tf

NOTICE.

SPORTSMEN TAKE NOTICE.

THAT all the Snipe Shooting Grounds within the limits of twenty-nine farms situated in Point de Bute, Jolicure, and Westmorland Point, have been duly leased for the above purpose, that Notices are posted upon the same, and that all persons trespassing thereon will be prosecuted.

MONCTON SUGAR!

JUST RECEIVED:

74 bbls. Yellow Extra C.
50 " Granulated.

apl20 A. J. BABANG & CO.

TO ARRIVE!

1 Car Load of "Ocean" Flour.

ALSO

1 Car of Mixed Brands of Flour.

ALSO

CATTLE FEED.

J. H. GOODWIN.

Point de Bute, Jan. 13, 1886.

HAY PRESSES.

PARTIES intending to purchase a TRENHOLM HAY PRESS will find it to their advantage to correspond with the Subscriber, who is agent for Westmorland and Cumberland Counties, as no Presses are under construction except those that have been ordered.

ALBERT ANDERSON,
Agent.

Sackville, N. B., Sept. 1, 1887. 2m

Shingles. Shingles.

On Hand and for Sale:

200,000 No. 1 Sawn Spruce Shingles,
100,000 Cedar Shingles, No. 1 and 2.

For Sale at Lowest Market Rates

aug17 JAMES R. AYER.

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