

POETRY.

THE HEART'S QUESTION.

"Shall I love, or shall I not?" Mused a maid perplexed with care;

"O, to taste this mystic cup, Shall I venture or beware?"

"Is there any human love With unmingled joy replete? Or is it not inter-mixed With the bitter and the sweet?"

I have seen a mother's hair Whiten as the early frost, All for love; 't was her child, Was not loving the dead, or lost.

'T was the care-worm gnawed her heart, Least some danger might befall; In her cup of mother-bless, Was this drop of fretting gall.

I have known a tender wife Smile and sigh, he calm and start, As anxiety's hot hand Held or loosed her aching heart.

For the warm and loving tie Seemed not as it once had been; Jealousy—the skeleton, Slowly mixed the worm wood in.

Then I knew two maidens sweet, One with heart all bristled and torn, While the other with love, Languis the gapping world to scorn.

And if pure were and good, Pulse beating calm and slow, Still there comes a time—alas! Either one must surely go.

Ah! methinks this human love Slightly slips its two-edged part, In some subtle drug of grief Ere it plunges in the heart.

Question deeply, O my heart! And the answer weigh it well; What the cup of love contains Only itself can tell.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER IV.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI.

"Sir," returned the young man, with a reassurance of manner, "make your mind easy on this score. Those who took me from my father, and who always intended, sooner or later, to sell me again to my original proprietor, as they have now done, calculated that, in order to make the most of their bargain, it would be politic to leave me in possession of all my personal and hereditary worth, and even to increase the value, if possible. I have, therefore, received a very good education, and have been treated by these kidnappers very much as the slaves were treated in Asia Minor, whose masters made them grammarians, doctors, and philosophers, in order that they might fetch a higher price in the Roman market." Monte-Cristo smiled with satisfaction; it appeared as if he had not expected so much from M. Andrea Cavalcanti. "Besides," continued the young man, "if there did appear some defect in education, or of fence against the established forms of etiquette, I suppose they would be excused in consideration of the misfortunes which accompanied my birth, and followed me through my youth."

"Well," said Monte-Cristo, in an indignant tone, "you will do as you please, count, for you are the master of your own actions, and are the person most concerned in the matter; but if I were you, I would not divulge a word of these adventures. Your story is quite a romance, and the world which delights in romance contained in yellow covers, strangely mistrusts those which are bound in living parchment, even though they be gilded like yourself. This is the kind of difficulty which I represent to you, M. le Comte. You would hardly have recited your touching history that it would go forth to the world, and be deemed unlikely and unnatural. You would be no longer a lost child found, but you would be looked upon as an upstart, who had sprung up like a mushroom in the night. You might excite a little curiosity, but it is not every one who likes to make the centre of observation and the subject of unpleasant remark."

"I agree with you, M. le Comte," said the young man turning pale, and in spite of himself trembling beneath the scrutinizing look of his companion, "such consequences would be extremely unpleasant."

"Nevertheless, you must not exaggerate the evil," said Monte-Cristo, "or by endeavoring to avoid one fault you will fall into another. You must resolve to make one simple and single line of conduct; and for a man of your intelligence, this plan is as easy as it is necessary; you must form honorable friendships, and by that means counteract the prejudice which may attach to the obscurity of your former life. Andrea visibly changed countenance. "I would offer myself as your surety and friendly adviser," said Monte-Cristo, "did I not possess a moral distrust of my best friends, and a sort of inclination to lead others to doubt them too; therefore in departing from this rule, I should (as the actors say) be playing a part quite out of my line, and should, therefore, run the risk of being hissed, which would be an act of folly."

"However, M. le Comte," said Andrea, "in consideration of Lord Wilmore, by whom I was recommended to you—"

"Yes, certainly," interrupted Monte-Cristo; "but Lord Wilmore did not omit to inform me, my dear M. Andrea, that the season of your youth was rather a stormy one. Ah! said the count, watching Andrea's countenance, "I do not demand any confession from you; it is precisely to avoid that necessity that your father was sent for from Lucca. You shall soon see him; he is a little stiff and pompous in his manner, and he is disgraced by his uniform; but when it becomes known that he is in the Austrian service, all that will be pardoned. We are not generally very severe with the Austrians. In short, you will find your father a very respectable person, I assure you."

"Ah, sir, you have given me confidence; it is so long since we were separated, that I have not the least remembrance of him; and, besides, you know that in the eyes of the world a large fortune covers all defects."

"He is a millionaire—his income is 500,000 francs."

"Then," said the young man, with anxiety, "I shall be sure to be placed in an agreeable position."

"One of the most agreeable possible, my dear sir; he will allow you an income of 50,000 francs per annum during the whole time of your stay in Paris."

"Then in that case I shall always choose to remain there."

"You cannot count circumstances, my dear sir; man proposes, and God disposes." Andrea sighed.

"But," said he, "so long as I do remain in Paris, and nothing forces me to quit it,

do you mean to tell me that I may rely on receiving the sum you just now mentioned to me?"

"You may."

"Shall I receive it from my father?" Andrea asked with some uneasiness.

"Yes, you will receive it personally from your father, but Lord Wilmore will be the security for the money. He has at the request of your father, opened an account of 3000 francs a month at M. Danglars, which is one of the safest banks in Paris."

"And does my father mean to remain long in Paris?" asked Andrea.

"Only a few days," replied Monte-Cristo. "His duty does not allow him to absent himself more than two or three weeks together."

"Poor, dear father!" exclaimed Andrea, evidently charmed with the idea of his speedy departure.

"Therefore," said Monte-Cristo, feigning to mistake his meaning—"therefore I will not, for another instant, retard the pleasure of your meeting. Are you prepared to embrace your worthy father?"

"I hope you do not doubt it?"

"Go, then, into the drawing-room, my young friend, where you will find your father awaiting you."

Andrea made a low bow to the count, and entered the adjoining room. Monte-Cristo watched him till he disappeared, and then touched a spring made to look like a picture which in sliding partially from the frame, discovered to view a small intestine, which was so cleverly contrived that it revealed all that was passing in the drawing-room now occupied by Cavalcanti and Andrea. The young man closed the door behind him, and advanced towards the major, who had risen when he heard steps approaching him. "Ah! my dear father!" said Andrea in a loud voice, in order that the count might hear him in the next room, "is it really you?"

"How do you do, my dear son?" said the major gravely.

"After so many years of painful separation," said Andrea, in the same tone of voice, and glancing towards the door, "what a happiness it is to meet again!"

"Indeed it is, after so long a separation."

"Will you not embrace me, sir?" said Andrea.

"You wish it my son," said the major; and the two men embraced each other after the fashion of actors; that is to say, each rested his head on the other's shoulder.

"Then we are once more united?" said Andrea.

"Once more!" replied the major.

"Never more to be separated?"

"Why, as to that—I think, my dear son, we must be by this time so accustomed to France as to look upon it almost as a second country."

"The fact is," said the young man, "that I should be exceedingly grieved to leave this country, and I have no objection to remaining here."

"As for me, you must know I cannot possibly live out of Lucca; therefore I shall return to Italy as soon as I can."

"But before you leave France, my dear father, I hope you will put me in possession of the documents which will be necessary to prove my descent."

"Certainly, I am come expressly on that account; it has cost me much trouble to find you, but I had resolved on giving them into your hands; and if I had to recommence my search, it would occupy all the few remaining years of my life."

"Where are these papers, then?"

"Here they are."

Andrea seized the certificate of his father's marriage and his own baptismal register, and after having opened them with all the eagerness which might be expected under the circumstances, he read them with a facility which proved that he was accustomed to similar documents, and that he had not only read them, but that he had denoted an unusual interest in the contents. When he had perused the documents, an indefinable expression of pleasure lighted up his countenance, and looking at the major with a most peculiar smile, he said, in an extreme tone of enthusiasm: "Then there is no longer any such thing in Italy as being condemned to the galleys?" The major drew himself up to his full height.

"Why?—what do you mean by that question?"

"I mean that if there were, it would be impossible to draw up with impunity two such deeds as these. In France, my dear sir, half such a piece of effrontery as that would cause you to be quickly despatched to Toulon for five years, for change of air."

"Will you be good enough to explain your meaning?" said the major, endeavoring as much as possible to assume an air of the greatest majesty.

"My dear M. Cavalcanti," said Andrea, "taking the major by the arm in a confidential manner, 'how much are you paid for being my father?' The major was about to speak, when Andrea continued, in a low voice,—"Nonsense, I am going to set you an example of confidence; they give me 50,000 francs a year to be your son; consequently, you must understand that it is as likely I shall ever do my duty to my father as you are to do yours to your parent." The major looked anxiously around him. "Make yourself easy, we are quite alone," said Monte-Cristo, "we are conversing in Italian."

"Well, then," said the major, "they paid me 50,000 francs down."

"Monseigneur Cavalcanti," said Andrea, "do you believe in fairy tales?"

"I used not to do so, but I really feel now obliged to have faith in them."

"You have, then, been induced to alter your opinion; you have had some proof of their truth?" The major drew from his pocket a handful of gold.

"Most palpable proofs," said he, "as you may perceive."

"You think, then, that I may rely on the count's promises?"

"To the letter; but at the same time, remember, we must continue to play our respective parts. I, as a tender father—"

"And I, as a dutiful son, as they choose that I shall be descended from you."

"Do you mean by that?"

"I can hardly tell, but it was alluding to those who wrote the letter; you received one, did you?"

"From whom?"

"From one Abbe Basconi."

"How do you know the name of him?"

"No, I have never seen him."

"What did he say in the letter?"

"From the Abbe Basconi?"

"No."

"From whom then?"

"From an Englishman, called Lord Wilmore, who takes the name of Sinbad the Sailor."

"And of whom you have no more knowledge than I of the Abbe Basconi?"

"You are mistaken; there I am in advance of you."

"You have seen him, then?"

"Yes, once."

"Ah! that is just what I cannot tell you. If I did, I should make you as wise as myself, which is not my intention to do."

"And what did the letter contain?"

"Read it."

"You are poor, and your future prospects are dark and gloomy. Do you wish for a name? should you like to be rich, and your own master?"

"Tush!" said the young man; "was it possible there could be two answers to such a question?"

"Take the post-chaise which you will find waiting at the Porte de Genes, and you enter Nice. Go to the Count of Monte-Cristo, Avenue des Champs Elysees, on the 28th of May, at seven o'clock in the evening, and demand of him your father. You are the son of the Marquis Cavalcanti and the Marchioness Oliva Corsinari. The marquis will give you some papers which will certify this fact, and authorize you to appear under that name in the Parisian world. As to your rank, an annual income of 50,000 francs will enable you to support it admirably. I enclose a draft for 5,000 francs, payable on M. Ferrer, banker at Nice, and also a letter of introduction to the Count of Monte-Cristo, whom I have directed to supply all your wants."

"SINBAD THE SAILOR." "Humph!" said the major; "very good! You have seen the count. And has he conformed to all which the letter specified?"

"He has."

"Do you understand it?"

"Not in the least."

"There is a dupe somewhere."

"At all events it is neither you nor I."

"Well, then—"

"If you do not much concern us; do you think it does?"

"No, I agree with you there; we must play the game to the end, and content to be blindfold."

"Ah! you shall see; I promise you I will sustain my part to admiration."

"I never once doubted your doing so."

Monte-Cristo chose this moment for re-entering the drawing-room. On hearing the sound of footsteps, the two men thrust themselves in each other's arms; and in the midst of this embrace the count entered.

"Well, marquis," said Monte-Cristo, "you appear to be in no way disappointed in the son whom your good fortune has restored to you."

"Ah! my lord, I am overwhelmed with delight."

"And what are your feelings?" said Monte-Cristo, turning to the young man.

"As for me, my heart is overflowing with happiness."

"Happy father! happy son!" said the count.

"There is only one thing which grieves me," observed the major, "and that is the necessity there is for my leaving Paris so soon."

"Ah! my dear M. Cavalcanti, I trust you will not leave before I have had the honor of presenting you to some of my friends."

"I am at your service, sir," replied the major.

"Now, sir," said Monte-Cristo, addressing Andrea, "make your confession."

"To whom?"

"Tell M. Cavalcanti something of the state of your finances."

"My lord, you have touched upon a tender cord."

"Do you hear what he says, major? Your son requires money."

"Well! what would you have me to do?" said the major.

"You should furnish him with some, of course," replied Monte-Cristo.

"Yes, yes," said the count, at the same time advancing towards Andrea, and slipping a packet of bank notes into the young man's hand.

"What is this?"

"It is from your father."

"From my father?"

"Yes; did you not tell him just now that you wanted money. Well, then, he deputed me to give you this."

Crasto went to the window, and saw them crossing the street arm in arm.

"There go two miscreants!" said he. "It is a pity they are not really related!"

"Come, I will go to see the Morris!" said he. "I think that disgust is even more sickening than hatred."

CHAPTER V.

THE TRUSTING PLACE.

Our readers must now allow us to transport them again to the enclosure surrounding M. de Villefort's house, and behind the gate, half screened from view by the large chestnut-trees, which on all sides spread their luxuriant branches, we shall find some persons of our acquaintance. This time Maximilian was the first to arrive. He was intently watching for a shadow to appear among the trees, and awaiting with anxiety the sound of a light step on the gravel. At length the long desired sound was heard, and instead of one figure as he expected, he perceived that two were approaching him. The delay had been occasioned by a visit from Madame Danglars and Eugenie, which had been prolonged beyond the time at which Valentine was expected. That she might not appear to fall in her promise to Maximilian, she proposed to Maximilian, she proposed to Madame Danglars that they should take a walk in the garden, being anxious to show that the delay, which was doubtless a cause of vexation to her, was not occasioned by any neglect on her part. The young man, with the intuitive perception of a lover, quickly understood the circumstances, and in which she was involuntarily placed, and he was comforted. In about the space of half an hour the ladies retired, and Maximilian understood that Madeleine Danglars' visit had at last come to a conclusion. In a few minutes Valentine re-entered the garden alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now in Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the neck, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden circles, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that will respond to the treatment of this medicine. The spring or vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free on application. The symptoms of those who are faint speck, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat weaker than the first, pains in the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. W. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave, Toronto, Canada.

BITS OF FUN.

"I've found a cake!" said a sparrow; "And the other birds cried, 'How nice; is there any frosting on it?'"

"Yes, lots; it's a cake of ice!"

The paper doll loved the china doll. "Will you be my wife?" said he. "Oh, you're just sheer nonsense," she laughed "that's all!"

YOU WEREN'T OUT FOR ME.

With only nine hundred and ninety-nine!"

A freely with his tiny lamp. Played officer one night. And made the rounds of all the frowns. To see that things went right; And, happening to find a bee Who'd hopped to a lily-bell, He marched him straightway to a hive, And put him in the cell.

Malcolm Douglas, in October St. Nicholas.

Suggestion for a Summer Trip.

If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime. Purchase the low rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada via the Northern Pacific railroad to Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska.

The trip is made with the highest degree of comfort in the elegant vestibuled trains of the Northern Pacific railroad, which carry dining cars and luxurious Pullman sleeping cars from Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park.

The scenery en route is the most magnificent in the world. The states through which the road passes. Beautiful mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and plains follow each other in rapid succession to delight the eye with its endless color channels, snow-capped peaks, Indian villages and giant glaciers.

If you wish to investigate this suggestion, further send to Chas. S. Fox, General Passenger Agent, N. P. R. St. Paul, Minn. For the latest and most illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellowstone Park and Alaska folders.

Bloomer-Benny, why do you refer to your uncle as she? Benny—Because he is a soldier. "But what of that?" "Men of war are always spoken of in the feminine gender."

EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM.—Mrs. WM. HOWES, 68 Red London, Eng., states she had rheumatism, W. C. S. JACOBS OIL with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEARN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1890, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of S. JACOBS OIL."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kana, U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of S. JACOBS OIL and was permanently cured." JACOB S. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mrs. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C. London, Eng., says: "I strained my neck and the severe pain yielded like magic to S. JACOBS OIL."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kinross St., Brockton, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of S. JACOBS OIL enabled me to go about in a day."

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

WORSEFAND WEAKER.

Gettars, I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint, and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it. Wm. T. GLENN, Wilford, Ont.

Teacher (taking nationality of children as required at beginning of school year)—"Well, Fritz, of what nationality are you?" Fritz (decidedly)—"A Black Republican every time."

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South America Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mamma—Freddie, I wonder if you will always have to tell your father if he is soiled? Freddie (in a pout)—"I 'spose so; papa says wimmin always tell everything."

RICH PLUM PUDDING. This delicious confection is nicely calculated to produce dyspepsia, heartburn, bilious troubles and headaches. Burdock Blood Bitters is equally well calculated to cure these troubles and has proved its power in hundreds of cases. B. B. B. regulates and purifies the entire system.

There are only three ways of getting money. It must be begged, stolen, or earned. The coal combination is neither begging nor earning \$10.40 a ton for hard coal.

It is beyond all doubt that "Myrtle Navy" is the favorite tobacco with the smokers of Canada. They obtain more enjoyment from it than from any other tobacco made and those of them who have used it long enough to test its merits never abandon it for any other brand. The reason for this preference is that the "Myrtle Navy" is made of the very finest leaf which is grown and that in every process of its manufacture the most vigilant care is exercised to preserve the genuine aroma of the leaf.

A certain lady was once described by a rival as having "organs of hearing which would carry her too large for care and not large enough for wings."

CHANGE IS WELCOME. GENTLEMEN.—For twenty years I suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, etc., and received no benefit from the many medicines I tried, but after taking five bottles of B. B. B. I am at heartily of any food and am strong and smart. It is a grand medicine and has made a wonderful change in my health. Mrs. W. H. LEE, Harley, Ont.

CORNS! CORNS! Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep sores that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

"My old man," said Mrs. Grogan, "is all right barring a little fondness for drink. His love for pfwisky is his strongest weakness."

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER.

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL PREPARED BY SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutes. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

COAL.

The Subscriber has now in stock a large quantity of best quality of LEHIGH HARD COAL.

Old Mine's Sydney, Reserve Sydney, Victoria Sydney, Soft Coal.

These are considered the best House Coals, mined in Cape Breton. I will sell and deliver any of the above Coal at merely a living profit, as my motto is patric Sale and small Margins. Orders left at the Office of J. S. Morrison, Queen Street, will receive prompt attention.

P. FARRELL.

Frederickton, July 4th, 1892.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Diabetes, Gravel, Neuritis, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

E. HILBERT & Co., Proprietors, Toronto.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, in front of the County Court House in Fredericton, in the County of York, on the second day of November next, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon, and four o'clock, P. M.: All the right, title, interest, property claims and demand whatsoever, both in Law and in Equity, which have been laid out on the tenth day of February, A. D. 1892, of and out of the following described land and premises and the several Indentures of Lease thereon, that is to say:

"Also, in, to and out of all that certain other leasehold land and premises and the Indentures of Lease thereon, that is to say: All