













POETRY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

We pluck the flowers as we pass
With idle, heedless fingers,
And drop them careless in the grass...

A word of cheer is on our lip
For one whose heart is broken,
But then we let the moment slip...

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I am sorry to disturb you, and equally sorry that I feel obliged to exact a reluctant service, because I know you dislike to visit the business part of the city, and there I must send you. This note from Mrs. Vanderbank will explain the nature of the business, which I can interest to no one except yourself, and you will see that the commission admits of no delay. Here is your car fare. Go first to No. 100, Lucie Avenue, talk fully with Mrs. Vanderbank, and then ride down to Jordan & Jackson's, and get all the material on the superior quality of the plush. Order the girl delivered with the goods; and if anything be required in your department, you had better leave the list with King & Turner."

Three squares south of the "Anchorage" ran a line of street cars, which carried her away to the heart of the city; and at the expiration of an hour and a half, Beryl had executed the commission, and was walking homeward, watching for a car which would expedite her return. Dreading identification, she made her way to the great thoroughfare; and now felt doubly shielded from observation by the Quaker-shaped drab bonnet and veil that covered her white cap. As she was passing the entrance of a dancing academy, a throng of boys and girls poured out, filling the sidewalk, and creating a temporary blockade, through which a gentleman, laden with several packages, elbowed his way. A moment later, Beryl's foot struck some obstacle, and looking down she saw a large portfolio lying on the pavement. It was a handsome morocco case, with the initials "G. M. J." stamped in gilt upon the cover, which was tied with well-worn strings. She held it up, looked around, even turned back, thinking that the owner might have returned to search for it; but the gentlemen who had hurried through the crowd was no longer visible, and in the distance she fancied she saw a similar figure cross the street, and spring upon a car rolling in the opposite direction.

The human clot had dissolved, the juvenile assembly had drifted away; and as no one appeared to claim the lost article, she signalled to the driver of the car passing just then, entered and took a seat in one corner. The only passengers were two nurses with hands of little ones, seeking fresh air in a neighboring park; and slipping the book under her veil, Beryl began to examine its contents. A glance showed her that it belonged to some artist, and was filled with sketches neatly numbered and dated.

Slowly turning the leaves, which showed everywhere a master's skilful hand, Beryl found two sheets of paper tied together with a strand of silk; and between them lay a fold of tissue paper to preserve some delicate lines. She untied the knot, and, carefully lifting the tissue, looked at the sketch. A faint, inarticulate cry escaped her, and she sank back an instant in the corner of the seat; but the clatter of the nurse, and the whispering wail of one disatisfied baby, mercifully drowned the sound. The car, the trees on the street seemed spinning in some witch's dance, and an icy wind swept over and chilled her. She threw aside her veil, stooped, and her lips whitened.

"What was there in the figure of a kneeling monk to drive the blood in cold waves to her throbbing heart? The sketch represented the head and shoulders of a man, whose cowl had fallen back, exposing the outline and modeling of a face and throat absolutely flawless in beauty, yet darkened by the reflection of some overpowering and irremediable woe. The features were youthful as St. Sebastian's; the expression that of one prematurely aged by severe and unrelenting mental conflict; but neither shaven crown nor cowl availed to disguise Bertie Brentano, and as his sister's eyes gazed at the sketch, it wavered, swam, vanished in a mist of tears.

In one corner of the sheet a man's hand had written "Brother Luke," August 10th. Had relented fate, or a merciful, prayer-answering God, placed in her hand the long-sought clue? When Beryl recovered from the shock of recognition, and looked around she found the car empty, and discovered that she had been carried several squares beyond the street where she intended to get out and walk. Carefully replacing the tissue paper and silk thread, she tied the leather straps of the portfolio and left the car, holding the sketches close to her heart as she hurried homeward. When she turned a corner and caught sight of the bronze arched door, she involuntarily slackened her pace, and at the same moment a policeman crossed the street, stood in front of her, and touched his cap. The sight of his uniform thrilled her with a premonition of danger.

"Pardon me, Sister, but something has been lost on the street."

"A portfolio? I have found it."

"It is very valuable to the owner."

"I intend having it advertised in tomorrow's paper."

"The person to whom it belongs wishes to leave the city to-night, hence his haste in trying to recover it."

"I picked it up in front of Hellwig's dancing academy. How did you know who had found it?"

"The owner discovered he had dropped it soon after he had boarded a car, where Captain Tunstall of our force happened to be, and he at once telegraphed to all the stations to be on the look-out. A boot-black, whose name is near Hellwig's, reported that he saw one of the 'Grey Women' pick up something, and get on an upbound car. Our station was telephoned to interview the 'Anchorage'; so you see we are prompt. I was just going over to ring the bell, and make inquiries."

"Who lost the book?"

"A man named McIlvaine, an Englishman, I think, who is obliged to hurry to-night, in order to catch some New York steamer where his passage is engaged."

"You are sure he is a foreigner?"

"Beryl, who has favorably revolving the possibility that the sketch belonged to some detective, and was intended for identification of the picture on the glass door at X—"

"You can't be sure of anything that is only lip-deep, that was the account telephoned to us. There is a reward of two dollars if the book is delivered by eight p. m.; after that time, ten dollars, and directions left in the form of a note to London. He said it was worthless to anybody else, but contained a lot of pictures he valued."

"I do not want the reward, but before I surrender the portfolio, I must see the owner."

"Why?"

"For reasons that concern only myself. He can come here, and claim his property; or I will take it to him, and restore it, after he has answered some questions. You are quite welcome to the reward, which I am sure you merit, because of your promptness and circumspection. Will you notify him that he can obtain his book by calling at the 'Anchorage'?"

"Our instructions are to deliver the book at room 215, hotel Lucullus. It is now four o'clock."

"I will not surrender the book to you; but I will accompany you to the hotel, and deliver it to the owner in your presence. Let us lose no time."

"Very well. Sister, I'll keep a little behind, and jump on the first red car that passes down. Look out for me on the platform, and I'll stop the car for you."

"Thank you, said Beryl, wondering whether the sanctity of her garb exacted this mark of deference, or whether the instinctive chivalry of American manhood prompted him to spare her the appearance of a woman in distress."

Keeping her in sight, he trotted until they found themselves on the same car, where the officer, apparently engrossed by his cigarette, retained his stand on the rear platform. In front of the hotel two men were engaged in a heated conversation, and one of them, who Beryl recognized as the man who had found the portfolio, was saying to the other: "I am indebted to you for my recovery, I regret for your sake that it is so mesagre."

"It was last August that you made the sketch."

"Last August. And now may I ask to whom my thanks are due?"

"I am merely a humble member of a sisterhood of working women, and my name could possess no interest for you. I owe you an apology for trespassing upon your time, and prying into the mysteries of your portfolio; but the beauty of your sketch, and its startling resemblance to one in whom I have long felt an interest, must plead my pardon. I am grateful, sir, for your courtesy, and will detain you no longer."

"He bowed profoundly; she bent her head, and walked quickly away, keeping her eyes fixed upon the man who had found the portfolio, until he was out of sight. For the first time since her trial and conviction a sensation of perfect tranquillity shed upon her anxious and foreboding heart. Bertie was safe from capture on foreign soil, and the testimony of the traveller, that he prayed in the solitude of the wilderness, brought her the comforting assurance that the fires of remorse had begun the purification of his sinful soul from the crime that had blackened so many lives.

When an ignominious death stared this woman in the face, she had cried to her God: "Though you slay me, yet will I trust you!" and to-night she bowed her head in prayer, that the uplifted hand held no longer a dagger, but had fallen tenderly in benediction.

Far away in the heart of the city, the clock in the granite tower was striking two; yet Beryl knelt at her oriel window, with her arms crossed on the wide sill, and her eyes fixed upon the shimmering sea. Beyond those silent waves, hidden in some lonely, snow-girt cove, there perhaps the muffled thunders of the Pacific responded to the midnight chants of his oratory, dwell Bertie; and to touch his hand once more, to hear from his own lips that he had made his peace with God, to kiss him good-bye seemed all that was left for accomplishment.

Poor and unknown, she lacked apparently every means requisite for this attainment; but faith, patience and courage were hers. Daily work for daily wage was the present duty; and in God's good time she would find her brother. How, or when, so expensive and difficult a quest could be successfully prosecuted, she knew not.

To-night she seemed cradled in the arms of peace, soothed by an unflinching trust that whispered:

"Would I could wish my wishes all to rest."

And know to wish the wish that were the best."

While her lips moved in prayer for Bertie, she fell asleep. When she awoke, the lilacs were swinging their purple thrushes filled with dew, in honor of the new day, and a robin redbreast peeped out his happy heart in a salutory to the rising sun.

man who offers you wealth, good looks, a stainless reputation, an honored name, and the best possible social position."

"All of which tempt me in no degree."

"Brompton is doubtful everything you consider him; lives in a brown stone palace, is an influential and respected citizen, but, comparatively, we are strangers. He bought my pictures, took a fleeting fancy to my face, and, to my great surprise, indulged in a romantic whim. What does he comprehend of my past? How little he understands the barrier that shuts me out from the lot of most women!"

"He is fully acquainted with every detail of your life that has been confided to me, or discovered by the public; and he has studied and admired you ever since you came to dwell among us. In view of your very peculiar history, you must admit that his affection is certainly strong. If you married him, your past would be effectually blotted out."

"I have no desire to blot it out, and though misfortune overshadowed my name, it is the unshakable legacy my father left me, and I hold it very sacred; wrap it as a mantle about me. When suspicion of any form of disgrace falls upon a woman, it is as though some delicate flower had been thrust too close to a scorching fire; the hot blast leaves its indelible light. To me the thought of marriage comes not more than to one who knows death sits waiting only for the setting of the sun, to claim his own. That phase of life is as inaccessible and uninviting to me as Antarctic circumpolar lands. My future and my past are so interblended, that I can as easily tear out my heart and continue to breathe, as attempt to separate them. I have a certain work to do, and its accomplishment binds all other plans."

"Does the nature of that work involve vows of celibacy?"

"Sometimes fate decrees for us, allowing no voluntary vows. How soon the path to my work will open before me, I cannot tell; but the day must come, and like a pilgrim guided, I will wait."

"Can you find elsewhere a nobler field of work than surrounds you here?"

"Certainly not, and some drops of selfishness mingle with the motives that will ultimately bear me beyond these halting precincts; yet a day may come when, having fulfilled a sacred duty, I shall travel back, praying you to let me live and die among you."

"My sister, your patient submission, your tireless application, have endeared you to me; and I should rejoice to lose you; but your little grey head, where your artistic labors have reflected so much credit on the 'Home.'"

"Thank you, Sister Ruth! praise from fellow-toilers is praise indeed, and the greatest blessing one human being can bestow upon another, I owe to you; the blessing of being loved by a person who which enables me to help myself. If I leave the 'Anchorage' for a season, it will be on an errand such as Noah's dove went forth from refuge to perform; and when I return with my olive branch, the deign of my life, have spent its full term, and I shall rest in peace where the ark is anchored."

"Do you imagine that desertion from our ranks will be so readily condoned? Drum-head court martial obtains here."

"Would you call it desertion, if, seizing the opportunity that fate offers us here, I foretook the camp only long enough to scout on a dangerous outpost, to fight single-handed a desperate battle? If I fall, the folds of our banner would shroud me; if I conquer, would you not all greet me, and my work would be done?"

"The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequalled remedy.

The reason a dog can look so knowing is because he can't say anything to spoil the effect.

Mrs. WILSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Throat, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wilson's Soothing Syrup" for Children, Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon your mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach, and soothes the Gums and softens the Stools. It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wilson's Soothing Syrup."

Some farmers know how to cultivate everything better than the next generation of farmers.

THE EYE-ELECTIONS have passed by and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There is unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all people in Canada in pronouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and headache remedy, and general tonic renovating medicine before the public.

"I'll join you in a minute," is what the minister said to the couple who were waiting to be married.

SANDWICH. Siss.—For five years I suffered from lumbago and could get no relief until I used Hagar's Yellow Oil, and must say I find no better remedy for it.

JOHN DUNBAR, Sandwich, Ont.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

THE IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any injurious.

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Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and girls, who are cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

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ST. JACOBS OIL CURES RHEUMATISM-NEURALGIA.

Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Backache.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

A Good Suggestion.

By continued in meat irregular action of the bowels, often called costiveness, and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint and not to be neglected under any circumstances, as it leads to impure blood, headache, debility, fevers, etc. A uniformly successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which, if faithfully tried, never fails to effect a prompt and lasting cure even in the worst cases. The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for itself. "I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

First Parishioner—I think we ought to raise Dr. Thirdly's salary. Second Parishioner—I don't. He is such a conscientious man that he would feel bound to reach his proper term. To gain the public confidence is essential to business success, and it can only be gained by a steady course of faithful dealing with them. It is by this course that Messrs. Tuckett & Son have secured the great success of their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. This confidence is not only a source of business to the firm, but also a source of economy which the consumers get the benefit of. The merchant never loses a moment of time in examining the quality of the tobacco. The same firm fixes the quality as absolutely as the mint stamps the value of the guinea. It is not necessary for the commercial traveler's trunk to be burdened with a sample of "Myrtle Navy." All his customers know what it is, and know in an instant when it has been supplied. There is no room for any dispute about it. No waste of time or postage in writing complaints about it. These may look like trifles to the uninitiated, but they save money, and enable merchants to perform their work of distribution at the smallest possible cost. They are part of the reasons why the finest quality of tobacco grown can be sold at so cheap a price.

An editor inadvertently referred to his late lamented mother-in-law as being "now out of print."

The Parting of the Ways.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little outdoor exercises. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins, who was poor, "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. The "Golden Medical Discovery" saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequalled remedy.

JUST LANDED. Coarse SALT, FINE SALT, L. A. S. T. FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

Notice of Removal.

R. HENRY MACKY,

have passed by and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There is unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all people in Canada in pronouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and headache remedy, and general tonic renovating medicine before the public.

Lawn Mowers.

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE, CAMPBELL STREET: CITY HALL.

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"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unending, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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BLOOD

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DRUGS, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

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