

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The Cream of Canadian and American Verse.

## An Old Proverb.

BY BENJ. F. LEGGETT.

When it rains, why, let it rain,  
That's the way they do in Spain!  
Here's a lesson we may ken—  
All the hearty sons of men;  
Truly worth its weight in gold  
Is this proverb quaint and old;  
It may teach us much of lore  
We have never known before;  
Let us bear it through the years;  
It may save us many tears.  
For the ills we cannot cure  
Are the ills we must endure;  
When it rains, then let it rain,  
Just as people do in Spain.

Be the weather wet or dry,  
Just as well to laugh as cry;  
If the night be full of snow  
Make the hearthfire brighter glow,  
Shadows cannot always stay;  
Whistle and they flee away;  
Though the thunder rumble loud,  
There is blue above the cloud;  
Though the winds of winter blow  
Violets slumber 'neath the snow.  
Though the airy floods may roar  
And the clouds may pour and pour,  
They don't murmur nor complain,  
Happy people there in Spain.

Patient waiting brings the gleam;  
Fret and worry are a dream  
Full of nightmare and unrest,  
Not the slumber of the blest;  
Care is but a sorry wight;  
Let him vanish with the night;  
Why should he hold potent away  
Till the fairest locks are gray,  
Till the roses all are fled  
And the wrinkles reign instead?  
Up and bid him flit and fly,  
Sweep the shadows from the sky,  
And the sun will shine again  
Just as brightly as in Spain.

Why should any mortal frown  
When the shadows darken down?  
Why bemoan life's petty ills  
With castles on a thousand hills?  
Or the wealth of earth and sky  
All revealed to ear and eye?  
If no night o'er earth were drawn  
There could never be a dawn:  
Seeds that slumber would be lost  
But for ministries of frost;  
Heed, O heed, this proverb old  
With its wisdom manifold;  
When it raineth—let it rain,  
That's the way they do it Spain!  
—Ward, Penn.

## My Ships.

There are those who say "There's luck  
for me  
When my ships come home from sea,"  
And poets who wail as leaves the  
shore  
"The ship which sails to return no  
more."  
But I cannot say "There's luck for  
me  
When my ships come home from sea,"  
Nor mourn for the ships which, leav-  
ing shore,  
Are fatal to vanish ever more.  
For ships of mine from nowhere start,  
Nor furnish themes to thrill the heart,  
They are but phantoms of the brain,  
That sail around a shadowy main.  
My ships are sailing in every sea,  
And always sail away from me—

Sailing in darkness, shunning the  
light—  
These spectral ships which cruise by  
night.

Round and round on the ocean's rim,  
In a watery waste with shadows dim,  
Silently sailing away, away,  
Vanishing—sinking at dawn of day.

There's never the swish of a reefing  
sail,  
There's never the mariner's cheering  
hail,  
Nor gulls' white wings in outward  
dips,  
To meet and welcome the homeward  
ships.

But the restless petrels hover in  
sport,  
Nor leave the ships which have no  
port,  
For the ghostly crews and pilots blind  
Shall never reach deck, or harbor find.

These ships still muster upon the  
main—  
The hopes of the night at morn are  
slain—  
And the mornings come, the evenings  
go,  
While the years glide by in measured  
flow.

Oh, these ships that muster in every  
sea,  
And sail—still sail away from me—  
That never to me from foreign strand  
With gems galore shall reach the  
land—

That never for me at pier unload  
The Orient spoils of jeweled gold,  
But round and round on the boundless  
main  
Sail on—sail on in endless train.

My phantom ships of the spectral sea.  
Sailing—sailing away from me—  
With never a change, with never a  
sound—

Sailing forever round and round.

C. H. COLLINS.

Hillsboro, Ohio.

Do you want a good trunk? Well  
then, just call and see those new ones  
at Anderson & Walker's.

Don't think of purchasing  
elsewhere until you have exam-  
ined my Stock.

The Latest Styles in  
SCOTCH, ENGLISH

And

CANADIAN SUITINGS,

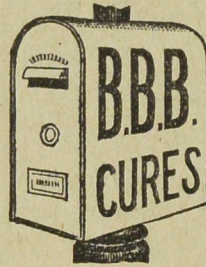
Splendid Line of Serges, in Blue  
and Black, Fine Venetians,  
Fancy Trouserings.

The Prices are as Low as  
any in the City, and the Best  
Quality of Trimmings.

W. E. SEERY.

Wilmot Avenue, Fredericton.

## Letters Come.



Letters come day  
by day telling us  
that this person has  
been cured of dys-  
pepsia, that person  
of Bad Blood, and  
another of Head-  
ache, still another  
of Biliousness, and yet others of  
various complaints of the Stomach,  
Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through  
the intelligent use of Burdock Blood  
Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recog-  
nizing the fact that Burdock Blood  
Bitters cures all diseases of the  
Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street,  
Brantford, Ont., says: During seven  
years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all  
the time with violent headaches. Her  
head was so hot that it felt like burning  
up. She was weak, run down, and so  
feeble that she could hardly do anything,  
and so nervous that the least noise startled  
her. Night or day she could not rest and  
life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds  
of medicines and treatment for her but  
she steadily grew worse until I bought  
six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from  
C. Stork & Son, of Brampton, Ont., for  
which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best  
investment I ever made in my life. Mrs.  
Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—  
there was no need of the other two, for  
those four bottles made her a strong  
healthy woman, and removed every ail-  
ment from which she had suffered, and  
she enjoyed the most vigorous health.  
That five dollars saved me lots of money  
in medicine and attendance thereafter,  
and better than that it made home a  
comfort to me.

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Restaurant,

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Next door to Commercial Hotel.

OYSTERS.

P. E. Island, Shediac, Buctouche,  
Providence River and Virginia  
Plants.

STEWES 20 Cts.

HOT DINNERS, 20c.

Dinner begins at 11, but meals  
will be furnished at any hour  
during the day.

Parties from the country will  
find it to their advantage to give  
me a call.

Private Rooms fitted up for  
small parties.

W. A. LINDSAY

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GARDEN,  
FIELD

AND

FLOWER  
SEEDS

IN THE CITY

AT

WILEY'S  
DRUG STORE.  
REMOVAL.

I wish to Inform the Public  
that I have

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MY PLACE OF BUSINESS

Across the Street, into the Golding  
Building, next Carvell's Laun-  
dry, where I am prepared to keep  
constantly on hand, all kinds of

FRESH and CORNED

Meats and Poultry,

In Season, Which I will sell  
at Reasonable Rates.

Kindly call and see my New  
Place of Business and you will  
become convinced that I keep  
the Best Display of Meats &c.  
and can do Better for you than  
any one in the City.

Stanley A. Chase.