

WAYSIDE WARBLER.

By Field and Flood in York and Sunbury.

Once more the month comes around; in fact a whole month had gone by and THE JOURNAL for the succeeding month was issued and mailed since I had taken a country trip, (owing to the circus, the election and the arrival of my nephew from the State of Maine.) So on Tuesday, July 16th, I at last got ready, and with

THE STURDY OLD DEMOCRAT

start down river on the eastern side. The sun seemed to shine brighter, the birds sang blither and the air seemed purer and more refreshing since the Liberal victory, but I noticed that business was not any better nor the walking less fatiguing.

I made my way across Blair's bridge just as the City Hall clock was striking ten and continued my way through the towns of St. Marys and Gibson without making any stops; for while I have had many friends in these pretty little villages in days gone by and have many yet, there is nothing so discouraging to me as peddling through a town, where you cannot be sure of your friends and are liable to have

HALF THE DOORS SHUT IN YOUR FACE, and although it is only common civility, hospitality and Christianity to admit a traveller into your house and give him a chair, a pleasant word and offer refreshments if it is near the hour, there are many who do not live up to that standard as there are also many who travel who are wholly undeserving of such courtesies.

On crossing the Nashwaak bridge I stopped at the house of a friend and it being about dinner time I inquired of the lady of the house if they had had dinner, of course prepared to pay for it as I always am when it is not tendered me freely; but the lady replied that

THEY ONLY HAD DINNER WHEN HER HUSBAND WAS AT HOME;

which seemed to me very rough on the rest of the family, so I stopped not again until I came to the house of my old friend, Mr. McNulty, and Bill being away on an errand and they in consequence having a late dinner I was not cheated out of my dinner after all, as I should have been, as the place has no hotel and it does not always do to bother a woman after she gets her dinner dishes packed away. That evening I take tea with the widow Duffy and Fred and spend the night with my friends Messrs John and Thomas Gill and their sister and reach the next night Mr. Howard Crawford's residence where I put up. A big thunder shower came up in the evening and the women were considerably alarmed, especially the woman belonging in the next house who

CAME FLYING FOR SUCCOR

with her boy from the wrath of the angry elements, but Mr. Crawford's ten-year-old boy Murray, who having started for the cows previous to the shower, a distance of about two miles, came back just as it was over, not in the least terrified, and beyond a thorough drenching none the worse. That boy has in him some of the stuff of which heroes are made. Just above the old Robinson village, which is now fast falling to decay, I stop for a call

on my old friend and brother poet, Barry Straton, who after repeated driftings has settled for the nonce in the stone house of Mr. Johnson, and was cordially received by him and his worthy lady. Mr. Straton is an example of the majority of poets whom the Muses have smiled on bewitchingly and showered upon them most lavish gifts, but whom Dame Fortune has fought shy of and whose life, like ours, has been a continuous struggle against

THE THREE GRIM WOLVES THAT HUNT FOR MEN;

but hope points ever upward, and an undaunted spirit is proof against trials and misfortunes.

That afternoon I reach the Messrs. Treadwell's and although early they would not permit me to go any farther and I had, as I always have with these good friends, an excellent time. There were two kids from town, Don Cameron and Louis Sterling, which made it still more interesting. The next night I reach Mr. Wm. Reilly's and from there strike for Sheffield which to me for the most part is terra incognita, it having been many years since I had gone any farther than Taylortown. The farms are on a large scale and under excellent cultivation, devoted largely to hay; the houses are on a pretentious scale and some of the people are reported to be built on the same model but on the whole I got on fairly and had no cause whatever of complaint. Among the friends I knew were the family of the late Nathan Day, Mr. Isaac Stevenson, a subscriber and Dr. Camp, at each of which I stop for a short rest, and at tea time stop into the Rev. Mr. Parkin's as big as a lord and call for tea. Although naturally timid and retiring among those who are indifferent or unfriendly to me, among strangers I can sometimes

PUT ON A BOLD FRONT.

They may be friends, they cannot be worse than enemies and here goes for trying them. My confidence in this case I found not to be misplaced for the lady was a kind, sensible, broad-minded woman who treated me with all the respect due a gentleman, and I flatter myself that I know enough, and have sufficient respect for true ladies and gentlemen, to behave in a proper manner when in their company. While tea was preparing we entered into a conversation and the subject of religion was naturally touched upon, but in a plain, sensible, straight-forward manner—she asking me my belief and I very properly acknowledging it, for which she gave me due credit, and showed throughout the whole conversation a broad, liberal, tolerant and Christian spirit. It is refreshing to meet such. They do not nag you about your soul or ask you silly questions, but meet you on the broad plane of "faith in God and love to man."

"All hearts must own the saints elect
Who twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid seat
The Christian pearl of charity."

After supper and heartily thanking the good lady, who would accept no other payment, I pass on to the hostelry of Mr. Thomas Bridges at what is known as McGowan's wharf in the lower part of Sheffield where I remain over Sunday, where I was decently treated and not overcharged. I was very much amused at a dialogue which took place between two of the boys concerning me as I was lying on the bed directly overhead on Sunday af-

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