

**WAYSIDE WARBLERS.**

By River, Wood and Rail in York and Northumberland.

On May 18th, after having disposed of the business in connection with the May issue I bethought me again of taking another trip to the country, and getting my luggage aboard of The Canadian Democrat I

**STARTED ACROSS THE BRIDGE.**

I got to Marysville that afternoon and delivered my papers and sold quite a number but could have sold twice as many had I had them, as the demand seems to have increased for it in that place.

The next day I get up to the Penniac Bridge, and spend the night as I usually do when in that vicinity with my old friends, Wm. Collings and family, who treated me with great kindness and patronized me liberally, and the next day after taking tea with my old friends, the McLean's, I reach the home of Mr. Thomas Gordon. I find here ahead of me the old travelling preacher woman, Mrs. Foster, whom most people throughout the Province have met, as she

**HAS BEEN TRAVELLING FOR 20 YEARS.**

in this Province, Maine and Nova Scotia and preaching the gospel according to her lights. It is not for me to criticise any one's motives, but I might mention that she has not been regularly ordained has never graduated from a theological college and is not recognized by the regular clergy of any denomination. She travels like the apostles, without purse or scrip and recognizes no church government; nothing but

**THE VOICE OF GOD SPEAKING TO HER HEART.**

She lays claim to visions and spiritual manifestations from on high in which she is no doubt sincere, but any one should be at liberty to form their own judgment in regard to the genuineness of such claims. A poor wayfarer, she knows what it is to eat the bread of sorrow and while kindly treated by many she gets many a rebuff and repulse from those

"Who see not God in the homeless poor." and while making pretensions to Christianity themselves would turn The Master away from their doors if he came in the guise of a beggar.

"Where'er her wayward path may be  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go;  
The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.

Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun;  
Through what ancestral years have run  
The sorrow with the woman born.

Who forged her cruel chain of moods,  
Who set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute  
Who mingled madness in her blood.

A life-long discord and annoy,  
Water of tears for oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
Perversities of flower and fruit."

I continue on my way, stop the next night at my friend David Manzer's and the next at my friend Grant's and reaching the Durham Bridge Station wait for the northward bound train, and getting on board reach Boiestown shortly after dinner.

Among the passengers were several

river drivers and Mr. Geo. N. Babbitt, who, accompanied by his two little boys was taking passage, had along with him a kodak with which he took our pictures seated in a group after we had reached Cross Creek station.

The Canada Eastern R. R. is my friend, the only friend I have now left among the railways and likewise all its officials from Mr. Gibson down are my friends, but had I never received any favors from it I could not but speak of it in complimentary terms, as it is

**THE FRIEND OF THE PUBLIC**

and an immense convenience to the people of this city, Chatham, and the country lying between. It has lopped one tentacle off that giant soulless octopus the C. P. R. and given our people cheap passenger and freight transportation to and from the West.

After dinner at Duffy's Hotel which is the only hotel at this place and the resort of all the travelling public it being so well known and its good landlord and landlady held in such high esteem, I cross the Taxis bridge in the direction of Campbelltown and stepping into Mr. Justus Fairley's am kindly invited by his daughter to take tea, after which I call on

**REV MR OLEMENS,**

the Methodist minister now stationed at that place. Although a stranger I was received with such courtesy and kindness by himself, his good wife and his dear little children that it surprised me, as clergymen of all denominations are found as a rule to be rather stiff to strangers. They patronized me quite liberally and kindly offered to accommodate me over Sunday, although they

**WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR HOUSE CLEANING.**

but the residence of my old friend from the Nashwaak, Mr. Ben Gunter, being near, I did not wish to put them to the trouble, besides I was anxious to see the good old gentleman and lady and enjoy one of the pleasant chats that I have often had with them.

So Sunday found me comfortably settled with this good family, and in the afternoon my friend Howard Richards coming up I go down with him to the villaga where a crew of river drivers were encamped and among them

**THE RED UPTABLE BUNKER JONES**

so well known in this city who is reported to be one of the smartest river drivers on New Brunswick waters.

Next morning I go a short distance up the Taxis, following for some miles the track of the recent fire, which has spread over such a large tract of land and caused such destruction to the forests and in some cases to the farmer's fences and buildings. Where before had been green trees and sequestered nooks was now a blackened ruin, and the thought forcibly impressed itself on my mind that such has been the effect of

**THE BLIGHTING BREATH OF RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.**

that withers and shrivels up the human heart, drying up all the fountains of love and good will to one's neighbor and the smoke of which obscures the soul so that it cannot see the pure light of the gospel and observe the divine injunction:—"To do unto others as you would they

should do unto you." We thought of the trail of blood and fire which it has left in its wake in the older countries, where its ashes still smoulder and occasionally break out into flame, regretting deeply that its torch had ever been carried into our fair country, and threatens it now with all the horrors of

**A GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,**

Thank God there are still some quiet retreats which have not been polluted by the trail of the serpent and where we can breathe God's fresh air unpolluted by the miasmatic exhalations of sectarian bigotry, and the Southwest Miramichi is one of these.

I turn up a cross road to Parker's Ridge, which I got over with much difficulty as it was rough and hilly and came out at the cosy little home of Clarence Boies, quite early in the afternoon, but as I had had a hard tramp and the good lady saw I was tired, she very considerately invited me to remain over night and I put in the time until supper by reading Grimm's Fairy Tales. After supper I went up to the Grange store to see my boy friends and there got several new subscriptions. I had great fun with one of my pet kids, Jimmy Spencer, in front of the store where we lay down on the grass and with our heels under each other's heads.

**PLAYED ROCKING HORSE.**

Next day I cut across to the river road and stop with Mr. Sandy McDonald, and after dinner and a pleasant chat with my old friend and subscriber Roland Hinchey start for Hayesville visiting my old friends on the route who received me with open arms. Arrived at Hayesville I was very comfortably domiciled in the pleasant abode of my friends, the brothers John and Peter Hayes, who have shown such kindness to me in all my visits to them that the remembrance of it is enough to cheer me in all my troubles throughout the long dreary year, and this visit was no exception to the rest—no quibbling on account of religious differences or petty or narrow minded animus at diverse, political or social opinions, they are too whole hearted and possess too much manhood to descend to such contemptible methods.

Leaving Mr. Hayes' the next day I make good time and reach the home of Mr. Jas. Fairley, the mill owner at dinner time, where after a good dinner, a social chat with the men and ladies of the house, besides a good smoke from tobacco purchased at Mr. Fairley's store, I start down

**A LONG LONESOME ROAD**

of five miles and scarcely stop except to brush away the black flies and mosquitoes, which were very numerous until I come to Mr. Robert Hickey's. Nothing could equal the kindness and attention shown me by the good old mother and the excellent young ladies and had I wanted to eat every hour I would have got it. On the following morning it began to rain, and Wes being laid up with a sore hand I put in a pleasant time with him until dinner time after which it clearing off I took my departure amid great remonstrances from these good people who would have been only too glad to have kept me a month had I had the time to spare, but the week was waning, it being Thursday and as I had several miles to go to reach

the Ludlew Station on Saturday, which day I must get home to

**MY WIFE AND THE JOURNAL.**

I took my leave but it coming on again to rain I only got on as far as Mr. John Clowater's where I was invited to stop and Frank running the Democrat into the shed I remained for the night and spent a pleasant time with this good family.

The morning rose bright and fair and I proceeded on my way, meeting with much encouragement and many subscriptions, until I reached the destined point and wait for the Fredericton bound train, where at last, safely stowed on board myself and the Democrat we soon made the journey home.

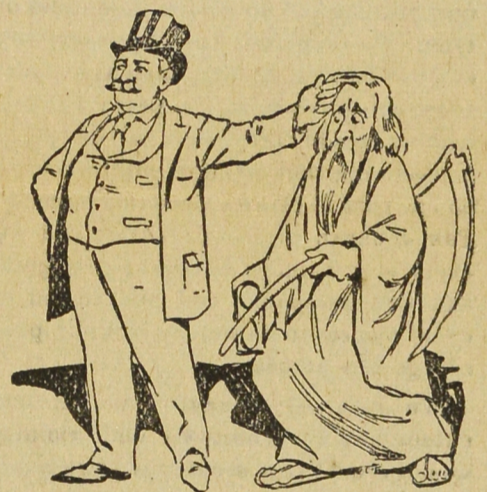
**MARTIN.**

**Canadian Goods.**

Fred. B. Edgecombe is showing just now a fine stock of domestic dry goods manufactured here in Canada. If you want to see what our manufacturers can make, and how low these goods can be sold to what you were accustomed to pay for them, some years ago, just visit Fred B. Edgocombes large dry goods store. Patronize, home manufactres and home industries.

**New Paper**

Mr. Chas. S. O. Crocket has issued from his office a small paper called Topics of The Town. It will be published every Friday and given away to the public the advertisements paying the costs of publication and no doubt netting him a handsome margin. We wish him success.



"Old Father Time cuts some down very suddenly." But there are times when you can take Old Father Time by the forelock, if you are strong enough financially, by buying what Goods you want at

**Lemont & Sons,**

Before time is up.

Don't forget that Every Saturday is a Special Bargain Day. But every day we have Snap Bargains offered. For instance now; about 100 Lace Curtains, Manufacturers' Samples, at 25 cts. a piece. Painted Tin Slop Jars, 40 cts, now 22 cts.

Balmy breezes will soon blow.—Then a Hammock—Then a Croquet Sett—Then Outside Games, Lawn Chairs.

**Saturday, June 6**

20 cts. off of Hall Stands, Hat Racks and Baby Carriages.

**SATURDAY, JUNE 13th,**

20 cts off each dollar's worth of Carpets, Rugs, Spring Beds and Bedding. New Goods every day, cheap.