

FUR CAPS.

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RIGHT PRICES.

R. M. CAMPBELL

190 Queen Street.

WAYSIDE WARBLES.

Up the Penniac.—Old Friends and
Associations.

'Tis evening over Penniac,
On crystal wave and shelving rock;
And Milltown's spires gleam pure and
bright
In the far, fast receding light.

As I alight from the sled of Mr.
Frank Mitchell, who had kindly given
me and my cargo passage; at the heel
end of Mount Hope, and going a short
distance further, to the home of my
friend Wm. Grant seek shelter for the
night. But I must not pass over an
accident that befel me on the way.
While going through McConaghytown,
a suburb of Marysville, we took on
some kids, who, like the generality of
that kind of stock, were thrashing
around and hallooing at the top of
their voices, and as the horse started
up the hill he gave a quick start and
the bundle of hay on which I was sit-
ting overturning,

I WAS PRECIPITATED HEADLONG
with my head on the old "Prancer"
which was hitched behind, and my
heels elevated skyward at an angle of
65 degrees.

At Mr. Grant's I spend a pleasant
night and next morning start on my
return trip, taking dinner at my friend
Ezekiel Savage's home, and was kindly
invited by these good people

TO REMAIN WITH THEM OVER SUNDAY,
a thing I should have gladly done, but
I felt there was no excuse for tying up
so soon, and continued on my way. I
take supper at the home of James Gil-
more and then as the night was fast
closing in I began to think that it was
about time for me to be looking up a
place in which to stop over Sunday, so
I bethought me of my old friend on the
hill, John McSorley, and though it
was a hard and tiresome drag to reach
it at the best, and much worse on ac-
count of the bad condition of the roads
the welcome I received well repaid me.
I was accorded a genuine old Irish
cead maille failthe from these good
people, who were never known to re-
fuse a traveller lodgings, and enjoyed
very much the amusing and weird tales
of

LIFE IN THE DEAR OLD LAND,

of which the old gentleman possesses
a good memory.

The old Irish emigrants, like my
friend John, the soul of honor, good

fellowship, unassuming friendship,
genuine piety and ample hospitality,
are fast passing away, and are being
in some cases succeeded by a class
with

NEW PRINCIPLES AND OPINIONS

in which there is not the heart the
sympathy or hospitality of the old
stock. After breakfast I make my
way on my downward trip calling at
my old friend's Mr. Culligan (a Protest-
ant Irishman) who gave me an equal
welcome, would not let me take my de-
parture until after dinner and sent his
boy with me to help me haul my sled
up the hill. Mr. Culligan is very cosey
and comfortable in his snug residence
on a good farm and with his fourth or
fifth wife (I forget which) and a start of
two (a fine boy and girl) on his fourth
or fifth

CROP OF CHILDREN.

No one can blame him for not doing
his full duty to his country,

Up the hill I stop for the night with
my friend Wm. Walker and enjoy a
good discussion with him on religious
topics and affairs of state. Mr. Walker
is one of several who like me better
than they do my JOURNAL, its opinions
being too advanced for them to readily
absorb. The old "Prancer" after two
or three years rough usage was like
myself pretty badly shaken and be-
ing tongueless ran against my heels on
going down hill, and Mr. Walker taking
pity on me kindly put a tongue in it
and patched it up so it done nicely, al-
though he does not want the work
done temporarily and in a hurry to
pass as a sample of

HIS SKILL AS A MECHANIC.

As it is with such articles so is it
with men; they get broken up as I
have been, and henceforth

THE WORLD HAS NO USE FOR THEM;

they are thrown aside like a broken
tool or piece of machinery:—there is
no distinction made. In this money
making world, where everything is
rated according to its market value in
dollars and cents no one—or at least
very few stop to think that the broken
down and crippled are equally God's
creatures and have a strong claim on
their

HUMANE CONSIDERATION

as Christians and human beings.

I don't mean to say that, because a
man is crippled or unfit for hard labor
he should turn tramp and go about
with his hat in his hand seeking chari-

ty. No. The independent, high-spirit-
ed and self-respecting man

WOULD STARVE FIRST.

But I do say without fear of contra-
diction, that if any resources are left
him either of brain or brawn, that
people who call themselves Christians
should interest themselves in his be-
half and patronize him to the extent
of their power in whatever legitimate
business he may engage, and that irre-
spective of his political or religious
affiliations. Look around and see in
this vicinity

WHO HAVE THE SOFT POSITIONS?

Not the crippled and unfortunate, who
have fallen in the battle of life and are
unable to rise, but the

BIG, BRAUNY ABLE MEN

who are quite able to shoulder an axe
or a peevy and who have gained their
positions by crawling on their knees
and slobbering over the dispensers of
patronage, or have got their billets on
account of political influence, creed or
nationality.

On the next morning Ernie (Mr.
Culligan's boy) came over and hauled
the sled over for me and together we
proceed to the domicile of Isaac Dalby.

THE BLIND MERCHANT-PEDLER.

Previous to his first wife's death Isaac
did quite a little business and lived
comfortably; but nothing would do
him but he must marry again, and he
accordingly took unto his bosom a Mrs
Brooks of Maugerville, with three or
four kids thrown into the bargain, and
the result was that the profits of the
store were not sufficient to keep them
in comfort, and he accordingly bought
a horse and

STARTED OUT PEDDLING

with the whole pack at his heels. They
frequented the lowlands of Maugerville
and Sheffield, and by dint of hard
work and perseverance managed to
eke out a living. The oldest girl, Sa-
die, a lass of 16 acting as book-keeper,
but after a few months travel the cli-
mate did not agree with her; there
was something in the water or wind
which affected her unfavorably, and
as a consequence she is now

LAI D UP FOR REPAIRS,

and the old couple have to pursue their
way alone.

After a short sojourn among my
friends the Moores and Johnsons, I
make my way to the home of my gen-
ial and unique friend, Nat Price, and
am warmly welcomed. This is one of
the homes in which I can feel I am in
no way an intruder, as when they
built their fine new house they

LAI D OFF ONE ROOM PARTICULARLY FOR ME.

Through all the long years that I have
known them they have always proved
the same steadfast unswerving friends
and I hope that God may always
abundantly bless and prosper them.

The next day I get down to my
friends at Rollingtown, the Wades,
Collings' &c., and pass the night with
my friend Charley Love and his good
old mother and the rest of the family,
and on the following morning go down
across the river and up the hill to the
house of

MR. RICHARD FINNAMORE

who is and old and valued friend. I
here take a long rest and after supper
get a ride down to Marysville
with him and take passage
on the good old C. E. R. for home.
Although I did not get rich, nothing
could exceed the kind welcome I re-
ceived from all and the kind remem-
brances of a trip among people who were
all my friends. MARTIN.

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