

TOWNSHIP THIRTY-NINE

Continued from page 1.

Driven from home by adverse winds of
trouble and distress,
I sought for work and home and
friends within the wilderness;
And leaving with a heavy heart my
boyhood's home behind
I made a start to take my part in
Township Thirty-Nine.

I walked a weary journey of thirty-
seven miles
Through forests dark and gloomy, o'er
lakes with lonely isles—
Along through many a motley growth
of spruce and fir and pine,—
The journey past I reached at last the
town of Thirty-Nine.

'Tis situated in a vale with overarching
hills,
The Buffalo stream does wind between
and all the valley fills
With mirth and music when the song
of bird and bee combine
With gentle breeze through swaying
trees in Township Thirty-Nine.

But January's bitter blast and winter's
chilling snow
The beauteous mountains overcast and
all the vale below,
An ominous chill of coming ill both
vague and undefined
Seemed to o'erspread above my head
in Township Thirty-Nine,

It proved to be a sign of ill, for sick-
ness soon broke out
And in their beds with aching heads
the crew were put to rout,
And Death his hand placed on one
man and said: "This one is mine,"
Without delay he'll go away from
Township Thirty-Nine."

And cold and dead he laid in bed until
a box was made
And his remains by tender hands in-
side of it was laid,
And each up-drew for final view un-
til they saw the sign,
His lifeless clay to take away from
Township Twenty-Nine.

But grief and woe don't have much
show in rough uncultured minds,
'Tis soon thrown off with jest and
scoff as clouds before the winds:—
And work resumed when those who'd
roomed

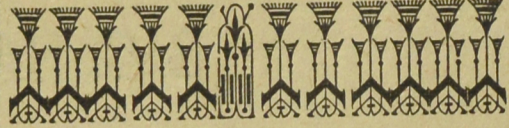
The camp's rude walls behind
Could get about and then go out
through Township Thirty-Nine.

But I could not so easily the scene
get off my mind,
For of the few among the crew he was
most good and kind
Among a rough cold-hearted crew
whose influence was malign,
And quick to tease and slow to please
in Township Thirty-Nine.

Scarce three months passed when I at
last met with an accident—
My only hand one night was caught
a finger bruised and bent
I took away on the next day for fear
I'd leave behind
The rest of me beneath some tree in
Township Thirty-Nine.

To Extracts and to Tanneries I vowed
to bid adieu,
And with my pack upon my back to
roam the country through;—
But, once again in toil and pair, 'mid
scenes and men unkind
A short sojourn I take forlorn in
Township Thirty-Nine.

(Part second in next issue.)



JOHN J. WEDDALL.

& Son.

OUR JANUARY

White-Wear Sale

Will start with a rush

TUESDAY MORN'G

the 16th inst. and
continue for Ten
Days.

10 p. c. Discount

For Cash.

All new goods and
the largest variety
we have ever shown

JOHN J. WEDDALL
& SON

Agent for Standard Patterns.



T. J. KEHOE

Regent Street, Fredericton

HARNESS - MAKER

I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

REPAIRING HARNESS

And am prepared at all times to attend promptly and
conscientiously to repairing of all kinds.

Hame Straps, Pole Straps, Halters, Traces, Collars,
Blankets, Bits, Whips, in fact everything in connection
with the trade can be found here at reasonable prices.

T. J. KEHOE

Opp. Lorne Hotel, Regent Street, Fredericton.

There is No Use

In going any further to buy Groceries than
the Corner of King and Westmorland Streets.

There is No Place

Where you will get better treatment or fairer
dealing.

There Are No Better

Fresher or cheaper goods to be found in the
city.

So Come Along to

H. W. Estabrooks'

THE GROCER

Cor. King & Westmorland Sts

Telephone 92.