

**My Rival.**

About his brow are clustering curls—  
 Curls with a golden tint—  
 His eyes are bright, and in their light  
 I always find a hint  
 Of triumph, when he looks at me  
 And smiles in his witching way—  
 "I share the heart of the woman you love,"  
 I hear my rival say.

The woman I love, I know loves his,  
 Her manner tells me so,  
 I covertly watch, and in her eyes  
 I see the telltale glow  
 Of a love as strong as the years are long  
 And as deep as the mighty sea,  
 And I often wonder which she loves best,  
 My triumphant rival of me.

My rival and I are the best of friends,  
 He surely will tell you so.  
 The tender heart of the woman we love  
 Is faithful to both, we know.  
 No envious thoughts nor jealous pangs  
 Have disturbed my dream of joy,  
 For the woman, long since, became my wife,  
 And my rival's our baby boy.

—THOMAS HOLMES

**"Little Muddy Turtle."**

In one of the public schools of Cleveland, the teacher of the primary class has been reading Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to her pupils, and they enjoy the rhythm of the poem, if they do not understand all its verses. Says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer":

When they come to a hard word the teacher goes to the blackboard and draws a picture to illustrate its meaning. This the pupils find highly entertaining, and it helps in quite a remarkable way to fix the text in their minds. A few days ago they came to this line in the early part of the poem:

At the door on summer evenings sat the little Hiawatha.

"At—th, door—on sum-mer evenings sat th' lit-tie—," read the children. "Go on," said the teacher; but they didn't go on. The name of Hiawatha was too much for them. They knew who Hiawatha was, but they didn't recognize his name.

So the teacher went to the board and took considerable pains in drawing. First, a wigwam with the poles sticking up above it, and a rude aboriginal painting on the side; second, little Hiawatha, with feathers in his hair, squatted at the wigwam door; third, a fine harvest moon. Then she pointed at Hiawatha and asked what it was. There was a general craning of necks and shaking of heads.

"Come, come," cried the teacher, "you know what that is."

Then one little girl spoke up. "I guess I know what it is, teacher."

"You may tell the class, Laura."

"I guess it's a mud turtle." And instantly, with one accord, the class glibly repeated:

At th' door on sum-mer eve-nings sat the lit-tle mud-dy tur-tle.

And the teacher feels that her reputation for artistic cleverness had received a cruel blow.

**Tit For Tat.**

Among the advertisements in a provincial paper there recently appeared the following:

"The gentleman who found a purse with money in Burford street, is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

A few days afterwards the reply was inserted:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in Buford street requests the loser to call at his house."

—Pearson's Weekly.

**A Peculiar People.**

It is a frequent accusation against Christians that little difference is apparent between them and people who make no profession of allegiance to Christ. This implies that some visible difference is expected. It certainly is true also that such a difference always has been insisted upon by Christians themselves, who thus have conceded the fairness of the claim that it ought to be evident. In what sense, then, is a Christian believer bound to be unlike others?

It is not enough to reply that he is bound to be pure, peaceable, unselfish and diligent in all good endeavor. This is true of him, but it is equally true of every one else. Nobody is a real Christian of whom this is not true—at least so far as concerns the ruling spirit and purpose of his life—but nobody of whom this is true is, therefore a Christian. Wherein, then, lies the peculiarity of the Christian? Is it not in this fact that he is animated, as no one else is, by the distinct purpose of imitating and honoring Jesus Christ?—Congregationalist.

**A Young Emigrant.**

The following story told by Saturdays Montreal Witness is one that will certainly touch one's sympathy: When Jacob Fabian, aged twelve, arrived this morning at the Windsor station, having all alone, completed the journey from Finland, he met with such sympathy from the officials and others as caused the sturdy little fellow to break down for the first time. He began to speak in his own tongue, at which Constable Richards and the crowd shook their heads; but when the tears of grateful feeling began to fall, every creature understood him. In the end, too, one was found who could speak in the stranger's tongue, and from him it was learned that his father had left the old land some years ago, settling in Minnesota. From there he had sent money home for his mother, who took ill and died. Then his father sent over the price of his passage; he came out alone. He had still to go forward to his final destination, but his ticket was all right, and all he wanted, according to Constable Richards, was a good meal, which he immediately set about providing for the lad. It is an instruction of Sir William Van Horne that any passenger who, while waiting over, needs creature comforts, is to be supplied at the expense of the company. Jacob leaves in the evening for his distant home in the west.

The Montreal Witness reminds the people of Canada that great as are its gold fields its agricultural resources are greater and more enduring. We showed the other day that the hens of Canada yielded annually a great deal more money than the gold mines had yet done in any year, or any two or three years for that matter.—Victoria Colonist.

Shaw & Dibblee have put in stock 1 car Purdy & Green Line, better known as Greenhead lime, 1 car Ryan brick and 4 tons of celebrated Sherwin-Williams ready mixed paints.

**Klondike Gold.**

If you do not have it but have to make every cent tell, bring your **Carriage** to us and have it **Painted, Repaired or Upholstered** in first class style.

**W. B. HARMON & SON.**

Peel N. B. March 18th 1898.

**QUEEN - HOTEL,**

Fredericton, New Brunswick,

**J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor.**

Fine sample room in connection; also a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats

**Farm for Sale!**

One of the best farms in Carleton County is now for sale on easy terms. The John Raymond farm, in the Parish of Simonds one mile from Hartland, consists of 250 acres, 150 of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation. There is \$1000 worth of pine and spruce lumber and a great deal of fire wood. 30 acres plowed for next summer's crop. There is a splendid set of buildings: story and a half house, with cistern and soft and hard water in the house, four good barns and good stables. There is a good apple orchard. For further particulars apply to

RANDOLPH RAYMOND,

Hartland, N. B.

**HARTLAND.**

**Furniture Store.**

You will find almost anything you want in that line.

**Undertaking.**

A full line of Caskets Coffins and Trimmings constantly on hand. I get all goods direct from the factories and sell away down cheap. Persons ordering by Telegraph or Telephone can depend upon prompt shipment.

A fine HEARSE to let at Moderate Rates.

**C. C. WATSON,**

Main Street



**Time-Table**

In effect Oct. 3rd, 1897.

GOING UP.

	FR'T	EXP.	SUB.
Woodstock.....	9 00	12 27	4 35
Hartland.....	10 17	1 30	5 25
Peel.....	10 45	1 41	5 40
Florenceville.....	11 25	2 00	6 02
Bristol.....	11 40	2 08	6 13
Bath.....	11 58	2 17	6 25

DOWNWARD.

	EXP.	SUB.	FR'T
Bath.....	2 54	6 50	10 50
Bristol.....	3 03	7 04	11 07
Florenceville.....	3 12	7 15	11 25
Peel.....	3 30	7 40	11 55
Hartland.....	3 42	7 58	12 17
Woodstock.....	4 22	8 50	1 30

**Hartland Drug Store**

GILLIN'S BLOCK.

**The Poor Horse**

Needs a Spring Tonic as much as you do yourself. The long winter has told on his health. Feed him up! Make him feel like himself! Give him a little of

**THISTLE'S SUPERIOR CONDITION POWDERS**

They will make that poor old beast good as new! **TRY IT!**

**FOR SALE ONLY BY Thistle & Company.**

**JUST RECEIVED:** Manchester's Catarrh Cure; Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve; Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills; Herbageum Food; Diamond and Turkish Dyes. Discounts for Cash