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ADDRESS,
JAS. A. STEWART,
Gagetown, N. B.

Poetry.

THE LAND OF HIS HEART'S DE- SIRE.

The boy went out from the ranges grim
And the breath of the mountain went with
him,
With a song in his heart and a smile on
his face,
And a light in his eyes for the foremost
place,
And the good, green earth, and the salt
sea spray,
And the soft, blue skies, they were his
that day.
And like Eden, ringed with a golden
fire—
Afar rose the land of his heart's desire.

The boy went down to the city's strife,
And his face was lost in the surge of life.
But a power that he did not understand
Had nerved his brain and his fighting
hand.
And he strove and failed, and he rose and
won—
And he failed again ere the fight was
done,
But he battled on when the days were
dire,
To win the land of his heart's desire.

And there, in the heart of the stress and
din,
Mid want and labor and wealth and sin,
The strong man struggled with shining
eyes,
And forced a passage and grasped the
prize,
And he cried to the power who had lent
the fire:
"Lo! fame is the land of my heart's de-
sire!
Give the cup to me with a beaded brim."
And the power that he knew not gave it
him.

But the air is keen on the cliffs of fame,
And the shafts that fly have a deadly
aim.
With a foothold scarce, and a sleepless
dread
For the gulfs below and the heights o'er-
head.
He cried to the power that had steeled
his hand:
"I am outcast yet from my fairyland?
For fame is a land where no strength may
tire.
But love is the land of my heart's de-
sire!"

Then there came to the man all his dream
of love,
With the brow of snow and the eyes of
a dove,
With the glint of the sun on her wavy
hair,
And her soul as pure as her face was fair.
Like a living lily to him she came,
Till his eyes were wet and his soul was
flame.
And she called to him with outstretched
hand
And they entered into the promised land;

But there came a day when he asked his
soul:
"Is this the land, and is this the goal?"
In his heart there lay what his lips de-
nied—
The pang of a hunger unsatisfied.
"For fame," he said, "and for love I
wrought;
They are not the things that I should
have sought,
'Tis to boundless power that my dreams
aspire—
And wealth is the land of my heart's de-
sire!"

Then the power that he did not under-
stand
Gave him ships and houses and gold and
land,
And the man's power grew with each pas-
sing year;
But his thoughts were vexed with a sleep-
less fear,
And his hair grew grey with the iron
strain
Of the dread of loss and the lust of gain,
And he bowed his head on his hands and
said:
"All things are mine, but my heart is
dead!"

And he thought of the boy from the
ranges grim,
With the heart of the mountains over
him,
With a song in his heart and a smile on
his face,
And a light in his eyes for the foremost
place.
And the good, green earth and the salt
sea spray,
And the soft blue skies that were his
that day.
When, like Eden, ringed with a golden
fire,
Afar rose the land of his heart's desire.

Then clear on his startled ear there fell
A voice like the sound of a silver bell—
"To each is the work that he best can
do,
But you turned from the work when it
called to you,
And you sought instead for the vulgar
praise,
For the lips of love and for prosperous
days,
And with all that the world can give you
here,
You have lost the things that you hold
dear,
For who hears the word that the gods in
sire—
In his work finds the land of his heart's
desire."
—G. S. Evans, in the American Ag-
riculturist.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

THE TRAMP.

Yes, I'm a tramp! What of it?
Folks think we ain't no good,
But tramps have got to live I reckon,
Though folks don't think we should.
Once I was young and handsome
Had plenty of cash and clothes,
That was before I tripped
And gin got into my nose.
Down in "Lehigh Valley,"
Me and my people grew,
I was a blacksmith, Cap'in,
Yes, and a good one too.
Me and my wife and Nellie,
Nellie was just sixteen,
She was the prettiest creature
The "Valley" had ever seen,
Beaux she had a dozen of them,
Near and far,
But most of them were farmers
And none of them suited her.
There was a city stranger
Young, handsome and tall,
Plague him, I wish I had him
Strangled against that wall.
He was the man for Nellie
She didn't know no ill,
Mother she tried to stop it,
But you know a young girl's will.
More than a month after he married
The poor young thing,
He'd gone away and left her,
Without a wedding ring.
Back to home we brought her,
Back to her mother's side,
Filled with a raging fever,
She fell at my feet and died.
Frantic with shame and sorrow,
Her mother began to sink,
Dead in less than a fortnight
That's when I took to drink,
Give me one glass, Colonel,
And I'll be on my way,
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel
If I wait till the judgement day.

GOOD ADVICE.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.
If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid—
"Myself," and "I,"
And "mine," and "my,"
And how "I do," or "did."

ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the organ trembling
Of the solemn stirred the air.
Without, the sweet pale sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with soft hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And with hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.
Stood half-abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While, like a wind-rocked flower,
Her form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment!
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?
Up, then, rose some one softly,
And many an eye grey dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.
And long I wondered, losing
The sermon and the prayer,
If when some time I enter
The many mansions fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our Lord will send an angel
To show us where to go.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored
to health by simple means, after suffering
for several years with a severe lung affec-
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tion, is anxious to make known to his
fellow sufferers the means of cure. To
those who desire it, he will cheerfully send
(free of charge), a copy of the prescription
used, which they will find a sure cure for
Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh,
Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung
Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try
his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those de-
siring the prescription, which will cost
them nothing, and may prove a blessing,
will please address,
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
33-lyr. Brooklyn, New York

Willie—I say, auntie, what did Uncle
Bob marry you for?
Aunt—"Why, for love, of course."
Willie (meditatively)—"H'm! Love will
make a man do almost anything, won't it,
auntie?"

A well kept lawn, nicely laid out with
cut trees and shrubs, gives an appearance
of prosperity and thrift. Much can be
done to make the farmhouse attractive in
this way; if it were done there would be
fewer boys wanting to leave the farm.

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ability to the consumer is that each season
finds them in greater demand. Thus add-
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sales which last year was ahead of all
previous years, and now with new ranges
of the latest colorings and designs and the
generous co-operation of the public I hope
to make this the banner year. Thanking
you for your liberal patronage in the past
and soliciting a continuance for the pre-
sent year, I am,
Yours very truly,

ALFRED P. SLIPP.

Upper Hampstead April 25th, 1899.

NOTICE.

Letters of Administration of the Estate
of O'Dell Vanwart, late of the Parish of
Hampstead, have been granted to the un-
derigned and all persons indebted to the
said deceased at the time of his death are
required to make immediate payment to
me or to John R. Dunn, Barrister at Law,
Gagetown, and any person having bills
against the Estate are requested to render
the same, duly attested to John R. Dunn,
aforesaid.

Dated at Hampstead, Nov. 17th, 1899.
J. SAMUEL VANWART,
Administrator.

A. W. EBBETT, — H. H. PICKETT, B.C.L.

EBBETT & PICKETT, BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, ETC.,

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266 Union St., St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the
estate of the late William Brander, of
Gagetown, Queens County, are requested
to present the same, duly attested, to the
undersigned within one month of the
date hereof, and all persons indebted to
said estate are requested to make im-
mediate payment to me.
ANNABEL BRANDER,
Executrix.

Dated at Gagetown, Queens County
his 18th day of July, 1899.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the
Estate of the late James G. Hetherington
of Johnston, Queens county, are request-
ed to present the same duly attested to
the undersigned within one month of the
date hereof, and all persons indebted to
said estate are requested to make im-
mediate payment to me.
ROBERT W. HETHERINGTON,
Johnston, Queens Co., Oct. 31, 1899.

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pations which suggest to the mother
ways and means to keep active little
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patronage during the three years he was
engaged in general merchandise business
in this place; and also solicits the contin-
uation of the patronage of the general
public, as she intends to carry on the
business in future in her own name. She
also requests those who are indebted to
the estate to kindly settle their accounts
at earliest convenience.

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John, about 700 acres of intervalle and 100
acres of upland. Cuts a very large quan-
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Gagetown, July 18th, 1899.

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dence known as the Stockport Lot.
WM. HAMILTON,
Gagetown, April 26.