

THE LAWYER'S WOOING.

"I have an attachment for you,"
The lawyer told Beth one night,
And for your affections, I sue—
My case is of love at first sight!

"And in my best, Suit I have come
To Court—but," the lawyer low spoke,
"I sit by your stove very dumb
And burn your pa's Blackstone and Coke."

"My Foolscap I wear like a dunce—
I haven't the courage to Plead,
And life will be brief if this once
You don't take the Will for the Deed."

"Consider I've 'popped' and Decide
If you will Retain me or not;
O Judge how a lover is Tried
Who cannot Appeal from his lot."

"I'm told, sir you stand at the Bar
And Cross-Questions ask," said the maid,
"And make people Swear, and you are
Too Fee Bill to live, I'm afraid."

"O, miss, I Object and I take
"Exceptions to all that you say—
A Motion to go I shall make
If you do not grant me a Stay."

"Well, then, I won't Witness your woe,"
She said, "and my words I withdraw—
I'll Try you be Cause, sir, I know
You deed a mother-in-Law."

THE OLD SLEIGH.

"Elizabeth!"
"Coming."
"There," mother, old Spreckle has
returned thanks at last, holding up a
plump white egg that would do credit to
the queen of any poultry yard.
"Well, I allers said that hen was
thankful for past mercies, though your
father would laugh every time I said so.
Liddy Stephens has just been here; she
wanted to see you, but you was gone so
long that I thought you must be down to
Mis' Pennell's."
"Yes, I met her as she came through
the yard."
"She didn't tell you the news, did
she?"
"She told me Will Martson had re-
turned from California."
"It does beat all 'bout that boy—
seems jest like the piece o' poetry you
read sometimes about the feller that
went off and stayed so many years and
then come back and took his mother out
o' the poorhouse—only it's the father this
time. The very worst of the
deacon's six," it called him, and that's
jest what Will was then. I never be-
lieved he had anything to do with that
scrape down to the village. Diddy says
he's terribly rich, and is going to take
care of his father; the deacon must be
glad, for I guess he's stayed with Caleb
most as long as he can comfortably.
They say he's going to marry Sam
Miller's darter Ruth. You see, when
Bob Miller went out there for his health
Will found him out and done little
kindness for him, and when he was too
sick to write home Will wrote for him.
Part o' the time Sam was sick hisself,
so Ruth answered the letters and he fell
in love with her in that way. There
didn't anybody but the deacon and the
Millers know he was coming. Sam
drove down to the depot and carried him
up to Caleb's. Guess they were sur-
prised to see him."
"There was no knowing how long Mrs.
Allen would have gone on, her tongue
keeping time to the busy click-clack of
her needles, had not Mr. Allen's step
sounded on the walk."
"Elizabeth never talked much, and
the mother did not mind her silence to-
night. A slight quiver about the sensi-
tive mouth alone told how keenly the
words were felt, and the sigh of relief
which escaped at the welcome sound of
her father's voice was lost in the noise
made as he entered, stamping the snow
from his boots."
"Why, father, does it snow? I ben so
busy talking, I hain't thought to look
out of the window for some time."
"Yes, it's begun to come down right
smart; shouldn't wonder if it was good
sleighing by tomorrow."
"You don't think its going to be a
long storm?"
Mrs. Allen's face had an anxious ex-
pression as she asked the question, for a
long storm meant days of exile for her.
"No, I sh'll be surprised if it don't
clear up by to-morrow noon, so Liza-
beth and I can take a ride to the village;
that'll be a treat, won't it, darter?"
And the smile that lighted up his
daughter's face pleased him better than
any answer could have done.
"Guess I'll get the old sleigh out.
Ben Smart's ben down to the city and
he says he saw lots jest like it. It's five
years since I sent Jim to the village
for the new one, and it's never been
out since. I'm glad it's come into
fashion again, for I never enjoyed my-
self complete in the new one—always
felt a little above my station." And
Farmer Allen's laugh rang through the
old sitting-room at the fitness of his
remark.
"Well, Lizabeth, you get the supper
on the table, and I'll tell father the
news while he warms his feet. He's
been down to the wood lot all the after-
noon, and hain't heard nothing of the
strange things that has been happening
up here."
Having arranged things to her satis-
faction, the stockings Mrs. Allen had
dropped on the entrance of her husband
continued to grow under her deft fingers,
while the news lost none of its interest
with repetition.

That night, after Lizabeth had taken
her candle, and said good night, Mr.
Allen sat for some time looking at the
fire, then suddenly broke out:
"Mother, don't you think Lizabeth
looks kind o' peaked lately? Then,
she don't seem to eat as much as usual."
"There, father, you're always fret-
ting 'bout that girl. I don't know
what you'd a done if you'd had six,
like your brother Jonathan."
"I didn't know but the news about
Will might affect her some. You
know they used to think so much of each
other."
"Massy, father! that was years and
years ago, when they were children,
Lizabeth's too sensible a girl to let a
feller like Will disturb her. When
he stopped writing to her she gave him
up. She's worked hard to-day, and a
good night's rest will bring her round."
There seemed nothing more to be
said, so he took a light and proceeded to
make everything safe for the night, but
long after his good wife was asleep he lay
awake thinking of the pale face his
daughter had lifted for the good night
kiss.

Lizabeth was not likely to get the
strength her mother thought from a
night's rest. Until the first rays of
morning lighted up the East she lay
thinking of the old days and living them
over again. She could not remember
the time when she and Will had not
seemed to belong to each other.

When they were children he had
drawn her to and from school on his
sled, saved her the largest half of his
apple or orange and fought all her battles
with a vigor worthy of an olden knight.
When the years in their flight made them
no longer children it was always Will
who, at the close of meeting or singing
school, drew her arm through his with
an air of proprietorship and started for
the Allen farm. After his mother's
death he had chosen his associates wisely
but in spite of scorn and opposition,
without disobedience, she had clung to
him and trusted.

Then came the affair at the village.
One dark night a party of roughts had
broken into Squire Peasley's barn, tied
together the legs of all his hens, nailed
up Whitefoot's stall, and then climbing
up the roof of the ell had placed a board
soaked in salt and water over the
chimney. The old gentleman, who lived
alone, was obliged to travel on a slippery
ground to the nearest neighbor for help.
The villagers were justly indignant and
for punishing the miscreants, but no clew
to them could be found.

Will was away from home that night,
and suspicion rested on him as one of the
party, until he could bear it no longer
and he decided to go away.

It seemed but yesterday—their part-
ing in the old trusting place.

Will had slipped the tiny gold band
he wore upon her finger—it seemed but
a thread of gold now—asking her to wear
it until he came back.

"For," he said, "I'll never come back
till I can offer you a name and a home.
Somehow the devil has possession of me
lately, but bad as I am I would scorn to
do what they accuse me of—torture a
feeble old man. While you believe and
trust me, there are plenty who do not."
And with a last "Good-bye, my Beth,"
he was gone.

When the first letter came addressed
to Miss Beth Allen in Will's round,
boyish hand, Mr. Allen frowned and
his wife scolded, but when she was for
stopping the correspondence at once he
said:

"There, there, mother! let the girl
write to him if she wants to; she won't
do him any harm, and I can trust her
for a true Allen not to go far out of the
way."

So the matter had dropped, and for
five years Lizabeth's letters were
received without comment; then they
ceased suddenly and unexpectedly. For
months Lizabeth watched the mails with
an anxious face. Mrs. Allen shook her
head with an "I told you he didn't
amount to anything," whenever there
was no one but her husband to hear, and
Mr. Allen waited in silence.

Time does much towards healing such
wounds, and five years had made it seem
more like an unpleasant dream than a
reality, when the news of Will's return
came, awakening memories of other days.
For once Mr. Allen was weather-wise.
The snow had fallen through the night,
covering the earth as with a mantle, the
feathery flakes continued to come lazily
down until just before 12 o'clock, then
there was a rift in the western sky, and
when the old yellow sleigh stood at the
door the sun shone as bright as ever.

"Be careful, father, and don't let
Lizabeth get cold waiting for you," was
Mrs. Allen's parting injunction, as she
came to the door to see them off.

There was just wind enough to lift
the newly fallen snow and send it in
little whirls to lie sparkling and glisten-
ing a few yards from where it had fallen.
Robin was in excellent spirits, and Mr.
Allen declared, as he drew up in front
of the village postoffice, that the dis-
tance never seemed so short.

"Draw the robe close around you,
darter, and don't get tired waiting, I've
got to bargain with Sam Chase about
that stove, but I'll be back as quick as
I can; then we'll drive down to Burham's
and get the book you mentioned." With

this an extra pull to Robin's blanket Mr.
Allen was gone.

"Father was right, the old sleigh is
more comfortable than the new one,"
Lizabeth thought as she nestled down in
one corner, drawing the robe more closely
to keep out the puffs of wind that tried
to find entrance at all corners. While
tucking the robe between the cushion and
the side of the sleigh her fingers touched
something smooth like paper.

"One of father's old receipts, he's so
careless," she thought, with a fond smile,
as she drew it forth for inspection. But
a glance was needed to show her mistake.

It was a little yellow with age unopen-
ed and addressed to herself in the hand-
writing she knew so well. She could
scarcely trust her eyes, but there was the
familiar postmark—San Francisco—and
she was just leaning forward to read the
date when a gust of wind, taking it from
her hands, deposited it at the feet of a
gentleman who was passing.

She dared not look up, but in a
moment he was handing it toward her,
saying:

"Is this your property, Miss Allen?"

At the sound of the voice, so little
changed that she would know it any-
where, the hot blood rushed to her face
and she had scarcely courage to reply:

"I think so. I never saw it before."

She felt the keen eyes search her face,
there was a touch of scorn in the question
that followed.

She felt that she must vindicate her-
self, and her answer came full and clear:

"I just found it in the old sleigh. I do
not know how long it has lain there."

He glanced again at the letter; it
must be the same one; he knew the date
so well. The tone was almost eager now.

"You never saw it before, Beth? You
did not receive it, my last letter, and
leave it unanswered?"

"Could you doubt me, Will? She
was looking him in the face now.

"I might have known better, but you
were always so punctual, and when I
received no answer to my last letter I
was too proud to write and ask an ex-
planation. I thought you had given me
up, like every one else in B— Can
you forgive me for my want of confidence?
But he needed not words for answer.

When Mr. Allen came hurrying back
the old sleigh had two occupants. It was
some time before they could explain
affairs to his bewildered mind, but when
light began to dawn he exclaimed:

"It was that Jim; he's so careless!
lost a letter for me once!"

Will was persuaded to accompany
them home, and it was a very merry
party that surprised Mrs. Allen by their
early appearance.

As soon as possible Mr. Allen hurried
his wife off to the kitchen to unravel the
mystery, while Will and Lizabeth read
and re-read the old letter by the light of
the hickory fire.

What Ruth Miller would say was a
source of much anxiety to Mrs. Allen,
until one day Will remarked, much to
her peace of mind, that Ruth has been
engaged for some time to a friend of his
in the West—a gentleman she met some
years before while visiting in the city.

"The house upon the hill Will and
Liza both call home, and the old yellow
sleigh—well, as Mrs. Allen says, it's not
every sleigh that can boast of a romance
like that."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A bird in tropic lands has a form so
wonderful and plumage so brilliant—
with the tints of the rainbow blended
into the hues of its feathers—that it
appears too bright and beautiful to be an
inhabitant of this earth. Supposing it
to retain the feathered glory lost in Eden,
they called it the bird of Paradise.

Travellers—who have explored those
sunny islands—tell us that this bird
never of its own choice flies before the
wind. If compelled by danger to do so,
its gorgeous train of delicate plumes is
disordered and torn by the passing
breeze, and soon the bird, once so beau-
tiful, is beaten down and its gay plumage
destroyed. It faces the rushing wind,
and the dust is blown from its soiled
plumes by the opposing gale, and the bird
preserves its comely shape and graceful
motion, and ascends in unruffled beauty
into the cerulean sky.

The analogy between the flight of this
bird and the course of human life is
striking. Opposition makes men. Often
opposing breezes, adverse winds, or the
ebbing tide of misfortune awaken a spirit
of dormant ambition, nerves our nature,
stimulates our will, and excites our
energies into their greatest effort.

When there is no opposing resistance
to call forth our strength, we simply
drift with the tide, and sometimes dis-
cover that we are too weak—or too in-
different by habit—to face the rushing
currents. Our friends often attract us in
the wrong way. The world induces
us to float on the passing breeze. We
yield to the inanimate love of ease and in-
difference to action, and allow our best
years to go by as a tale that is told, but
soon we are found wearied, beaten down,
and weighted to the earth with no power
to rise—all the splendid endowments of
the mind disordered, all the bright hopes
of the soul blighted, our nature a slave
to weakness because we drifted with the
tide. If by another's aid, or by the force
of our own unexerted strength we mount
upon the opposing breezes, we may still

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from
Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and
diseases peculiar to the throat and
lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral, promptly adminis-
tered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough,
with which many of our children were
afflicted, we used, during the past win-
ter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we
consider this preparation the most effi-
cacious of all the medicines which have
come to our knowledge.—Mary Park-
hurst, Preceptress, Home for Little
Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly sub-
ject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to
find any effective remedy until I com-
menced administering Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral. This preparation relieves the
difficulty of breathing and invariably
cures the complaint.—David G. Starks,
Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
in my family for many years, and have
found it especially valuable in
Whooping Cough. This medicine allays
all irritation, prevents inflammation from
extending to the lungs, and quickly sub-
dues any tendency to Lung Complaint.
—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for
Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral. It saved the life of my
little boy, only six months old, carrying
him safely through the worst case of
Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane
Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

have our natures changed and the dust
of folly removed from our future, and
star of promise that seemingly set in a
cloud of disappointment will rise in
brightness and send out its bright and
cheering rays to lead us onward and
upward.

We should be sure, that we do not
sail with the wrong gale, are not swept
along over hill and dale, under sunlight
and cloud, and at every pause discover
that we are borne on the wrong tide.

As the fancies of thought flit before the
mind without impressing any lasting
impression, so the years glide by, and we
awake as from a dream, and ask, where
have we drifted? Shall we be as shallows
that pass over the landscape, and fade
and leave no trace behind. Must the
ebbing tide always impede our links in
the golden chain to help us to pull
against the tide. They should be steps
in the shining stairway let down for us
to climb into the temple of fame—flights
to ascend into the crystal dome of knowl-
ledge, and give a higher, wider and
grandeur view of life.

When the flush of youth blushes
along the morning of life, the dawn is
rosy and the shades are bright; but when
the noonday is passed and the evening
approaches many are enveloped in
shadows. Disappointment and defeat
darken their view. But, like flowers
that bud in early spring and by summer
sun ripen into luscious fruits, we should
so live that the joys which bloom when
the mind is young, and the heart is gay,
will be mellowed by the tints of age; and
when the roses of life fade away the rich
fruits of the intellect will enrich the
soul with treasures to shine as gems that
gather lustre toward the sunset of life.

But life calls all to pull hard against
the tide, for there are always falls and
shoals to overcome. Let us also do our
"best for one another, and cheer the
worn and weary one who pulls hard
against the stream. Then all will sail
on the gulf stream of happiness, and the
voyage of life will be serene.

Everything that happens to us leaves
some trace behind; everything contri-
butes imperceptibly to make us what we
are. Yet it is often dangerous to make a
strict account of it. For either we grow
proud and negligent, or downcast and
dispirited; and both are equally injurious
in their consequences. The surest plan
is just to do the nearest task that lies
before us.

Vice should always disgust; nor should
the graces of gaiety or the dignity of
courage be so united as to reconcile it to
the mind. Whenever it appears it
should raise hatred by the malignity of
its practices, and the meanness of its
stratagems; for while it is supported by
parts or spirit, it will be seldom heartily
abhorred.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands
to suicide, anguish of body, none.
This proves that the health of the mind
is of far more consequence to our hap-
piness than the health of the body,
although both of them are deserving of
much more attention than either of them
receives.

Shallow men believe in their luck,
believe in circumstances: It was some-
body's name, or he happened to be there
at the time, or it was so then, and another
day it would have been otherwise.
Strong men believe in cause and effect.

THE PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—In lay-
ing down eggs for winter use see to it
that the shell is entirely clean. The
shell is porous and if any filth is attach-
ed to it, no matter how carefully it is
handled otherwise, the egg will spoil.
Any means that will exclude the air
is sufficient. Packing in salt does not
leave the egg so good for winter as
keeping in lime water or coating with
varnish, but is a good way, because so
easy, when eggs are to be kept only a
short time.

204

OCTOBER, 27

FALL GOODS.

Flannels, Blankets

Comfortables,

Jacket Cloths,

Ulster Cloths,

Jersey Jackets,

Fur Shoulder

Capes,

Fur Dolmans

Astrachan Jacetks,

Underwear

A LARGE VARIETY FOR

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McCalls celebrated New
York Bazaar glove-fitting pat-
terns, in every respect the
best in the market.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

SOMETHING

ALL WANT.

ALL WANT.

A good fitting suit of clothes is what everyone
wants, and there is no reason why they should
not have it.

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stock of Cloths, consisting of the very best
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Cutter Mr. James A. Robinson, being ably
assisted by Mr. C. E. Collins, a first-class
Pressman, is willing to warrant every garment
made in this establishment in both fit and
workmanship, unsurpassed by any other estab-
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of our stock, which will be shown by the affable
Messrs. E. McGarrigle and W. J. Crewdson
who will be delighted to show the goods, and
take orders. With such a genial and competent
staff of aids, the subscriber feels assured, that
everyone who favors him with a call, will
receive every attention, and be kindly treated
whether they leave their orders or otherwise.

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cheap also.

The balance of our trunks and valises we are
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out.

The balance of men's and boys' boots and
shoes are being cleared out at a sacrifice.

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