

(Continued from first page.)

a palatial estate upon the ruins of his own manhood. It is a pity when a man bricks himself up with his growing gains. See you that hole in the wall. The man stands in it, and greedily cries for bricks and mortar. Golden bricks and silver mortar he must have. They bring him the materials. He cries eagerly for more. He cannot be content unless he builds himself in. The wall which shuts him out from his fellowmen, and from the light of peace and true joy, rises higher and higher month by month, and year by year. His sympathies and charities are bricked up, for the wall is more than breast high. Still he pines for more metallic material. At last he is built in, buried beneath his own gatherings, lost to all manhood through his accumulations. You see his house; you see his carriages and his horses; you see his broadcloth and his broad acres; but you cannot see the man. Heart, soul, aspiration, spirituality, it is all gone, and nothing remains but a vault of greed and care, to be itself buried under a monument bearing these words: 'He died worth half a million.'

MISCELLANEOUS

WHO THEY ARE.

Who put me in my little bed
And ere my little prayer is said—
Is hunting live stock in my head
My mother.

Who lectured me four times a week,
And marvels when the wash-tubs leak,
That I can look so awful meek?
My dad.

Who feeds her cousins with our ham,
Our cold roast beef and peas and lamb,
But keeps me short on currant jam!—
Our Bridget.

Who, when I hide behind a chair
And eavesdrop on a pair
Of idiots, who almost swear?
My sister.

Who will not with myself agree,
And takes delight in pounding me
Because I'm not as big as he?
My brother.

Who comes to see us once a year
And gives me thirteen cents to clear
And not return while she is near?
My maiden aunt.

Who meets me when on errands bent
And says "I'll be a President,"
And starts my bank account—one cent?
My wealthy uncle.

Who gives me everything she's got,
And pawns her clothes for what she's not?
Bless her dear heart, I've not forgot—
Her grandma.

YOUTH RENEWED.

"I wish I were a boy again!"
So sighed a man o'ertasked;
And fate was at his elbow then
And granted what he asked.
Reduced again to boyhood's size,
He found himself once more
The aspirant for many a prize
That he had lost before.

His schoolmates all around him pressed,
And work and play went on,
But still he felt his youthful zest
For toil or sport was gone.
The lessons that were easy once
Were now more hardy done;
He felt himself the very dunce
That he had called his son!

The blunders that he made of old
He now avoids at will;
But others, graver, deadlier, hold
Their ties about him still.
The lads around him look on and quiz
This Solon gone to school.
They think that all his caution is
The wisdom of a fool!

Things are not always what they seem;
And when the man awoke
From what was but a fevered dream
In altered tones he spoke,
"Life's rule is easily understood—
We may not live again;
But boyhood's days for boys are good,
And manhood's days for men!"

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

It's those worn out shingles on the roof, said Mrs. Barr in the melancholy half white which was habitual to her.

The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all night long; and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements.

Janie tied the last puce-colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up.

'We must have the roof mended,' said she.

'Who is to do it?' sighed Mrs. Barr.

'And if Mrs. Lapell goes away what shall we do about the interest of your mother's old note?'

'She won't go away mother never fear,' said Janie, brightly. 'Don't fret. You'll see that things will come right.'

'But the shingles must be fixed right away,' said Mrs. Barr.

'They shall be fixed, mother,' said Janie.

'Who will do it?' impatiently repeated the widow.

'I will!' said Janie.

'That is all nonsense!' groaned Mrs. Barr.

But Janie had never been more seriously in earnest in all her life.

Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing society that afternoon.

Colonel Aldison, from the Valley hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs. Lapell, the boarder, came with a spirited horse and a buggy to take her to the sea beach.

'Now is my time,' said Janie, exulting to herself.

But Mrs. Lapell came back before she had got twenty-five yards away from the house.

'Janie,' she said, 'I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau. I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident.'

'Yes,' said Janie; but there won't be any accident.'

Mrs. Lapell laughed, and ran back to the carriage and the impatient colonel.

And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half-grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak with her.

'Who are you?' said Janie, briskly. 'What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work you had better go on to the new buildings about a mile up the road. I dare say they can find something for you to do there.'

The lad mumbled out something, whether thanks or otherwise, Janie could not discriminate, and shuffled away. And our heroine, slipping on her hat and bolting the front door, ran across the meadows to Ralph Parson's carpenter shop, some quarter of a mile by the wood-path.

'I want a few shingles,' said she, 'and a pound of shingle nails.'

'What for?' said Ralph.

'No matter,' calmly retorted Janie. She nodded good-by and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple blossoms.

Ralph looked admiringly after her.

'She's a regular clipper of a girl, that Janie Barr?' said he. 'If ever I am able to support a wife that will be the one I'd choose.'

Light as a thistle-down, Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles, and the pound of nails in her pocket.

'Now I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not,' said she, and with a hammer added to her stock in trade she ascended to the garret and climbed an old ladder that led out through a rusty trap door to the steep roof.

The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with the recent rain, and slippery with green moss incrustations, but Janie Barr was not lightly to be discouraged, and presently she found herself neatly balanced, with her feet braced against the broad gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof, and the other hand busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them, deftly with overlapping rows of new fragrant wood.

The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails was like music in her ears. Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof, the sound of voices struck on her ear. She paused to listen.

'Three diamond rings! I heard her say so herself. In the left hand drawer of some bureau,' said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked her for charity. 'And no one but a woman in the house.'

'Sure of that?' asked a deeper voice. 'And I wouldn't wonder if there were other things for the picking up.'

'Come on, then,' said the other one; 'and step lively. We can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is it? Wait a minute; I've got a little joker here as would start any staples this side of Denver.'

Janie had listened in breathless horror. In an instant as it were, she comprehended the danger that manacled Mrs. Lapell's treasured gems—the three diamond rings that the boarder had once told her were worth thousands of dollars. And here she was alone and helpless.

Hurriedly she turned over the crisis in her mind. If she were to re-enter the house by the same way in which she had left it, she must certainly meet the ruffians, and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpowered.

Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thoughts yet careered through her brain, she sprang from the eaves into the blooming boughs of the great cherry tree which grew so close to the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days.

'It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye; but Janie alighted, like a cat, in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached its lower bough and then leaped breathlessly to the ground springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph Parson's carpenter shop.

'Janie, what is it?'

Ralph Parson himself rose up out of the green hedges, directly across her path.

'I was drinking at the ice cold spring,' he said, 'when I heard your footsteps! What is it?'

She told him as well as she could for excitement and breathless.

'Come,' she cried. 'Oh do make haste!'

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung on his steel watch guard.

'That will bring my workmen,' he said. 'It's a signal we have agreed upon among ourselves, for just an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, should go around to the back door, Hall and Robbins will watch the front, and I'll go up and settle the fellows.'

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set determined face. After all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken red-handed, the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

'Oh, Ralph,' said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, 'how can I ever thank you?'

He smiled.

'By letting me put on those shingles for you.'

'I can't!' said Janie, laughing and blushing. 'They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering.'

'Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?' he asked. 'Will you promise one day to be my wife?'

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said she would see.

And Ralph Parson knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarder were alike amazed when they returned home.

'Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars?'

'To save my three diamond rings?' hysterically cried Mrs. Lapell.

'But that isn't all I have done, mother,' said Janie, laughing. 'I have shingled the roof. And—I have promised to marry Ralph Parson's next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, mother, don't you?'

'A BEAUTIFUL FATHER'

'Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day,' said a schoolteacher to two little new scholars.

'Oh,' replied Tommy, 'we haven't any mother.'

'Who takes care of you?' she asked.

'Father does. We've got a beautiful father; you ought to see him!'

'Who takes care of you when he is at work?'

'He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doin' laborin' till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home; they are both so beautiful!'

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, that was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lightened up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robe in costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens, rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, 'a beautiful father,' in the highest sense of the word.

The Rambler's office boy not long since met with an adventure that is likely to bring him with sorrow to his grave. He met a very charming young lady last week, and she invited him to call. He did so, and was so enraptured that he called again the next night, and the next, and so on till Saturday came. Saturday night the young lady's father—who is a minister, by the way—stepped into the parlor and invited Willie to go to church with the family next day. Willie accepted with pleasure. But imagine his chagrin when the old gentleman read from his text: 'My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil.' And this is why our office boy is slowly pining away.—Chicago Rambler.

'Yes, I think I shall retire. I have been 35 years on the bench. You must have been able to save considerable money after so long and so honorable a career.' 'No, I have not. You see there isn't as much money in shoemaking as there used to be.'

Elevator boy (to woman who has ridden three times from the bottom to the top of the Parker House)—'Well, where do you want to get off?' 'Well, indeed, oim not quite shure; but lav me az near the Jamaica Plains as possible.'

Careful research has failed of ascertaining when and where the first newspaper appeared. There is also an interesting query as to the fate of its projector. The Act Diurna of the ancient Romans reporting in its way. It existed before the time of Julius Cæsar, and was prohibited by Augustus. Gus was an astute politician, and, not being able to use the Diurna, he suppressed it. The news item of the ancient Roman newspaper did not differ much from those of to-day, and it would appear that the reportorial style has descended unchanged from the noblest Roman of them all, a sixty dollars a week reporter, probably to the modern members of the fourth estate. Imagine a reporter in a toga philande ring round for news. The following togaed items were reported by Petronius, B. C. 150:

On the 25th of July thirty boys and girls were born at Trimalchi's estate at Coma. At the same time a slave was put to death for uttering disrespectful words against his lord. The same day a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began in the night in the steward's apartment.

Gashmi, embalmed like a fly in amber, in Nehemiah vi, 6, was a sort of reporter around Jerusalem. He made up canards to damage the other party, so that there must have been a Republican organ in those days. Venice is sometimes said to be the birthplace of the newspaper. The Venetian Government, in the year 1563, during a war with the Turks, issued written sheets giving information of the events of the war. These were read in public places to groups of auditors, each one of the group paying a coin called gazette; hence the name gazette as applied to newspapers. The Government eventually gave their announcements in a regular manner once a month. Thirty volumes of these manuscript newspapers still exist in the libraries of Florence. It is not true that the first Venetian newspapers was an instrument of the Inquisition, with which to torture men. The use of newspapers for torture is of later origin.

The English Mercurie appeared in 1588, and was published occasionally as matters of event took place. It was followed by the Certain News of this Present Week in 1622. About this time Burton wrote:

If any read nowadays it is a playbook or a pamphlet of news.

The first semi-weekly was published in England in 1665. In 1680 the printing of newspapers was prohibited in England. It is supposed that there was a Stead around at this time. There was, at any rate, the profligate Charles 11 and odious Cabal. The censorship of the press was abolished in England in 1695, and thereafter newspapers multiplied.

The titles of early English newspapers were quaint and curious. There was The Dutch Spy, The Scot's Dove, The Parliament Kite, The Secret Owl, News From Hell, News From the World in the Moon, The Laughing Mercury and The Weekly Discoverer, Stripped Naked. At this period newspapers had become the rage in portions of Europe, and rival armies carried a printer. It should have been noted that Parliamentary speeches were attempted to be reported in 1682.

In 1709 London had sixteen newspapers outside the weeklies, one daily twelve tri-weeklies and three semi-weeklies.

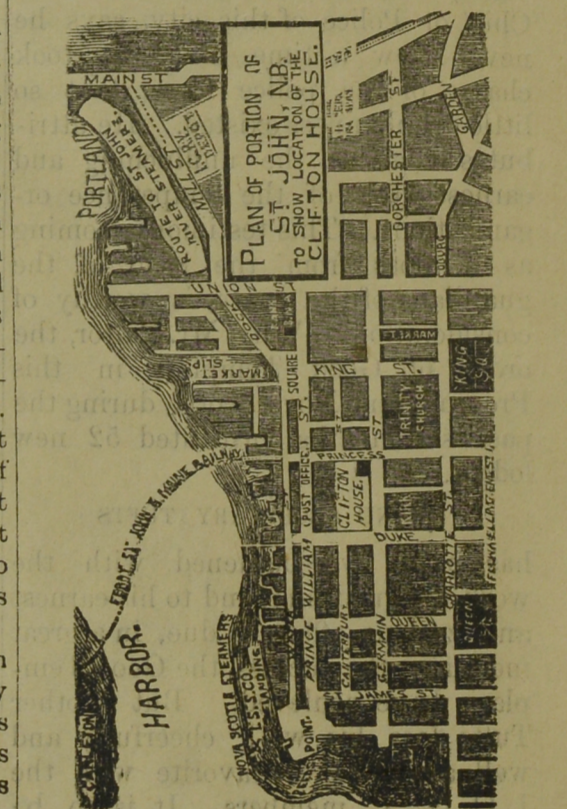
WOMEN AT THE POLLS.—The popular notion of feminine innocence of every thing of a political nature is a delusion. The recent municipal elections in Toronto afford ample evidence that the sex will not need a great deal of training in the field of politics to enable them to hold up their end. The women turned out in large numbers through a pouring rain to exercise the right of suffrage for the first time accorded them, and most of them, when they reached the polls, proved that they fully understood the process of registering their opinions by the ballot. In fact a good many showed their familiarity with the political artifices which are supposed to be the exclusive property of their husbands and brothers. The men who fear that women cannot take care of themselves at the polls and will be imposed upon in political matters may as well search for some more valid excuse for denying them the right of suffrage.

HAD TO GO IT ALONE.—That is a droll story about a fellow on board an ocean steamer who sat off by himself, and seemed to be generally sore in his mind about something. He presented such a forlorn appearance that some ladies on deck thought they ought to inquire what was the matter. So one old lady approached and asked the lonely one why he was so disconsolate. 'The fact is,' said he, 'I'm on my bridal tour, but I didn't have money enough to bring my wife with me.'

Elevator boy (to woman who has ridden three times from the bottom to the top of the Parker House)—'Well, where do you want to get off?' 'Well, indeed, oim not quite shure; but lav me az near the Jamaica Plains as possible.'

A NATIONAL PROHIBITION PARTY PAPER. Published every Thursday. Size 18x 23 inches. Per year, \$1.00; per copy, 3 cents.
Hon. Neal Dow: "We have had no such temperance paper before in all the years of work for the temperance cause."
Azel Gustafson: "THE VOICE has become the leading temperance journal of the world. I feel compelled to declare it the ablest agitator of the drink question ever published."
J. H. Seelye, D. D.: "Invaluable for the proper understanding of the current temperance movement."
Charles F. Deans, D. D.: "The ablest temperance paper."
Miss Frances E. Willard: "I am profoundly interested in THE VOICE. It is clear, concise and cultured."
Judge Noah Davis: "THE VOICE is conducted with remarkable energy and ability."
A. J. Watkins, D. D.: "The ablest prohibition paper."
John B. Finch: "THE VOICE is splendidly conducted."
John B. St. John: "It ought to be taken in every home."
Joseph Cook: "THE VOICE is decisive and incisive."
Marh Hopkins, D. D.: "An able, earnest temperance advocate."
Lyman Abbott, D. D.: "A very valuable mine of information."
George W. Curtis: "A well edited temperance journal."
Rochester Herald: "The best edited and most thorough journal of the kind."
Religious Telescope: "The keenest and most consistent temperance and prohibition paper ever published."

FUNK & WAGNALLS,
10-20 10-12 Dey St., New York.



CLIFTON HOUSE,
74 PRINCESS & 143 GERMAIN STS.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

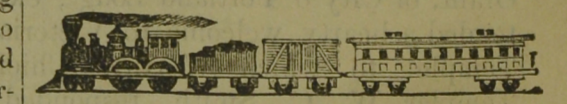
A. N. PETERS, Prop.

OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER.

BY BROTHER JONATHAN.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

One of the interesting and instructive books of the times. Received the highest commendation from the Press of Canada and the United States. A humorous work showing the trials inherent to a newspaper office.

ADDRESS, HERMAN H. PITTS,
Fredericton, N. B.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains
IN EFFECT OCTOBER 12, 1885.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John.
8.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
10.50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock and St. John.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.
ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.
10.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.
2.40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor, and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
5.50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and all points North.
7.30 P. M.—Express from St. John.
LEAVE GIBSON.
6.50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
4.20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.
H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CRAM,
Supt. Southern Division. General Manager.
J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
St. John, N. B., Oct. 9, 1885.